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**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;**

**AND**

**F. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.**

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## MR HUSKISSON'S SPEECH ON THE SHIPPING INTEREST.

IF the interests of the Shipowners had nothing to do with the interests of the empire, we know not that we could employ our pen more meritoriously, than in taking their part in the question between them and the Government. When a very large number of his Majesty's subjects complain, that measures of the Ministry have reduced them to distress and ruin, and pray for permission to prove the truth of their complaints to Parliament; the Press is bound, by the principles on which its existence as a good is defended, to constitute itself their advocate.

But the interests of the Shipowners are the interests of the empire. If the question raised upon them, did not involve the distress of a single soul, it would nevertheless be one of the very highest national importance. If it did not affect individual fortune—if it did not touch the bread of industry—if it had no connexion with the sources of trade and riches—it would still be this question—*IS THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO RETAIN ITS SUPREMACY ON THE OCEAN, AND TO BE PRESERVED FROM DISMEMBERMENT?*

Such, we say, is the question which the Shipowners have raised, separating it wholly from their personal interests. When, in addition to this, it mani-

festly involves the fortunes and bread of a large portion of the community, and has powerful direct bearing on the commerce and wealth of the nation, it will be readily conceded, that a more important public question could not be propounded.

The Shipowners consist of men of all parties and creeds, and no party could benefit itself by espousing their cause. They have, therefore, been strictly confined to merits. They have not been able to appeal on party principles to the Whigs, or the Tories; the Catholics or the Protestants. They have been bound to a plain recital of facts, a description of the causes and extent of their distress, and a prayer, not that Parliament would act upon their mere assertions and opinions, but that it would receive such proofs of the truth of their allegations as they were prepared to offer, and then act according to its own judgment.

The circumstance, that the Shipowners were thus demonstrably separated from party feelings and interests, ought to have gained them the attention of all parties. But it unfortunately happened that their distress overthrew the doctrines which all parties had sanctioned. Every party, therefore, had an interest in opposing them.

The Press, which is at present both a scourge and a scourge to the country, has been a mass of scurrility on the Shipowners, because they have been actuated by personal interest. They have been so actuated undoubtedly, but for what object? To obtain deliverance from loss and distress—to save their property from destruction—to preserve themselves and their families from ruin. Because they have been incited by personal interest to labour to do this, they have been stigmatised as men destitute of principle, and utterly unworthy of being listened to by Parliament and the country. This very personal interest formed the most powerful, equitable, and constitutional claim they could have had on the Legislature for attention and relief.

And now what is the character of that interest by which their opponents have been influenced? The existence of their distress proved that Ministers had acted very unwisely; if their allegations touching the causes had been proved before Parliament, this would have proved that Mr Huskisson, and his colleagues, had inflicted a vital injury on the empire, and were utterly unfit to remain in office. Mr Huskisson, and his official brethren stood, as public men, in the situation of him who is arraigned at the Old Bailey for a capital felony. The distress, and the evidence touching its causes, formed a charge, which, if substantiated, would have been sufficient for depriving them of official reputation and existence. They were therefore impelled by personal interest to underrate the distress, conceal the causes, and resist inquiry, to the utmost. The personal interest which influenced them, was of so vicious a character, that Parliament ought to have taken nothing from them upon trust—it ought to have been satisfied with no defence save one composed of unassailable proofs.

The parties of which the House of Commons consists, were committed with the Ministry. They had supported the abolition of the Navigation Laws; they had sanctioned the Reciprocity Treaties. In doing this, the Whigs and Radicals had been the loudest. They were therefore put upon their defence, as well as the Ministry. They were compelled to array

themselves against the Shipowners; or to admit that they had promulgated erroneous principles, and assisted to make destructive changes.

The Ministry and House of Commons were, of course, accused parties, instead of being disinterested judges. Personal interest commanded them to decide against the Shipowners, without any reference to the merits of the question; no matter how true and just the complaints of the Shipowners might be, they had a powerful personal interest in pronouncing them to be false and unjust.

The Press—the polluted and unprincipled Press—had a mighty interest in taking the part of its disciples and masters. The Visionary could not do otherwise than defend his own ruinous doctrines—the Party-tool could not resign the benefits he drew from party—the Sycophant could not sacrifice the dinners and promises of his patron—the Adventurer could not so far forget himself as to draw his pen for the Shipowners from whom he could gain nothing, when, by so doing, he would give mortal offence to official men and party leaders, who had everything to bestow. Lord Goderich lately thought good to boast of the independence of the Press; he might as well have boasted of the independence of the galley-slave; for the one is as independent as the other. The Press is not the less bought, because it is not bought as cattle are in Smithfield-market. Where is the publication which *dare* follow principle to the injury of its sale? Where is the writer who *dare* sacrifice the favour of the public men on whom he depends for preferment? Where is the scribe, who is sufficiently honest to render himself obnoxious to the leaders of every party, to resign his ambition, and to cast from him his only hope of making friends and bettering his fortune,—merely for the sake of his country? Such publications and writers exist, but they form the trifling exception. The officer who hazards his life for his country in the army, or navy, can hope for the reward which virtuous ambition may justly pant for; but the political writer, who hazards what is dearer to him than life for his country against party, is sure, by so doing, to blast his prospects, and to close to himself every avenue to

honours and preferment. For such a writer, his country can do nothing; party-favour must raise him, or party-hostility must ruin him. It unfortunately happens that the temptations and rewards, the pains and penalties, all combine to drag the political Press from honesty and patriotism. Speaking generally, this Press, from its very nature, is made by trading profit, introductions, dinners, promises, and obligations, the unprincipled slave of party-leaders. When all party-leaders arrayed themselves against the Shipowners, it of course did the same; its interests imperiously commanded it to do so; by acting differently, it would have hazarded everything, without the hope of gaining anything.

The influence of personal interest was therefore as powerful on the one side as on the other. The Shipowners were the accusers, complaining of grievous wrongs;—the Ministry, Parliament, and the Press, were the accused, put upon their defence. It was ludicrous enough for Mr Huskisson—the Minister who would have been annihilated by public indignation if the allegations of the Shipowners had been established before Parliament—to declaim against the Shipowners for being actuated by interest, just as though he had been a judge perfectly disinterested and impartial.

General Gascoigne's motion came on at a very unfortunate moment. The new Ministry had just been formed, and it was felt by itself and its friends, that the smallest concession to the Shipowners would injure its character and go far towards its annihilation. The heads of the new Opposition were pledged against the motion. Party excitement was at the highest pitch, and it was wholly in favour of the Ministry. The hearty zeal of General Gascoigne, and the manly, independent conduct of Mr Liddell deserve the highest praise; but they had no supporters. We wish heartily, that the ability displayed by Mr Liddell had been reserved for a reply to Mr Huskisson. The House of Commons, as a whole, desired no discussion—it desired to hear Mr Huskisson, and him only—and it was prepared to believe everything he advanced. He spoke, and, of course, his speech was uproariously applauded as unanswerable. The duty of examining it was aban-

doned by every member of this House, and we shall now attempt to discharge it.

Before proceeding to the case of the Shipowners, the Right Honourable Gentleman adverts with great triumph to the condition of the Silk Trade. He states that notwithstanding the predictions which were put forth touching the ruin of this trade, "The House (last year) resolved to abide the result of the alteration which was then about to take place"—that the new law came into operation—that notwithstanding this the Silk Trade suffered less from the distress of the times than any other extensive manufacture, and is now in prosperity. His assertions are, in substance, that not the least change was made in the law which was attacked and petitioned against; they will bear no other meaning.

The plain, naked facts of the case are these.

In 1821, a law was passed which permitted foreign wrought silks to be imported for home consumption into every port in the kingdom at an *ad valorem* duty of thirty per cent. This law, we say, was then passed; it was placed in the statute book as a finished law, but it was not to come into operation until July 1826.

It was this law, this passed and finished law, which was attacked by the silk manufacturers, ourselves, and others.

This was the law against which the motion of Mr Ellice was directed in the session of 1826. Mr Huskisson met this motion with a negative; he declared the allegations of the silk manufacturers to be untrue, and covered them with insult. Mr Canning proclaimed, that those who had taken the part of the silk manufacturers were utterly destitute of both reason and honesty. The House of Commons decided by an immense majority, that the law should not be altered.

Immediately after, Mr Huskisson cast this law—this law which had been so long passed and finished—to the winds. He actually abolished it, and substituted for it a new one. The new law prohibited *Continental silks* from entering every port in Great Britain, save London, for a year; by altering the mode of levying the duty, it raised this duty on different articles to 33, 40, 45, and 50 per cent. This



new law contained regulations which were expressly framed to PROHIBIT the stocks of certain kinds of silks which had been prepared by foreign manufacturers from entering the market—to PROHIBIT these manufacturers from sending any such silks if they did not procure new machinery—and to PROHIBIT them in any case from sending any material quantity for a year to come.

The new law, therefore, was to the silks of the Continent an absolute prohibition to importing, London excepted. The restriction which compelled the foreign silks to pass through this expensive place, operated to the chief part of the nation as a heavy addition to the increased duties. In so far as the law was not a prohibitory one, it was filled with vexatious restrictions, having no other object than to throw impediments in the way of the foreign manufacturer.

When this new law was in progress through Parliament, Mr Huskisson stated that the Silk Manufacturers were satisfied with it—that his alterations had removed their objections.

Nevertheless he labours to make the country believe, that the law now in operation, is the one which was attacked and petitioned against: he labours to make the country believe that the predictions touching the first law have been falsified, when it was never suffered to have operation, but was replaced by one which carries restriction to the verge of prohibition.

But have the predictions respecting the ruin and distress been falsified?

When it is said that a trade will be ruined by any particular measure, no one understands this to mean, that every member of it will be ruined, and that the trade will be annihilated in a few weeks, or months. The meaning intended and understood is, that many members will be ruined, that the whole will be distressed, and that the trade will be grievously reduced—will be prevented from being ever again prosperous—will be brought to comparative ruin. An extensive trade, in being brought to this, will generally have occasional revivals; the work will be one of some years.

It is notorious, that, for more than a year, the Silk Trade was involved in ruin and distress. For several months, almost every gazette announced the

bankruptcy of two or three silk manufacturers; the manufacturers generally were sustaining heavy losses; immense numbers of the workmen were wholly deprived of employment; those who could obtain work could barely earn what would preserve them from famishing. The Silk Trade was brought to the condition which had been predicted.

What was the cause? At the moment when the ruin and distress began, the silk-mercers suspended their purchases. They did this solely on account of the expected change. Up to the time for the admission of foreign silks, they bought only from hand to mouth, that they might be out of stock when such silks were admitted. For a long time before this admission, the consumers of silks suspended their purchases as far as possible, solely on account of it. Under any circumstances, if the country had generally been in the greatest prosperity, this would have been sufficient to involve the Silk Trade in ruin and distress.

When foreign silks were admitted, prices and wages in this country had sustained a reduction of one third from the ruin and distress. Notwithstanding this, and the increased duty on foreign silks, our manufacturers could barely compete with the foreign ones; in some articles they were undersold by the latter. If the foreign silks had entered the market under the first law, or if they had entered it under the existing law, when the trade was in reasonable prosperity, and when prices and wages were what they had always been in times of reasonable prosperity, they would have brought as much ruin and distress upon the trade as it has suffered. If they had entered the market under the first law, they would speedily have destroyed the valuable branches of the trade.

Mr Huskisson asserts, that the Silk Trade suffered less distress than any other extensive manufacture; we are convinced that it suffered far more. Our conviction is grounded on the following fact. In 1824, there were cleared for home consumption 3,518,117 lbs. of raw silk; but in 1828, there were only cleared 1,964,188 lbs. The falling off in thrown silk, not dyed, was in a greater proportion. This is decisive, particularly when it is remembered that the distress existed

during part of 1825. Was there a proportionate falling off in the manufacture of raw cotton, or wool, or iron? No such thing.

Because the Silk Trade has not been in a few months utterly annihilated, Mr Huskisson argues, that all the predictions touching the effects of his change have been falsified. He rates the ruin and distress under which the Trade so long laboured, as nothing; and endeavours to delude the country into the belief that his change in no degree produced them.

When foreign silks were admitted, a powerful feeling against the change of law pervaded the whole community; and the mass of our lovely countrywomen determined to buy British silks only, without any reference to the quality of the foreign ones. The smaller mercers who could not import, spread the opinion far and wide that foreign silks were inferior to British ones. The country generally was in great distress. The price of British silks was at the glut figure; it was one third,—nay, nearly one half lower than it had been in reasonably prosperous times. All this conspired powerfully to check the import of foreign silks. Still, in the first six months, such silks were imported to the value of more than L.322,000. If to this value we add one third as duty, foreign silks, to the value of nearly half a million entered the market in the legal way in the first six months. In addition to this, smuggling, from the increased facilities given to it, was carried on to a very great extent.

And now, what is the present condition of the Silk Trade? *For the last two years, the manufacturers and throwsters have been carrying on a losing business, and they are doing so at this moment.* There may be exceptions, although we have not heard of any; but generally they are at this moment losing heavily by their trade; they are selling at prices which will not protect them from loss, saying nothing of profit. At the spring-sale of the East India Company, the greater proportion of the silk was bought by the country manufacturers, who are now offering the goods manufactured from it, in London, at prices which will only return them what they gave for the raw article. Were prices to be raised so far as to afford adequate pro-

fits to the master, and adequate wages to the workman, British silks would be undersold by the continental ones imported in the legal manner. In light French goods, and the better kinds of India goods, our manufacturers are undersold by the foreigner, after he has paid the duty.

It is argued by some that few continental silks are imported, because the quantity cleared at the custom-house is not large. The truth is, our importers are not "liberal" enough to pay a duty of 35 or 45 per cent, when they can have the goods for paying what is equal to one of only 15. Mr Huskisson and his "hirelings" maintained, that the admission of foreign silks at a duty would destroy smuggling; we maintained that it would increase it, and experiment has not decided against us. While the prohibition was in force, most kinds of French silks, if not all, and India Bandanas, could be easily distinguished, therefore they could not be openly exposed for sale; but now after a dealer gets them into his shop, he is free from all risk whatever. An importer has only to buy his goods in France and bring them to the coast; people will there solicit him for the honour of smuggling them for him, on their own responsibility, at a premium of 15 per cent; and to gain his confidence, they will prove to him that they are employed by the first London houses. Smuggling is now carried on to a greater extent than ever, and the country is full of smuggled silks.

Mr Huskisson asserts, that "more real improvement has been made in the silk manufacture of this country within the last twelvemonth, than had been made for half a century before." We marvel greatly that any man could be found to make such an assertion. With regard to *quality*, every one of our fair countrywomen knows, that far more improvement was made in British silks in the few years that preceded the opening of the trade, than has been made since; and with regard to *price*, the cheapness arises mainly from the loss of the manufacturer, the bad wages of the workmen, and the low price of the raw article. Improvements have, we believe, been made in machinery and in dyeing, but these alone have had no material effect on either price or quality.

If the assertion were correct, and if the improvement had been produced solely by the change of law, we should still protest, as we have formerly protested, against the tyrannical and diabolical principle, that compulsion may be employed for producing improvement—that our manufacturers may be told by their rulers, You shall improve or be ruined. But the improvement, be it what it may, cannot be wholly ascribed to the admission of foreign silks; without this, our silk manufacture could and would have improved. Every one knows that the greatest improvements were made in our manufactured articles, when foreign competitors were prohibited from entering the market.

Mr Huskisson observes—"I say, that at this moment, those (the British) manufacturers are not only fearless of the rivalry of France in foreign markets, but, in some articles, are able to undersell the French manufacturer, even in his own market."

Now, what is the fair legitimate meaning of this, according to the common construction of language; and what is the opinion which it is calculated and intended by its author to produce in the country? Simply this, that our manufacturers can compete with the French ones in foreign markets, not only in this or that petty article, but in all the important productions of the trade—in silk goods generally.

Well, what is the fact? In all the important productions of the trade, our manufacturers cannot compete at all with the French ones in foreign markets—they export none—they are undersold by the French ones in their home market, after the latter have paid from 15 to 40 per cent in premium or duty—notwithstanding that they are selling at a loss, the country is filled with French silks. In some of the important productions of the trade, they cannot compete with the French in quality, putting price out of the question. What they smuggle into France consists of an article which has not been made there, and of the handkerchiefs we are about to describe.

Mr Huskisson then says—"So little do they dread the competition of Bandana handkerchiefs, against which no rate of duty, however high, we were assured, could afford protection,

that silk handkerchiefs are now actually weaving in England for the purpose of being sent out to the Indian market."

This is evidently calculated and intended to produce the belief in the country, that our manufacturers can compete with, and even undersell the Indian ones in Bandanas generally—in the descriptions generally used—in truth, in all descriptions.

Well, what is the fact here? India Bandanas pay a duty, which, on the lowest qualities, amounts to 55 per cent, and yet our manufacturers cannot compete with the middling and best qualities. India Bandanas are selling in the London shops for considerably less than the British ones. The truth is this. Some of the country manufacturers worked up the spur silk—the waste—into Bandanas of the most coarse and wretched description, which we believe they sold for somewhat less than two shillings each. It was intended to send some of them to India on speculation, but the intention was abandoned—the order was recalled, and no British Bandanas are weaving, or have been wove for the Indian market. These are the "articles" in which our manufacturers "are able to undersell the French manufacturer even in his own market." Our manufacturers cannot charge less than thirty-two shillings for such Bandanas as can be bought at the East India House for eighteen shillings.

Bad as the condition of the Silk Trade is, it will soon be worse. The restriction of importing only into the port of London will soon expire, and then the silks of the continent may be brought into any port. The throwster cannot now compete with the foreigner, and the duty on foreign thrown silk will soon undergo a material reduction. The additional wages which the workmen lately gained will soon be taken from them; the masters made the advance solely to get their goods home, that they might not lose the season for selling them. In some of the manufactures, the hands have already been put on short time; the workmen now are in a very miserable condition, and they have nothing before them but a repetition of their late want of employment and distress.

If it be asked, why the silk manufacturers continue in business, when

they cannot do it without loss, the answer is, many of them continue in it solely because they cannot dispose of their manufactories.

Much less silk is at present manufactured in this country than was manufactured in it before the change of law. If the trade continue a losing one for two or three years longer, its almost total destruction must of necessity be the consequence.

And now, what will our readers think of Mr Huskisson's statement respecting the Silk Trade? They will think with us, that a more barefaced and shameful attempt to delude the country was never made even by any newspaper scribbler.

In entering on the case of the Shipowners, Mr Huskisson attacks those of Scarborough and Greenock, for petitioning Parliament, on the ground that more British and less Foreign Shipping entered these ports in 1826 than in the preceding year. Their petitions, as he admits, complained of the influx of foreign ships, not into these particular ports, but into the British ports generally. Now, the advantages granted to the foreigners have had the same effect upon the ships belonging to the Shipowners of Scarborough and Greenock which they have had upon the ships belonging to other Shipowners. Have ships retained their value at Scarborough, while they have lost nearly half of it at London? Have freights been plentiful and high at Greenock, while they have been scarce and ruinously low at Liverpool? No. The loss of value, want of employment, and losing freights, have necessarily been universal. The Shipowners, therefore, of these two ports had as much cause to petition as the Shipowners of any other port; and they would have had the same cause if not a single foreign vessel had entered either. One gentleman of Scarborough is, we believe, part owner of between thirty and forty vessels. These do not all sail from Scarborough; they sail from various ports, and their owner is practically a Shipowner of London and other ports, as well as of the one in which he dwells. The case is similar with many of the Shipowners.

In examining what he says of the Shipowners, we must, in the first

place, state their leading complaints. These were—

1. That the Shipowners were in the deepest distress.

2. That their distress had been mainly produced by the Reciprocity Treaties, and partly by the new Colonial System.

3. That the Reciprocity Treaties gave the foreigner a great advantage over them, and left them wholly without that protection which had been given to the members of every other interest. That these treaties had multiplied foreign ships in the European countries with which they had been concluded, and had reduced freights in the trade with those countries to such an extent, that the British Shipowner could no longer compete in this trade with the foreign one. That the glut and reduction of freights in the trade with those European countries had necessarily produced a glut and reduction of freights in the carrying trade generally.

The distress of the Shipowners is admitted by Mr Huskisson; it is disputed by no one.

To have met their allegations touching the causes in a satisfactory manner, the right honourable gentleman ought evidently to have proved, in the first place, that the Reciprocity Treaties do not give the foreigner any advantage over them, or deny them that protection which is given to all other interests. Does he do this? No; he passes the matter in silence; he says not a syllable respecting it.

The fact, then, is unquestioned and unquestionable, that these treaties place the foreign ship on a level with the British one in respect of duties—they place the British Shipowner in the situation which the farmer and silk manufacturer would be in, should foreign corn and silks be admitted duty free. They do this when the farmer, the silk, cotton, and woollen manufacturers, &c. &c. are all protected by duties.

Can, then, the British Shipowner build and navigate his vessel at as cheap a rate as the foreigner? Mr Huskisson says not a word respecting it, but he puffs loudly Mr Thompson, the member for Dover, who in his speech asserted the affirmative.

Mr Thompson, we understand, is a partner in a Baltic house in the city of London. He is a stripling, who lately

left school for the counting-house, and whom the Dover radicals sent to Parliament at the last election, to enlighten it with the marvellous discoveries suggested by his ledger. Our readers will have seen, that at the Westminster "Purity Dinner" he was the loving brother of Sir F. Burdett, Sir R. Wilson, Mr Galloway, Mr Wooler, and the other "Friends of the People." In a question, having nothing to do with party politics, between a distressed part of the people and the government, it was very natural for this patriot—this friend of the people—this enemy of power—to be the outrageous assailant of the distressed people in defence of men in power and their alleged abuse of it. Such is the invariable conduct of the school of politicians to which he belongs.

Mr Thompson asserted roundly, that the British Shipowners could build and navigate vessels at as cheap a rate as the Shipowners of other countries. These patriots—these liberals—possess prodigious powers of assertion. Of course, he tendered no proofs, and it would be very idle in us to refute what has been again and again refuted by the most unassailable proofs, and what has even been admitted by Mr Huskisson. It is notorious, that the cost of materials, labour, provisions, &c. for the building and navigating of ships is less in other countries than in this; and that in some of the Reciprocity countries, it is little more than half of what it is in this country.

Amidst the odd exploits of Mr Thompson, he boasted that he had detected the Shipowners in an attempt to impose upon Parliament. The fact was this. By a misprint, for which the government was accountable, the number of 320 was substituted for 220. This was the foundation of his boast.

The fact, therefore, is unimpeachable. Mr Huskisson admitted it on a former occasion, and he is now silent respecting it—that the Shipowners of various of the Reciprocity countries can build and navigate ships at a far cheaper rate than the British Shipowners.

It naturally arises from this, that the freight will yield a profit to these foreign Shipowners, which the British ones could not accept without loss; precisely as that price of corn would leave a profit to the foreign grower, which would ruin the British

one. From this it necessarily follows, that, in the carrying trade with those Reciprocity countries, freights have been so far reduced that they subject the British Shipowner to loss, while the foreign one can afford to take them.

If foreign wheat should be admitted duty free into Kent and Essex alone, while it should be excluded from all the rest of the kingdom, how would this operate? Would it merely reduce the price of wheat in Kent and Essex, without affecting it in the other counties? No. The wheat of Kent and Essex thrown out of consumption in them by the foreign wheat, would be sent into the other counties, until it made the reduction of price universal. The ruinous price and glut produced in these two counties, would soon pervade the whole kingdom.

The Reciprocity Treaties have operated in a precisely similar manner. They first produced losing freights and glut in the carrying trade with various of the countries with which they had been concluded. The inevitable consequence was, ships crowded from this trade into the other departments of the carrying trade, until they rendered the losing freights and glut universal. It mattered not that foreign ships were wholly excluded from various branches of the carrying trade: the advantages conceded to them in some, enabled them to affect the whole. If the Shipowners find that freights are lower in one trade than in another, they send their ships from the one to the other, until they produce an equalization. In the nature of things, freights cannot be regularly ruinously low in the Baltic trade, and profitable in the trade with Canada and other parts.

This was the ground taken by the Shipowners. They did not aver that foreign ships had been admitted into, and were monopolising, every branch of the carrying trade; they maintained that such ships had obtained advantages in some of the branches, through the Reciprocity Treaties, which rendered it impossible for British ones to compete with them in these branches—that from this, such ships had multiplied, and had rendered freights ruinously low in these branches—and that such multiplication, and reduction of freights, had rendered freights ruinously low in every branch of the carrying trade. They maintained far-

ther, that, in consequence, their property had been most seriously reduced in value, and was threatened with total destruction.

Now, what is Mr Huskisson's reply? It must be obvious to all—even to the most simple of his worshippers—that to have met the Shipowners in a full, fair, and satisfactory manner, he ought to have proved, that, IN THE TRADE WITH THE RECIPROCITY COUNTRIES IN QUESTION, FOREIGN SHIPS HAD NOT MULTIPLIED DISPROPORTIONATELY—THAT IN THIS TRADE FREIGHTS HAD NOT BEEN RUINOUSLY REDUCED BY THE EFFECTS OF THE TREATIES—AND THAT SUCH A REDUCTION OF FREIGHTS IN THIS TRADE HAD NOT REDUCED FREIGHTS RUINOUSLY IN THE WHOLE CARRYING TRADE.

Does he prove this? No. He leaves the material points *wholly unnoticed*. Not a word does he say of the effect of the Reciprocity Treaties on ships and freights in the trade with the countries with which they have been concluded. He practically asserts the complaint of the Shipowners to be merely that—looking at the carrying trade as a whole—British shipping is decreasing, and Foreign is increasing; and his reply in substance is—Looking at the carrying trade as a whole, or looking at it separately from the coasting trade, if Foreign ships have increased, British ones have increased likewise; if fewer British ships were employed in the last year than in the preceding one, fewer Foreign ones were employed likewise. British ships are about as numerous as ever; and they had in the last year about as much employment as ever; therefore, the complaint of the Shipowners is groundless.

We will assume the following case:—Foreign wheat is admitted duty free into Kent and Essex, but excluded from every other county. In consequence, the quarter of wheat falls to 35s., not only in Kent and Essex, but throughout the kingdom. The agriculturists are plunged into deep distress, and they ascribe it, in petitioning Parliament, to the admission of the Foreign wheat. Ministers make this reply—You have as much land as ever, and you grow and sell about as much wheat as ever; if you sold somewhat less last year, the foreigner sold less likewise.

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The admission of the Foreign wheat, therefore, cannot possibly have caused the reduction of price and your distress.

In a case like this, every one would clearly see that the ruinous price had been produced by the admission of foreign wheat; and Ministers would be derided, as men positively insane, should they give the reply we have traced. Yet, in a precisely similar case, Mr Huskisson gives a precisely similar reply. You have about as many ships as ever; these ships last year had about as much employment as ever; therefore the concessions made to Foreign ships cannot possibly have injured you, or have reduced freights.

In such a case as we have assumed, it would be obvious to all that agriculture was in a state of rapid decay; that agricultural capital was sustaining incalculable waste; and that a vast portion of land would soon be thrown out of cultivation. If it should be said by Ministers—It is impossible for agriculture to be in a state of decay, because about as much land is cultivated, and as much wheat is grown, as formerly, what would be thought of them? Yet Mr Huskisson practically says the same in a similar case. He maintains that the Shipping Interest is not in a state of decay, solely because in the last year no material diminution took place in the number of, and employment for ships, although he admits it to be in great distress. He maintains this, although it is notorious, that independently of the losses the Shipowners are sustaining in the navigating of their vessels, nearly half the value of these vessels has been swept away.

Mr Huskisson's official documents, appended to his pamphlet, are as silent respecting the material points urged by the Shipowners, as his speech. He is prodigiously wroth because it was alleged against him, that in his last year's speech he jumbled "together the foreign and the coasting trade for the purpose of concealing that there had been a great decrease in the British shipping employed in the Foreign trade of the country." It is a fact, deny it as he may, that he did jumble together these trades, and the Colonial one with them, to make the nation believe that his innovations had done no injury. To protect himself, as he says, from being again assailed

with this charge, he produces a return of the tonnage employed by the whole foreign trade, and a variety of other returns; and yet, strange to say! the only return that would have been satisfactory, he neither gives nor alludes to.

A return of THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN TONNAGE EMPLOYED IN THE TRADE WITH THE RECIPROCITY COUNTRIES FOR THE LAST SIX OR SEVEN YEARS, was essential for refuting the Shipowners. Such a return would have been decisive. He does not give one, and not the smallest information can be extracted from the whole of his documents put together respecting such tonnage. We of course speak of the documents given with his speech.

The return of the tonnage of the foreign trade comprehends the trade with every foreign independent country. The trade with China, Turkey, Russia, Spain, &c. is "jumbled up" as a whole with the trade with the Reciprocity countries; no division is made; the trade with each country is not given; the trade with the whole of these countries together employed in each year so many tons of British and Foreign shipping. From this return, Mr Huskisson argues in this manner—In your foreign trade, *looking at it as a whole*, there has been no material falling off in the employment for British shipping; therefore, the Reciprocity Treaties have done no mischief, and the complaints of the Shipowners are groundless.

That essential information, to which he does not even allude, we will endeavour to give. It appears from official documents, that the British and Foreign tonnage employed in the trade with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Prussia, and Germany, in the last six years, was as under:

	British tons.		Foreign tons.
1821,	205,648	.	105,033
1822,	221,498	.	142,915
1823,	193,679	.	213,446
1824,	189,602	.	368,275
1825,	330,427	.	494,593
1826,	247,492	.	336,217

Before we comment on this increase of Foreign shipping, we must make the following quotation from Mr Huskisson's pamphlet:

"Of what description of vessels does the House suppose a great por-

portion of this increase (the whole increase) in the amount of Foreign tonnage to consist? One-fourth of them is under fifty tons burden; and the whole, upon an average, falls short of one hundred tons each. They are chiefly employed in carrying on the daily intercourse with France, the Netherlands, and other adjacent ports, with this country. This mighty commercial marine may be seen at Dover, Ramsgate, Southampton, Rochester, and the other sea-ports from Plymouth to Hull, bringing, beside passengers, (for all the passage and steam-vessels are included in this return,) eggs, butter, vegetables, poultry, fish, fruit, and other trifling articles." He then bursts forth in the following magnificent manner—"Such is the character of about one-fourth of the tonnage which helps to swell the numerical return of foreign ships, which threaten to overwhelm the commercial marine of this country! Many of them come with one tide, and return with the next. Is this the nursery for foreign seamen, which is to dislodge us from our rank among the maritime powers of the world? Are the men trained up in this school to be for a moment put in comparison with those who navigate our ships to the remotest extremity of the globe? As well might you compare the establishment of a stage-coach plying between Paddington and the Bank, with that of the mail between Edinburgh and London."

This is marvellously brilliant and overpowering, although the coach part of it is less so than it might have been. We must nevertheless demolish it utterly.

In the *first* place, the average of all the Foreign tonnage inwards yields 126 tons for each vessel, while the average of the British yields only 121 tons for each vessel. The average on all the ships possessed by this country only gives about 107 tons to each.

In the *second* place, There has been a decrease of French tonnage since 1821; therefore, the increase of Foreign tonnage does not include a single French vessel. The statement which we have given excludes the ships of the Netherlands. The increase of Foreign tonnage consists, in not a small part, of American tonnage. In 1821, 129,295 tons—in 1823, 153,453 tons—and in 1825, 181,033 tons, of

American tonnage entered our ports. Mr Huskisson will scarcely say that the additional American ships are employed in the trade with France, &c. and are petty ones, which bring eggs and bones; neither will he say that the additional ships from Prussia and the other countries we have named, are employed in this trade, and are of such a description. *The increase of Foreign tonnage since 1821 does not comprehend a single French vessel—it consists in but a comparatively trifling degree of vessels from the Netherlands—it consists mainly of Prussian, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, German, and American ships—and it consists, to a great extent, of good-sized and large vessels.*

What then are we to think of his representation? To ascribe it wholly—to ascribe it in the most minute degree—to honest ignorance, is utterly impossible; and to what beside can we ascribe it? Were we to give the answer, we should be called abusive; we therefore leave it to be given by the country.

Mr Huskisson states, that some of the foreign ships are employed in bringing bones; and that the bones, by increasing the production of corn, multiply employment for our own ships. He assumes, that bones of the value of somewhat more than one hundred thousand pounds, will produce an additional half million of quarters of corn. According to him, a pound's worth of bones will produce three or four additional quarters of corn; an expenditure of a pound in bones will yield from five to eight pounds' worth of corn to the farmer.

This is really too absurd and monstrous to require a word of refutation; and yet the very Mr Curwen, who has on various occasions professed himself to be well acquainted with agriculture, actually declared that the speech which contained it was, with him, ir-

resistible! If members of Parliament will act in this manner, they may be assured that the consequences will not fall wholly upon others.\*

From the statement we have given, it will be seen that in 1821, before the Reciprocity Treaties were concluded, the trade with the countries we have named employed nearly twice as much British as Foreign shipping; that as soon as these treaties began to operate, the employment of British shipping began to decrease; and that in 1824 this trade employed nearly twice as much foreign as British shipping. This trade employed 31,896 tons less of British shipping in 1824, than it employed in 1822; while it employed 225,360 tons more of Foreign shipping in 1824, than it employed in 1822.

In 1823 and 1824, the treaties had fair and legitimate operation. British ships were not attracted from this trade by high freights in other trades; they were driven from it, because the treaties disabled them for competing with foreign ships.

In 1825, the employment of British tonnage in this trade greatly increased. From the scarcity of ships, freights in it rose so far as to be very profitable to the British vessel. They rose so far as to suspend for a short period competition. It will, however, be seen that the increase in British tonnage, compared with 1822, was only 108,929 tons, while in Foreign, it was 351,678 tons. The British ships did not regain what they had lost; they merely obtained the increased employment, for which Foreign ships could not be found. It is wholly above question, that in this year, the high freights rendered the treaties practically inoperative. Mr Huskisson himself says, that in 1825, freights in the Baltic trade were very high.

He says, it had been predicted that British ships would only be able to recover their lost ground in the Foreign

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\* Our readers are aware, that in the Session of 1826, Sir J. Wrottesley was the bitter opponent of Mr Huskisson. He broadly intimated, that the latter was a "Dunce," and vehemently ridiculed his new system. Well, in the Session of 1827, the same Sir J. Wrottesley—yes, the very same Sir J. Wrottesley—has declared himself to be a warm supporter of the present Ministry, and of course of Mr Huskisson. We spare comment. It is our duty to publish facts like this, especially when they relate to County Members. Whether it be possible to apply any corrective to the audacious system by which public men are at present regulating their conduct, we cannot tell; but we have not to learn, that it ought to be attempted.



trade at distant intervals, when some sudden flush of trade might enable them to do it for a moment, by raising freights; and he exults greatly, because, in this trade in 1826, the falling off of Foreign tonnage was a trifle more than the falling off of British tonnage. He asserts that this refutes the "theorist," who put forth the prediction; and observes:—"I am afraid there was no *flush* of foreign trade in 1826, which they can call in aid to bolster up their theory of last year."

Mr Huskisson is afraid to no purpose. There was a very sudden, and a very large "flush" in 1826; and this is not the less true, or notorious, because he was not contradicted in Parliament. About harvest it was suddenly discovered that a very large quantity of foreign corn would be wanted; and immediately after harvest, it was suddenly discovered that Government had opened the ports for foreign corn for a limited period. The time specified by Government—the season of the year—the high prices—everything conspired to urge the importers to import as much foreign corn as possible, and as soon as possible. A larger flush of employment for shipping than this could scarcely take place. What followed? Freights suddenly rose in the trade with the corn countries in the north of Europe. A great number of the idle British ships were immediately sent out for foreign corn, some on charter, some on speculation to seek cargoes, and some to bring home cargoes on owners' account. About a million of quarters of foreign corn were imported in 1826, while in several previous years the annual import of such corn had been comparatively nothing.

Independently of the foreign corn called for by the bad harvest, the expectation that the corn laws would be abolished, and the liberation of the bonded wheat, caused the import of foreign grain to be considerable for nearly the whole year.

The means of employment for shipping furnished by the import of foreign corn, were, to a great degree, a clear addition to the regular means of employment possessed by shipping in previous years.

A ruinous glut in Shipping must naturally have the effect of rendering

the treaties to a great degree inoperative. While a ship lies idle, she subjects the owner to a heavy positive loss in expenditure, exclusive of the interest of his capital. A vessel on the average will only endure twelve or fifteen years, therefore her profits ought to yield not only the common interest of capital, but a sufficient sum to cover her yearly loss of value. This loss is estimated to be ten per cent, so that she ought to leave the owner fifteen per cent, to allow him five per cent interest on his capital, and replace its waste. If a Shipowner have a freight offered him, which will leave him only five per cent instead of fifteen, he will take it sooner than let his ship lie idle. It is in reality a losing freight; if taken constantly, it would soon strip him of property; but then it does not bring upon him so much loss as the continued idleness of his ship would do. In the choice of evils, he selects the least.

In 1826, the sale of a ship, even at the sacrifice of nearly half her value, was scarcely a possibility. The Shipowners had these things to choose from: 1. To lose the whole interest of their capital, and incur a heavy loss beside in expenditure, by keeping their vessels idle at home. 2. To accept inadequate freights, which would relieve them from a portion of this loss. 3. To send their vessels in ballast to foreign countries on speculation, in the hope that they might be able to pick up cargoes. And, 4. To send their vessels abroad in ballast for cargoes bought by themselves, in the hope that the cargoes would yield profit to protect them from losing by the ships. They naturally chose the three latter.

When a vessel is sent to a foreign port to seek a freight, she will of course accept the terms which foreign vessels are accepting, however inadequate they may be, and she will bring home only part of a cargo on such terms, sooner than return in ballast. If the expenses of her voyage be £800, it is better for her to earn £400, than nothing. Many ships, in 1826, were sent out in this manner to foreign ports, and our own colonies, the earnings of which fell greatly below their expenses. Many ships were sent to our North American possessions to fetch timber on their owners' account, solely because no other employment could be found

for them ; and on their return, the timber was scarcely saleable even at its cost price ; they, therefore, made ruinous voyages. Generally speaking, the ships employed in the foreign trade in 1826, were employed at a loss to their owners—at such a loss as would soon deprive their owners of property—and this enabled them to stand their ground for the moment in the official returns.

We will assume this case. A silk manufactory in 1825 fully employed 400 hands at good wages. In 1826, from the competition of foreign silks, wages are so far reduced, that the workmen cannot keep themselves out of debt, and the manufactory will only afford work for 300 hands. The workmen, from their inability to procure other employment, accept the wages ; and the master agrees to divide the work among them, and thus to give to each a portion of employment. Ministers, on being petitioned, reply—This man employs as many hands as he did in 1825, therefore the foreign silks cannot have done him the least injury.

In a similar case, Mr Huskisson gives a similar reply. The ships existed in 1826, and they were compelled to take the losing employment, or to be idle. Many more were engaged in it than were necessary, and in consequence were scarcely half employed in comparison with former years. Mr Huskisson, however, produces his tonnage return ; he says—About as many tons are entered as were entered in former years, therefore the ships have been as fully employed as ever, and the foreign ships have done no injury.

The countries of the North of Europe sent us much less of some of their bulky articles in 1826, than they had sent in the preceding year. They sent less timber than they had done in any of the four preceding years. When this was the case, and when our ships were in their ports ready to accept the most inadequate freights, rather than return in ballast, their shipping in the trade with this country naturally decreased. In respect of corn, our ships had a great advantage over theirs. The knowledge that foreign corn would be admitted was first promulgated here. The time for the admission of such corn was short—abundance of British ships were at home idle, and these

were eagerly sent out—and the British ships already abroad were quickly engaged. From all this it naturally happened that British shipping maintained its ground better than Foreign shipping, in the trade with the corn and timber countries, so far as regards the tonnage returns.

It will be seen, that in 1826, in the trade with the five Reciprocity countries we have named, British shipping fell off in round numbers 83,000 tons, while Foreign fell off 158,000 tons. The falling off in Foreign shipping was chiefly in that of Sweden and the timber countries. The decrease in 1826, compared with 1825, was,

In Swedish tonnage,	36,817
In Prussian . . . . .	64,143
In Norwegian . . . . .	61,847
	<hr/>
	162,507

The falling off in British tonnage in the trade with these countries was,

With Sweden, . . . . .	3,802
With Prussia, . . . . .	80,704
With Norway, . . . . .	1,900
	<hr/>
	86,406

In the trade with Denmark, British tonnage rose from 13,158 to 22,610. In the trade with Germany, it fell from 108,402 to 104,381. Danish tonnage rose from 50,943 to 56,544 ; German tonnage fell from 79,250 to 78,080.

We did not want the timber, therefore Foreign ships could no longer be employed in bringing it : we wanted the corn suddenly, and as speedily as possible, therefore British ships had an advantage over Foreign ones in being employed to bring it.

Notwithstanding the glut, glut-freights, and the demand for corn, the trade with those countries only employed in round numbers 26,000 tons more of British shipping in 1826, than it employed in 1822 ; while it employed 194,000 tons more of Foreign shipping in 1826 than in 1822.

To ascertain how far it is probable that British shipping will be able to retain what it had last year of the trade with these countries, we will state the British and Foreign tonnage which the trade with each country employed in the last three years.

**The trade with Sweden employed**

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
1824	16,895	38,612
1825	15,311	52,166
1826	11,709	15,349

In the three years which preceded 1824, the British tonnage employed in this trade amounted to about 21,000 tons yearly. The Foreign tonnage was about the same in 1823, while in several preceding years it was only about half the amount of the British. The falling off has been great and constant; in the last year it was large. Our shipping seems likely to be driven wholly out of this trade.

**The trade with Norway employed in**

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
1824,	6,798	119,767
1825,	9,734	135,435
1826,	7,834	73,588

In 1821, this trade employed, in round numbers, 12,000, and in the two following years, 9,000 tons of British shipping. Judging from the past, our shipping has nothing to expect in this trade but decrease.

**The trade with Denmark employed**

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
1824,	6,384	23,689
1825,	15,158	50,943
1826,	22,650	56,544

This trade employed, in 1821, 5,312—in 1822, 6,679—and in 1823, 4,413 tons of British shipping. In the two first of these years, it employed yearly about 4,000—and in the last 4,795 tons of Foreign shipping. In it, since 1821, British tonnage has risen from 5,312 to 22,650; while Foreign has risen from 3,969 to 56,544. The increase of British in the last two arose from these causes:—the high freights of 1825—the demand for corn and want of ships in 1826—and the inability of the foreigner to build ships fast enough. There is no ground for hoping that British shipping can maintain itself in this trade.

**The trade with Prussia employed in**

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
1824,	92,351	140,806
1825,	181,621	176,799
1826,	100,918	112,656

In 1821, this trade employed 15,513

tons British, and 34,287 tons Foreign. In 1822, it employed 100,184 tons British, and 49,795 tons Foreign. And in 1823, it employed 80,484 tons British, and 76,567 tons Foreign. It thus only employed about the same British tonnage in the last year, notwithstanding the demand for corn, which it employed in 1822; while it employed more than twice the amount of Foreign tonnage in 1826, which it employed in 1822. With regular freights, our shipping has nothing to expect in this trade but expulsion.

**The trade with Germany employed in**

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
1824,	67,174	45,407
1825,	108,402	79,250
1826,	104,381	78,080

**In the preceding years, this trade employed in**

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
1821,	90,280	8,576
1822,	84,233	9,664
1823,	78,302	11,336

In 1820, this trade employed 108,359 tons, and in the five preceding years it employed yearly between 90,000 and 100,000 tons of British shipping. The high freights of 1825, barely enabled British shipping to reach, and the glut and demand for corn could not enable such shipping to reach, the point it occupied in 1820. Foreign tonnage between 1821 and 1826, rose from 8,576 to 78,080 tons. With regular trade and freights, our shipping must decline in this trade.

It must be borne in mind, that the British ships employed in the trade with these countries in 1826, were employed, speaking generally, at a heavy loss, while the Foreign ones were employed at a moderate profit. Our readers are aware that the inevitable, ultimate consequence of such a competition must be, the utter ruin of the losing parties.

Mr Huskisson's main argument in his last year's speech was this:—If Foreign shipping has increased, British shipping has increased far more in proportion. His main argument in the speech before us is this:—If British shipping has decreased, Foreign shipping has decreased far more in proportion. Let our readers examine these arguments by the unerring test, fur-

nished by the figures we have extracted from official documents.

These facts are unassailable.

1. That the whole trade between this country, and the Reciprocity ones we have named, has increased so much in the last six or seven years, that it employed nearly double the gross tonnage in the last, which it employed in the first year of the series.

2. That the increase of tonnage has been nearly all monopolised by foreigners. The glut, ruinous freights, and demand for corn in the last year, did very little more than enable British tonnage to remain stationary. Notwithstanding the operation of these, British tonnage was only about one-fifth more in 1826 than in 1821, while Foreign tonnage was more than trebled.

3. That in 1821, British ships possessed nearly two-thirds of this trade, and in 1826 Foreign ships possessed two-thirds of it, within 63,000 tons. The increase in it of British tonnage between 1822 and 1826 was only, in round numbers, 26,000 tons; while the increase of Foreign shipping in the same period was 194,000 tons—nearly eight times greater.

4. That while the Reciprocity Treaties were in full operation, British tonnage rapidly decreased, and Foreign increased yearly in the ratio of fifty per cent. in this trade. If the operation of these treaties had not been suspended in the two last years by accidental causes, little more than one half of the British tonnage would have been employed in it in the last year, which was employed in it six or eight years ago.

5. That in the years preceding 1823, British shipping possessed one-half, and sometimes two-thirds, of the trade with Sweden. In 1824, it did not possess one-third, and in 1825, it did not possess one-fifth of it. In 1826, this trade employed nearly three tons Foreign, to two tons British. Since 1821, British shipping has declined almost yearly in this trade, until it had fallen from 22,392 tons to 11,709.

6. That in the trade with Norway since 1821, British shipping has fallen from 12,151 to 7,834 tons—has declined more than one-third; while Foreign has risen from 50,376 to 73,588—has increased nearly one-half. In 1823, the latter was 99,688 tons; in 1824, it was 119,761 tons; and in 1825, it was 135,435 tons.

7. That in 1821, British ships possessed considerably more than half of the trade with Denmark, and in 1826, they possessed considerably less than one-third of it. In this trade, since 1821, British tonnage has received an increase of 17,338 tons, while Foreign has received an increase of 52,575 tons: the increase in it is more than three times that in the British.

8. That in 1821, British ships possessed more than two-thirds of the trade with Prussia, and in 1826, they did not possess one-half of it. Since 1821, in this trade, British tonnage has increased 25,405 tons, while Foreign has increased 78,369 tons. The increase in Foreign is more than three times that in British. British tonnage fell off in this trade in the last year far more in proportion than Foreign.

9. That in 1821, British ships possessed more than ten-elevenths of the trade with Germany; and in 1826, they did not possess three-fifths of it. In this trade, since 1821, British tonnage has increased 14,101 tons, while Foreign has increased 69,504 tons. The increase of Foreign has been nearly five times that of the British.

10. That the falling off in Foreign tonnage in 1826 was mainly occasioned, not by the competition of British ships, but by the diminished demand of this country for such articles as Foreign vessels had been employed to bring; a revival of such demand must restore to these vessels their employment.

11. That the British ships employed in the trade with these countries in 1826, were employed at losing freights, which, if continued, would soon drive them out of the trade altogether.

Mr Huskisson's arguments applied to the whole Foreign trade; but he purposely uses them to produce the belief, that, in the trade with each country, British shipping has increased more, and decreased less, than Foreign. In respect of the real question, they do not touch it.

We will now look at the trade with another of the Reciprocity countries—the Netherlands. This trade employed in

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
1821,	71,428	43,944
1822,	68,898	57,840
1823,	61,078	80,977
1824,	67,216	100,377

111031 x2 25.9516

1825,	87,405	.	110,937
1826,	101,494	.	76,324

triumph. Our shipping remained stationary, while Foreign increased one-half.

In this trade, while the treaties had real operation, British tonnage decreased, and Foreign rapidly increased. In the last year, from the glut and the demand for corn, our ships, for the moment, recovered their ground. They were the better enabled to do this, because the difference in cost and expenses is not so great between them and the ships of the Netherlands, as it is between them and the ships of Prussia, &c. Putting the last year out of sight, and looking at what took place when trade and freights were in a natural condition, our ships have been almost yearly losing their relative proportion of this trade.

The treaty with France has not yet had any real operation.

We will now glance at the trade with foreign countries as a whole.

Mr Huskisson's return gives the British and Foreign tonnage for the years between 1814 and 1826, both inclusive. We give it so far as regards the inward tonnage.

	Tons British.		Tons Foreign.
1814	696,691	.	545,546
1815	732,506	.	654,651
1816	721,880	.	311,284
1817	923,571	.	399,223
1818	1,032,368	.	697,161
1819	897,501	.	469,888
1820	818,361	.	401,509
1821	775,486	.	362,684
1822	855,589	.	415,868
1823	866,187	.	528,155
1824	870,330	.	694,038
1825	1,171,063	.	892,058
1826	934,491	.	643,651

The two first years, were the concluding years of the war, when our Shipowners were to a great degree burdened with war charges, and when the carrying trade was in the most unsettled condition. Under the old Navigation Laws, however, our ships immediately triumphed over the Foreign ones; they increased, not because trade increased, but because they took from the Foreign ones, one-third of their employment. In the first two years, they possessed little more than half of the trade; but for several years afterwards, they possessed two-thirds of it. As soon as these laws were abolished, Foreign ships began to

In 1818, more British tonnage was employed than in 1826; in the last year only 11,000 tons more were employed, than were employed in 1817. The tonnage of last year is only 37,000 more than that of 1819. In 1818, the importation of foreign corn was very large; and in that year Foreign tonnage rose greatly, because there was more employment than British ships could perform. If we strike that particular year out of the series, Foreign tonnage, for several years after the peace, remained stationary, while British increased considerably; but since the Navigation Laws were abolished, British tonnage—excepting 1825—has remained stationary; while Foreign has increased fifty per cent.; in 1825 the latter had doubled.

Upon the whole, then, these points are wholly untouched by Mr Huskisson.

1. That the ships of various of the Reciprocity countries can be built and navigated at so cheap a rate, that British ships cannot compete with them.

2. That the protection which has been given to the members of every other interest—even to such as can undersell the rest of the world—has been wholly refused to the Shipowners.

3. That in the trade with the five Reciprocity countries, Prussia, &c.,—a trade which employed, in 1825, 825,020, and in 1826, 583,709 tons of shipping; and which is likely to increase very largely and rapidly—the relative proportion of British tonnage has decreased, and that of Foreign has increased, in an enormous degree in late years. British ships, from possessing two-thirds, now possess only one-third of it. British tonnage has increased in it but in a trifling degree, from accidental and momentary causes; while Foreign tonnage in it has been trebled by natural causes which must almost constantly operate.

4. That in this trade the British Shipowner cannot take, without loss, the rate of freight which the Foreign one can afford to take. The inevitable consequence of this must be, that generally—that constantly, save in times of scarcity, or glut, in shipping—British tonnage must decline, and

Foreign must increase, until British ships be wholly expelled from the trade.

5. That in the trade with some of these countries, British shipping has in late years declined, while Foreign has greatly increased. In the trade with the whole, British shipping was declining, while Foreign was rapidly increasing, previously to the last two years. In these years, the decline of British was suspended by temporary causes, and in the natural course of things, it must continue.

6. That if Foreign tonnage increase, as upon the whole it has increased in late years, it will soon drive British entirely from this trade.

7. That the freights in this trade, necessarily determine the freights of the whole carrying trade, foreign, colonial, and home, speaking of it generally. If freights be higher in one trade than another, ships will be sent from the one to the other, and the new ships will be built for the best trade, until an equalization is produced. The losing freights in this trade produce losing freights in the whole carrying trade; and they must necessarily continue to do so—barring any occasional scarcity of shipping—until British ships are wholly driven from the trade with these Reciprocity countries.

8. That after the peace, under the Navigation Laws, British shipping increased, and Foreign decreased in the whole trade with Foreign nations. British shipping soon acquired two-thirds of this trade; and for some years it retained this, and upon the whole increased: Foreign, after sustaining a reduction of more than one-third, remained, upon the whole, for several years stationary. In the last five years, excepting 1825, and allowing for unimportant fluctuations, British tonnage has remained stationary in this trade, while Foreign has rapidly increased, until it has reached an increase of fifty per cent.

9. That if Foreign shipping increase in this trade, as it has increased in late years, it must soon obtain the greater portion of it, and cause an alarming decrease in British shipping. It must so increase, according to probability, experience, and the laws of nature.

10. That the Shipowners are in the deepest distress—almost half their property has been swept away by the fall in the value of vessels—tonnage was only kept up in the last year at the point at which it had generally been for several preceding years, by losing freights and deficient cargoes—and were the present freights to continue, they would soon ruin the Shipowners.

11. That from the operation of the Reciprocity treaties, the glut in ships must continue, and freights must never rise to regular remunerating ones, until British ships are banished from the trade with the Reciprocity countries.

12. That the Shipowners have not brought their distress upon themselves, and that they are entirely destitute of the means of removing it.

These points, we say, are wholly untouched by Mr Huskisson. They stand upon official documents and actual experiment, and they are above controversy.

It was said in the House of Commons, that the Shipowners had no case. What we have said, will we think convince our countrymen, that *they had a case*, and one of the most pressing and irresistible description. In our next Number we shall examine the remainder of Mr Huskisson's pamphlet. We shall in it offer farther proofs that the Shipowners had a case—we shall likewise prove that the country had a case in their hands, which it was the sacred duty of the House of Commons to investigate with the utmost promptitude and impartiality—and we shall, moreover, prove very decisively, that Mr Huskisson is himself, what he represents those to be, who have written against his measures.

## THE REAL STATE OF IRELAND IN 1827.\*

THE most excellent pamphlets, if left to themselves, have a slow and narrow circulation; and as this is a most excellent pamphlet, we shall not leave it to itself, but give it a quick and wide circulation in Maga. We shall abridge some of the best parts of it—and when they won't readily abridge, we shall give extracts. Thus we shall be saved the trouble, during this hot weather, of composing an original article—we shall be showing our respect, and indeed admiration, of a writer to us unknown, and we shall be giving the public much information on a subject not well understood, "The Real State of Ireland."

The author observes, in a short and excellent preface, that he penned his pages when no idea was entertained of the recent extraordinary changes in the management of the government of these kingdoms. They were written at a time when it was the loud and bold assertion of a certain party, that one of two things the English government should speedily do—that they should either grant Catholic Emancipation, or undertake the suppression of a rebellion in Ireland, which would certainly be consequent upon its continued denial. With a facility of change, he adds, most marvellous and astonishing, the same party now maintain a directly opposite doctrine, and assert that they can go on extremely well for some time longer without emancipation—nay, that it would be quite contrary to their wishes that any attempt were made for some considerable time to obtain the very thing, the least delay of which, they maintained but a few weeks ago, was fraught with most imminent danger.

Our author here alludes to the most violent, insolent, and ferocious of the Emancipators, and being a calm quiet man, he does not trouble himself with abusing the Gang. We please ourselves, however, with the conviction, that, calm and quiet man as he is, he will sympathise with our sentiments, when he sees us express, for all such hypocritical ruffians, the most unqualified contempt, disgust, and abhorrence.

But he goes on to observe, that even

those more respectable advocates of emancipation, who did not go quite so far as to threaten absolute rebellion, yet held, that, on all grounds of good policy, an *immediate* concession of the Catholic claims was most imperiously necessary. At their head stood the right honourable Gentleman now at the head of the Government, concerning whose change of opinion he might venture to say a few words, were it not that the task has been already undertaken by a "master hand"—Dr Phillipotts.

It is true, as our author says, that the right honourable Gentleman now at the head of his Majesty's affairs—whom he rightly calls "one of the more respectable advocates of emancipation,"—did not go quite so far as to threaten absolute rebellion. But although it is very kind and considerate to draw this fine line of distinction between Mr Canning and Mr O'Connell,—Mr Canning himself could hardly avail himself of it—for the difference is but small, in such a case, between threatening and hinting—prophesying and fearing rebellion. Now, what think the people of Ireland of the state of the Catholic Question? The "Government men," or Tories, who, we are told rightly, comprise the greater part of the landed proprietors and respectable gentry of the kingdom, do not disguise their fears that the Government, with its present supporters, will not be carried on upon "Lord Liverpool's principles." The Whig gentlemen, and the "agitators," imagine that a great triumph has been achieved by their friends in England; and that the Government is no longer to be conducted upon Lord Liverpool's principles, but on theirs.

Now, it puzzles our enlightened, but unknown friend, to comprehend how the Whig Gentlemen of Ireland, or the Whigs and the Whig Press of England, should, under present circumstances, appear so extravagantly joyful. The Whig Gentlemen of Ireland, he imagines, must be carried away by their national impetuosity—belonging to a people who are more apt to yield to their feelings, than to inquire into the reason of them; and

as for the Whigs of England—such of them, that is to say, as have obtained office—why, it requires no Sphinx to propound the enigma—to give the solution, no Œdipus.

But how have these few Whigs obtained office? Not surely, he says, by the triumph of the principles which for so long a time they have been advocating. To say that they had obtained office by the desertion of their principles, would perhaps be too harsh an expression; but undoubtedly they are in possession, on condition of supporting a Government, which distinctly says it will not adopt the policy which they for the last twenty years have been continually asserting that any Government worthy their confidence, and that of the country, should adopt. What triumph is there here? Ay, well may he or any other honest man put that question to himself or the world. Why, my dear sir, would it *perhaps* be too harsh an expression to say that the Whigs had obtained office by the desertion of their principles? Tierney, one of the ablest men in England, would laugh in your face at that "*perhaps*," and Brougham, and Mackintosh, and Abercromby, would smirk "their nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," to hear you add, "there was always some amongst the Whigs clever enough to have obtained office had they chosen to become Tories, and something very like this they now profess to do." Not one of the four who has not already sacrificed any pretension to political principle, and who will not yet, if suffered to remain in or about office, set the world agape by still more astounding delinquencies.

Passing from the Preface, let us into the body of the pamphlet. Are all the seven millions of Irishmen, now idle for want of capital, but still busily employed in doubling the population in twenty years—are they, or are they not, the most miserable of mankind? That most respectably-connected man, Mr Wakefield, land-surveyor, and after him, that truly original-minded man, Mr McCulloch, who, after having stolen everything he could strip off other writers, began pilfering from himself, maintain the universal misery of Irishmen. Ourselves, the Doctor, and all Trinity College, Dublin, lean towards the other extreme, that Pat is in Paradise. The author

of this pamphlet, being of the In-Mediotutissimus-ibis School of Poetry, Politics, and Philosophy, expresseth himself thus—

"That a tolerably large sum of privation and distress does exist in Ireland, is indeed undeniable; but since I have resided in the country, and have become minutely acquainted with the facts, I have satisfied myself that the suffering, taken absolutely, is considerably less than has been generally supposed; that, compared with the hardships endured by the population of England, its excess is not so very great, and that this excess, such as it is, will gradually diminish till it vanish altogether, even without the aid of any new express enactments on the subject. In saying this, I am not speaking of the beggars of the two countries, but of the general population. In England, paupers are a peculiarly favoured people, privileged by the laws to live at the expense of all who are possessed of property: in Ireland we have not yet arrived to such a pitch of refinement, and those who will give neither money nor labour in exchange for food, are obliged to trust to the savage virtues of hospitality and generosity, or to the uncontrolled influence of the Christian religion, for their preservation from dying of hunger; but this subject, however important in itself, is foreign to the present inquiry.

"I have heard men, who could talk on most subjects with an ordinary degree of sanity, assert, that the majority of the working classes in Ireland live, or rather starve, upon potatoes and water as their only means of sustenance; and that their only clothing consists of the coarsest rags, so torn that they are never taken off at night, because the owner must despair of again finding his way into them, should he at any time incautiously doff them from his person. These, and many such things, I heard, and partly I believed them; but now I know that these things are not true. The race of very small farmers (I do not mean in person, for they are commonly tall varlets) is indeed much more numerous here than in England, or than it is at all desirable it should be anywhere; but it very rarely happens that these men, holding as they do from six up to sixty acres of land, Irish measurement, fail to procure moderately good food and raiment wherewith they can be content. It is true, that very little money circulates among them; I myself have known repeated instances of twelve such farmers being unable to club together five pounds at a time when they earnestly desired to do so; nor is this so



much to be wondered at amongst an agricultural population unaided by manufactures; but the poorest of them has at least one cow, and several pigs and poultry, and most of them have more cows than one and a horse. The produce of the farm (including butter, which those who are poorest sell and do not eat) pays the rent and other land charges, supplies the family with potatoes, and feeds the live stock abovementioned. The man and sons not yet married, besides tilling the land and cutting turf for fuel, which is commonly a privilege of their holding, are able to devote some time to labour for others, either in ornamental improvement for their landlord or upon the public roads. The usual rate of wages for country labour is eightpence a day; and though they cannot always procure employment when they wish for it, even at this small remuneration, yet they can and do procure enough to enable them to provide themselves and their families with clothes and other indispensable necessities; and remember I am now speaking of the very poorest class of farmers.

"It will probably occur to you as a difficulty to imagine how these men pay rent and taxes, if they have so little money amongst them as I have said. I was then speaking of the resources they can command for any purpose of their own—the crop is usually sold for the express purpose of paying the rent, or other charge, just at the time the money is wanted, and it is paid over at once without remaining in the hands of the tenant. I had occasion lately to inquire after the welfare of the family of one of our tenants who had died some time before. 'How are Peggy Doolan and her children coming on since she lost her husband?' said I to the under-steward. 'Is it the widow Doolan, that lives yander below on the hill, your honour?' 'The same.' 'Troth, thin, plase your honour, I seen them have plenty of elegant pratees, wid eggs galore, an' lashins of milk, an' it's hard if that doesn't sarve them, wid your honour's good word.' Such I can assure you to be much more nearly a true description of the fare of the Irish peasantry in general, than the potatoes and water above recited."

There are few subjects on which the Scotsman is fonder of prosing, than on the moral degradation, the filth, and misery of the Irish. It is not at all times and places very easy to decide what is moral degradation, and what is not;—nor, although certainly with more ease, can a man always,

without difficulty, distinguish what is *bona fide*, and in the real nature of things, filth and misery. Is there moral degradation in the Irish funeral howl? In the sudden illumination of the horizon by a thousand twinkling shillelas? The Reason frowns—but the Fancy smiles—and while Imagination calls on Mr Moore that "there is a fight down at the bridge," that unrivalled Lyrist immortalizes it in a National Melody, over which Beauty weeps, and Bravery hangs enamoured. So much for the difficulty attending Moral Degradation. Well then—filth and misery. For our own parts, we are free to confess, that we should rather sleep alone than with a pig,—but if the pig had no sty, while upon her depended the existence of ourselves, our wife and small family of children,—then we should feel ourselves called upon to do as it is said they do in Ireland, alike by parental and conjugal affection. A pig can make very little perceptible difference in a bed already occupied by a man and his wife, say seven offspring, and perhaps a young travelling Priest. But, to treat the matter with the seriousness it deserves, the Irish are not a filthy people in their persons. They strip white and well—and have not nearly so deeply-rooted an antipathy to water as we Scotch—the nation of gentlemen. Saunders, in country-places, we believe, never dreams of washing his face, except on Sunday; but there are so many holidays observed in Ireland, that Pat gives his aspect a wipe on an average twice a-week through the year. We have walked about 3500 miles up and down Ireland, and never saw one young girl who had reached the age of puberty, whom it would have been impossible for a gentleman to shake hands with, by the mediation of a pair of tongs. In Scotland, such drabs are of frequent occurrence, while we do not hesitate to say, that there are some more diabolically ugly females of the human species in Scotland than in Ireland, and some more angelically beautiful in Ireland than in Scotland. But restricting the argument to filth—it is a libel to say, that the natives of either country can be distinguished among the other natives of Europe by that attribute. The French are filthier, a thousand times over; and the truth is, that the English are the only people

entitled to pride themselves on their personal cleanliness. Having thus summarily disposed of Irish moral degradation and filth—let us attend to their misery. Does it consist (we have an eye chiefly to the men) in having enormous calfs to their legs? In being able, one man with another, to eat half-a-bushel of potatoes, and drink a gallon of potheen at a sitting? In making love to Sheelah, and in the calm of the evening sitting at the mouth of a cabin among the mountains of Wicklow, with an enormous organ of philoprogenitiveness at the back of your head, and your body murmuring with children, like a tree with leaves? Moral degradation, filth, and misery being thus all swept away—what should be said about ignorance, superstition, and intellectual bondage? At present this much—let Mr Wakefield or Mr McCulloch challenge the Roman Catholic peasantry, as Mr Pope lately challenged the Roman Catholic Pricthood, to argue the great Potatoe question, and a champion will leap out of the first bog to give both Economists the squabash.

Talking of potatoes, our sentiments of that root are congenial with those of our worthy pamphleteer:

“There is a strong outcry against potatoes, as if they were the bane of Ireland; in my opinion nothing can be more absurd. Political economists all agree in this, (if, indeed, they agree in anything,) that the man who invents some new machine whereby a great deal of animal labour is saved, confers a benefit on his country and on mankind. Now, I have no difficulty in concluding, *a fortiori*, that the introduction of a new kind of food, which enables us, with a given quantity of land and labour, to produce a greater quantity of wholesome nutriment for human beings than we could do before, is still more beneficial, inasmuch as this is accomplishing immediately that which the other but remotely tends to. Some, indeed, have been found to say, that the use of bread food is advantageous to a country, because bread is made of flour, and flour requires a miller, and the miller a carpenter and smith, and that so a whole train of arts and artificers is introduced; but this remark scarcely needs confutation at this time of day, and we have only to ask whether or not it would be more desirable that the agriculturist could cause his corn to become bread by simple volition, “*digitorum percussione*,” by the snapping of his

fingers, as Marcus Tullius saith, in order to see the absurdity of this proposition. We have enough; and more, for the manufacturer and capitalist to do usefully and profitably, without employing him in grinding wheat or oats for the peasantry.

“It is contended, however, that potatoes are a lower, that is, a worse species of food than human beings had heretofore been satisfied with, and that if the quantity of sustenance be increased, the quality is proportionably, or more than proportionably, diminished. I think this is altogether untrue. On the Continent, I know, the lower orders eat scarcely any flesh, and in part of the north of England and Wales the peasantry live on bread, cheese, and onions; they very rarely get any butcher meat. I am not sufficiently well acquainted with their condition in the other parts to be able to say whether they fare more sumptuously, but I can affirm, of my own knowledge, that the corresponding class in Ireland, who live on potatoes with salt and sour milk, would think it a very great hardship to be obliged to exchange this diet of theirs for the English bread and cheese, and not without reason. I have tried the experiment of living on potatoes and butter-milk myself, and found it to succeed admirably. I never enjoyed better health or spirits than whilst rigidly adhering to this diet, though I am not apt, thank God, to be at any time deficient in either particular. Five or six pounds of hot potatoes impart a genial warmth to a man's inside of a winter's day, a thousand times more comfortable than cold stale bread, even though garnished with such delectable condiment as onions or a modicum of cheese; and, in fact, when we attempted to introduce the bread and broth system into our prisons, the rogues mutinied for potatoes, and swore we meant to starve them. I remember to have read somewhere, that when potatoes were first introduced at the tables of the great, they were denied to the young, on the same principle as we now refuse them ragouts and high-seasoned dishes, because physicians pronounced them heating and provocative. Has this, think you, anything to do with the solution of the problem of our seven millions? It is an idle objection, that cooking the potatoes takes up a great deal of time of the woman of the house. Sorry am I to say, that that time could be turned to very little account were it entirely at her command; and, at all events, her time must, in any case, be less valuable than that of the miller and his men who should grind the corn; but, besides, the Irish who,

from their habit of eating potatoes, have learned how to boil them, never allow that process to occupy more than forty minutes; and, as they eat but two meals a-day, the time devoted even to cookery does not very much exceed that requisite in an English cottage, especially if the English woman make, as she should do, a mess of pottage of her bread and cheese and onions. Mr Cobbett has, I fear, had some success in prejudicing the minds of the vulgar in England against this our favourite species of food. This clever person writes about all things with an appearance of minute particularity, which naturally has an amazingly imposing effect on the uninformed populace; but the fact is, that he is grossly ignorant on this as well as many other topics, (such as politics and the planting of trees,) on which he yet adventures his crude though very positive opinions to the public. As sneering and ridicule operate more powerfully than reasoning on the class of persons who are likely to be influenced by Mr Cobbett's writings, I wish to acquaint them with the fact, that the lower orders of this country, who are infinitely better skilled in the arts of ridicule and sneering than themselves, feel and express quite as much contempt for John Bull's bread and cheese, as he can do for Paddy's potatoes. I do not say this in any unkindness, but only to correct a false impression of superiority which the boors dwelling on the east side of the Channel sometimes arrogate to themselves over the farming labourers of Ireland; whilst, in reality, they are, in everything requiring the exertion of quickness and acuteness of intellect, greatly inferior to the least informed class in this country.

"The gentry, indeed, of England are, I think, generally speaking, possessed of more plain sound sense, though not of more refinement, than the same class in Ireland; and the men of business, from the lowest to the highest, perform their duties better and more becomingly, and are in every way incomparably better fitted for their stations in life than ours yet are; but in the lowest class, the superiority in point of intelligence and readiness, and all the minor qualities, which form the excellency of social and civilized life, lies entirely with our people."

There is a life and spirit—as well as truth in the above passage, which may in vain be looked for through all the heavy pages of the prosing Economists—the absurdity of whose doc-

trines is a minor evil, to the heaviness of their style, which is enough to break the back of a common reader—has, we believe, greatly increased the number of diseases in the spine, and we have reason to know, proved fatal indeed in several cases, during the discussion on the Corn Question. Which of them all could express himself so easily and earnestly, as our friend does in the following passage?—

"Driving for the first time through almost any part of England is quite a treat; but here, instead of the rich verdure, plantation on plantation, and hedge-row upon hedge-row, you had been accustomed everywhere to meet with, the general surface of the soil looks arid and sad-coloured; plantations are but thinly scattered, generally young, and not unfrequently have a stunted appearance, as if half neglected; the lands seem divided into a prodigious number of compartments, and that too in most cases not by hedges, but ditches or bleak-looking stone walls. In the country towns the beggars are numerous, noisy, and squalid. And instead of the neat comfortable-looking villages of England, you meet with thatched cabins, scattered at intervals along the road, often decaying, and always dirty in their external appearance. This is the aspect of the country generally; yet wherever improvements have been made, the vivid green of the pasture, and the visible combination of utility and ornament in the minor details of the landscape, abundantly demonstrate that we possess all the same capabilities of comfort and neatness as our brethren, were they but called into operation by the same favourable circumstances which have stimulated exertion and diffused happiness elsewhere. The soil of England is brought to an uniform beauty of surface that is quite astonishing; that the soil of Ireland is equally capable of such an improvement, and that it would amply repay the expenditure of labour and capital requisite to effect the change, is indisputably true. It is really vexatious to see field after field look brown and bare, and hill after hill naked and rugged, when one certainly knows that the fields might be bright green, and the hills made to wave with stately woods, with great and permanent profit to the proprietors. Would that men were wise, and considered this! Yet we have great reason to rejoice that they are gradually growing wiser, and that improvement is at this moment advancing with giant

strides amongst us. Even the most cautious capitalists are beginning to venture upon investments in landed property in Ireland, and could we but succeed in eradicating from the less informed minds of the English manufacturers their deeply rooted prejudice against the Irish, as a wild and savage race, amongst whom the lives of English Protestants can be but ill secured even by the strictest laws, the perfect assimilation of this country to England would be rapid indeed, and it would soon come to be looked on as a different and very admirable district of one and the same country. This is a consummation, in my mind, devoutly to be wished, and which I shall rejoice indeed if my efforts can be at all instrumental in accelerating. I am not vain and foolish enough to imagine, that we are already so well as to stand in no need of being made better, but I am most anxious to prove to my countrymen, on both the one and the other side of St George's Channel, that we are at least apt and docile scholars, who can reward our teachers with an ample return of pleasure and of profit to them as well as to ourselves. That our inferiority is already greatly less than has been commonly supposed, and that if there be, as undeniably there are, very many things which we have yet to learn from England, we are willing to profit by the example of our elder and wiser sister, and yet by no means deficient in great and good qualities of our own.

"Those who have the candour and good sense to examine with their own eyes into our real condition, rather than place implicit faith in vague expressions of horror and disgust against our people, uttered with shrugging of the shoulder and uplifting of the palm, by weak and ill-informed persons, and sometimes by those who find their account in misrepresenting us, will find that we are a hardy and intelligent nation, destitute neither of the common necessities of life, nor of the strong desire to add to our comforts and our luxuries which commonly pervades mankind. If men possessed of capital, and common sense to expend it judiciously, will settle amongst us, instead of a horde of starving and naked savages, ready to plunder and to murder them, they will meet with a population not without whole clothes, and fed in a manner which they themselves prefer (and perhaps with good reason too) to that of the English peasant—a population, who are willing and able to co-operate vigorously and well with any man who will treat them fairly in the

exchange of money or goods for rich land and hard labour."

We began with an intention of giving a regular straight-forward abridgment of this pamphlet, but find that we have adopted another, perhaps better way, of giving its chief contents, by following the order of our own thoughts, and turning over its leaves again for selection. Thus, our readers will thank us for treating them with an excellent extract, in continuation of the views given above, relative to the character of the Irish peasantry:

"The character of the Irish peasantry cannot easily be appreciated or understood by strangers. It is full of religious feeling even to overflowing, yet sadly deficient in religious principle. It sounds paradoxical, and yet it is true in fact, and may be philosophically accounted for in theory, to say that the Roman Catholic religion is apt to produce this defect in the minds of its unenlightened members, though perhaps one of its most palpably unscriptural errors is the supposed meritoriousness of human works. Possibly, however, it would be more just as well as more charitable to ascribe much of the good, and somewhat less of the evil, of the Irish character to the influence of their religious faith, than we high Protestants are usually disposed to do. Certain it is, that however our people may live without God in the world, they do not live without his name ever and anon in their mouths, and that, not irreverently or lightly, but with all the appearance of unaffected piety and earnestness, which would seem to betoken that they have God in all their thoughts.

"If two boatmen pass each other on the Shannon, or on a canal, or two carmen on a road, whether they know each other or not, you are sure to hear in mel-low musical Irish, 'God save you,' from the comer, and 'God speed you,' from the goer. If an Irishman approach the door of a cabin, whether it belong to an acquaintance or stranger, and whatever be his business, his first salutation invariably is, 'God save all here,' and the reply is as invariably similar. If he meets with persons working, whatever be their occupation, he never dreams of passing them without saying, 'God bless your work.' When first he sees a neighbour's child, or his horse, or his cow, or anything that is his neighbour's, he is sure to say, 'That's a fine child, God mark it to grace,'—'that's a fine cow, God bless it.'—The instances are endless, but they sometimes sound ludicrously. If you ask

a rheumatic old man how he is to-day, he will say, 'Thank your honour, I'm all full of cramps and pains in my bones, glory be to God;' or if he be drenched in rain to his great harm and discomfort, he will say, 'Troth, it's a mighty wet day entirely, the Lord be praised.' Happen what may, their brief and pithy comment is, 'It was the will of God,' or if they wish for any change of existing circumstances they never fail to add 'if it was God's will.' All this may arise as much from habit as from piety, it is true, but still the very existence of such a habit proves a kind of character and a state of mind very much more susceptible of culture and improvement than the utter recklessness of impure thought and of unclean living, that is so lamentably prevalent in some of the mining and manufacturing districts of England, nay, even than the insensibility and blindness to everything spiritual or mental that are frequently to be met with in the lowest class of English agricultural labourers. In a word, though the religion of the lower classes in England, when they have any religion at all, is infinitely more excellent than that which prevails among them here, yet a profound veneration for religion, a steadfast belief in the essentials of Christian faith, and a regular attendance on divine worship, debased though it be by the superstitious observances of their church, are incomparably more certain to be met with among the inferior classes with us than with you; and, besides this, they are far more generally submissive and respectful to their superiors, more disposed to honour and obey a gentleman because he is a gentleman, more resigned when favours are denied, more grateful for favours given, more uniformly obliging, flexible, and anxious to please, than are the peasantry of England. There is, however, greater giddiness and unevenness of character amongst them than amongst the English. It is a common saying with themselves, that they are honest with good looking after. They do not scruple to tell lies to screen themselves when they commit a fault, and when detected, to pass off the lie with a jest. When they labour for others, they are apt to idle or get into mischief, if they be not well watched; they are prone to gossip and dawdle over their task; whether from an innate indolence or a love of sociality, I will not pretend to determine; certain it is, they

have a special aversion to working alone, and you will see three trooping off with facks\* in hand to perform a job which one man would set about at once in England; nor will these three accomplish more in the day than any two of themselves would do, if you could employ them separately and apart, so that they should lose no time in talking. In passing through the country here, you frequently see numerous groups of men, women, and children, working in the fields, while in England you would almost suppose the ground were cultivated by magic, or in the night, so rarely do you see people at work. They certainly, with us, do not, in general, labour so hard as the English; it is to be remembered, however, that this is chiefly when they are badly paid and insufficiently fed. They do not even hesitate to urge this reason for their insufficiency, nor is it unreasonable they should. I have been assured by practical men,—Mr Nimmo, the engineer, for example,—that a given piece of manual labour cannot be executed more cheaply in Ireland than in England or Scotland, where wages are treble their amount with us. My own experience would not go the length of justifying this assertion, but in any case it does not disprove the capability and willingness of the Irish labourer to exert himself with as much industry and effect as others, when placed under the like circumstances, because it is notorious that Ireland supplies every part of the king's dominions with the hardest-working labourers they have. In their dealings one with another, our people are hard and over-reaching; they are so little accustomed to the possession of money, that they greatly overrate its value, and on the other hand, they have such a superabundance of unoccupied time, that they can scarcely be made to understand that time is at all valuable. Two men will travel four or five miles and wrangle half a day before a magistrate, for some trumpery affair that does not matter sixpence to either; and what is most strange, they will appear at drawn daggers, whilst addressing the justice, and will use the worst and most abusive language towards each other, but the moment he dismisses the case, (which he very often does by telling them they are a pair of great fools, and to go home and mind their business, and not pester themselves or him with non-

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\* A Fack—kind of spade used in field labour.

sense,) they walk away on the best terms possible, chatting about their ordinary affairs."

Our author goes on to remark, that labourers unfed for want of employment, and land unproductive for want of labour, constitute an anomaly which stares people in the face in every part of Ireland. The connecting link is Capital, and that link is wanting; the reason of its deficiency being want of confidence on the part of the capitalists. The universal belief is, that the lower orders in Ireland are infinitely more turbulent and lawless than those in England; yet, on comparing the official lists of judicial convictions for the years 1815, 16, 17, and 18, (the latest returns he could lay his hands on,) he finds, that the total number for England and Wales, was 28,691, while that for Ireland was 16,815, a proportion certainly very much less than that which the number of her inhabitants bears to the inhabitants of England and the principality. The commititals, however, are much more numerous, comparatively, in Ireland,—but that he is disposed to think, arises as much from the frightened policy of weak and timid persons invested with authority over the liberties of their fellow-subjects, and occasionally from their heedless inadvertency too, as from any reasonable grounds of suspicion resting on the part of persons imprisoned, against whom no proof of criminality was subsequently adduced.

Our author laughs at the serious apprehensions entertained by many of a general insurrection again taking place in Ireland. The first thing, he says, that happens when any ill design is astir among the people, is that half a dozen of the vilest miscreants among them repair, unknown to each other, to different magistrates, and, for some trifling consideration, discover the whole plot, and continue to act as spies, and give notice of every intended proceeding. The White-boy affair, in 1822, many resident magistrates informed him, arose out of a conspiracy on the part of the farmers to induce landlords to lower their rents, and that they at first instigated the outrages and comforted the perpetrators of them; but when the natural consequence (though they had not foreseen it) followed, that the White-boys assailed the instigators themselves, and when the burning and

plundering began to be laid upon their own property, they speedily came forward, and by information and other means, put down the disposition to violence and outrage which themselves had fostered. The people, he avers, cannot stir a finger without the government being apprised of it, if they choose to seek for information. Of all sorts of espionage that is the most effectual; for though the people should suspect, nay, even certainly know, that some one must be playing them false, and betraying their machinations, still they have not the slightest clue to guide them to the detection of the individual; the betrayer enters as heartily as any into the proposed scheme, and they have ever been known "to carry their appearance of conformity so far as to be shot by the *magistrates' armed force*, in an attack of which they themselves had given the warning which led to its perpetration." We do not know that the following scene illustrates much, but it is well told—and is impressive:

"I was sitting with your friend, Sir John —, in his study, when a servant came to tell him there was 'one waiting to see him on business in the justice-room, if he was at leisure.' We walked down to the apartment where he usually discharges the duties that devolve on him as being of the quorum, and there I saw a haggard, unearthly-looking beldame, cowering towards the fire, and stretching out her withered arms and attenuated hands still closer to the grate: she rose and curtsied low as we entered the room. Her face, weather-worn, sallow, and wrinkled, and her grey maddie eyes, surrounded with red circles, formed a countenance which appeared blighted by hardship and sorrow. 'What do you want with me, my good woman?' said the magistrate. 'I'm Mickie Rooney's mother, please your honour.' 'Mickle Rooney?' do you mean Michael Rooney, who was murdered near this, by the White-boys some years ago? Her low moan of agony made me bitterly regret that I had asked the question so abruptly, even of the scared-looking crone before us. This Rooney was a horrid wretch, who after joining with the White boys in many of their outrages, had become an informer, and had ultimately given evidence against them in a court of law, so that being a marked man, he soon fell a victim to their resentment, and was found one morning in a ditch with his throat cut, and other dreadful wounds inflicted on him, and this his mother had been subsequently

'driv,' as she told us, 'out of house and home, abused and abhorred by all, and none to say a good word of her, or for her, an' she was left to starve of cold and hunger, wid neither man nor mortal to offer her a crass for her berrin, or pity her after she was gone.' She had come to see if an application would be made to the Castle to get her a small pension, or some means of saving her from dying of hunger, and she assured us, 'she wouldn't troable them for it long, as in troth it id be bether for her it was the Lord's will to take her away.' There was something tearful in the scowl of this miserable-looking old creature, as she recounted with harrowing minuteness the indignities she had received, and the sorrows she had suffered, and as she stooped in shivering wretchedness, supplicating for what herself called 'the blood-money for her boy,' the recollection that she was the mother of a murdered man, who probably himself had been a murderer, produced a feeling of horror that made me recoil from her with that instinctive sort of shudder which one feels on reading the brief inscription 'murder,' on the cell of a condemned felon in Newgate. Measures were taken to have the wretched woman's relief properly cared for."

Our author is of opinion that improvements, the most extensive and important, have been made within the last twenty years in the state of the Irish population. The spread of elementary education has been very great, and all the minor decencies of life are much better observed by the people. The dress and appearance of the peasantry, for example, is much more creditable than it used to be. Twenty years ago, when they came before Grand Juries, to give evidence concerning roads, or in criminal cases, they appeared in loose attire, "melancholy hat," hose ungartered, collar unbuttoned, shoe untied, and everything about the outward man, denoting a careless desolation; but now they are to be found in good shoes and stockings, thick set breeches, a spruce waistcoat, and a strong grey coat. It goes the length of saying, that if the Legislature would be kind enough to give them a little breathing time, and not trouble their heads about the people of Ireland exclusively, and as distinguished from the rest of the empire, Ireland might do very well, and perhaps at no very distant period be as Protestant a kingdom as England herself; for a spirit of inquiry has

gone abroad among the people, which must ultimately terminate in the rejection of error, and in the embracing of truth.

Of the Catholic Association he speaks with as much disgust as Mr Canning can possibly experience on any subject—and laughs at Mr Brownlowe for his late solemn warning, not to treat its power and efforts with slight and scorn. He calls it a foul blotch on the Catholic body—like the red raw flesh we read of in the Levitical law, it is a plague of leprosy broken out of the bile; but like other noisome issues, it serves the office of a conduit to carry off the foul humours from all parts of the system. He justly sneers at the late Attorney-General's unsuccessful attempts to check Mr O'Connell's intemperance by prosecution—and at the threatened proceedings against that most contemptible creature Shiel. The folly of such men, he truly says, sufficiently defeats their wickedness. Ridicule is the best weapon against nonsense, and imbecility may safely be abandoned to contempt. The number of those amongst the influential Roman Catholics who approve of any of the measures of the Association is not great; and even of those who give to it their names and subscriptions, there are many who would feel ashamed to sit in the assembly, and join in its proceedings. It is mournful, says he, that so respectable a man as Mr Brownlow can be so far misled as to give an ephemeral importance to a desperate band of brawling demagogues, by condescending to notice their existence:

"Is it possible the honourable gentleman has yet to learn that to talk of millions and of means of intimidation, is the sure way to disgust the English people altogether? England well knows she has a giant's strength, and so do the members of the Association. Let them beware how they provoke her to use it like a giant. Does Mr Brownlow—can any gentleman whatever—imagine for a moment that any man in Ireland, possessed of even means and brains enough to organize a rebellion, would embark in a scheme in which his every step should be steeped in crime and blood, and every vista closed by beggary on the gallows, and all for an idle dream of imagined independence? I have, indeed, been assured, that the esoteric doctrines of these persons comprise the abrogation of the Union, the confiscation of church property, and the

restitution of forfeited estates. But if Mr Brownlow supposes the body of Roman Catholics to concur in these sentiments, he entertains a much worse opinion of them than I do; and I cannot conceive how he reconciles it to his conscience to recommend their admission to political power. The worst enemy to the cause of the Catholics in Ireland could not do a greater injury to them than by puffing up the Association with the vain and preposterous idea that their *brutum fulmen* ought to be regarded, or ever will be regarded, as a good reason for granting Catholic Emancipation; on the contrary, it is obvious to every man, who will take the trouble of looking calmly at the matter, that the trash uttered, day after day, in the meetings of the Association tends to cause the Catholic body to be looked upon not only with distrust, but with contempt."

The Roman Catholic Priesthood of Ireland comprises a body of men of whom the people of England are accustomed to hear much, and of whom they know very little. The partizans on one side of the question, quoth our friend, lower their voices when they speak of them, and hint at some dark and mysterious power possessed by the priests, over the minds and consciences of the people—a power, say they, without limit and without control, which they are well disposed, at any moment, to turn to the worst purposes. By another class of politicians these same priests are held up as unexampled patterns of pious loyalty and suffering virtue.

"Now, in reality and truth, the Romish priests are a very common-place kind of men, with nothing wonderful about them. They are, for the most part, at the outset, persons who boast of some such birth and lineage as the children of a small farmer, or the keeper of a petty shop in a country town, may lay claim to, and being removed from the plough or the counter at sixteen or seventeen years of age, to Maynooth, or some other religious house, they spend four or five years in mastering a slender modicum of Greek and Latin, and in becoming partially acquainted with the writings of Thomas of Aquin, and some other authors of that stamp; and thus fortified against the fiery darts of false doctrine, heresy, and schism, they obtain deacons' orders at the age of twenty-one. So soon as they are fortunate enough to obtain an appointment to a curacy, they are entitled to the run of the parish priest's

house, a horse's keep, and a few pounds a-year to buy clothes.

"When at length the dignity of the parish priesthood is arrived at, they frequently become well enough off in worldly circumstances, and are sometimes to be met with at the table of a country gentleman. They are not fortunate, however, in their attempts to take the tone of good society; of this they retain some indistinct consciousness; and in the company of those of the better rank, Catholics, by the by, as well as Protestants, they endeavour, by a too great suppleness of manner, almost amounting to servility, to conciliate the favour they feel they cannot command. I think they are frequently well-meaning men, and I believe they often work very hard in the discharge of their clerical duties; but a man of large and enlightened understanding, of well-disciplined and highly cultivated mind, is very rarely to be met with among them.

"I have strong reason to believe, too, that the supposed influence of the priests over their flocks is greatly over-rated. In matters unconnected with religion or with politics, I certainly know it does not exist. The priest of our parish, for example, who seems a coarse and simple man, of small capacity for good or evil, holds some land at a low rent, of which he keeps a small portion in his own hands, and sub-lets the rest to other petty farmers;—there is not a man in the parish whom his own tenants so shamefully cheat, or from whom his own workmen more joyfully pilfer. In fact, the priest is so little elevated above themselves in manners and mode of living, that they do not, and cannot, feel any very profound respect for him. It is true, however, that the nature of their religion is such as to give the priests a sort of influence in ecclesiastical matters over the ignorant of their flock, which to us Protestants is wholly unattractive; nor is it easy to understand how far this influence is purely ecclesiastical, though there is certainly a marked distinction between their sway in these and in temporal affairs. If, indeed, they were all as clever and designing as Dr Doyle, much might justly be apprehended from a body so capable of evil and so much inclined to it; but, in truth, they neither intend so much harm, nor could effect it if they did. As it is, the common people follow their direction in whatever concerns religion or Catholic Emancipation, and very little regard them in anything else; while the richer classes, for the most part, possess little more than what is called natu-



ral religion, frequently despising those ministers whom they outwardly affect to reverence; and when the clergy are despised, the religion of which they are the teachers is necessarily very little regarded. At present, Roman Catholic priests are little better than a superior class of mendicants, subsisting on contributions levied, like the benevolences of old, frequently on a very reluctant people; and, indeed, one chief cause of the earnest desire sometimes evinced by the lower orders for what they call Emancipation, is the hope that they would thereupon be relieved from the exactions which are now wrung from them for the support of their priesthood, by the appropriation of government funds for that purpose. As to their refusing such a provision, if made, whether in conjunction with Catholic Emancipation or not, that is quite out of the question. The Irish peasantry are so keenly alive to the value of the small portion of money they get into their possession, that I can assure you, were the priest to continue his demands upon it, while they were aware he refused to take the stipend which lay waiting for him at the treasury, he possesses no influence over their minds which would prevent them from expressing their opinion on the subject in a manner that would quickly bring him to his senses."

The rent of land in Ireland has been decidedly increasing during the last twenty years, independently of any adventitious circumstances, such as war-prices, or any other unnatural stimulant. It is commonly asserted, that the utmost farthing which the land will afford is wrung from the tenant; that only the minimum which will support existence is left to the cultivator of the soil, and that minimum in the lowest species of food, namely potatoes. Our author here points out a fallacy in this statement. It is true, he allows, that the cultivator gets much less from the land for himself than he should do; but it is not true that this evil arises from the landlord receiving too much. The real cause is, that the land is not made to produce nearly so much as it is capable of producing; and the real remedy is, not to reduce the rents, but to make the land produce more, by better cultivation and more judicious management. It is now an established fact, that lands in Ireland pay a much lower rent, in proportion to their real value, than lands in England do; that is, that the Irish landlord receives as

rent a smaller proportion of the crop his land is capable of producing than the English landlord does:

"However, the sticklers for Ireland's measureless misery enter a demurrer to our statement here, in these terms: 'True, it has been proved that land in Ireland pays less in proportion to its capability of producing than it does in England; but then, with reference to what it actually does produce, it pays a much larger proportion; and it is with this, and not with capabilities, which are never called into action, that the cultivator has to do; if his own share be insufficient, the misery to him is not a jot the less, because the rest is not all in the pocket of the landlord, but partly there, and partly in the bosom of the earth.' Now, there is some truth in all this; but in whom lies the defect of the present state of things? Surely in the tenant, and not in the landlord. Surely the remedy must come from improving the tillage, not from diminishing the rent. In truth, the tillage has improved within the last dozen years, and that most amazingly; but there is yet room for immense farther improvement, and the way to bring it about is to keep the rents high. I am here deliberately advising a line of conduct, on the part of the landed proprietors, which, if adopted without the accompaniment of any means of mitigating the hardships of the case, must needs be productive of a great deal of individual privation, even to misery; yet I do advise it even in this uncompromising shape, rather than not at all."

Our author says boldly, that the Irish peasantry must, and, under all ordinary circumstances, will, bear like men considerable hardship and privation a little longer, till they acquire some capital and farther skill in tillage, to place them on a level with the English farmer. For a sufficient number of farmers, who are possessed of both capital and skill, are now engaged in the cultivation of land in Ireland, to produce some degree of competition for ground, at a rate which only a superior degree of cultivation can afford, in addition to supporting the farmer as he ought to be supported; and it would be a very short-sighted and miserable sort of patriotism or humanity, which would induce a proprietor to set his lands at a low rate to bad cultivators, because they were ignorant of their business, and would till the land badly, rather than to others who could afford to pay him higher, for the

very reason that they would till his land better :

"My own personal experience teaches me, that in practice the effect is more frequently to retain the old occupant at an increased rent, than to introduce a new one. The tenant is determined not to be forced out of his farm and outdone by the stranger, and therefore he offers more than the land is worth to him. Many will assert that it is a very cruel proceeding of the landlord to take his additional money : I have no hesitation in affirming, that it is a great shame for him if he do not. The immediate consequence is, that the man suffers extreme privation ; but the ultimate result is, that he becomes a better farmer. He knows that the stranger who offered the larger rent, would both make that rent out of the land and live well ; with this conviction he struggles, and struggles successfully, to arrive at the same degree of perfection. It is very true, that if the landlord be a gentleman, and still more if he be a Christian, he will not permit his tenant to suffer the extremity of want in the struggle, without interfering to relieve his necessity ; but this is a matter totally distinct from the setting of his land. If we let our brother perish of cold or hunger, whilst we have clothes and food enough, and to spare, we *swill assuredly fall under Father Lawlor's curse*, and he not hereafter ; but it is in nowise inconsistent with justice or humanity, so to dispose of our estates, that they may produce the utmost possible quantity of food to human beings, and of profit to ourselves."

The allusion to Father Lawlor's curse can only be understood from a little story, which we quote, as it tells truths on another important subject :

"A poor blind old woman, or, as she called herself, 'a dark and desolate widow,' who lived in our neighbourhood, came to me one day, to tell me that some pious ladies had offered her some warm blankets for the winter, which was then setting in, if she would undertake to attend the reading of the Scriptures and of prayers, which took place daily in their great hall, but, she added, that she was 'afear'd' to go. I advised her by all means to take the blankets and the prayers, as pleasant and profitable for her body and soul ; but if she felt scruples of conscience, to obtain first the priest's permission, which I was sure he would not deny, considering the urgency of the case. Some days after, I met her begging, when this brief and pithy dialogue

ensued : 'Well, Catty, did you get the blankets?'—'Plase your honor, Father Lawlor laid me under a curse, if I wint to the ladies, an' I thought it better to bear wid the could lying here, nor to lie hot hereafter.' After some farther parley to ascertain the truth of the facts, I promised her the blankets unconditionaly. 'Oh, musha, musha, thin the heavens be your honor's bed,' was her prayer at parting, 'an' my blessin and the blessin of the widow be about you, and presarve you and yours from sin, sickness, and sorrow, I pray God.'"

In speaking of the relations between tenant and landlord, this gentleman says, that he feels and reasons as a *resident proprietor of land*. Of the systems of Middlemen and of the evils, or benefits arising from them, he has heard much, but knows nothing of them from his own knowledge. He has lived amongst men of property, who manage their estates by their own agents, and, as far as is possible, admit no other to intervene between themselves and the occupiers of the soil ; who consult the well-being of their tenantry by personal attention to their condition, so far as is consistent with the other business of life which their station in society demands of them, and with the enjoyment of the pleasures to which they deem themselves fairly entitled by their rank and property.

It is necessary that we in Britain, when talking of rentals in Ireland, should advert to certain trifling differences in the measurement and currency of the two countries, which, although perfectly well known in the abstract, people let slip out of their memories when they see frightful statements printed, setting forth how small the farms are, and how large the rent. For example, when we hear that a particular individual has a farm in Ireland of thirty acres, for which he pays sixty pounds rent, we imagine he has but thirty acres, and that he does pay sixty pounds, whereas the words really mean that he has forty-nine acres of land, and that he pays something less than fifty-five pounds eight shillings ; that, in short, he really pays something less than twenty-three shillings an acre, and not two pounds an acre for his land. Now, this difference in measurement and currency not only enters into all calculations made previously to January

1826; but still exists in almost all bargains made between landlord and tenant, and also universally pervades the common parlance of society in Ireland:

'Irish lineal measure, then, was to English lineal measure in the ratio of fourteen to eleven, that is to say, eleven Irish miles, or eleven Irish perches, equal fourteen English miles or fourteen English perches in length, but land or acres being measured both in length and in breadth, this ratio and difference enters both the one way and the other into the computation, and Irish acres are to English as the product of fourteen multiplied by fourteen is to the product of eleven multiplied by eleven, that is as 196 to 121, or 121 acres of plantation measure as used in Ireland equal 196 acres of statute measures as used in England. Again, any given sum in Irish currency was to the same nominal sum in English currency in the ratio of twelve to thirteen; that is to say, L.13 Irish equal only L.12 English—hence if a farmer in England pay 28s. rent and 12s. poor rates, making together L.2 a-year for an acre of land, and a farmer in Ireland who pays no poor rates, he charged L.2 a-year rent for an acre of land, then, in order to find the annual sum paid for a given space of land in Ireland, as compared with that paid for the same space of land in England, we must diminish the rent of the Irish farmer in a ratio compounded of the ratios of 196 to 121, and of 13 to 12, which, expressed in its lowest terms is as 637 to 363; therefore the Irishman's payment, instead of being equal to the Englishman's, as it seemed at first, turns out to be in reality only three hundred and sixty-three six hundred and thirty sevenths, or little more than one-half."

Other and important considerations enter into a comparison of the productive powers and consequent value of these equal superficieses. The soil of Ireland, taking acre for acre, is greatly more fertile than that of England. The author thinks himself justified by the best information he could collect, in stating, that a given quantity of average land in Ireland is capable of producing, with an equal expenditure of labour and capital, one-tenth more than an equal quantity of average land in England. The climate, too, is greatly more favourable to the farmer. In England, not only is it necessary to devote a considerable portion of his farm to green crops for

winter-feeding, but he must likewise provide houses for his cattle and his corn; and in the southern counties, even for his hay, to secure it against the frost and snow. In Ireland, the necessity for such precautions does not exist. Snow rarely lies on the ground many hours; frosts are neither lasting nor intense. There is no occasion for either green crops or store-houses for cattle, at least except as a speculation to fatten them for market, and a little hay brings them well through the severest of their ordinary winters.

Our author has a happy knack of illustrating all his positions by interesting facts:

"In the year 1822 our neighbour, Mr C——, purchased a small estate in Cork-shire. As we did not then enjoy great quietness, lands sold considerably under even their usual low rate with us. He paid exactly eighteen years' purchase on the then rent of thirty shillings the Irish acre. What between the natural expiring of leases, the non-payment of rent and other causes, he found that about a thousand acres of average land would devolve into his own hands to reset and model as he pleased, but which however was already occupied by a very numerous tenantry, whom it would have been a harsh and unfeeling thing to turn adrift. A diligent inquiry was instituted, and all those who had no natural claim upon the land, such as long residence, meritorious conduct, or the expenditure of capital in permanent improvement, were dispossessed entirely—eleemosynary aid being afforded to such as required it, and all being assisted in every way that could be devised to mitigate the necessary evil.

"Still there remained on the thousand acres forty families, whom he was unwilling to put off the lands, and though he would greatly have preferred dividing it into not more than three farms or four, he determined for their sakes to retain them all. Four hundred acres he divided amongst ten whom he deemed most deserving, in farms of from thirty to fifty acres,—the rest had twenty acres each; but he made this condition in every agreement—that he himself was to lay out L.3 an acre in draining, fencing, and manuring the land, to bring it into excellent condition, and that they were to pay L.2 an acre permanent rent, instead of 30s. as before; and further, that each was to keep at least a third of his farm in grass land, unless he obtained a special provision to break up more. Mr C—— likewise put the cabins into thorough repair. The plan

succeeded to his wish, and if adding L.3 an acre expended to the L.27 originally paid, we make the purchase money the L.30 an acre, and call the rent L.2 an acre, which it is, instead of 30s. which it was, he has now an admirable estate at fifteen years' purchase, and the rents regularly paid.

"The present condition and mode of proceeding of his lowest class of tenantry above mentioned is generally as follows:—the twenty acres of land are subdivided thus—nine acres in grass, one in oats, four in wheat, four in potatoes, half an acre in flax, half an acre set by the tenant himself as potatoe garden, to a man whose additional labour he requires in spring and autumn, and one acre left fallow; others have four acres of wheat, four of oats, four of potatoes, and eight of pasture and meadow; and some, who have leave to break a greater proportion of their ground, have four equal divisions of wheat, oats, potatoes, and grass land. It is to be observed, that potatoes are always looked on as the crop which puts the ground *in heart*, as it is called, because for it, and for it only, the ground is manured, and it is considered equally beneficial for the soil to manure and take a crop of potatoes, as to let the ground lie fallow without manure; after the potatoes comes wheat, and the third year a crop of oats—the reason of requiring a certain portion to be kept in grass, is that it is a security against the tenant exhausting his farm by extreme tillage, and then running away or requiring an abatement of rent. Each of the occupiers of those farms has four cows, all of them one and some two horses, from three to seven pigs, and poultry in abundance. The wheat alone pays the rent; the grass, hay, and oats feed the four cows and two horses; the potatoes more than supply the bipeds and the pigs; and the surplus, together with the butter, a most important item, and skim-milk cheese, which a Scotch steward has introduced the fashion of making, suffices to pay tithe and other land charges, purchase and repair implements, shoe the horse, clothe the family, buy soap and candle, and pay the priest. Four good hogs give more than a thousand weight of bacon, so that the family may have three pounds a-day of this besides sweet and sour milk and eggs, and each man is allowed a right of turfary on Mr C—'s bog, to supply his own house with fuel."

It is obvious that such a system as

this would answer well only where the landlord makes the expensive improvements himself, and throws the burden on the tenant in the shape of increased rent. In so poor a country as Ireland, this seems the most rational way; at least, wherever the landlord is intent to pay sufficient attention to his estate to prevent the tenant from wasting his land.

"But you will ask, is it possible that the mode of living I have just described is a fair specimen of the general condition of the agricultural population of the country? Would to God I could answer yes. The truth however is, that the general condition is nothing nearly so comfortable, but there is no earthly reason why it should not be quite as much so. If the landed proprietors had only the common sense and common prudence of Christian men, to reside, were it but a month or two in summer, on their own estates, and make themselves thoroughly well acquainted with their own tenantry, and be a terror to evil doers, especially those who do evil to themselves, though it be themselves only, and a praise to them that do well. Of all nations whom I have known, the lower orders in Ireland most require the stimulant of praise, when deserved, and most profit by it when judiciously given; they are certainly a sensitive people, and they love and appreciate justice to a degree that exceeds belief. I do not so much mean justice dealt out for money in a court of law, though they have a hankering after that too, as equity in the breast of a landlord or an employer. The man, who, living amongst them, fails not to show, were it but in kind words, his sense of the patient continuing in well-doing of the good, and who exercises harshness only towards those who deserve it at his hands, may be certain of being not only respected, but beloved by them even in the moment of his chiding; and all those who will become, like Homer's heroes, the shepherds of their people, may rest assured they will equally with them be honoured by their people like a god."

We are sorry to be obliged to stop short, as the pamphlet contains much more valuable and curious matter, and we had a few things to say ourselves; but other opportunities will occur of saying them, and we leave the above extracts to the reflection of our readers.

## SONG OF ENIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,  
 A mingled breathing of grief and glee ;  
 Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,  
 Filling with triumph the sunny air ;  
 Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,  
 It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.

But ever and anon  
 A murmur of farewell  
 Told, by its plaintive tone,  
 That from woman's lip it fell.

" Away, away, o'er the foaming main !"  
 —This was the free and the joyful strain—  
 " There are clearer skies than ours afar,  
 We will shape our course by a brighter star ;  
 There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd,  
 And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

" But alas! that we should go,"  
 Sang the farewell voices then,  
 " From the homesteads warm and low,  
 By the brook and in the glen."

" We will rear new homes, under trees that glow  
 As if gems were the fruitage of every bough ;  
 O'er our white walls we will train the vine,  
 And sit in its shadow at day's decline,  
 And watch our herds, as they range at will  
 Through the green savannas, all bright and still "

" But woe for that sweet shade  
 Of the flowering orchard trees,  
 Where first our children play'd  
 Midst the birds and honey-bees !"

" All, all our own shall the forests be,  
 As to the bound of the roe-buck free !  
 None shall say, ' Hither, no farther pass !'  
 We will track each step through the wavy grass '  
 We will chase the Elk in his speed and might,  
 And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

" But oh! the grey church tower,  
 And the sound of the Sabbath bell,  
 And the shelter'd garden bower—  
 We have bid them all farewell !"

" We will give the names of our fearless race  
 To each bright river whose course we trace ;  
 We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,  
 And the path of our daring in boundless woods,  
 And our works unto many a lake's green shore,  
 Where the Indian graves lay alone before !"

" But who will teach the flowers,  
 Which our children loved, to dwell  
 In a soil that is not ours ?  
 —Home, home, and friends, farewell !"

## CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

## CHAP. X.

*Broad Summerford.*

IN the churchyard of Broad Summerford—But why should I affect to describe, as from my own recollection, a place with which I am utterly unacquainted except by report? For verily, gentle reader, I never set foot in the said churchyard—neither in the quiet rectory adjoining thereunto—neither in the pretty village wherein they are situated. And yet each and all of those localities are as familiar to my mind's eye—not only as if I had seen them with the bodily organs, but as if I had longsojourned in the parish where they lie. And no wonder—for all those places were described to me at that season of life when imagination, like a cloudless mirror, reflects back every object presented before it with the faithfulness of truth, and the tablets of memory receive those *proof-impressions*, compared with which, the most perfect struck off in later years are faint and spiritless. Besides, the describer was one rich in old tales, and family legends, and all sorts of traditional lore—one whom I could interrupt and question, with all the confidence of perfect familiarity, and the impetuous curiosity of youthful eagerness—and many a fire-light hour have I sat on the low footstool at her feet, listening to stories of past times and departed generations, and scenes and places associated therewith, so graphically combined, that the illusion was perfect; and often, in after life, I have caught myself speaking to others of those places, persons, and circumstances, as if I had been contemporaneous with the former, and familiar with the latter, from personal observation and experience. Delightful season! delicious hours! ineffaceable recollections! never to be superseded among the heart's most precious records, by any after enjoyment, however exquisite! Far other scenes have I mingled in since then—far other interests have excited—far other feelings have engrossed me. But in weal and in woe—in cloud and in sunshine—in tumult and in silence—in crowds and in solitude—often, often have I looked back with a sickening heart, a yearning tenderness, a

bitter joy, to those quiet hours, when my all of earthly good—my world of felicity—was comprised in such little space—within the walls of that old-fashioned parlour, where the fire-light flashed broad and bright on the warm damask curtains, and I sat on that low footstool by the hearth, at the feet of one who never tired of telling those tales of other days, which I was never weary of listening to. Hers was the true graphic art of story-telling. Her portraits lived and breathed; and while I hung upon her words with mute attention, the long procession of generations gone passed before me—not shadowy phantoms, but substantial forms—defined realities—distinguished, each from each, by every nice modification of characteristic peculiarity—uncles, aunts, and cousins, (a bewigged and brocaded host,) of whom most had been gathered before my birth to the sepulchre of their fathers, and the remaining few had lived to bestow a patriarchal blessing on their infant descendant. All these, recalled to earth by the enchanted wand, were made to re-act their former parts on the great stage for my especial pleasure; and I became as familiar with the names, characters, and persons of those departed worthies as she who really remembered their times, and had been herself the youthful darling of their latter days.

Among those she best loved to speak of, was a kind and gentle pair—an old bachelor and his twin maiden sister, of the name of Seale, relations of my grandmother, who lived out together their long and blameless lives, “The world forgetting, by the world forgot,”

in an obscure quiet village of Somersetshire, called Broad Summerford, of which parish Mr Seale was the revered and faithful pastor for the space of more than half a century.

“They were the best people in the world,” said my dear chronicler; “and some of the happiest days of my early youth were spent at the pleasant rectory of Broad Summerford. Our good relations had heard that my parents

were suffering considerable anxiety on my account, my health having become so delicate as to indicate symptoms of decline, and that change of air and scene had been medically prescribed for me. The kind souls knew that my father and mother could not remove from the small country town, where circumstances had fixed their residence, without very serious inconvenience, and, in the benevolence of their hearts, they forthwith dispatched an epistle, requesting that their dear cousins would intrust the precious child to their safe keeping, and to the pure air and rural change of their pastoral habitation, for as long a time as they could spare her from the paternal roof, or till her health should be perfectly re-established, which they almost pledged themselves (with God's blessing) it would be in their salubrious village. Such an invitation, from such inviters, was most gladly and gratefully accepted. My father accompanied me half-way to Broad Summerford, when he consigned me to the care of a grave, respectable-looking person, Mr Seale's confidential servant, who was sent with his master's equipage, (a dark-green calash, drawn by a steady, powerful old mare, whose sleek coat and broad back might have vied with those perfections of a London dray-horse,) to receive and escort me to the rectory. John Somers himself was clad in a suit of sober pepper-and-salt, the decent and becoming livery of his reverend master, in whose service he had grown grey, and been advanced, by long-tried worth and affection, something beyond the station of a mere domestic. The kind and considerate creature did his best to beguile me of my natural grief at parting with my father for the first time in my short life of fourteen years. He pointed out to me all the most remarkable objects on our road—all the hamlets, noblemen's and gentlemen's seats; and as he had been born and bred in the county, his topographical information was enriched with store of anecdotes respecting the owners of all those goodly mansions. But as we approached Broad Summerford, all his descriptive zeal merged in that favoured spot; and ever and anon it was, 'Now, Miss! you're only four miles from the rectory'—and then, 'that's Squire R.'s house, miss—a special

friend of master's'—and, 'now you're only two miles from the rectory—and there's the mill where our wheat is ground—sweet home-made bread you'll taste at Broad Summerford, miss! and now it's only one mile—half a one—There's master's upper glebe-land—and there's our folks and horses getting in the hay—Ay, old Joan and I should hardly have been spared just now for anything but to fetch you, miss—but you're come to Broad Summerford in a pleasant time. Now we're a-top of the last hill—And there! there! look down to your right, miss—Don't you see that great stack of old chimneys all over ivy, and those two grey gables?—That's the rectory, God bless it—And there's the dovecot, and the homecroft, that old Joan has all to herself—a lazy jade—and now we shall be round at the front gate in half a minute.' And as John Somers said, a short sweep brought us within that time in front of the rectory, at the fore-court 'gate of which stood its venerable master, in hospitable readiness to receive and welcome his expected guest. He was indeed a man of most venerable aspect,—of tall and large stature, but something bowed by years, with a pale, placid, almost unwrinkled countenance, though the dim and faded lustre of his mild blue eyes betokened his advanced age, even more than the perfectly white hair, which, encircling his bald crown, descended even to his shoulders in still redundant waves of silky softness. The old man was standing, with both hands crossed before him on the top of a thick knotted staff, and the attitude happily combining with his orthodox attire, the short cassock and apron became him with a sort of apostolic dignity. As the calash drew up to the gate, Mr Seale laid aside his staff, and coming forward, welcomed me with a look and voice of almost paternal kindness, and though faithful John was already by the side of the vehicle to help me down, his master chose to perform that first hospitable office, and lifting me out in his feeble arms, (I was a small delicate girl—quite a child in appearance,) said, 'Welcome to Broad Summerford, my dear little cousin. May God bless this meeting to us all!' And with that affectionate and pious greeting, he half led, half carried me to the house door, where

on the uppermost of the four broad steps which led to it, stood another aged welcomer, who tenderly reiterated her brother's Christian salutation, and sealed it with a maternal kiss, as she gently drew me to her kind bosom. And so in a moment the little wanderer was at home again—transported but from one home to another—from the arms of tender parents to those which encircled her almost as fondly.

"Mrs Helen Scale was the very personification of beautiful old age. A fairy creature she was—almost diminutive of stature—but her person in youth had been most delicately and symmetrically moulded; and in her old age it still retained much of its fair proportion, and all its native gracefulness. Her hands and arms were still beautiful! The taper fingers and soft palms were yet tinged with that delicate pink, which still mantled like a maiden blush over a face where Time had set his seal indeed, but, as it should seem, reluctantly, as if the ruthless spoiler had half relented for once in his destructive work. Her eyes were blue like her brother's, (the brother and sister were indeed twins in mind and feature,) but their mild lustre was almost unimpaired; and the soft hair that was combed in glossy smoothness over the roll, under her clear lawn cap, was but silvered here and there among its pale brown waviness. No snow was ever whiter,—no cobweb was ever finer, than that same clear lawn of which Mrs Helen's cap, kerchief, ruffles, and apron, were invariably composed; and the latter was spread out in unrumpled purity over a richly-quilted petticoat of silver-grey silk, and a gown of the same material, abounding in such depth and amplitude of fold as would have furnished out a dozen modern draperies. A narrow black velvet collar encircled her small fair throat, (down which, as is related of fair Rosamond, I used to think one might see the red wine flow,) and the precise neck-kerchief was fastened with a fine diamond pin. The fashion of this raiment was never varied by season or circumstance, except that, regularly on the thirty-first of October, the rich lustring was exchanged for a richer satin of the same colour; a black lace handkerchief was superadded to that of snowy lawn, and a pair of black velvet mittens, turned down with white satin, were drawn

over the delicate hands and arms, not to be discarded till the thirty-first of May drew forth the silvery lustring from its retirement of lavender and roses, and consigned the warm satin to a five months' seclusion.

"It was marvellous to observe how Mrs Helen kept herself in *point* as she did! From morning to night, from week to week, from month to month, from year to year, always the same,—always "*mise à quatre-épingles*," as if she had just stepped out of a band-box;—the silk or satin unchanging in hue or freshness—its lawn accompaniments never contracting soil or wrinkle on their snowy smoothness—the neck-kerchief folded in exactly the same number of plaits by the careful hand of that ancient abigail Mrs Betty, who would probably have been as much *déroulée* by any innovation of those laws of the Medes and Persians, as if her venerable mistress had commanded a ball-dress or a wedding-suit. Yes; one would have thought that the dear old lady had been kept in a band-box, all ready for company, if her whole course of life had not, in fact, been one of most active, though quiet usefulness; for Mrs Helen was never in a bustle. Neither was she uncomfortably precise about the preservation of this invariable neatness. Nay,—I have seen the old grey parrot on her wrist or her shoulder, and the favourite tortoiseshell cat on her lap often and often; and the old lady took snuff too, and, spite of all, the unruddied purity of attire remained inviolate. The matter was a mystery to me, whose whole girlish life had hitherto been an outrage to the oracles of tidiness.—But I must tell you something more of my first evening at Summerford Rectory. It was already evening, you remember, when I arrived there,—about seven o'clock of a sweet June evening, when the old green calash drove up to the entrance court, and my venerable cousin lifted me down within its quiet precincts. The entrance gate was of filigree iron work, breast high, between two low stone pillars, crowned with balls, but the walls were all evergreen—beautiful holly hedges, as finely kept as ever those at Sayes Court could have been in their day of perfection. This living wall, opening to the right and left in two bowery archways, leading to the offices and garden, formed three sides of the square



court, the old mansion itself completing the fourth boundary—a very antique dwelling, with quarter work of red brick, mellowed by time and weather to the richest and most harmonious colouring. The double gable (the same John Somers had pointed out to me from the hill top) was surmounted on each pinnacle by stone balls similar to those on the entrance pillars. One was quite wound and matted over with ivy, of which only a few encroaching tendrils had as yet curled round the other ball; but lower down a fine apricot covered a considerable portion of the wall with its skillfully trained branches, and a lovely honeysuckle (then in full bloom) had been allowed to occupy the remaining space, and almost to darken some of the windows with its picturesque festoons. The latticed windows were set deep in heavy stone framework, and the massy doorway opened from a flight of four broad steps, on the uppermost of which, on either side, stood two tubs containing fine orange-trees. And there, as I told you, in the doorway between those two fragrant supporters, stood the dear old lady; and after I had received the welcome of her gentle embrace, the brother and sister, taking each a hand, led me between them, through an airy entrance hall, into a small but lofty anti-room, hung round with family portraits, and from thence into a large pleasant parlour, the common sitting room. A very pleasant cheerful room it was, with a fine wide bay window opposite the entrance, and on one side a sashed door, then standing open to a broad gravel walk, bordered on either side by beds of the choicest and sweetest flowers. The apartment contained no costly furniture, except a fine Indian folding screen of many leaves, and a valuable Japan cabinet, loaded with rare old china. The curtains were composed of white dimity, as well as the short petticoats of the settee and chairs. Those odd little chairs! Methinks I see them now, with their oval backs, sloping down like falling shoulders into little fin-like arms, spread out with such an air of tender invitation! And they held out no false promise. Modern luxury, *recherchée* as it is, has nothing half so comfortable among all its traps for loungers. I was soon placed in one of those delightful fauteuils by the side of my kind hostess,

who established herself before the tea equipage, all ready set out on a small Pembroke table near the beautiful bay window. My travelling guardian, John Somers, (jealous of devolving upon others any of his accustomed services,) soon appeared with the silver-chased tea-kettle and lamp, which he set down on a small mahogany tripod, beside his venerable lady, and it was pleasant to observe the almost reverential gratitude with which the faithful servant replied to the kind greeting of his aged mistress, and her thanks 'for having brought their dear young cousin safe to Summerford Rectory.' The usual tea hour was long past on the evening of my arrival, but for once the clock-work regularity of established custom was infringed, in kind consideration for the expected guest, and Mrs Helen, anticipating that 'the poor child would be half famished,' had taken care that the tea-table should be far more abundantly provided than with the four slices of wafer bread and butter, its customary allotment. In truth, the dear old lady had calculated with great foresight, for I did such ample justice to her plain seed-cake, and made such consumption of her sweet home-made bread and butter, as must have infinitely relieved any apprehension she might have conceived at the first sight of the poor little sickly creature of whom she had so benevolently taken charge. But, in fact, it *must* have been that the air of Broad Summerford wrought miracles. At home, for many preceding weeks, I had almost loathed the sight of food.

"Mr Scale and Mrs Helen soon drew me into familiar conversation; and, by the time tea was over, I was prattling away to them with as much unrestraint as if I had been domesticated under their roof for a twelvemonth. But even before the tea equipage was removed, this excitement of animal spirits began to sink under bodily languor and extreme fatigue; my eyelids fell involuntarily, and the sentence I was uttering died away in an inarticulate manner as my head dropt aside against Mrs Helen's shoulder. Half roused, however, by the gentle contact, I was just sensible that a kind arm encircled me, and a tender kiss was imprinted on my forehead,—that something was said about ringing for Betty, for that 'the poor dear child

could not sit up to prayers ; and then the bell was pulled,—(with what extraordinary acuteness the sound of a bell tingles in one's ears in that state of half slumber !)—and Mrs Betty summoned, and between her and her mistress I was somehow, with little exertion of my own, conducted up stairs into a bedchamber, undressed, and put to bed in a state of the most passive helplessness,—unconsciousness well-nigh, except that I was still exquisitely sensible of the luxury of sinking down on the soft pillow between the smooth fine sheets, that smelt deliciously of lavender and roses.

"I recollect nothing more till the next morning, (my eleven hours' nap had been a dreamless spell,) when I unclosed my eyes to the light of a bright summer sun, which streamed in between the white curtains of my bed, and to the emulative brightness and summer sunshine of Mrs Betty's comely countenance, who, having looked over and arranged my wardrobe, and prepared everything for my levee, stood waiting in patient silence the natural termination of my unconscionable slumber, from which her gentle mistress, who had already looked in on me from her adjoining dressing-room, had prohibited all attempt to awaken me. 'Let the poor dear have her sleep out,' said the kind lady, and there stood Mrs Betty a statue of silent obedience. At last, however, when it pleased me to awaken, that portly handmaid saluted me with a pleasant good-morrow, and the information, that if I pleased to rise and dress directly, I should still be in time for prayers, and 'Master and Mistress's breakfast.' So, between my own alacrity and her assistance, I was soon ready, and then she showed me down to that large pleasant sitting-room, from which, indeed, I had ascended the preceding evening, but in such a slumberous state, as to leave me no recollection of the way. Breakfast was ready laid, and Mrs Helen had just preceded me into the room, where sat her venerable brother, at the head of the breakfast table, with the Bible open before him, in which he was unarning out the morning chapters.

"Both my kind cousins greeted me with cordial affection, and Mr Seale, calling me towards him, while his sister rang the summons to their little household, said, 'Come, and take your

place by me, my dear child—I think, after to-day, I shall appoint you my clerk, for I know your good father has well qualified you for the office.' Proud and happy girl was I to take my station beside that good old man, and on the morrow to assume my allotted office ; and though my voice faltered a little at the first responses, my father had made me a correct and articulate reader, and from that day forth I officiated to the entire satisfaction of my indulgent hearers, and with a very tolerable proportion of self-approval.

"Soon after breakfast, Mrs Helen took me with her through all the household departments, in every one of which, good order and beautiful neatness shone apparent. Five servants composed the in-door establishment—Mr John and Mrs Betty having authority over the Corps de Cuisine, under the mild control of the higher powers, for Mrs Helen, though reposing perfect confidence in her old and faithful servants, took an active share in the family arrangements, and no little pride indeed, in all the more refined and complex culinary arts—such as pickling—preserving—making wines and cordials—sweet waters, and strong-waters—pastry, and floating islands—and confectionary hedgeshops. In all the mysteries of distilling the dear old lady was an adept. Rose, peach, almond, and orange flower—pennyroyal and peppermint waters, were ranged rank and file in long-necked squat bottles on the still-room shelves, sufficient in quantity to flavour all the confectionary, and cure all the stomach-aches, in England. I believe, indeed, Mrs Helen did supply half the county, so great was the reputation of her odoriferous stores, and so liberal her distribution of them. Certain it is, that the annual replenishment of the stock, was considered as much a matter of course by the lady and her assistant handmaid, as the summer reproduction of the grey lustring and its accompaniments ;—but why, or on what principle Mrs Helen conceived it equally indispensable to concoct a certain yearly quantity of Plague-water, I was never fully satisfied, nor, indeed, did it ever come within my knowledge, that there were any applicants for that invaluable elixir, made after the recipe of 'our late Queen Henrietta Maria, of blessed

memory,' as set forth in crabbéd tawny characters, in the old family receipt book; neither could I ever precisely ascertain (though I had my own surmises on the subject,) what became of the quantity which periodically disappeared from the shelf, to be replaced by a fresh concoction.

"It were endless to enumerate the palsy-waters—balsams—tinctures—elixirs—electuaries, which occupied one department of the still-room, and almost profane to reveal the mysteries of that sacred chamber, during the season of concoctions—mysteries as jealously guarded as those of the Bona Dea from the eyes of the uninitiated and ignorant.

"In after days of complete naturalization in the family, I was privileged with *les grandes et petites entrées* ven of that generally prohibited closet—and great was my delight in accompanying thither my venerable cousin, when her occupation lay within the spicery or confectionary region, and in receiving her instructions in the arts she excelled in—those always excepted which related to the medicinal department; for to my shame be it spoken, I derived infinitely more gratification from the pastime of sticking over Blanc-mange hedgehogs with almond bristles, than in compounding the most infallible ointment, nor could I (with all deference to Mrs Helen's superior wisdom) ever go the length of agreeing, that her tincture of rhubarb was to the full as palatable as her fine old raisin wine, and her walnuts preserved with sugar and senna equally delicious with those guiltless of the latter ingredient.

"Among the various concerns transacted in that notable chamber, one of the most important, that of breaking up the loaves of double refined sugar, was always superintended by Mrs Helen; and on those occasions, with a fine cambric handkerchief pinned on over her clear lawn apron, she assumed even an active share in the operation, and I used to delight in watching the lady-like manner with which the clumsy nippers were managed by her pretty little pink fingers, and the quiet dexterity which supplied their deficiency of muscular strength. If Mrs Helen Seale had chosen by way of variety, to twirl a mop, or handle a carpet-broom, she must have done

it with the air and grace of a perfect gentlewoman.

"But you are impatient to know more of my first day at Summerford Rectory. It was full of delightful incident to me, though little or nothing to make a story out of. I have told you how Mrs Helen took me her morning round through the still-room, the housekeeper's room, and various offices; and then we visited the dairy—Such a dairy! such a paradise of milk, and cream, and butter, and curds, and whey, and cream cheeses, and crystal water, and purity and fragrance! for many bouquets of the sweetest flowers were dispersed among the glossy milk pans, and round the shallow reservoir of a marble slab in the centre of the octagon building; on the polished surface of which, butter pots of many a fantastic shape were curiously arranged, half floated by a constant supply of the purest and coldest water, conveyed thither from a neighbouring spring. From the dairy we passed into the poultry-yard, and there I was introduced to a train of milk-white turkeys, and fowls of the same colour—a few bantams, and three galsenies—Mrs Helen's especial favourites, though the perverse creatures could never be brought to submit to any of the regulations of the feathered establishment, straying away over pales, walls, roofs, and barriers of every description, scratching up seedbeds, and flower-borders, to the despair of the gardener, and laying their eggs on those, or on the bare gravel walk, in flagrant dereliction of all fitness and propriety. Yet those irreclaimables were, as I told you, prime favourites with their order-loving mistress; and I, who partook in some measure of their wild, and wandering, and untameable nature, very shortly became the object of her tender and unbounded indulgence, though the dear lady's nice sense of decorum, and habitual placidity, were frequently startled into a gesture of amazement and a hasty exclamation at sight of her élève swinging on the orchard gate—scrambling like a cat along the top of the garden wall—running knee-deep in mud, with a lap full of cresses from the water meadow, or with a frock torn to tatters, in some lawless excursion over hedges and hurdles, when, as dear Mrs Helen mildly assured me, 'the

common roadway was so much shorter and pleasanter.' It was some time, indeed, before I astounded the decorous inhabitants of the Rectory, with these feats of prowess. On my first arrival, I was far too weak and languid for such performances, even if I had not been restrained a while by natural shyness, but that soon yielded to the affectionate encouragement of my kind hosts; and in a month's time, the pure air of Broad Summerford—gentle exercise in the old calash, in which Mr Seale took me a daily airing—simple but nourishing diet, and asses' milk, had so effectually restored my health, that my natural exuberance of animal spirits began to manifest itself by the indications aforesaid,

somewhat to the consternation of Mrs Helen, though she could not find in her heart to repress 'the fine spirits of the poor dear child, so wonderfully recovered (under God's blessing) by Summerford air, and her good management.' "

So much for one "night's entertainment," as I have faithfully recorded it, from the well-remembered words of my dear historian. *She* shall resume the narrative in an ensuing chapter, for the benefit of all those who have patience with a subject, which has neither invention—magic—adventure—sentiment—eccentricity—passion—love—murder, or metaphysics, to recommend it—only TRUTH.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS.

I wish I was a Jew. Not that I envy the wealth of Mr Rothschild, to whom Solomon, in all his glory, was but as a parish poor-box to the Catholic rent. Not that I love (more than bessems a devout and continent Christian,) the black-eyed Rebeccas of Duke-street,—though I have seen looks among them that might have melted an inquisitor. I wish they would attend a little better to the cleanly precepts of the Mosaic law—They seem to think it unworthy of their sacred nation to wash in any waters but those of Siloa or Jordan. Their large gold ear-rings and brilliant eyes remind me of Virgil's obligations to Ennius. Yet it is not for their sakes that I wish myself an Israelite. No, good reader, neither avarice nor amateness prompts this strange hankering. I envy not the Jew his bargains; I covet not his wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor anything that is his, except his pedigree, and his *real* property in the Holy Land.

The Jew is the only gentleman. The tree of his genealogy is the oak of Mamre. His family memoirs are accounted sacred, even by his worst enemies. He has a portion far away—in the land which, above all others, is the land of imagination, the scene of the most certain truths, and of the wildest fictions. He may, at least, feed his fancy with the product of his never-to-be-seen acres; and, though forbidden to possess a single foot of

ground, may rank himself with the landed aristocracy.

A strange passion possessed the European nations, of deriving their origin from the thrice-beaten Trojans. Even the Greeks caught the infection. So enamoured are mankind of a dark antiquity—so averse to consider themselves the creatures of a day—that, not content with the hope of a future immortality, they would fain extend their existence through the dusk backward and abysm of Time, and claim a share in the very calamities of past generations. How great then the prerogative of the Jew, whose nation is his own domestic kindred; who needs not to seek his original amid the dust of forgetfulness, and the limitless expanse of undated tradition, but finds it recorded in the Book that teaches to live and to die!

I am not ungrateful for the privilege of being an Englishman: but an Englishman, of all nations, has the least ground for national family pride. For my part, I know not whether my stock be Celtic or Teutonic, Saxon, Dane, or Norman. For land—I cannot tell whether any of my ancestors ever owned or claimed an acre. It were a pleasant thing could I say of one green field, one sunny-sided hill—this was my forefathers' property, even though they had been dispossessed by the followers of Hengist and Horsa. It is certain that I had ancestors even in the days of Cæsar—Did my great-

grandsire oppose his naked breast to the invader, or slept he in the depth of German forests, or chased the wild deer in the pine woods of Scandina-  
via?

I will, however, assume that my forefathers were Aborigina! Britons; perhaps the last remnant of the rude giant race whom the Trojan Brute expelled—descended either of Hercules Lybicus or Albion Museoticus; or, as Marianus the monk, John Rous, David Pencaim, and William Caxton affirm, from Albina, the king of Syria's daughter, and her thirty sisters, who, having murdered their husbands, were compelled to put to sea without men, oars, or tackle, and, by course of the waves and winds, were driven ashore on this fair island, where, from the embraces of demons, they bore a giant progeny. Such a pedigree is surely better than none; especially as it makes me, by right of preoccupation, hereditary and legitimate landlord of every rood of British earth, from John o'Groat's house to the Land's End. 'Tis pleasant to think so; though nothing but an Agrarian law is likely to put me in actual possession of so much as a handful of sand.

Concerning my ancestors, the Aborigina! Britons, it is to be regretted that we are in a very unsatisfactory state of ignorance. What we learn from ancient writers is little; and what tradition and Welsh manuscripts add thereto, at best uncertain. It is a heavy offence of the Roman conquerors that they inform us so scantily about the nations they conquered and governed. The most of the little we do know, is derived from mere compilers, such as Strabo, Pliny, and Solinus, men of much credulity, trusting much to their ears, and little to their eyes; and, I doubt not, often wilfully hoaxed by fools who despised their laudable curiosity. Such tricks were put upon honest Goldsmith; the classical taste in jokes was as refined, and as unscrupulous, as that of any practical wit of these degenerate days.

The Roman state does not seem to have published many books by authority, which is the less to be lamented, as books published by authority seldom convey any information but what can be expressed in figures—and, even in matters purely statistic, labour under the suspicion of politic colour-

ing. But is it not wonderful, that few or none of the Roman officers, often men of elegant acquirement, should have left journals, observations, or minutes, on the countries where they were stationed—that there scarce remains the name of a traveller for knowledge? The few extant diaries are merely military. The Romans cultivated no acquaintance with the language, habits, or superstitions of the subjected tribes. The invaluable treatise of Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, is as unique as it is excellent; and even that is the work of a senator, and must have been compiled from the reports of others. Was this arrogant people above knowing how their vassals lived? Did they think it derogatory to study the jargon of barbarians, as some wisecracks in the present enlightened age would think it a woful letting-down not to be ignorant of the countrified talk of their poor neighbours? (Or was it not rather a maxim of their state-craft to abolish the remembrance of all that had been previous to their own domination, as the speediest means of Romanizing the speech, the manners, the very heart of the empire? Both these causes may have contributed to the effect; but other, and yet more frivolous prejudices were concurrent. With a few, and but a few, honourable exceptions, (among which Varro and the elder Pliny stand conspicuous,) the Latin writers took little pains to impart information, for which the bulk of their readers would not have thanked them. Philosophy, science, history, whatever the theme, the work was little more than a display of rhetoric. The sense, the matter conveyed, was hardly more regarded than the words of an opera. An effeminate delicacy of ear, similar to that which influences novelists in naming their heroines, excluded from the fashionable literature all knowledge that would not glide into well sounding words and polished periods, lusciously smooth, or poignantly stimulant. The artificial rhetoric of the latter Romans did more to cramp and enervate the human mind, to prevent the increase and diffusion of real learning, than all the subtle distinctions and hair-splitting casuistry of the long-neglected and ignorantly reviled schoolmen. Logic has borne the blame of her showy cousin's misdemeanours. It is

doubtful whether even the Goths and Vandals destroyed much living knowledge, when there was so little for them to destroy. Some good books perhaps perished in the flames of war; some the monks superscribed with legends and homilies; and some the Popes and prelates devoted to Vulcan, anticipating the spirit of the Vice-society, and wisely considering a good fire—before the invention of printing—more efficacious than an *index expurgatorius*, a Chancellor's injunction, or a libel law. Yet it is not improbable that this narrow piety saved more than it caused to perish; since, in every age, what was prohibited would be eagerly retained, and avarice would carefully preserve volumes, for which a high price might be extorted from curiosity. The current literature of the empire was indeed doomed to just oblivion, by its own exceeding great worthlessness; for it is a vain hope, that fine literature can long survive the austerer studies. The writer or the age that aim exclusively at elegance or effect, will be sure to miss the scope of their pitiful ambition—as the woman, who sacrifices her health to her beauty, will soon lose both. That the unmanly taste fostered by the precepts and exhibitions of the rhetors, impaired oratory, and almost murdered poetry, we have abundant and indignant testimony: could any testimony be needful, where every remaining fragment testifies against itself. It is more to our purpose to remark, how much it must have tended to check the spirit of research, and the importation of knowledge from the remoter provinces. Words and names that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp, could not grow sleek to the sensitive ears of an audience accustomed to listen to little else than sonorous flattery or piquant invective. With the shape and hue of foreign men and animals, the very mob of Rome must have been familiar, from the triumphal processions and gladiatorial games: and all classes were too vicious and indolent to seek for more information than entered, uninvited, at their eyes. The lingo of the barbarian was, no doubt, often enough the subject of stage mimicry, to the great edification of the *useful classes*; but there were no linguists among the literati, no curious inquirers after strange varieties of human life. Commerce, which has enlarged our knowledge no less than our

wealth, was never honourable at Rome. It was the expensive slave of luxury, cherished by the vain, the idle, the effeminate; but despised by the great, censured by the moralist, and discouraged by the statesman. Our merchants and sailors, our captains and lieutenants, our very mechanics, have thrown more light on man and nature, than all the philosophers, the orators, the high-bred scholars of the eternal city.

Perhaps Cæsar may be called an exception. His Commentaries are part of my family history. The information he affords is, indeed, scanty; but our family gave him little time to look about him. Proud as I justly am of my progenitors, and especially of the diabolical cross in our blood, I cannot find that Cæsar “whispers he was beat.” It is certain that we were beat at last; and surely a beating from Julius is as honourable as from any of his successors. Yet some writers have contended this point, as if at this day it really concerned the glory of England.

Every boy and girl have read of the wood-stained bodies and tattooed skins of the long-haired progenitors of the Ap-Rices and Cadwalladers. But authors differ as to the important question, Whether: beauty or terror was the object of this barbaric finery? What a sensation would such a costume produce at a fancy-ball! A dance of ancient Britons, habited, or rather unhabited, in antique uniform, would secure the success of a melo-drame—and, under the rose, I intend to try it myself in a grand spectacle, which I shall acknowledge when it has run thirty nights. One thing I will maintain, that this painted and sculptured nudity was neither more indecorous nor less becoming, than fifty fashions of later date. Towards the end of the 15th and commencement of the 16th century, the dress of our beaux was not only insufficient for the ends of clothing, but furnished with appendages which cannot be named, much less described, without gross indelicacy. The Callipygian devices of our fair ones have not escaped severe animadversion; and the ladies seem but lately to have discovered the just medium between too much and too little covering. Let it not be said, that these matters are too light for serious criticism, seeing that more than one Father has shown a most intimate acquaintance with the most sacred arcana of the

toilet. Saints have declaimed against head-gear—the martyred Latimer preached upon caps and bonnets; and the pious Baxter wrote a treatise on the “Unloveliness of Love Locks.” As for the question of taste, symmetry, and the beau ideal, were not the immeasurable trunk-breeches of the cavaliers, often containing stuff enough for the poor of a parish—the various aggregations of false hair known under the name of periwigs—the deep cuffs, long-flapped waistcoats, and other voluminous absurdities of the old court, not to mention the pointed shoes buckled to the knee, which were restrained by statute in the reign of Richard II.—the stays and pillories of dandyism—and a hundred like monstrosities of mode, as irreconcilable with the ~~major~~ as the serpents, ravenous birds, and ill-shaped fishes, which constituted the regimentals of a Silurian or Brigantine warrior? The Lady-Britons, *blues* as they were, observed a distinction, which I would gladly see enforced among their lovely posterity. The skins of the matrons were embroidered with figures appropriate to the dignity of wives and mothers—such as dragons, lions, suns, moons, and stars; while the pretty persons of the young virgins were garnished all over with the effigies of fair herbs and flowers which (as a quaint old Historian saith) could not but yield, though a strange, yet no displeasing aspect. Now this distinction showed good taste, and good feeling. It is a dire perplexity in modern times, that you cannot learn, without asking impertinent questions, whether any female you chance to meet in stage-coach or steam-packet is maid, wife, or widow—and a scandal to our manners, that a woman who is the mother of children, may dress herself as airily, as temptingly, as a miss that has to look out for a husband. Now, though I am, by predestination and election, ~~fore~~ ordained to a final perseverance in celibacy, I think a wife and mother the most venerable thing on earth, and in consequence, bound, above every creature, to venerate herself. If we should be offended to see an arch-deacon in the costume of a huntsman, or a parish priest in the undress of a hussar,—much more justly may we censure any incongruous levity in a female, whom the matrimonial and maternal character sets far above the sanctity of bishop, priest, or deacon.

Yet such is my compassion for the

very frailties of the sex, that I would not, at least for a first offence, refuse the virgin livery to such unfortunates, as had loved not wisely, but too well. How the Britons acted in these cases, we are not informed; but their morals do not seem to have been very austere.

Their scarifying or tatooing seems to have been a very painful operation. We might be puzzled to account for such fortitude in the service of vanity, which nevertheless lacks not its parallel in the annals of civilized fashion. Men, even men who in passive endurance fall far short of their sisters, have been known to sleep or lie awake with a plate of lead on their foreheads, lest the lines thereon might slander them with thinking. The tortures which many of both sexes have undergone for the removal of bodily defects, no way inconvenient, but only unsightly—might do honour to an inquisitor. I read not long since of an heroic dandy, who permitted his misshapen leg-bone to be filed and scraped by an ignorant quack, till his life was in imminent danger. Who does not know that the order of Jesuits owes its foundation (under Satan) to the personal vanity of Ignatius Loyola, and his ambition to be like the Homeric warriors—*bene ocreatus*? Had loose boots, or cossack trowsers, been the fashion, Loyola might have died without the odour of sanctity—and the name of Jesuit had never been heard for reproach or for praise. To such slight occasions are mighty agencies indebted for their first motion. The process of putting a dandy shoe upon the foot of a gallant in the age of Loyola, is detailed in a very curious extract among the notes to Southey's tale of Paraguay, a book well worth purchasing,—were it for the notes alone. This shin-galling mode seems to have extended to England—for it is mentioned among the accomplishments of Poins, that he wears his boot very smooth like the sign of the leg. Did it suggest to the facetious Lauderdale and his colleagues in the council of state, the punishment of the boot, inflicted on the poor wandering covenanters?

Vanity, it seems, will make man endure almost as much as zeal. After such instances of self-torments, it may appear like an anti-climax to allude to the tight lacing of our grandmothers,—the diet and medicines taken to preserve the delicacy of complexion—the painful twisting of the hair—“the pa-

per-durance and double loads of lead," which tender virgins yet endure—the headach which must have assailed the "towered Cybeles" of the last century beneath their tiers of curls and bushels of powder—the constrained attitudes—the sticks and back-boards of modern boarding-schools—or the numberless secrets never divulged to man, by which females in every age, and of every age, purchase imaginary comeliness at the expense of real comfort.

Were it not unfashionable to moralise, I might here remark, how the very follies and fopperies of mankind bear witness to the existence of a nobler immaterial principle, still urging them to treat their bodies as their slaves, their property, and not their very selves. For it is not to be forgotten, that the vanity of person, the pride of fashion, the desire of admiration, the dread of singularity, or whatever else may have prompted these practices, however reprehensible in its excess, is still an intellectual, not a sensual principle. The Hindoo who reclines upon a couch of spikes; the nun who wears sackcloth, and feeds on offals that famine might cast the gorge at; the poor enthusiast that spent his life on a pillar, or she who gives her tawny skin to be needled and flowered as if it were an insensible garment; each and all display a spirit that is stronger than sense—a power that laughs at pain—a soul that tyrannizes over the flesh, as if it were something alien and of another nature. Nor do I doubt that man—ay, and soft trembling woman also—may exult in agony, and rejoice with the joy of victory upon the rack. Do we not see the vilest malefactors jest with the gallows, and make merry with the lash? Mountebanks and bedlamites would gash themselves for gain: Drunkards ofttimes for mere sport or bravado. What toil, what privation, are not men daily imposing upon themselves for a trifling wager, and the praise of fools? Need we refer to the gladiators of old—poor slaves, whom courage greater than all the boasted achievements of Curii and Dentati could not rescue from contempt; who, (to use the words of the great Jeremy,) "when they were exposed naked to each other's short swords, and were to cut each other's souls away in portions of flesh, as if their forms had been as divisible as the life of worms,—they did not sigh or groan: it was a shame

to decline the blow, but according to the just measures of art. The women that saw the wound shriek out; and he that receives it holds his peace. He did not only stand bravely, but will also fall so; and when he was down, scorned to shrink his head, when the insolent conqueror came to lift it from his shoulders: and yet this man, in his first design, aimed only at liberty and the reputation of a good fencer; and when he sank down, he saw he could only receive the honour of a brave man,—the noise whereof he shall never hear, when his ashes are crammed into his narrow urn." *Holy Dying*, ch. 3, sect. 4. And can virtue be weaker than vanity? Shall he "whom the truth makes free," be more coward than a stage-playing slave? Shall the hope of immortality in heaven—the applause of God and angels—the beauty of holiness—shall these less avail to hearten the children of light, than the clamour of a theatre, or the shout of a rabble, or the envy of a ball-room,—the poor praise of a delicate hue and slender form, or the devilish renown of impenitent villainy, which have fortified the nerves of the frailest, or the worst of worldlings—of fantastic females, of half-brutified savages, of miserable buffoons, and hardened ruffians at the gibbet?

The power of supporting pain, and defying death, is no virtue, at least it is no proof (*τεμπλον*) of righteousness; nor is its exercise a sure evidence of a good cause, or even of sincerity in error. It is a gift, not a grace—a natural gift—a faculty innate—and only wanting in a few constitutionally defective, or unnerved by sloth and luxury. The love of life and ease are indeed strong in every breast, and will ever prevail, where not duly counterbalanced. Wise and thoughtful men often seem to overvalue their life and limbs, because they will not risk them for trivial gains. Others, endowed with fine faculties, but lacking the principle that should direct their use, turn cowards—sensualists, from a pride of superior sense. They are wise enough to despise the ordinary prizes of human ambition; but they have not the light which points to an incorruptible crown. Thus, from mere contempt of others, they degrade themselves. Their question is still, What is there worth fighting or suffering for? Their shrewd wits tell them, nothing on earth; and so far they are right: but they are lamentably blind to the



great ends for which the ability to dare and to suffer were bestowed.

'Tis by comparison—an easy task  
Earth to despise—but to converse with  
Heaven—  
That is not easy.

Falstaff is a coward of this class. But few men of pleasure have fortitude enough to profess themselves cowards. There was sense in Rochester's observation, that all men would be cowards if they dare. Of men such as he conversed with, it may be almost true, for valour in a voluptuary is irrational. Again, strong imagination, operating on disordered nerves, makes some fancy themselves cowards, who, when called to the test, may perhaps prove heroes; for

The sense of death is most in apprehension—

And the poor beetle that we tread upon  
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great

As when a giant dies.——

A profound sentence, which has been strangely perverted into a commonplace precept of humanity to beetles—while its real intention is to represent the nothingness of bodily pains, which, after all, are no greater in a giant (I hope not in my gigantic progenitors) than in an insect. The fact I think extremely dubious. No animal seems capable of sufferings so exquisite as man, to say nothing of the aggravation each moment's pain receives from the prospect of a painful succession. Most men are naturally brave—All men are, in some cases, cowardly—All are timid where they expect to be worsted. An individual, if not resolved to die, must always be a coward against a multitude—a multitude, even of the bravest nation, turn tail before a few disciplined soldiers. Women are generally cowards in action, unless some commanding duty give them strength, because the consciousness of a feeble frame makes victory desperate; while, in passive endurance, they often far surpass the braggarts of war—because reason informs them, that patience is stronger than all extremities. Many a stout martyr might have proved a craven soldier; for my own part, I could look more steadfastly on the executioner's axe than the enemy's bayonet. Even animals that are most fearful of every other species will fight desperately against their own kind, and the Oriental na-

tions, who are so quickly put to rout by European troops, persevere, with mad constancy, in their domestic combats.

The strength of will, in suffering, is secure of victory—but action is obliged to borrow hope of contingency; and let a man be never so stout in purpose, he knows not but another as stout may be stronger-limbed, or better-weaponed, or more cunning in fence, or higher in the favour of Destiny; and he, whom certain death could not subdue, is oftentimes vanquished by the possibility of defeat. Take a wide survey of mortal humours, and we shall conclude, that no man is absolutely brave or coward—that the weakness of nature is never so far expelled but it will reign in some part—nor the self-assistive power of will ever so debilitated, but it will make itself known in some instance. It was a vain boast of the Stoics, that pain can be indifferent. We may glory in it—and glory is delightful—but that very glory proves that it is not indifferent. Hence, few are found to bear little pains easily in tolerance whereof there is no glory.

Pains of all sorts are intolerable, when they make us conscious of weakness.—“To be weak is miserable.” Power, the power of will felt and manifested, is the proper joy of man, as he is *man*, neither exalted above, nor sunk below his proper nature. If pain, peril, or the pangs of death, bring this power into distinct consciousness,—then may pain, peril, death, become things of choice and pride.

The contempt of death among the Northern nations was such as to appear wonderful even to the Greeks and Romans, who, with all their valour, looked with melancholy uncertainty on “the undiscovered country.” Homer's bravest heroes cling to life with almost effeminate fondness. Achilles moralises on his brief allotted space more pathetically than heroically. How heavily the fear of something after death weighed on the Gentile spirit, may be inferred from the extravagant admiration of the Epicureans for their founder, who had lulled them with the horrid hope of annihilation. The Stoics inculcated an indifference to life; but this was the dogma of a sect, not the spirit of a people. Death in the field was, indeed, preferred to flight and shame; but to esteem it as the one, honourable conclusion of a warrior's glories, to

look on natural dissolution as a calamity or disgrace, is a height of barbaric heroism "beyond all Greek—beyond all Roman fame."

Death can never be indifferent till man is assured, which none was ever yet, that, with his breath, his being passes into nothing. Whether his hopes and fears steer by the chart and compass of a formal creed, or drift along the shoreless sea of faithless conjecture, a possible eternity of bliss or bale can never be indifferent. The idea of extinction is not terrible, simply because man cannot form such an idea at all. Let him try as long as he will,—let him negative every conceived and conceivable form of future existence!—he is as far as ever from having exhausted the infinitude of possibility. Imagination will continually produce the line of consciousness through limitless darkness. Many are the devices of fancy to relieve the soul from the dead weight of unideal nothing. Some crave a senseless duration in dry bones, or sepulchral ashes, or ghastly mummies; or, rather than not to be, would dwell in the cold obstruction of the grave, or the damp hollow solitude of the charnel-house. Some choose a life in other's breath, an everlasting fame, and listen delighted to the imaginary voice of unborn ages. Some secure a permanence in their works, their country, their posterity; and yet, neither the protracted dissolution of the carcase, nor the ceaseless tradition of renown, nor a line of progeny stretched to the crack of doom, can add an instant of the brief existence of the conscious Being. Our fathers held a more palpable phantom—a dream of grosser substance—that the soul, the self, the personal identity, only shifted its tenement, and subsisted by perpetual change.

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque sinistram

Sacrorum, Druidæ, positis repetistis ab arnis.

Solis nosse Deos et cœli numina vobis,  
Aut solis nescire, datum: nemora alta remoti

Incolitis luci; vobis auctoribus umbræ  
Non tacitas Erebi sedes, Ditisque profundi  
Pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus

Orbe alio; longæ (canitis si cognita) vitæ  
Mors media est. Certe populi, quos despiciat Arctos

Felices errore suo, quos, ille timorum  
Maximus, baud urget, Læti metus. Inde iuendi

In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces

Mortis; et ignavum reditura parcere vitam.  
LUCAN, B. I.

It is not strictly philosophical, however, to account for the national temperament by the national creed, unless that creed be really the revealed truth. It is putting an effect for a cause. We cannot suppose that the Goths became a hunting, warlike, and drunken people, because they imagined their beatitude hereafter to consist in chasing an everlastingly revived boar, and drinking ale, in the Hall of Odin, out of the skulls of their enemies. No; they copied a heaven from their earthly pursuits and desires. The paradise of human inventions is never more than an imaginary eternity of unalloyed human pleasures, varied according to the taste of the inventor. Virgil's Elysium is filled with warriors, poets, and lawgivers,—each reacting, in glorified semblance, their old parts beneath that purer sky. Plato's conceptions of a future state manifestly emanated from that visionary ambition of intellect—those yearning aspirations after a closer intuition of the ideal Good and Beautiful, that our compound being can enjoy,—which illuminated and sublimed his mighty genius to the very verge of inspiration. Thus, the philosopher's Elysium is speculative—the politician's practical—the labourer looks for rest—the injured for vengeance—the prisoner for freedom. The Goth transferred his drinking bout, the Mahometan his Haram, to the skies. Thus each and all build up a Heaven with the shadows of carnal affections, or the brighter effulgence of self-pleasing thought. A period comes, when some wily politician, or more vivid dreamer, substantiates the dim surmises of the longing soul into a scheme of national belief, and asserts imperatively, that the forms indistinctly beheld in the magic mirror have a correspondent reality in time and place—an *objective* existence. The fleeting vapours of passionate imagination are condensed, and, as it were, precipitated. They become a power separate from the mind—controlling the will, and modifying the total nature. Whatever of permanent and positive is infused into human sentiments, is derived from Religion, whose office is to establish a supersensual world, as real, and more permanent, than the world of sense.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

## THE BATTLE OF THE BREEKS, AND THE MONKEY.

*Two Passages in the Life of William M'Gee, Weaver in Hamilton.*

## THE BATTLE OF THE BREEKS.

I OFTEN wonder when I think of the tribulations that men bring upon themselves through a want of gumption and common independence of speerit. There now, was I for nae less than eighteen years as henpickit a man as ever wrocht at the loom. Maggy and me, after the first week of our marriage, never foregathered weel thegither. There was something unco dour and imperious about her temper, although, I maun say, barring this drawback, she was nae that ill in her way either—that is to say, she had a sort of kindness about her, and behaved in a truly mitherly way to the bairns, giein' them a' things needfu' in the way of feeding and claithing so far as our means admitted. But, O man, for a' that, she was a dour wife. There was nae pleasing her ae way or anither; and whenever I heard the bell ringing for the kirk, it put me in mind of her tongue—aye wag, wagging, and abusing me beyond bounds. In ae word, I was a puir, broken-hearted man, and often wished mysell in Abraham's bosom, awa frae the cares and miseries of this sinfu' world.

I was just saying that folk often rin their heads into scrapes for want of a pickle natural spunk. Let nae man tell me that guid nature and simplecity will get on best in this world; na—faith, no. I hae had ower muckle experience that way; and the langer I live has pruv'd to me that my auld maister, James Currie, (him in the Quarry Loan,) wasna sae far wrang when he alleged, in his droll gude-humoured way, that a man should hae enough of the deil about him to keep the deil frae him. That was, after a', one of the wisest observes I hae heard of for a lang time. Little did I opine that I would ever be oblegated to mak' use o't in my ain particklar case:—but, bide awee, and ye shall see how it was brocht about between me and Maggy.

It was on a wintry night when she set out to pick a quarrel wi' Mrs Todd, the huckster's wife, anent the price of a pickle flour which I had bought some days before, for making batter of, but which didna turn out sae weel as

I expeckit, considering what was paid for't. Had I been consulted, I would hae tell't her to bide at hame, and no fash her thumb about the matter, which after a' was only an affair of three-happence farthing, and neither here nor there. But, na; Maggy was nane o' the kind to let sic an object stan' by; so out she sets, wi' her red cloak about her, and her black velvet bonnet—that she had just that day got hame frae Miss Lorimer, the milliner—upon her head. But I maun first tell what passed between her and me on this wonderfu' occasion.

"And now, my dear," quo' I, looking as couthy and humble as I could, and pu'ing my Kilmarnock nicht-cap a wee grain aff my brow in a kind of half respectfu' fashion, "what's this ye're ganging to be about? Odds, woman, I wadna gie a pirn for a' that has happened. What signifies a pickle flour scrimp worth half a groat!" Faith, I would better hae held my tongue, for nae sooner was the word uttered, than takin' haud of a can, half fu' o' ready-made dressing, which I was preparing to lay on a wab of blue check I was working for Mr Andrew Treddles, the Glasgow manufacturer—I say, takin' haud of this, she let it flee at my head like a cannon ball. But Providence was kind, and instead of knocking out my brains, as I had every reason to expeck, it gied bang against our ain looking glass, and shattered it into five hunder pieces. But I didna a'thegither escape skaith, the dressing having flown out as the can gaed by me, and plaistered a' my face ower in a manner maist extraordinary to behold. By jingo, my corruption was roused at this deadly attempt, and gin she hadna been my wife, I wad hae thrown about her neck like a tappit hen's. But, na—I was henpickit, and she had sic a mastery ower me as nae persuasions of my ain judgment could owercome. Sae I could do naething but stan' glowering at her like a moudiewart, while she poured out as muckle abuse as if I had been her flunky, instead of her natural lord and master. Ance or twice I fand my nieves yeuking to gie her a

clour by way of balancing accounts, but such was the power of influence she had obtained that I durstna cheep for my very heart's bluid. So awa she gaed on her errand, leaving me sittin' by the fire to mak the best of my desperate condition.

"O, Nancy," said I to my dochter, as she sat, mending her brither's sark, opposite to me, "Is na your mither an awfu' woman?"

"I see naething awfu' about her," quo' the cratur; "I think she scrvit ye richt; and had I a man, I would just treat him in the same way, if he daurd to set his nose against onything that I wanted." I declare to ye when I heard this frae my ain flesh and bluid, I was perfectly dumfounded. The bairn I had brought up on my knee—that used, when a wee thing, to come and sit beside me at the loom, and who was in the custom of wheeling my pirns wi' her ain hand—odds, man, it was desperate. I could na say anither word, but I fand a big tear come hap-happing ower my runkled cheeks, the first that had wet them sin' I was a bit laddie rinning about before the schule door. What was her mither's abusiveness to this? A man may thole muckle frae his wife, but O, the harsh words of an undutifu' bairn gang like arrows to his heart, and he weeps tears of real bitterness. I wasna angry at the lassie—I was ower grieved to be angered; and for the first time I fand that my former sufferings were only as a single thread to a haill hank of yarn, compared to them I suffered at this moment.

A'thegither the thing was mair than I could stand, so, rising up, I betaks mysell to my but-and-ben neighbour, Andrew Brand. Andrew was an uncommon sagacious chiel, and, like mysell, a weaver to his trade. He was beuk-learned, and had read a hantel on different subjects, so that he was naturally looked up to by the folks round about, on account of his great lear. When onything gaed wrang about the Leechlee street, where we lived, we were a' glad to consult him; and his advice was reckoned no greatly behint that of Mr Meek, the minister. He was a great counter, or 'rithmetishian, as he ca'd it; and it was thoct by mony guid judges that he could handle a pen as weel as Mr Dick, the writing-master, himsell. So, as I was

saying, I stappit ben to Andrew's to ask his advice, but odds, if ye ever saw a man in sic a desperate passion as he was in when I tauld him how I had been used by my wife and dochter.

"William M'Gee," said he, raising his voice—it was a geyan strong ane—"ye're an absolute gomeril. O, man, but ye're a henpickit sumph! I tell ye, ye're a gawpus and a laughing stock, and no worth the name of a man. Do ye hear that?"

"O ay, I hear't very weel," quo' I, no that pleased at being sae spoken to even by Andrew Brand, who was a man I could stamach a guid deal frae in the way of reproof—"I hear't a' weel eneuch, and am muckle obleeged to ye, nae doubt, for your consolation."

"Hooley and fairly, William," said he in a kinder tone, for he saw I was a degree hurt by his speech. "Come, I was only joking ye, man, and ye maunna tak onything amiss I hae said. But, really, William, I speak to ye as a frien', and tell ye that ye are submitting to a tyranny which no man of common understanding ought to submit to. Is this no the land of liberty? Are we no just as free as the Duke in his grand palace down by; and has onybody a richt—tell me that, William M'Gee—to tyranneeze ower anither as your wife does ower you? I'll no tell ye what to do, but I'll just tell ye what I would do, if my wife and dochter treated me as yours have treated you—lord, man, I would ding their harns about, and knock their heads thegither like twa curling stanes. I would aye be master in my ain house."

This was Andrew's advice, and I thoct it sounded geyan rational, only no very easy to be put in practice. Hoosomever, thinks I to mysell, I'll consider about it, and gin I could only bring mysell to mak the experiment, wha kens but I might succeed to a miracle? On stapping back to my ain house, the first thing I did was to tak a thimblefu' of whisky, by way of gi'ing me a pickle spunk in case of ony fresh rumpus wi' the wife, and also to clear up my ideas—for I hae fand, that after a lang spell at the loom, the thochts as weel as the body are like to get stupid and dozey. So I taks a drappie, and sits down quietly by the fireside, waiting for the return

of Maggy frae scolding Mrs Todd about the floor.

In she comes, a' in a flurry. Her face was as red as a peyny rose, her breathing cam fast, and she lookit a'thegither like ane that has had a sair warsle wi' the tongue. But she was far frae being downcast. On the contrair, she lookit as proud as a Turkey cock; and I saw wi' the tail of my ee that she had gained a gran' victory ower puir Mrs Todd, who was a dounce, quiet woman, and nae match for the like of her in randying. So she began to stump and mak a great phrase about the way she had outcrawed the puir body; and was a'thegither as upset about it as if Duke Hamilton had made her keeper of his palace. Losh, I was mad to hear't, and twa or three times had a gude mind to put in a word—to sic a degree was my courage raised by the drap speerits—but aye as the words were rising to my mouth, the thoct of the can and the dressing sent them back again, till they stuck like a bane in my throat. Very likely I micht hae said ne'er a word, and Andrew Brand's advice micht hae gane for naething, had it no been for the cratur Nancy, who was sae lifted up about her mither's dispute, that naething would sair her but to hae the haill affair mentioned cut and dry.

"And did ye cast up to Mrs Todd, mither," quo' the little cutty, "that she was fat?"

"Ay, that I did," said Maggy. "I tell't her she was like a barn door. I tell't her she was like the side of a house. 'Ye're a sow,' quo' I; 'ye get fou every hour of the day wi' your lump of a gudeman.'"

But this wasna a'—for nae sooner had Maggy answered her dochter's first question than the cratur was ready wi' anither: "And, mither, did ye cast up to her that her faither was a meeser?"

"Atweel did I, Nancy," answered the gudewife. "I tell't her a'that. I coost up to her that her faither was a meeser, and would ride to Lunnon on a louse, and make brecks of its skin and candles of its tallow."

I could thole this nae langer. I fand the haill man working within me, and was moved to a pitch of daring, mair like madness, than onything else. Faith, the whisky was of gude service now, and so was Andrew Brand's advice. I accordingly steekit

my neives wi' desperation, threw awa' my cowl, tucked up my sark sleeves—for my coat happened to be aff at the time—and got up frae the three-footed stool I had been sitting upon in the twinkling of an ee. I trumbled a' ower, but whether it was wi' fear, or wi' anger, or wi' baith put thegither, it would be difficult to say. I was in an awfu' passion, and as fairce as a papist. "And so," said I, "ye coost up sic things to the honest woman, Mrs Todd! O, Maggy M'Gee, Maggy M'Gee, are ye no ashamed of yourself?" Odd it would hae dune your heart gude to see how she glowered at me. She was bewildered, and lookit as if to see whether I was mysell, and no some ither body. But her evil speerit didna lie lang asleep: it soon broke out like a squib on the King's birth day, and I saw that I maun now stand firm, or be a dead man for ever. "Has your faither been at the whisky bottle?" said she to her dochter. "He looks as if he was the waur of drink." "He had a glass just before ye cam in," answered the wicked jimpey; and scarcely had she spoken the word, when Maggy flew upon me like a teeger, and gie'd me a skelp on the cheek wi' her open loof, that made me turn round tapwise on the middle of the floor. Seeing that affairs were come to this pass, I saw plainly than I maun go on, no forgetting in sae doing my frien' Andrew's advice, as also my auld master Tam Currie's observe, anent a man hae'ing enouch of the deil in his temper to keep the deil awa' frae him. So I picked up a' the spunk I had in me, besides what I had frae the drap whisky; and fa'ing to, I gie'd her sic a leathering, as never woman got in her born days. In ac word, she met wi' her match, and roared aloud for mercy; but this I would on nae account grant, till she promised faithfully that in a' time coming, she would acknowledge me as her lord and maister—and obey me in everything as a dutiful wife should her husband.

As soon as this was settled, in stappit Andrew Brand. At the sight of my wife greeting, and me sae fairce, he held up his hands wi' astonishment. "William M'Gee," quo he, "it's no possible that ye're maister in this house!"

"It's no only possible, but it's true, Andrew," was my answer; and taking

me by the hand, he wished me joy for my speerit and success.

Sae far, sae weel: the first grand stroke was made, but there was something yet to do. I had discharged a' outstanding debts wi' my wife, and had brocht her to terms; but I had yet to reduce my bairns to their senses, and show them that I was *their* lord and maister, as weel as their mither's. Puir things! my heart was wae for them, for they were safrly miseducated, and held me in nae mair estimation, than if I had been aye of my ain wabster lads. So, just wi' a view to their gude, I took down a pair of teuch ben-leather taws, weel burnt at the finger ends, and gi'ed Nancy as mony cracks ower the bare neck as set her squeeling beyond a' bounds. It was pitifu' to see the cratur, how she skipped about the room, and ran awa to her mither, to escape my faitherly fage. But a' assistance frae that quarter was at an end now; and she was fain to fa' down on her knees and beg my forgiveness—and promise to conduct hersell as became my dochter, in a' time coming.

Just at this moment in comes wee Geordie, greeting for his parrich. He kent naething of what had taken place in the house; and doubtless expeckit to mak an idiot of me, his faither, as he had been accustomed to do, almost frae his very cradle. I saw that now was the time to thresh the corruption out of him; and brandishing the taws ower my head, I made a stap forrit to lay hand upon him, and treat

him like the lave. He lookit as if he had an inkling of what was forthcoming, and ran whinging and craiking to his mither, who stood wiping her een wi' her striped apron in a corner of the room. The terrified laddie clang to her knees, but she never offered to lend a helping hand—sae great was the salutary terror wi' which I had inspired her. So I pu'd him awa frae her coats, to which he was clinging; and, laying him ower my knee, I gie'd him hipsy-dipsy in the presence of his mither, his sister, and Andrew Brand, who were looking on.

And thus hae I, who for eighteen years was ruled by my wife, got the upper hand; and ony man who is henpickit, as I hae been, should just take the same plan, and his success will be as surc as mine. Andrew Brand ayesaid to me that a man should wear his ain breeks; and I can main-teen, frae present experience, that a wiser saying is no to be found in the Proverbs of Solomon, the son of David. No that Maggie has na tried nows and thans to recover her lost power, but I hae on thae occasions conductit mysell wi' sic firmness, that she has at last gi'en it up as a bad job, and is now as obedient a wife as ye'll meet wi' between this and Bothwell. The twa bairns, too, are just wonderfully changed, and are as reasonable as can be expeckit, a' things considered. Let men, therefore, whether gentle or semple, follow my plan, and the word henpickit, as Andrew Brand says, will soon slip out of the dictionar.

#### THE MONKEY.

I DINNA think that in a' nature there's a mair curiouser cratur than a monkey. I mak this observe frae being witness to an extraordinar' event that took place in Hamilton, three or four days after my never-to-be-forgotten Battle of the Breeks. Some even gaed the length to say that it was to the full mair curiouser than that affair, in sae far as the principal performer in the sae case was a rational man, whereas in the ither he was only a bit apc. But folk may talk as they like about monkeys, and cry them down for being stupid and mischievous, I for aye will no gang that length. Whatever they may be on the score of mischief, there can be nae doubt, that, sae far

as gumption is concerned, they are just uncommon; and for wit and fun they would beat ony man black and blue. In fact, I dinna think that monkeys are beasts aye. I hae a half notion that they are just wee hairy men that canna, or rather that winna speak, in case they be made to work like ither folk, instead of leading a life of idleness.

But to the point: I ance had a monkey, one of the drollest-looking devils ye ever saw. He was gayan big for a monkey, and was hairy a' ower, except his face and his bit hurdies, which had a degree of bareness about them, and were nearly as saft as a lady's loof. Weel, what think ye that

I 'did wi' the beastie? Odda, man, I dressed him up like a Heelandman, and put a kilt upon him, and a lang-tailed red coat, and a blue bannet, which for security's sake I tied, woman-like, below his chin wi' twa bits of yellow ribbon. I not only did this, but I learnt him to walk upon his twa hinder legs, and to carry a stick in his right hand when he gaed out, the better to support him in his peregrinations. He was for a' the world like a wee man in kilts—sae much sae that when Glengarry the great Heeland chieftain, wha happened to be at Hamilton on a visit to the duke, saw him by chance, he swore by the powers, that he was like ane of the Celtic Society, and that if I likit he would endeavour to get him admitted a member of that body. I thocht at the time that Glengarry was jokin, but I hae since had gude reason for thinking that he was in real earnest, as Andrew Brand says that he and the Celts hae been like to cut ane anither's throats, and that he micht mean this as an affront upon them. Hoosomever, I maun do Glengarry the justice to say, that had he got my Nosey (that was his name) made a member, he wadna hae proved the least witty or courageous of the society, and would hae dune nae disgrace to the chief's recommendation.

But I am fleeing awa like a shuttle frae the subject on hand. Weel, it turned out in this manner, as ye shall hear. Ae afternoon towards the gloomin' I was obligated to tak' a stap down to the cross, wi' a web under my arm, which I had finished for Mr West, the muslin manufacturer. By way of frolic, a gayan foolish ane I allow, I brocht Nosey along wi' me. He had on, as for ordinar', his Heeland dress, and walkit behind me, wi' the bit stick in his hand, and his tail sticking out frae below his kilt, as if he had been my flunky. It was, after a queer sight, and, as may be supposed, I drew a hail crowd of bairns after me, bawling out, "Here's Willy M'Gee's monkey," and gi'ing him nits and gingerbread, and makin' as muckle of the cratur as could be; for Nosey was a great favourite in the town, and everybody likit him for his droll tricks, and the way he used to girn, and dance, and tumble ower his head, to amuse them.

On entering Mr West's shop, I found it empty; there wasna a leevyng soul within. I supposed he had gane out for a licht; and being gayan familiar wi' him, I took a stap ben to the back shop, leaving Nosey in the fore ane. I sat for twa or three minutes, but naebody made his appearance. At last the front door, which I had taken care to shut after me, opened, and I look't to see wha it could be, thinking that, nae doubt, it was Mr West, or his apprentice. It was neither the ane nor the ither, but a strong middle-aged, red-faced Heelandman, wi' specks on, and wi' a kilt and a bannet, by a' the world like my monkey's. Now, what think ye Nosey was about a' this time? He was sittin' behind the counter upon the lang three-leggit stool that stood fornent Mr West's desk, and was turning ower the leaves of his ledger wi' a look which, for guld-fashioned sagaciousness, was wonderfu' to behold. I was sae tickled at the sight that I paid nae sort of attention to the Heelandman, but continued looking frae the back shop at Nosey, launching a' the time in my sleeve—for I jealousyed that some queer scene would tak' place between the twa. And I wasna far wrang, for the stranger, takin' out a pound frae his spleuchan, handed it ower to the monkey, and speered at him, in his droll norlan delect, if he could change a note. When I heard this I thocht I would hae lauched outright; and naething but sheer curiosity to see how the thing would end made me keep my gravity. It was plain that Donald had ta'en Nosey for ane of his ain countrymen—and the thing after a' wasna greatly to be wondered at, and that for three reasons:

Firstly, the shop was rather darkish.

Secondly, the Heelandman had on specks, as I hae just said; and it was likely on this account that he was rather short-sighted; and

Thirdly, Nosey, wi' his kilt, and bannet, and red coat, was, to a' intents and purposes, as like a human creatur as a monkey could weel be.

Nae sooner, then, had he got the note, than he opened it out, and lookit at it wi' his wee glowrin', restless een, as if to see that it wasna a forgery. He then shook his head like a doctor, when he's no very sure what's wrang wi' a per-

son, but wants to mak' it appear that he kens a' about it—and continued in this style till the Heelandman's patience began to get exhausted.

"Can ye no shange the note, old shentleman?" quo' Donald. Nosey gi'ed his head anither shake, and lookit uncommon wise.

"Is the note no goot, sir?" spak the Heelandman, a second time; but the cratur, instead of answering him, only gi'ed anither of his wise shakes, as much as to say, "I'm no very sure about it." At this Donald lost temper. "If the note doesna please ye, sir," quo' he, "I'll thank ye to gie me it back again, and I'll gang to some ither place." And he stretchit out his hand to tak haud o't, when my frien' wi' the tail, lifting up his stick, lent him sic a whack ower the fingers as made him pu' back in the twinkling of an ee.

"Got tamn ye, ye auld scounrel," said the man; "do ye mean to tak my money frae me?" And he lifted up a rung big eneuch to fell a stot, and let flee at the monkey; but Nosey was ower quick for him, and, jumping aside, he lichted on a shelf before ane could say Jock Robinson. Here he rowed up the note like a baw in his hand, and put it into his coat pouch like ony rational cratur. Not only this, but he mockit the Heelandman by a manner of means, shooting out his tongue at him, spitting at him, and girning at him wi' his queer outlandish physionomy. Then he would tak haud of his tail in his twa hands, and wag it at Donald, and steeking his nieves, he would seem to threaten him wi' a leatherin'. A'thegither he was desperate impudent, and eneuch to try the patience of a saunt, no to speak o' a het-bluided Heelandman. It was gude for sair een to see how Donald behavit on this occasion. He raged like ane demented, misca'ing the monkey beyond measure, and swearing as mony Gaelic aiths as micht hae said an ordinar man for a twalmonth. During this time, I never steer'd a foot, but keepit keeking frae the back shop upon a' that was ganging on. I was highly delighted; and jealousying that Nosey was ower supple to be easily caught, I had nae apprehension for the event, and remained snug in my birth to see the upshot.

In a short time in comes Mr West,

wi' a piece of lowing paper in his hand, that he had got frae the next door to licht the shop; and nae sooner did Donald see him than he ax'd him for his note.

"What note, honest man?" said Mr West.

"Got tamn," quo' Donald; "the note the auld scounrel, your grandfather, stole frae me."

"My grandfather!" answered the ither wi' amazement. "I am thinking, honest man, ye hae had a glass ower muckle. My grandfather has been dead for sixteen years, and I ne'er heard tell till now that he was a fief."

"Weel, weel, then," quo' the Heelandman, "I don't care naething about it. If he's no your grandfather, he'll be your faither, or your brither, or your cousin."

"My faither, or my brither, or my cousin!" repeated Mr West. "I maun tell ye plainly, frien', that I haenither faither, nor brither, nor cousin of ony description, on this side of the grave. I dinna understand ye, honest man, but I reckon that ye hae sat ower lang at the whisky, and my advice to ye is to stap awa hame and sleep it aff."

At this speech the Heelandman lost a' patience, and lookit sae awfully fairce, that ance or twice I was on the nick of coming forrit, and explaining how matters really stood; but curiosity keepit me chained to the back shop, and I just thocht I would bide a wee, and see how the affair was like to end.

"Pray, wha are you, sir?" said Donald, putting his hands in his sides, and looking through his specks upon Mr West, like a doevil incarnit. "Wha are you, sir, that daur to speak to me in this manner?"

"Wha am I?" said the ither, drapping the remnant of the paper, which was burnin' close to his fingers, "I am Saunders West, manufacturer in Hamilton—that's what I am."

"And I am Tonal'd Campbell, piper's sister's son to his grace the great, grand Duke of Argyle," thundered out the Heelandman, wi' a voice that was fearsome to hear.

"And what about that?" quo' Mr West, rather snappishly, as I thocht. "If ye were the great, grand Duke of Argylehimsell, as yeca' him, I'll no permit you to kick up a dust in my shop."

"Ye scounrel," said Donald, seizing



Mr Weft by the throat, and shaking him till he tottered like an aspen leaf, "div ye mean to speak ill of his grace the Tuke of Argyle?" And he gied him anither shake—then, laying haud of his nose, he swore that he would pu't as lang as a cow's tail, if he didna that instant restore him his lost property. At this sicht I began to grew a' ower, and now saw the needcessity of stapping ben, and saving my employer frae farther damage, bodily and itherwise. Nae sooner had I made my appearance than Donald let go his grip of Mr Weft's nose, and the latter, in a great passion, cried out, "William M'Gee, I tak ye to witness what I hae sufferit frae this bluid-thirsty Heelandman! It's no to be endured in a Christian country. I'll hae the law of him, that I will. I'll be whuppit but I'll hae amends, although it costs me twenty pounds!"

"What's the matter?" quo' I, pretending ignorance of the hail concern. "What, in the name of Nebuchadnezzar, has set ye thegither by the lugs?" Then Mr Weft began his tale, how he had been collared and weel nigh thrappled in his ain shop;—then the ither tauld how, in the first place, Mr Weft's grandfather, as he ca'd Nosey, had stolen his note, and how, in the second place, Mr Weft himsell had insulted the great, grand Duke of Argyle. In a word, there was a desperate kick-up between them, the ane threeping that he would tak the law of the ither immediately. Na, in this respect Donald gaed the greatest lengths, for he swore that, rather than be defeat, he wad carry his cause to the house of lords, although it cost him thretty pounds sterling. I now saw, it was time to put in a word.

"Houts-touts, gentlemen," quo' I, "what's the use of a' this clishmaclaver? Ye've baith gotten the wrang sow by the lug, or my name's no William M'Gee. I'll wager ye a penny-piece, that my monkey Nosey is at the bottom of the business."

Nae sooner had I spoken the word, than the twa, looking round the shop, spied the beastie sitting upon the shelf, ginning at them, and putting out his tongue, and wiggle-wagging his walking stick over his left elbow, as if he had been playing upon the fiddle. Mr Weft at this apparition set up a loud

lauch: his passion left him in a moment, when he saw the ridiculous mistake that the Heelandman had sa'en into, and I thoct he would hae bursted his sides wi' evendown merriment. At first Donald lookit desperate angry, and, judging frae the way he was twisting about his mouth and sawing his een, I opined that he intended some deadly skaith to the monkey. But his gude sense, of which Heelandmen are no a'thegither destitute, got the better of his anger, and he roared and lauched like the very mischief. Nor was this a', for nae sooner had he began to lauch, than the monkey did the same thing, and held its sides in precessely the same manner, imitating his actions, in the maist amusin' way imaginable. This only set Donald a-lauching mair than ever, and when he lifted up his nieve, and shook it at Nosey in a gude humoured way, what think ye that the cratur did? Odds man, he took the note frae his pouch, whare it lay rowed up like a baw, and, papping it at Donald, hit him as fairly upon the nose, as if it had been shot out of a weel-aimed musket. There was nae resisting this. The hail thre, or rather the hail four, for Nosey joined us, set up a loud lauch; and the Heelandman's was the loudest of a', showing that he was really a man of sense, and could tak a joke as weel as his neighbours.

When the lauchin' had a wee subsided, Mr Campbell, in order to show that he had nae ill wull to Mr Weft, ax'd his pardon for the rough way he had treated him, but the worthy manufacturer wadna hear o't. "Houts, man," quo' he, "dinna say a word about it. It's a mistak a'thegither, and Solomon himsell, ye ken, whiles gaed wrang." Whereupon the Heelandman bought a Kilmarnock nicht-cap, price elevenpence happeny, frae Mr Weft, and paid him wi' part of the very note that brocht on the fery I hae just been relating. But his gude wull didna end here, for he insisted on takin' us a'—Nosey among the lave—to the nearest public, where he gied us a frien'ly glass, and we keepit tawking about monkeys, and what not, in a manner at ance edifying and amusing to hear.

## THE IRISH FORTY-SHILLING FREEHOLDERS.

*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for transmitting the following observations to your excellent publication, being satisfied, that, in a work distinguished by so many masterly compositions on subjects of public interest, their admission or rejection will depend upon themselves. If they shall appear to convey useful and important information on a matter of great moment, they will be received of course—if not, no recommendation of the writer will be available for their admission.

The subject on which I propose to offer some remarks, is the Elective Franchise, as it now stands in Ireland, particularly with respect to Forty-shilling Freeholders. To go about to show the political importance of Ireland in general, or the singular circumstances in which it stands, in regard to forty-shilling electors, would waste both your time and mine. Both of these have been most prominent subjects of inquiry and discussion for some time past, and are likely to be so for some time to come.

My countrymen, not excepting those of the highest class, have never been very remarkable for that sagacity which looks to consequences. They engage with an ardour of spirit that condemns the dull suggestions of prudence, consults only present feelings, and disturbs not itself with the calculations of possible or even probable contingencies. Our leading patriots, in bestowing the elective franchise on Roman Catholics, hoped to give the world a glorious example of liberal munificence in the first place; and in the next, to enhance their own political interests and importance, by the vast number of faithful and devoted adherents whom they should thus be able to bring into the field of Election. How miserably they have been disappointed—what a flood of perjury and fraud has thereby deluged the land—and what degrading scenes of riot, tumult, and impiety, and iniquity, have since attended every contested election, are matters too notorious to do more than mention them.

To the principle of enlarging the sphere of elective privileges, I am by no means inimical. Real property in

land, to a certain amount, may fairly be considered as conferring on the owner a voice among the electors of a representative, because it supposes him to possess an interest in the country in which he has such a stake, and some degree of judgment to qualify him for selecting a person fit for so important a trust. On this principle, the qualification of an elector was originally formed; and I need not tell my intelligent readers, that the sum of forty shillings, which was then made the minimum of fitness, was nearly, if not fully, equal in value to forty pounds of the present day. A mark, amounting to 13s. 4d., either in the way of gift, or as a yearly pension, was in those days not considered as unworthy of royal munificence; and many instances of such favour are to be found in ancient records. In bestowing the elective franchise upon a new body of citizens, a fair opportunity was offered of recurring to first principles, and conferring on voters that respectability which a privilege so important demanded. Unfortunately, however, our statesmen looked to the letter, not to the spirit of the law, and in so doing, put property and poverty, the respectable and the base, the civilized and the barbarous, the informed and the illiterate, upon equal terms.

We are apt to speak contemptuously of those early times, as periods of great rudeness and simplicity; yet how would the high-spirited freemen of Magna Charta have scouted the idea of admitting their serfs and villains, their labourers and underlings, into the respectable class of Freeholders—of those who, from their property and their independence, were deemed worthy of political privileges! With them the mob by no means constituted the people; the refuse of the land, as in all countries there will be refuse, were left to drudge in their proper sphere; and simple as their masters may be thought, they never entertained the absurd notion of conferring upon them rights and privileges wholly incompatible with their condition. This absurdity was left for our days of knowledge and refinement! As the office of a senator ranks among the most im-

portant in the state, so should the election to that high dignity be committed only to those who may at least be supposed capable of discernment sufficient to return the most eligible. As it is, the elector deriving respect from his property, his education, his understanding, and his integrity, stands upon an equal footing with the wretched ignoramus, who has been, Lord knows how, sworn into the possession of a forty-shilling freehold, but who is not worth a single groat in the world. Hence, as the number of the latter far outweighs that of the former, the power of returning members for all the counties of Ireland, for some of the cities, and for some of the boroughs, is in reality vested in the pauperism, the baseness, the ignorance, and the barbarism of the Nation.

It seems to me altogether impossible that the Imperial Legislature of these realms, (with the exception of Irish members,) can be apprised of the real nature of the elective franchise as now exercised in Ireland, because, if they were, I look upon it that such a preposterous state of things would not be suffered to exist for a moment. Their eyes, indeed, must have been in some measure opened by the newspaper account of the late Elections. Still there remains a great deal with which they cannot be acquainted, and this it is my present purpose to unfold.

The very necessity of registering freeholders, which registry lasts good as far as forty shilling freeholders are concerned, only six years, is of itself a proof of the impropriety of committing such a power to such hands. It originated from the abominable practice that subsisted here some forty years since, of introducing fictitious freeholders. I don't know whether it was actually begun, but I believe it was carried to the greatest excess in the county of Cork, where a candidate, as deficient in conscience as he was powerful in purse, actually obtained his return, not only against a majority of legal freeholders, but where there were certainly nearly two to one against him. It was ruled by the High Sheriff under the sanction of his assistant counsel, that whosoever gave a consistent account of his freehold, though not producing any lease or written title thereto, and should take the freeholder's, and bribery oaths, must, under the statute, be admitted as having a good and law-

ful vote. It could be no matter of wonder to have two or three unprincipled fellows make up their minds for this atrocious exhibition of villainous perjury for the sake of a few guineas; but to see hundreds voluntarily offering themselves for so detestable a purpose in a country called Christian, will, I think, by all British readers, be deemed truly wonderful. Yet have I seen the renowned Father O'Leary sit with the utmost composure where this game was played, and, if not abetting, certainly not discouraging the actors of the nefarious drama, every one of whom was of his own communion. I need not add, that he was a friend to the ingenious purchaser of Popish consciences. The management of the fraud was curious and well contrived. Every candidate for qualification was introduced into a room, where he received instructions as to the description of his freehold, the number of his acres, the lives in his lease, and the clear profit it brought him. When he had learned his lesson, and was prepared for such questions as would probably be asked, he was, if his own clothes happened to be too shabby for the dignity of an elector, furnished with a good voting coat. He was then introduced into Court by an agent; and in the event of surmounting all the difficulties and embarrassments of cross-examination from the lawyers on the opposite side, and passing muster as a legal elector, he returned to receive the reward of his perjury. This, however, was administered with such caution in a dark and lonely room, that none ever knew the hand that gave it. The price paid, I have reason to think, was ten guineas. I have been present in Court when one of these fellows, (they were called bucks, and perfectly well known,) after having minutely described his freehold, and the landlord under whom he derived, was a little embarrassed by the sudden appearance of the gentleman from whose estate he was about to vote. He rose with great indignation, assured the Sheriff he had never seen the man before; that he was well acquainted with all his tenants; that no such person held a foot of ground under him; and that he was willing to confirm what he said by oath. But the point was ruled; the Sheriff said it might be a matter for subsequent scrutiny, but that he must abide by the words of

the statute. Such was the decision of an Irish High Sheriff. I may be permitted to doubt whether it would have been so decided by a British one. As none but Protestants could then vote, there was added to their crimes the perjury of passing for Protestants. Heretics they might safely have sworn themselves.

The act for registering freeholders, none of whom can vote unless registered six months previous to the day of election, certainly precludes fraud and perjury of this nature, but by opening a door for the admission of voters, neither more respectable, nor more conscientious, contributes, I fear, very little to the honesty and purity of elections. The great landed proprietors themselves must of course be regarded as scrupulously averse to admitting any to be enrolled among their forty-shilling freeholders, whose interest in the premises was not in reality of that amount. Of their estates, however, no inconsiderable portion is leased to middlemen, who, adopting the ruinous system of letting land in small divisions, in order to get the most they can out of it during the continuance of their leases, have at length filled the country with a dense population, which, in default of manufacturing employment, increases in pauperism as it advances in numbers. Among these middlemen—of whom many are Roman Catholics—as well as among the general classes of country gentlemen, there naturally exists a desire of enhancing their importance, and exhibiting their political weight and respectability by the number of voters they are able to bring into the field. A man who can command a score or two of forty-shilling militiamen, armed with the election franchise, and ready to march as their leader shall direct, is a champion of no mean consequence in a close contest for the representation of a county. At first they were pretty securely reckoned upon by their natural commanders; but since the priests have taken the field, and brought the thunder of the Church to bear against whatever side they choose to oppose, the elective warfare has entirely changed its nature, and those spiritual generals who lately disclaimed all political meddlings, and solicited only the uninterrupted exercise of their holy functions, have taken upon themselves the supreme, if not exclusive right, of ap-

pointing representatives of Ireland in the British Parliament! The facility of making freeholders of this description, increased the number of these respectable and independent electors to an exorbitant amount. It was discovered, it seems, by sages learned in the laws, that stamped leases or powers of any sort were wholly unnecessary, and that any kind of document intimating the landlord's consent to add a life to the tenant's lease, if it had no life before, or to give the occupier of house, garden, or land, no matter how small, provided he was willing to swear his interest therein worth forty shillings, the said premises during the life of some person specified, generally an old man or woman, was perfectly sufficient to entitle him to be registered as a freeholder. When it is considered what number of this description of inhabitants abound in all parts of Ireland, how little scrupulous they are about so trifling a matter as an oath when anything is to be got by taking it, you will no longer wonder at the immense overflow of perjury and pauperism to be found in the great body of Irish electors!

I have been frequently present at sessions held for the purpose of registering freeholders, as well as at contested county elections, at both of which, and particularly the latter, the modes of proceeding were at once farcical and disgusting. At the former, the forty-shilling freeholder swears, agreeable to a printed form, that he has a freehold worth forty shillings, (describing the place where it is situated) that he is a *bona fide* occupier, either by grazing, or tilling, or both; and that he has it by virtue of the title then produced in Court. On the paper so produced, the clerk of the crown writes his name, and the date of the registry, then enters it into his catalogue, receives a small fee, and the business of the registry is completed. The fees of these time-serving electors, that is to say, of nineteen in every score of forty-shilling freeholders, are paid by their landlords, or, as they might have been too often called, their drivers, who settle the business with the clerk of the crown, and who get sessions held, each in his own district, for no other purpose than registering their voters. The nature of the system obliges even the respectable landed proprietor to act in some

measure on the obnoxious part of it, if he is anxious to maintain a county interest, because otherwise he will be beat out of the field by persons far below him indeed in wealth and respectability. The abuses to which it is carried are too numerous for detail; they may easily be inferred from this very statement, especially when it is considered, that on the day of election no cross-examination is allowed to take place; it is enough that the person's name is entered in the registrar's schedule. The bribery oath may indeed be put, but this is rarely done, because the only result would be delay—no forty-shilling hero ever stumbling over that molehill. Now it must often happen that the tenure which was really worth forty shillings at the time of registry, may not be worth ten on the day of an election taking place three, four, or five years after. But no question can be put—it was sworn to five years before,—*ergo*,—by Hibernian logic—it must be true still. My British readers will hardly believe that two or three have often been known to register out of one house and acre—one tilled it, another grazed it, and a third did both. It was in some sort true, for all lived in the same house, all had one or more pigs for grazing, and all raised potatoes; but the real value of the holding, after deduction of the rent, could not amount to more than five shillings per man. These, you will say, were pretty electors, yet truth obliges me to say, that of the droves I have seen brought to the registry sessions by land and by water, there were multitudes with even less pretensions, fellows furnished with documents from those who had no freehold to give—fellows who had scarce a cabin to live in, and whose only title lay in a tongue ready to swear, and a conscience wide enough to swallow any pill the master thought fit to prescribe. Surely the candidate who was honoured with such support, had ample reason to exclaim with Coriolanus, (Shakespeare furnishes matter for everything.)

“Most sweet voices!”

But I come to the day of the election, and a grand day it is. Then appear the different squadrons, under the conduct of their several centurions, whose business it is to provide food and lodging; to keep them, if possible,

sober; to watch against the intrusion of emissaries from the enemy's camp, and to keep his ragged regiment from straggling. This is a task of some difficulty, particularly towards the close of election, and when the return is closely contested; for then every possible artifice is resorted to, and with most ardour on the weaker side, to turn the scale in favour of the hard run candidate. There are, however, two circumstances in the registry plan favourable to the friends of public peace, because they tend to shorten contests. One is, that there is a voting room for every barony, so that many votes are received at the same time; and another, that no lawyers can speak in Court. There is yet a third, which is, that, by previously examining the registry, any person well acquainted with county interests can easily ascertain which of the parties has the strongest support. I should indeed rather say that it *has* been an advantage conducive to general tranquillity; for, as it *is*, the fact is quite otherwise. No landlord, however lenient, however generous, and however beloved, can reckon upon the support of his own tenantry, being Roman Catholics, even though he be himself the candidate, unless he is approved by the holy Roman Catholic Church; for into her hands the power of returning representatives is now committed, who, however qualified she may be to make saints, is not the best possible maker of senators in a Popish empire, much less in a Protestant one. France, I believe, would not easily submit to be governed by senators of her choice.—Spain does, but her example is not among the most encouraging. Mr Plunket himself will certainly not deny her present overbearing influence in this land of saints, because it is so fully borne out by facts; but he is happily possessed of a secret to neutralize these facts—nay, even to prevent their future recurrence. The divines of the holy Roman Church only want to be established in the pleasing enjoyment of power, ecclesiastical for themselves, and political for their followers! Well, what remedy can be more simple? Give them all they ask, says Mr Plunket, and they will complain no more! I like simple remedies, and if there be a more simple than this, I certainly don't know where to look for it.

In the county of Cork, as well as in several other Irish counties, there is among these forty-shilling voters, a very large proportion of 'sweet voices,' totally ignorant of any language but their own native dialect. All these of course belong to the Pope's regiment, and know nothing of Christianity save what comes through the medium of the priest. The legislature has prescribed two oaths necessary to be taken by Roman Catholics previous to their being admitted to exercise a civil privilege so important as that of the elective franchise. These are to be taken in open court, and the names or marks of the persons taking them, are entered in a roll kept by the clerk of the crown. Without a certificate under his hand, that this indispensable preliminary has been complied with, all the other preparations are nugatory. One of these is the oath of allegiance to the King, not containing many sentences—the other may be called that of allegiance to the State, abjuring and renouncing the Pope's temporal authority and so forth! This is pretty long, and the tenor and phraseology of it not very accordant with the uncultivated comprehension of poor Paddy. Many, therefore, who know enough of English to repeat it after the clerk, do in reality pronounce words and sentences, of a great part of which they know not the meaning. But the great difficulty is to manage with those who can *not* speak English. The Act prescribes the oath to be taken *Anglice totidem verbis*; and if it had said that it shall be availing to none who cannot really and *bona fide* so take it, the benefit would have been considerable in another point of view, by promoting the use of the English tongue. This advantage would be enhanced still more by a condition, indispensable, in my opinion, to the qualification of an elector, namely, that he should be able not only to speak English, but to read it. The Act not having provided for interpretation, and having specified a certain form of words without express license to substitute any others for them, may not unreasonably seem to have precluded all who could not repeat, and did not understand the words of the statute. But if our State directors want first to remove mountains, they are in no want of casuistical abilities to manage at their pleasure the construction of Acts of

Parliament relative to oaths, and too often on the principles of Hudibrastic logic.

I was present when a batch of thirty or forty single-tongued freeholders appeared before the clerk of the crown, to consummate the forms of legal qualification. He, not understanding a word of their language, and supposing that they knew at least something of his, had them duly arranged in front of his chair, and produced his long scroll.

To the first man, who happened to know a few English words, but without ability to hold conversation, he began thus—"You, sir, and the rest of these *gentlemen*, must first declare your respective names, and afterwards repeat after me the contents of this paper, which, after you have sworn to, must be signed with the name or mark of every individual. Do you now, sir, begin by repeating your name." The person addressed looked round for relief, and was informed by a friend (in Irish) that he must say after the clerk every word that the clerk should read to him out of the paper. Thus emboldened, he requested his friend to bid the clerk begin again—this was accordingly done.—(Question) Repeat your name.—(Answer) Repeat your name.—(Clerk) What answer is that, man?—(Freeholder) What answer is that, man?—At this there was a laugh in court, and the clerk of the crown got angry, thinking perhaps that Paddy was disposed to pass a joke upon him. An explanation, however, on the part of the leader of the band soon set matters to rights, and the first part of the business was pretty well got over, each man successively repeating his name. But the sequel baffles all description. The quickest ear, and the most flippant tongue, found it not only difficult, but impossible, except after frequent repetitions, to catch the sounds of an unknown language, and to repeat its words and sentences intelligibly. What then must have been the confusion of tongues in such a Babel as was here presented! Had the rustics been even moderately acquainted with English, still the meaning would have been for the most part shut out, being so much above the ordinary reach of their ideas; as it was, they were just as unable to pronounce their lesson as to comprehend it. The oath might have been as well admi-

nistered in Greek. Sometimes an interpreter was employed, who, being out of the common stamp, and unskilled in the written Irish, was unable to give anything like a just translation. He did, however, give a paraphrastic clue to the meaning, the result of which was to make it much less palatable. What they did *not* understand they had no objection to sign, when required to do so by their masters; and my poor countrymen have a notion, that if the book be not actually kissed, the conscience is quite safe. Now there are two modes of evading perjury according to their spiritual logic—one is to approach the book to the mouth, but not touch it with the lips—the other to kiss the thumb. Hence nothing is more common in our Courts of Law, than to hear attorneys reprimand a witness for similar evasion. “ Kiss the book, sir—not your thumb! My lord, that fellow is evading the oath!” In the particular case here recorded, as it was nobody’s business to make objections—and the clerk of the crown or his deputy had too much business on his hands to lengthen it by unnecessary scruples, the boys were allowed to kiss as they pleased.

Can it be necessary to do more than state this too faithful account of forty-shilling electorships in Ireland? Would it not be an insult on intelligence and integrity to employ words in proving what is so obvious a truth, that the measure was conceived in folly, born in ignorance, nursed in selfishness, and has grown up in iniquity? All, it is true, are not involved in the same sink of reproach; but that too many are, he knows little of Ireland who will not amply testify. Theory, I am aware, will never want sounding periods, and specious sophisms, to vindicate any measure whose plausible tendency is to give power to *The People*; but practice is the test of theory, and without the imprimatur of experience, her projects are but the baseless fabrics of a vision, with this difference, that they are not quite so harmless.

One would think that the road to a just and fair representation of the landed interest of Ireland lay open to every moderate understanding. Actual possession of a competent portion of land, implying at once an independence of condition, and a degree of intelligence above the ranks of plebeian

ignorance, and servility, is the principle on which the right of voting was originally established, and by which it should be regulated still. Will the patriotic advocates for the continuance of this blessed system in Ireland, find precedent or justification for it in the pages of that Magna Charta to which they are so fond of recurring? They know they will not. All I ask is a recurrence to the principle and the practice of their own great æra of political liberty. An equivalent for the rate of that period cannot be fixed on a lower scale than twenty pounds, and by such freeholders alone should county representative ever be returned.

But I will do more towards enlarging and extending the elective franchise than those senators are probably aware of, for though Ireland is ever in their mouths, they are still strangers to her true interests and her real situation. In the present system, exclusive of what I have already observed, anomalies exist of a nature not less unjust than preposterous. Save and except the possessor of an estate in fee simple, no man can vote who has not one or more lives in the lease by which he holds his land. Thus A. B., possessed of an interest in lands of five hundred pounds per annum, under a lease of 99, or (as is often the case here) of 999 years, is not entitled to vote for a representative; while C. D., the petty occupier of a cabin and a single acre, though utterly ignorant of the language spoken in the senate, and though not worth one shilling over and above his lawful debts, shall march into an election-court, and have as efficient a voice as a gentleman of a thousand a-year fee simple estate!! And why? because he has produced at the registry sessions a scrap of paper intimating that his landlord has given him a forty-shilling freehold, during the life of Joan Carthy, widow, aged 77 years!! You will say, perhaps, that this is impossible; and truly, I should say the same thing, but that I know it to be true. A gentleman in this neighbourhood holds property in land to the amount of 1700 acres, on which, though there are numerous inhabitants, and some of them respectable, there is not a single freeholder, because it is held by a very old lease of 999 years! These things surely ought not to be so. I think no person

should be excluded from voting who has real property in land to the amount required, and whose lease secures him a reasonable duration, say of 15 or 20 years. It is rather a firmer hold than that of the above-mentioned forty-shillinger, whose old lady's life could not be valued at more than two or three years' purchase.

If the legislature wish, as no doubt they do, to put the elective franchise into hands of something like respectability, the present system must un-

questionably be changed. With an humble hope of suggesting some useful hints, I have been at the trouble of drawing up the foregoing statement—if it be true, it surely deserves the attention of the Legislature, however humble the writer. My knowledge and experience assure me that it is, and you, sir, I believe, will vouch that I am not in the habit of communicating fabricated intelligence.

SENEX.

CORK, June 1, 1827.

#### ON THE SCOTS LAW OF MARRIAGE.

*To the Editor.*

Edin. June 12, 1827.

SIR,—The following observations on some particulars relative to the Scotch Law of Marriage, were written in April last, in consequence of the discussion which took place on the subject, in the course of the trial of Mr Wakefield at Lancaster. The evidence which was then given, as to what the law of Marriage in Scotland is, by the respectable counsel who was examined for Mr Wakefield, and the views which have since been expressed on the subject in an article in your Magazine for May, as well as the doctrine which has still more recently, in the course of the discussion in both Houses of Parliament, been assumed to be law in Scotland, appear to me to be contrary, both to the legal principles and authorities of our law; and therefore, though my observations were not written with a view to publication in any shape, I now send them to you, that you may, if you think proper, give them a place in your columns.

In Scotland, marriage is regarded merely as a civil contract, which is constituted by the interposition of the consent of parties. Consent is the essential and indispensable quality of the contract; and if the parties are capable of contracting marriage, and there is sufficient evidence of the interposition of that consent, that is quite enough to constitute a marriage. It does not require the sanction of the church, or any civil ceremony, to give it validity; nor is it requisite that the consent should be adhibited in any set form of words. The contract may legally be entered into by the parties exchanging missive letters, whereby they explicitly acknowledge having taken each other for husband and wife—or the consent may be interchanged in presence of witnesses; or a marriage

may legally be constituted by facts and circumstances, as by the parties living together, and acknowledging each other as man and wife. It is the unquestionable evidence of consent, in whatever form given, that is essential to the constitution of the contract; and it is merely because, in marriages which are performed by clergymen in presence of their congregations, there is the most undoubted proof of that consent which the law requires, that they are held to be beyond all question valid and effectual.

Copula, or carnal knowledge, is not required to constitute marriage; that is only the consummation of it. The legal maxim is, *Consensus, non concubitus, facit matrimonium*.

But though this, the most solemn of all contracts, is perfected solely by consent, and may thus easily be entered into, it will be observed that the consent which the law requires, implies the existence of some essential qualities, and the absence of other qualities, in order to render the marriage binding.

In the first place, the law requires that the parties be capable of consenting; for one who cannot consent cannot marry; and therefore idiots, furious persons, and pupils, are incapable of marrying. The age of pupilarity in Scotland is twelve in females, and fourteen in males, after the attainment of which, the sexes are respectively presumed to be capable of entering into the married state, and that, too, even without the consent of parents or guardians.

In the second place, the consent must be true and genuine, not nominal and apparent only. An idiot may give an apparent consent; but if in truth he is incapable of giving a real and genuine consent as a party to any contract, it



would be absurd to hold him bound, more especially to a contract of such magnitude and importance as that of marriage. Accordingly, the Court of Session has found, where an idiot had entered into a marriage, and a child had been born before the validity of the marriage was challenged, and where, too, the idiot had not been previously cognosed; that the marriage was nevertheless null and void.—*Blair v. Blair*, June 1748.

In the third place, the consent must be full, free, and explicit, such as to leave no doubt of the deliberate and solemn intention of the parties to enter into the married state with each other, independently of the mere form or manner of giving the consent.

1st. A marriage is not binding, however formal the manner in which the consent has been interposed, if it can be shown that it was given by either of the parties through compulsion, or in consequence of such a degree of violence as would compel the assent of a person of ordinary consistency.

2d. A marriage is not binding where the consent to enter into it has been given through Fear; and in this term, I apprehend, there is included not merely the fear of violence to the individual herself, but of violence or even disgrace to those with whom she is most nearly and dearly related. Fear may be induced in a vast variety of ways, which it is unnecessary to mention, independently of the mere fear arising from actual or threatened violence to the person of the individual. Lord Stair says, "Just fear is inferred not only by positive acts inferring constraint, but by restraint, as by long and unlawful imprisonment, or by hindering of necessary food, sleep, rest, clothing, or by affording only corrupt meat and drink, &c." Consent given under such circumstances cannot be considered free and deliberate; and therefore, to hold that the party who gave it, is, in any contract, bound as effectually as if she had given her free and deliberate consent, appears to be contrary to every principle both of law and reason.

3d. A marriage is not binding when the consent of one of the parties has been obtained by means of gross fraud and imposition. Lord Stair, the greatest authority in the law of Scotland, says, that "Fraud is excepted in all human actions." Mr EasKINE, in like manner, says, "Marriage is truly a

contract, and so requires the consent of the parties, of which *infra* b. iii. tit. 1. § 16." Of the essentials of that consent which is necessary to give validity to marriage, and every other contract, he says, in the passage to which he before expressly refers, "There can be no consent where the words or writings by which it is said to be expressed, are drawn from either of the parties by fraud, against his real inclination. Fraud or dole is defined a machination or contrivance to deceive; and when it appears that the party would not have entered into the contract had he not been fraudulently led into it; or, as it is expressed in the Roman law, *ubi dolus dedit causam contractui*, he is justly said not to have contracted, but to be deceived. Hence, if he who has been guilty of the fraud, shall sue for performance, the other party may be relieved by an exception of dole," &c. The consent to marry, therefore, must be full, free, and deliberate. In other words, it must not have been obtained by force, fear, or gross fraud.

Lord Stair goes even farther; for he says that "Error also in the substantial makes void the consent, unless future consent intervene, as it did in Jacob, who supposed that he had married and received Rachel, but, by mistake, got Leah, yet was content to retain her, and serve for the other also." Fraud and error are commonly united; and accordingly, in treating of what his Lordship calls "the congenerous allgedgeances," *errore lapsus et dolo circumventus*, he says, "it were a hard thing to determine whether Jacob were *errore lapsus* or *dolo circumventus*, when Leah came to his bed instead of Rachel; but certainly he might have repudiated Leah, as not being his wife, if he had not ratified the marriage by continuing therein; and no doubt he was not only *dolo circumventus* by Leah and her father, but he was also *errore lapsus*; yet it was by his own fault; for though she came to him in the dark, yet if he had but spoken to her, her voice could not but have discovered who she was to him, who had so long conversed with her."

Lord BANKTON goes so far as to say, that "when a man ignorantly marries a woman that is with child to another at the time, it would seem lawful for him to insist that the marriage be declared void, as being fraudulently contracted on the part of the woman. This is conform to the Mo-

sac law, the civil law, and that of other Protestant countries at this day; and there is little doubt of our following these authorities strongly founded on the common sense of mankind," &c.

It is not, however, I apprehend, every species or degree of fraud that will annul a marriage. A man believing the wife he had chosen to be chaste, and she turns out otherwise; or that she was possessed of a large fortune, which turns out comparatively nothing,—is nevertheless bound by the marriage; for these are qualities which are not essential to the existence of the contract; and were such circumstances as morals, fortune, or temper, held sufficient to annul a marriage, it would be in the power of either party to break the connexion at any time, and involve society in the most calamitous confusion.

Whether that full, free, and deliberate consent which the law requires to constitute a valid marriage, has been interposed, is a question of circumstances. What is sufficient proof that has been given in one case, may not be sufficient in another. For example, when the contracting parties are both of mature age, and of course less liable to compulsion, fraud, or fear, very different evidence will be requisite to set the marriage aside from what will be sufficient for that purpose when one of the parties is in the prime of life, and knowing in the ways of the world and arts of fraud and deception; and the other so young and inexperienced as merely to be legally capable of entering into the bonds of matrimony—the more especially if the minor be the female. It is a fit question for a jury to decide, in each particular case, and on a complex view of all its circumstances, whether the consent to marry has been given with all the essential qualities which are requisite, or whether, though the form of consent had been given, it was not extracted by means of fraud and circumvention, fear, or violence, and when in truth there was no real intention or disposition on the part of one of the individuals to enter into the alliance. The jury must be satisfied not merely of the existence of fraud, but that the fraud, fear, or compulsion was of such a nature and extent as to exclude the idea of *deliberate* consent on the part of one of the individuals to become the wife or husband of the other.

Each of the grounds which have been mentioned, if fully and distinctly proved, will, I apprehend, be sufficient to exclude the idea of a true consent having been given, and therefore sufficient to set a marriage, obtained by its means, aside. But it may happen that the consent has been obtained by the instrumentality of more of these qualities than one, through a combination of them, and therefore, though any one, *per se*, might not be sufficient to set aside the marriage, the whole taken together would have that effect. There may be restraint to a certain extent—fear, though not of violence to the person, yet for the reputation, honour, and happiness of parents, forgery and gross fraud, all combined, to obtain consent; and upon a complex view of the whole circumstances, it may appear clear, that but for the use of such a combination of illegal means not even the form of consent would have been given. And if, so soon as the means used were discovered by their victim, she cut the connexion, there is an additional circumstance of proof of the consent having been nominal, and not real and true.

Accordingly, it is upon a complex view of the whole circumstances of each particular case that the Court decides; and in order to show the length to which our Judges have gone in setting aside marriages where the consent was apparently most solemnly adhibited, and where there was no allegation even that force or violence had been used, I shall quote a case which is reported by Lord Kames.

“CAMERON v. MISS MALCOLM,  
29th June, 1756.

“*Cameron of Kinnaird*, living in the neighbourhood of *Mrs Malcolm*, widow of *James Malcolm*, merchant, cast his eyes upon her daughter, *Miss Malcolm*, a considerable fortune, as an advantageous marriage for his son. The two families set out together from Fife, in order to pass the winter at Edinburgh. Upon their landing at Leith, *Mrs Malcolm* and her daughter were invited to the house of *Mrs Cousnen*, *Kinnaird's* mother-in-law. They supped there, and after supper, without any previous concert, a minister was brought in by *Mr Cameron*, in order to marry his son to the said *Miss Malcolm*, at that time just turned of twelve years of age. The mother, for

what reason was not made clear by the witnesses, left the room. *The ceremony went on, and was completed; AND THE MARRIAGE LINES WERE SUBSCRIBED BY MISS MALCOLM AS WELL AS BY YOUNG CAMERON.* After this the mother returned, and a bedding being proposed, she struck out, whether dissatisfied with what had been done, or thinking her daughter too young, is uncertain. This occasioned a sort of squabble among them. The mother and daughter went home in a sort of pet, and from that time refused to stand to the marriage.

"The Commissaries, upon a declarator of marriage brought before them, found the marriage proved. This occasioned an advocacy on the part of Miss Malcolm, in which the *Court of Session were of a different opinion*: They remitted to the Commissaries to *assolzie* from the declarator of marriage, (that is to say, they found there was no marriage,) and even to find Cameron, the pursuer, liable in expenses."

Lord Kames observes, that "This was an extreme nice case. That the ceremony of marriage was performed, is certain; nor was any force proved, or even alleged, sufficient to render the ceremony ineffectual. And if there was a marriage, however irregular or improper, it was not in the power of any Court to give redress. The Court, however, moved with indignation at so gross a wrong, gave the above-mentioned judgment upon sentiment rather than upon principle. The only legal footing it can stand upon, seems to be what follows:—A girl of 12 years of age is no doubt capable of marriage; but then, as a girl of that age is extremely susceptible of undue influence, and to be unjustly trepanned, a marriage in this circumstance requires more accurate evidence of consent than is necessary betwixt adult persons. The present case is similar to that of a testament on death-bed. A bare subscription in *liege pousitie*, is sufficient; but in *extremis*, a proof is required of offers given by the testator to write the testament, or, at least, that it was read over to him before subscription. In the present case, the parties went to Cousnen's house without any design of marriage; 2do, the mother not present at the celebration; 3tio, a squabble the moment the ceremony was over, and some evidence of repentance on both sides; 4to, proved upon old Cameron, that he endeavoured to bribe one Mally

Hay to swear to an antecedent courtship, which presumes he was conscious of some defect in the celebration of the marriage. *These circumstances laid together, may justly infer a suspicion that matters were not carried on so as to make an effectual marriage; and therefore, in a case of this extraordinary kind, the Court, I think, took the safest side to refuse to give their sanction to this marriage.*"

It is true, the learned reporter, in the first part of his observations on the case, says, that the Court gave their judgment more from sentiment than principle; but in the end he arrives at the conclusion, that "*the circumstances laid together*" may justly infer a suspicion that matters were not correctly carried on so as to make an effectual marriage, and, "*therefore,*" his Lordship approves of the judgment of the Court, refusing to sanction the marriage.

Now, it will be remarked, that consent was apparently in that case given by one capable by law of consenting; it was admitted that no force or violence was used; and yet, because it appeared to the Court that "the whole circumstances laid together" did not afford that evidence which is necessary of a true and deliberate consent having been given, the marriage was set aside, and the judgment of the Court of Session was acquiesced in. It is more than probable, however, if the parties had both been adults, that the judgment would have been different.

I cannot discover, that the decision in the case of Cameron has been held in any subsequent case to have been an erroneous one. On the contrary, a case occurred in 1773, (not reported,) in which the Commissaries and the Court of Session pronounced a similar judgment. Mr Hutchison mentions it in a note to his Treatise on the Office of a Justice of the Peace. After quoting the case of *Cameron v. Malcolm*, he says, "In the case of *Allan*, schoolmaster in Edinburgh, against *Anne Young* in 1773, a similar decision was given. The marriage ceremony had been regularly performed by a clergyman, and the girl turned twelve years of age; but she was under Allan's care as a teacher, and it appeared from the proof, that undue influence and a train of fraud and imposition had been used in order to obtain her consent. No consummation had taken place."

It has been said, and that too by

lawyers, that if a consent to marry has once been given, (a consent in presence of witnesses to become man and wife *de presenti*.) the marriage is binding, although that consent has been obtained through the grossest fraud and deception on the part of one of the parties. To such a proposition, however, I cannot subscribe. It is not every piece of fraud and deception which is practised in the affairs of marriage, (and they are many,) that will annul the contract; but if the consent of one of the parties has been obtained by a fraudulent conspiracy, I cannot bring myself to think that to such consent, according to the law of any civilized country, "the party trepanned," as the old phrase is, would be bound. I apprehend, that the case I have quoted was decided on the ground of fraud and circumvention; that the "circumstances laid together" proved there was not the full, free, and deliberate consent which is requisite to constitute a valid marriage. Lord Stair says, "*fraud* is excepted in all human actions,"—Lord Bankton, "that the marriage may be declared void as being *fraudulently contracted* on the part of the woman;" (and a man may be guilty of fraud surely as well as a woman, though not perhaps of the same species of it;) and Mr Erskine expressly refers to *fraud* as one of the grounds on which the contract may be set aside.

To these, the greatest authorities in the law of Scotland, I may add that of Lord Stowell (Sir William Scott) who, in giving judgment in the case of *Dalrymple v. Dalrymple*, says, that if consent *de presenti* was given *fairly and without fraud*, the parties were legally married by the law of Scotland.

I may mention that the case of *Dalrymple* regarded the effect of a *promissæ* of marriage *de futuro*, with a copula following on that promise. The law of Scotland has held, where a woman has surrendered her person on the faith of a promise of marriage, that the parties have, at the period of the copula, actually interposed the consent which is requisite to constitute them married persons.

In conclusion, allow me to observe, that though the consent of one of the parties may have been illegally obtained, and the marriage consequently set aside, that that result will only follow when the party forced, or fraudulently deceived, does not continue in the state and condition into

which that force, fear, or fraud had induced her to go, after she is made acquainted with the fact of their having been used. If, for instance, a woman, under the false impression of her father's ruin or death, and in the belief that her consenting to marry a man whom she never before saw or heard of, would avert that fate, even on being told of the falsehood and fraud on the man's part in making such false stories, nevertheless continues to live with him as his wife, she would be held to be so to all intents and purposes. But she would be his wife, not because of the original consent which she gave to become so, which was apparent merely, and not real, but because of her consenting to remain in the condition of his wife *after* she was aware of the arts or violence which had been practised against her. In such a case, the *true consent* is given at the period when, in the knowledge of the truth, she freely consented to remain with him as his wife.

To the doctrine which I have stated, that consent obtained by the *gross-est fraud* is no true consent; or that *gross fraud* will annul marriage so contracted,—it has been objected, that it must still be a legal marriage, because the party using the fraudulent means must nevertheless be bound; and that it is a principle of all contracts, that both parties must be bound or both free.

But the argument implied in the objection is fallacious. *First*, Because, I apprehend, if the objection taken had been, that *force* was used to obtain the consent, it would come to the same thing; and *force* is confessedly a ground of nullity. *Secondly*, The objection of *fraud* or *force* is only pleadable by the party who has been violently or fraudulently wronged. That no man can profit by, or plead his own fraud, is a maxim in the law and equity of every state where law and equity are recognised. An individual, therefore, who has been "trepanned," or circumvented into marriage, may, rather than expose herself and her friends to the talk of the world, submit to her fate, and her fraudulent circumventer be unable to withdraw from the contract; yet, because she will, if she chooses, be allowed to remain in her deplorable connexion, that is surely no reason why the other party should be allowed to profit by his own gross fraud.

While I think it is manifest that in Scotland, force, fear, or fraud will, if sufficiently proved, annul a marriage obtained by their means, I need scarcely say, that no one case of this kind can be taken as a rule for the determination of another; and therefore, in speaking of force, fear, and fraud as sufficient to set aside any marriage which has been obtained by their means, I always mean such force, fear, or fraud as any jury of intelligent men are satisfied preclude the idea that the consent which was given by one of the parties was not that full, free, and deliberate consent, without the interposition of which there can be no valid marriage by the law of Scotland.

On the policy of the Scotch law of marriage I shall say nothing. The facilities, in so far as regards forms at least, for entering into that state, on this side the Tweed, are as great as the heart of man can wish. But the greater the facilities, and the more simple the form and ceremony of marriage, the more room is there for the practice of every base and fraudulent art; and therefore, the greater necessity ought there to be for the most indubitable proofs of the interposition of that full, free, and deliberate consent, which alone can be held sufficient to constitute the parties interchanging it man and wife. I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

T. P.

## THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR.

*Dreams and Apparitions, containing Smithy Cracks, &c.*

## PART III.

"HAVE you heard anything of the apparition which has been seen about Wineholm place?" said the Dominic.

"Na, I never heard o' sic a thing as yet," quoth the smith; "but I wadna wonder muckle that the news should turn out to be true."

The Dominic shook his head, and uttered a long "h'm-h'm-h'm," as if he knew more than he was at liberty to tell.

"Weel, that beats the world," said the smith, as he gave over blowing the bellows, and looked over the spectacles at the Dominic's face.

The Dominic shook his head again.

The smith was now in the most ticklish quandary; eager to learn particulars, and spread the astounding news through the whole village, and the rest of the parish to boot, but yet afraid to press the inquiry, for fear the cautious Dominic should take the alarm of being reported as a tattler, and keep all to himself. So the smith, after waiting till the wind-pipe of the great bellows ceased its rushing noise, and he had covered the glass neatly up with a mixture of small coals, culm, and cinders; and then, perceiving that nothing more was forthcoming from the Dominic, he began blowing again with more energy than before—changed his hand—put the other sooty one in his breeches-pocket—leaned to the horn—looked in a careless manner to the window, or rather gazed on vacancy, and always now and then stole a sly look at the Dominic's face. It was quite immovable. His cheek

was leaned on his open hand, and his eyes fixed on the glowing fire. It was very teasing this for poor Clinkum the smith. But what could he do? He took out his glowing iron, and made a shower of fire sweep through the whole smithy, whereof a good part, as intended, sputtered upon the Dominic, but he only shielded his face with his elbow, turned his shoulder half round, and held his peace. Thump, thump! clink, clink! went the hammer for a space; and then when the iron was returned to the fire, "Weel, that beats the world!" quoth the smith.

"What is this that beats the world, Mr Clinkum?" said the Dominic, with the most cool and provoking indifference.

"This story about the apparition," quoth the smith.

"What story?" said the Dominic.

Now really this insolence was hardly to be borne, even from a learned Dominic, who, with all his cold indifference of feeling, was sitting toasting himself at a good smithy fire. The smith felt this, for he was a man of acute feeling, and therefore he spit upon his hand and fell a clinking, and pelting at the stithy with both spirit and resignation, saying within himself, "These dominie bodiees just beat the world!"

"What story?" reiterated the Dominic. "For my part I related no story, nor have ever given assent to a belief in such story that any man has heard. Nevertheless, from the results

of ratiocination, conclusions may be formed, though not algebraically, yet corporately, by constituting a quantity, which shall be equivalent to the difference, subtracting the less from the greater, and striking a balance in order to get rid of any ambiguity or paradox.

At the long adverb, *nevertheless*, the smith gave over blowing, and pricked up his ears, but the definition went beyond his comprehension.

"Ye ken that just beats the whole world for deepness," said the smith; and again began blowing the bellows.

"You know, Mr Clinkum," continued the Dominie, "that a proposition is an assertion of some distinct truth, which only becomes manifest by demonstration. A corollary is an obvious, or easily inferred consequence of a proposition; while an hypothesis is a supposition, or concession made, during the process of demonstration. Now, do you take me along with you? Because if you do not, it is needless to proceed?"

"Yes, yes, I understand you middling weel; but I wad like better to hear what other foks say about it than you."

"And why so? Wherefore would you rather hear another man's demonstration than mine?" said the Dominie sternly.

"Because, ye ken, ye just beat the whole world for words," quoth the smith.

"Ay, ay! that is to say, words without wisdom," said the Dominie, rising and stepping away. "Well, well, every man to his sphere, and the smith to the bellows."

"Ye're quite wrang, master," cried the smith after him. "It isna the want o' wisdom in you that plagues me, it is the owerplush o't."

This soothed the Dominie, who returned, and said mildly—"By the by, Clinkum, I want a leister of your making, for I see there is no other tradesman makes them so well. A five-grained onemake it; at your own price."

"Very weel, sir. When will you be needing it?"

"Not till the end of close-time."

"Ay, ye may gar the three auld anes do till then."

"What do you wish to insinuate, sir? Would you infer, because I have three leisters, that therefore I am a breaker of the laws? That I, who am placed here as a pattern and

monitor of the young and rising generation, should be the first to set them an example of insubordination?"

"Ye ken, that just beats a' in words! but we ken what we ken, for a' that, master."

"You had better take a little care what you say, Mr Clinkum; just a little care. I do not request you to take particular care, for of that your tongue is incapable, but a very little is a necessary correlative of consequences. And mark you—don't go to say that I said this or that about a ghost, or mentioned such a ridiculous story."

"The crabbittness o' that body beats the world!" said the smith to himself, as the Dominie went halting homeward.

The very next man who entered the smithy door was no other than John Broadcast, the new laird's hind, who had also been hind to the late laird for many years, and who had no sooner said his errand than the smith addressed him thus:—"Have you ever seen this ghost that there is such a noise about?"

"Ghost? Na, goodness be thankit, I never saw a ghost in my life, save aince a wraith. What ghost do you mean?"

"So you never saw nor heard tell of any apparition about Wineholm-place, lately?"

"No, I hae reason to be thankfu' I hae not."

"Weel, that beats the world! Whow, man, but ye are sair in the dark! Do you no think there are siccan things in nature, as foks no coming fairly to their ends, John?"

"Goodness be wi' us! Ye gar a' the hairs o' my head creep, man. What's that you're saying?"

"Had ye never any suspicions o' that kind, John?"

"No; I canna say that I had."

"None in the least? Weel, that beats the world!"

"O, haud your tongue, haud your tongue! We hae great reason to be thankfu' that we are as we are!"

"How as you are?"

"That we are nae stocks or stones, or brute beasts, as the Minister o' Traquair says. But I hope in God there is nae siccan a thing about my master's place as an unearthly visitor."

The smith shook his head, and uttered a long hem, hem, hem! He had felt the powerful effect of that himself, and wished to make the same appeal

to the feelings and longings after immortality of John Broadcast. The bait took ; for the latent spark of superstition was kindled in the heart of honest John, and there being no wit in the head to counteract it, the portentous hint had its full sway. John's eyes stelled in his head, and his visage grew long, assuming meanwhile something of the hue of dried clay in winter. "Hech, man, but that's an awesome story !" exclaimed he. "Fo'ks hae great reason to be thankfu' that they are as they are. It is truly an awesome story."

"Ye ken, it just beats the world for that," quoth the smith.

"And is it really thought that this laird made away wi' our auld master?" said John. The smith shook his head again, and gave a strait wink with his eyes.

"Weel, I hae great reason to be thankfu' that I never heard siccan a story as that!" said John. "Wha was it tauld you a' about it?"

"It was nac less a man than our mathewmatical Dominie, he that kens a' things," said the smith; "and can prove a proposition to the nineteenth part of a hair. But he is terrified the tale should spread; and therefore ye maunna say a word about it."

"Na, na; I hae great reason to be thankfu' I can keep a secret as weel as the maist part o' men, and better than the maist part o' women. What did he say? Tell us a' that he said."

"It is not so easy to repeat what he says, for he has sae mony langnebbit words. But he said, though it was only a supposition, yet it was easily made manifest by positive demonstration."

"Did you ever hear the like o' that! Now, have we na reason to be thankfu' that we are as we are? Did he say it was by poison that he was taken off, or that he was strangled?"

"Na; I thought he said it was by a collar, or a collary, or something to that purpose."

"Then, it wad appear, there is no doubt of the horrid transaction? I think, the Doctor has reason to be thankfu' that he's no taken up. Is not that strange?"

"O, ye ken, it just beats the world."

"He deserves to be torn at young horses' tails," said the ploughman.

"Ay, or nippt to death with red-hot pinchers," quoth the smith.

"Or harrowed to death, like the children of Ammon," said the ploughman.

"Na, I'll tell you what should be done wi' him—he should just be docked and fired like a farciéd horse," quoth the smith. "Od help ye, man, I could beat the world for laying on a proper poonishment."

John Broadcast went home full of terror and dismay. He told his wife the story in a secret—she told the dairymaid with a tenfold degree of secrecy; and as Dr Davington, or the New Laird, as he was called, sometimes kissed the pretty dairymaid for amusement, it gave her a great deal of freedom with her master, so she went straight and told him the whole story to his face. He was unusually affected at hearing such a terrible accusation against himself, and changed colour again and again; and as pretty Martha, the dairymaid, supposed it was from anger, she tell to abusing the Dominie without mercy, for he was session-clerk, and had been giving her some hints about her morality, of which she did not approve; she therefore threw the whole blame upon him, assuring her master that he was the most spiteful and malicious man on the face of God's earth; "and to show you that, sir," said Martha, wiping her eyes, "he has spread it through the hale parish that I am ower sib wi' my master, and that you and I baith deserve to sit wi' the sacking-gown on us."

This enraged the Doctor still farther, and he forthwith dispatched Martha to desire the Dominie to come up to the Place and speak with her master, as he had something to say to him. Martha went, and delivered her message in so exulting a manner, that the Dominie suspected there was bad blood a-brewing against him; and as he had too much self-importance to think of succumbing to any man alive, he sent an impertinent answer to the laird's message, bearing, that if Dr Davington had any business with him, he would be so good as attend at his class-room when he dismissed his scholars. And then he added, waving his hand toward the door, "Go out. There is contamination in your presence. What hath such a vulgar fraction ado to come into the halls of uprightness and science?"

When this message was delivered, the Doctor being almost beside himself with rage, instantly dispatched

two village constables with a warrant to seize the Dominie, and bring him before him, for the Doctor was a justice of the peace. Accordingly, the poor Dominie was seized at the head of his pupils, and dragged away, crutch and all, up before the new laird, to answer for such an abominable slander. The Dominie denied everything anent it, as indeed he might, save having asked the smith the simple question, *if he had heard ought of a ghost at the Place?* But he refused to tell *why* he asked that question. He had his own reasons for it, he said, and reasons that to *him* were quite sufficient, but as he was not obliged to disclose them, neither would he.

The smith was then sent for, who declared that the Dominie had told him of the ghost being seen, and a murder committed, which he called a *rash assassination*, and said it was obvious, and easily inferred that it was done by a collar.

How the Dominie did storm! He even twice threatened to knock down the smith with his crutch; not for the slander, he cared not for that nor the Doctor a pin, but for the total subversion of his grand case in geometry; and he therefore denominated the smith's head *the logarithm to number one*, a term which I do not understand, but the appropriation of it pleased the Dominie exceedingly, made him chuckle, and put him in better humour for a good while. It was in vain that he tried to prove that his words applied only to the definition of a problem in geometry, he could not make himself understood; and the smith maintaining his point firmly, and apparently with conscientious truth, appearances were greatly against the Dominie, and the Doctor pronounced him a malevolent and dangerous person.

"O, ye ken, he just beats the world for that," quoth the smith.

"I a malevolent and dangerous person, sir!" said the Dominie, fiercely, and altering his crutch from one place to another of the floor, as if he could not get a place to set it on. "Dost thou call me a malevolent and dangerous person, sir? What then art thou? If thou knowest not I will tell thee. Add a cipher to a ninth figure, and what does that make? Ninety you will say. Ay, but then put a cipher *aboue* a nine, and what does that make? ha—ha—ha—I have you there. Your

case exactly in higher geometry! for say the chord of sixty degrees is radius, then the sine of ninety degrees is equal to the radius, so the secant of 0, that is nickle-nothing, as the boys call it, is radius, and so is the co-sine of 0. The versed sine of 90 degrees is radius, (that is nine with a cipher added, you know,) and the versed sine of 180 degrees is the diameter; then of course the sine increases from 0 (that is cipher or nothing) during the first quadrant till it becomes radius, and then it decreases till it becomes nothing. After this you note it lies on the *contrary* side of the diameter, and consequently, if positive before, is negative now, so that it must end in 0, or a cipher above a nine at most."

"This unintelligible jargon is out of place here, Mr Dominie, and if you can show no better reasons for raising such an abominable falsehood, in representing me as an incendiary and murderer, I shall procure you a lodgement in the house of correction."

"Why, sir, the long and short of the matter is this—I only asked at that fellow there, that logarithm of stupidity! if he had heard ought of a ghost having been seen about Winchholm-place. I added nothing farther, either positive or negative. Now, do you insist on my reasons for *asking* such a question?"

"I insist on having them."

"Then what will you say, sir, when I inform you, and depone to the truth of it, that *I saw the ghost myself?*—yes, sir—that I saw the ghost of your late worthy father-in-law myself, sir; and though I said no such thing to that decimal fraction, yet it told me, sir—Yes, the spirit of your father-in-law told me, sir, that you were a murderer."

"Lord, now what think ye o' that?" quoth the smith. "Ye had better hae letten him alane; for od, ye ken, he's the deevil of a body that ever was made. He just beats the world."

The Doctor grew as pale as a corpse, but whether out of fear or rage, it was hard to say at that time. "Why, sir, you are mad! stark, raving mad," said the Doctor; "therefore for your own credit, and for the peace and comfort of my aniable young wife and myself, and our credit among our retainers, you must unsay every word that you have now said regarding that ridiculous falsehood."



"I'll just as soon say that the parabola and the ellipse are the same," said the Dominie; "or that the diameter is not the longest line that can be drawn in the circle; or that I want eyes, ears, and understanding, which that I have, could all be proven by equation. And now, sir, since you have forced me to divulge what I was in much doubt about, I have a great mind to have the old Laird's grave opened to-night, and have the body inspected before witnesses."

"If you dare, for the soul of you, disturb the sanctuary of the grave," said the Doctor vehemently; "or with your unhallowed hands touch the remains of my venerable and revered predecessor, it had been better for you, and all who make the attempt, that you never had been born. If not then for my sake, for the sake of my wife, the sole daughter of the man to whom you have all been obliged, let this abominable and malicious calumny go no farther, but put it down; I pray of you to put it down, as you would value your own advantage."

"I have seen him, and spoke with him—that I aver," said the Dominie. "And shall I tell you what he said to me?"

"No, no! I'll hear no more of such absolute and disgusting nonsense," said the Laird.

"Then, since it hath come to this, I will declare it in the face of the whole world, and pursue it to the last," said the Dominie, "ridiculous as it is, and I confess that it is even so. I have seen your father-in-law within the last twenty hours; at least a being in his form and habiliments, and having his aspect and voice. And he told me, that he believed you were a very great scoundrel, and that you had helped him off the stage of time in a great haste, for fear of the operation of a will, which he had just executed, very much to your prejudice. I was somewhat aghast, but ventured to remark, that he must surely have been sensible whether you murdered him or not, and in what way. He replied, that he was not absolutely certain, for at the time you put him down, he was much in his customary way of nights,—very drunk; but that he greatly suspected you had hanged him, for, ever since he had died, he had been troubled with a severe crick in his neck. Having seen my late worthy patron's body deposited in the coffin,

and afterwards consigned to the grave, these things overcame me, and a kind of mist came over my senses; but I heard him saying as he withdrew, what a pity it was that my nerves could not stand this disclosure. Now, for my own satisfaction, I am resolved that to-morrow, I shall raise the village, with the two ministers at the head of the multitude, and have the body, and particularly the neck of the deceased minutely inspected."

"If you do so, I shall make one of the number," said the Doctor. "In the mean time, measures must be taken to put a stop to a scene of madness and absurdity so disgraceful to a well regulated village, and a sober community."

"There is but one direct line that can be followed, and any other would either be an acute or obtuse angle," said the Dominie; "therefore I am resolved to proceed right forward, on mathematical principles, in the diagonal, and if the opposite vertices of the quadrilateral fall in with these, the case is proven;" and away he went, skipping on his crutch, to arouse the villagers to the scrutiny.

The smith remained behind, concerting with the Doctor, how to controvert the Dominie's profound scheme of unshrouding the dead; and certainly the smith's plan, viewed professionally, was not amiss. "O, ye ken, sir, we maun just gie him another heat, and try to saften him to reason, for he's just as stubborn as Muirkirk ir'n. He beats the world for that."

While the two were in confabulation, Johnston, the old house-servant, came in and said to the Doctor—"Sir, your servants are going to leave the house, every one, this night, if you cannot fall on some means to divert them from it. The old laird is, it seem, risen again, and come back among them, and they are all in the utmost consternation. Indeed, they are quite out of their reason. He appeared in the stable to Broadcast, who has been these two hours dead with terror, but is now recovered, and telling such a tale down stairs, as never was heard from the mouth of man."

"Send him up here," said the Doctor. "I shall silence him. What does the ignorant clown mean by joining in this unnatural clamour?"

John came up, with his broad bonnet in his hand, shut the door with

hesitation, and then felt twice with his hand if it really was shut. "Well, John," said the Doctor, "what an absurd lie is this that you are vending among your fellow servants, of having seen a ghost?" John picked some odds and ends of threads out of his bonnet, that had nothing ado there, and said nothing. "You are an old superstitious dreaming dotard," continued the Doctor; "but if you propose in future to manufacture such stories, you must, from this instant, do it somewhere else than in my service, and among my domestics. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Indeed, sir, I hae naething to say but this, that we hae a' muckle reason to be thankfu' that we are as we are."

"And whereon does that wise saw hear? What relation has that to the seeing of a ghost? Confess then this instant, that you have forged and vended a deliberate lie, or swear before Heaven, and d—n yourself, that you *have* seen a ghost."

"Indeed, sir, I hae muckle reason to be thankfu'—"

"For what?"

"That I never tauld a deliberate lee in my life. My late master came and spak to me in the stable; but whether it was his ghaist or himsell—a good angel or a bad ane, I hae reason to be thankfu' I never said; for I do—*not—ken*."

"Now, pray let us hear from that saget ongue of yours, so full of sublime adages, what this doubtful being said to you?"

"I wad rather be excused, an it were your honour's will, an' wad hae reason to be thankfu'."

"And why would you decline telling this?"

"Because I ken ye wadna believe a word o't. It is siccan a strange story! O sirs, but fo'ks hae muckle reason to be thankfu' that they are as they are!"

"Well, out with this strange story of yours. I do not promise to credit it, but shall give it a patient hearing, provided you swear that there is no forgery in it."

"Weel, as I was suppering the horses the night, I was dressing my late kind master's favourite mare, and I was just thinking to mysell, an' he had been leevin' I wadna hae been my lane the night, for he wad hae been

standing over me cracking his jokes, and swearing at me in his ain good-natured hamely way. Ay, but he's gane to his lang account, thinks I, an' we poor frail dying cratures that are left afind hae muckle reason to be thankfu' that we are as we are. When behold I looks up, and there's my auld master standing leaning against the trivage, as he used to do, and looking at me. I canna but say my heart was a little astoundit, and maybe lap up through my midriff into my breath-bellows; I couldna say, but in the strength o' the Lord I was enabled to retain my senses for a good while. 'John Broadcast,' says he, with a deep and angry tone.—'John Broadcast, what the d—l are you thinking about? You are not currying that mare half. What a d—d lubberly way of dressing a horse is that?'

"'L—d make us thankfu', master!' says I, 'are you there?'

"'Where else would you have me be at this hour of the night, old block-head?' says he.

"'In another hame than this, master,' says I; 'but I fear me it is nae good ane, that ye are sae soon tired o't.'

"'A d—d bad onc, I assure you,' says he.

"'Ay, but, master,' says I, 'ye hae muckle reason to be thankfu' that ye are as ye are.'

"'In what respects, dotard?' says he.

"'That ye hae liberty to come out o't a start now and then to get the air,' says I; and oh, my heart was sair for him when I thought o' his state! and though I was thankfu' that I was as I was, my heart and flesh began to fall me, at thinking of my being speaking face to face wi' a being frae the unhappy place. But out he briks again wi' a grit round o' swearing about the mare being ill keepit; and he ordered me to cast my coat and curry her weel, for that he had a lang journey to take on her the morn."

"'You take a journey on her!' says I, 'Ye forget that she's flesh and blood. I fear my new master will dispute that privilege with you, for he rides her himsell the morn.'

"'He ride her!' cried the angry spirit. 'If he dares for the soul of him lay a leg over her, I shall give him a downcome! I shall gar him lie as low as the gravel among my feet. And

soon soon shall he be levelled with it at ony rate ! The dog ! the parricide ! first to betray my child, and then to put down myself. But he shall not escape ! he shall not escape !' cried he with such a hellish growl, that I fainted and heard no more."

"Weel, that beats the world !" quoth the smith ; " I wad hae thought the mare wad hae luppen ower yird and stane, or fa'en down dead wi' fright."

"Na, na," said John, " in place o' that, whenever she heard him fa' a-swearing, she was sae glad that she fell a-nickering."

"Na, but that beats the hale world a'thegither!" quoth the smith. "Then it has been nae ghaist ava, ye may depend on that."

" I little wat what it was," said John, " but it was a being in nae good or happy state o' mind, and is a warning to us a' how muckle reason we hae to be thankfu' that we are as we are."

The Doctor pretended to laugh at the absurdity of John's narrative, but it was with a ghastly and doubtful expression of countenance, as though he thought the story far too ridiculous for any clodpole to have contrived out of his own head ; and forthwith he dismissed the two dealers in the marvellous, with very little ceremony, the one protesting that the thing beat the world, and the other that they had both reason to be thankfu' that they were as they were.

The next morning the villagers, small and great, were assembled at an early hour to witness the lifting of the body of their late laird, and headed by the established and dissenting clergymen, and two surgeons, they proceeded to the tomb, and soon extracted the splendid coffin, which they opened with all due caution and ceremony. But instead of the murdered body of their late benefactor, which they expected in good earnest to find, there was nothing in the coffin but a layer of gravel, of about the weight of a corpulent man !

The clamour against the new laird then rose all at once into a tumult that it was impossible to check, every one declaring aloud that he had not only murdered their benefactor, but, for fear of the discovery, had raised the body, and given ; or rather sold it, to the doctors. The thing was not

to be borne ! so the mob proceeded in a body up to Wineholm-Place, to take out their poor deluded lady, and burn the Doctor and his basely acquired habitation to ashes. It was not till the multitude had surrounded the house that the ministers and two or three other gentlemen could stay them, which they only did by assuring the mob that they would bring out the Doctor before their eyes, and deliver him up to justice. This pacified the throng ; but on inquiry at the hall, it was found that the Doctor had gone off early that morning, so that nothing further could be done for the present. But the coffin, filled with gravel, was laid up in the aisle and kept open for inspection.

Nothing could now exceed the consternation of the simple villagers of Wineholm at these dark and mysterious events. Business, labour, and employment of every sort, were at a stand, and the people hurried about to one another's houses, and mingled together in one heterogeneous mass of theoretical speculation. The smith put his hand to the bellows, but forgot to blow till the fire went out ; the weaver leaned on his beam, and listened to the legends of the ghastly tailor. The team stood in the mid furrow, and the thresher agaping over his flail ; and even the Dominie was heard to declare that the geometrical series of events was increasing by no common measure, and therefore ought to be calculated rather arithmetically than by logarithms ; and John Broadcast saw more and more reason for being thankful that he was as he was, and neither a stock nor a stone, nor a brute beast.

Everything that happened was more extraordinary than the last ; and the most puzzling of all was the circumstance of the late laird's mare, saddle, bridle and all, being off before day the next morning ; so that Dr Davington was obliged to have recourse to his own, on which he was seen posting away on the road towards Edinburgh. It was thus but too obvious that the ghost of the late laird had ridden off on his favourite mare, the Lord only knew whither ! for as to that point none of the sages of Wineholm could divine. But their souls grew chill as an iceberg, and their very frames rigid at the thoughts of a spirit riding away on a brute beast to the place appointed for wicked men. And had not John

Broadcast reason to be thankful that he was as he was ?

However the outcry of the community became so outrageous, of murder, and foul play in so many ways, that the officers of justice were compelled to take note of it ; and accordingly the Sheriff-substitute, the Sheriff-clerk, the Fiscal, and two assistants, came in two chaises to Wineholm to take a precognition, and there a court was held which lasted the whole day, at which, Mrs Davington, the late laird's only daughter, all the servants, and a great number of the villagers, were examined on oath. It appeared from the evidence that Dr Davington had come to the village and set up as a surgeon—that he had used every endeavour to be employed in the laird's family in vain, as the latter detested him. That he, however, found means of seducing his only daughter to elope with him, which put the laird quite beside himself, and from thenceforward he became drowned in dissipation. That such, however, was his affection for his daughter, that he caused her to live with him, but would never suffer the Doctor to enter his door—that it was nevertheless quite customary for the Doctor to be sent for to his lady's chamber, particularly when her father was in his cups ; and that on a certain night, when the laird had had company, and was so overcome that he could not rise from his chair, he had died suddenly of apoplexy ; and that no other skill was sent for, or near him, but this his detested son-in-law, whom he had by will disinherited, though the legal term for rendering that will competent had not expired. The body was coffined the second day after death, and locked up in a low room in one of the wings of the building ; and nothing farther could be elicited. The Doctor was missing, and it was whispered that he had absconded ; indeed it was evident, and the Sheriff acknowledged, that from the evidence taken collectively, the matter had a very suspicious aspect, although there was no direct proof against the Doctor. It was proved that he had attempted to bleed the patient, but had not succeeded, and that at that time the laird was black in the face.

When it began to wear nigh night, and nothing farther could be learned, the Sheriff-clerk, a quiet considerate gentleman, asked why they had not

examined the wright who made the coffin, and also placed the body in it ? The thing had not been thought of ; but he was found in court, and instantly put into the witness's box and examined on oath. His name was James Sanderson, a stout-made, little, shrewd-looking man, with a very peculiar squint. He was examined thus by the Procurator-fiscal.

" Were you long acquainted with the late laird of Wineholm, James ? "

" Yes, ever since I left my apprenticeship ; for I suppose about nineteen years."

" Was he very much given to drinking of late ? "

" I could not say. He took his glass gayen heartily."

" Did you ever drink with him ? "

" O yes, mony a time."

" You must have seen him very drunk then ? Did you ever see him so drunk that he could not rise, for instance ? "

" O never ! for, lang afore that, I could not have kend whether he was sitting or standing."

" Were you present at the corpse-chesting ? "

" Yes, I was."

" And were you certain the body was then deposited in the coffin ? "

" Yes ; quite certain."

" Did you screw down the coffin-lid firmly then, as you do others of the same make ? "

" No, I did not."

" What were your reasons for that ? "

" They were no reasons of mine—I did what I was ordered. There were private reasons, which I then wist not of. But, gentlemen, there are some things connected with this affair, which I am bound in honour not to reveal—I hope you will not compel me to divulge them at present."

" You are bound by a solemn oath, James, which is the highest of all obligations ; and for the sake of justice, you must tell everything you know ; and it would be better if you would just tell your tale straight forward, without the interruption of question and answer."

" Well, then, since it must be so : That day, at the chesting, the Doctor took me aside, and says to me, ' James Sanderson, it will be necessary that something be put into the coffin to prevent any unpleasant flavour before the funeral ; for, owing to the corpse-

lence, and inflamed state of the body by apoplexy, there will be great danger of this. 'Very well, sir,' says I—'what shall I bring?'

"'You had better only screw down the lids lightly at present, then,' said he, 'and if you could bring a bucket-full of quicklime, a little while hence, and pour it over the body, especially over the face, it is a very good thing, an excellent thing for preventing any deleterious effluvia from escaping.'

"'Very well, sir,' says I; and so I followed his directions. I procured the lime; and as I was to come privately in the evening to deposit it in the coffin, in company with the Doctor alone, I was putting off the time in my workshop, polishing some trifle, and thinking to myself that I could not find in my heart to choke up my old friend with quicklime, even after he was dead, when, to my unspeakable horror, who should enter my workshop but the identical laird himself, dressed in his dead-clothes in the very same manner in which I had seen him laid in the coffin, but apparently all streaming in blood to the feet. I fell back over against a cart-wheel, and was going to call out, but could not; and as he stood straight in the door, there was no means of escape. At length the apparition spoke to me in a hoarse trembling voice, enough to have frightened a whole conclave of bishops out of their senses; and it says to me, 'Jamie Sanderson! O, Jamie Sanderson! I have been forced to appear to you in a d—d frightful guise.' These were the very first words it spoke; and they were far frae being a lie, but I huffins thought to myself, that a being in such circumstances might have spoke with a little more caution and decency. I could make no answer, for my tongue refused all attempts at articulation, and my lips would not come together; and all that I could do, was to lie back against my new cart-wheel, and hold up my hands as a kind of defence. The ghastly and blood-stained apparition, advancing a step or two, held up both its hands flying with dead ruffles, and gried to me in a still more frightful voice, 'O, my faithful old friend! I have been murdered! I am a murdered man, Jamie Sanderson! and if you do not assist me in bringing the wretch to a due retribution, you will be d—d to hell, sir.'

"This is sheer raving, James," said

the Sheriff, interrupting him. "These words can be nothing but the ravings of a disturbed and heated imagination. I entreat you to recollect, that you have appealed to the great Judge of heaven and earth for the truth of what you assert here, and to answer accordingly."

"I know what I am saying, my Lord Sheriff," said Sanderson; "and am telling naething but the plain truth, as nearly as my state of mind at the time permits me to recollect. The appalling figure approached still nearer and nearer to me, breathing threatenings if I would not rise and fly to its assistance, and swearing like a sergeant of dragoons at both the Doctor and myself. At length it came so close on me, that I had no other shift but to hold up both feet and hands to shield me, as I had seen herons do when knocked down by a goshawk, and I cried out; but even my voice failed me, so that I only cried like one through his sleep."

"What the devil are you lying gaping and braying at there?" said he, seizing me by the wrists, and dragging me after him. 'Do you not see the plight I am in, and why won't you fly to succour me?'

"I now felt to my great relief, that this terrific apparition was a being of flesh, bones, and blood, like myself; that, in short, it was indeed my kind old friend the laird popped out of his open coffin, and come over to pay me an evening visit, but certainly in such a guise as earthly visit was never paid. I soon gathered up my scattered senses, took my kind old friend into my room, bathed him all over, and washed him well in lukewarm water; then put him into a warm bed, gave him a glass or two of warm punch, and he came round amazingly. He caused me to survey his neck a hundred times I am sure; and I had no doubt that he had been strangled, for there was a purple ring round it, which in some places was black, and a little swollen; his voice creaked like a door-hinge, and his features were still distorted. He swore terribly at both the Doctor and myself; but nothing put him half so mad as the idea of the quicklime being poured over him, and particularly over his face. I am mistaken if that experiment does not serve him for a theme of execration as long as he lives."

"So he is then alive, you say?" asked the Fiscal.

"O yes, sir! alive and tolerably well, considering. We two have had several bottles together in my quiet room; for I have still kept him concealed, to see what the Doctor would do next. He is in terror for him somehow, until sixty days be over from some date that he talks of, and seems assured that that dog will have his life by hook or crook, unless he can bring him to the gallows betimes, and he is absent on that business to-day. One night lately, when fully half-seas over, he set off to the schoolhouse, and frightened the Dominie; and last night he went up to the stable, and gave old Broadcast a hearing for not keeping his mare well enough.

"It appeared that some shaking motion in the coffining of him had brought him to himself, after bleeding abundantly both at mouth and nose; that he was on his feet ere ever he knew how he had been disposed of, and was quite hocked at seeing the open coffin on the bed, and himself dressed in his grave-clothes, and all in one bath of blood. He flew to the door, but it was locked outside; he rapped furiously for something to drink; but the room was far removed from any inhabited part of the house, and none regarded. So he had nothing for it but to open the window, and come through the garden and the back loaning to my workshop. And as I had got orders to bring a bucket-full of quicklime, I went over in the fore-night with a bucket-full of heavy gravel, as much as I could carry, and a little white lime sprinkled on the top of it; and being let in by the Doctor,

I deposited that in the coffin, screwed down the lid, and left it, and the funeral followed in due course, the whole of which the laird viewed from my window, and gave the Doctor a hearty day's cursing for daring to support his head and lay it in the grave. And this, gentlemen, is the substance of what I know concerning this enormous deed, which is I think quite sufficient. The laird bound me to secrecy until such time as he could bring matters to a proper bearing for securing of the Doctor; but as you have forced it from me, you must stand my surety, and answer the charges against me.

The laird arrived that night with proper authority, and a number of officers, to have the Doctor, his son-in-law, taken into custody; but the bird had flown; and from that day forth he was never seen, so as to be recognised in Scotland. The laird lived many years after that; and though the thoughts of the quicklime made him drink a great deal, yet from that time he never suffered himself to get quite drunk, lest some one might have taken it into his head to hang him, and he not know anything about it. The Dominie acknowledged that it was as impracticable to calculate what might happen in human affairs as to square the circle, which could only be effected by knowing the ratio of the circumference to the radius. For shoeing horses, vending news, and awarding proper punishments, the smith to this day just beats the world. And old John Broadcast is as thankful to Heaven as ever that things are as they are.

*Mount-Benger, May 15.*

## A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE progress of our shooting excursion having brought us into contact with a greater number of trees than were supposed to adorn this desolate spot of earth, an early hour on the morning of the 19th saw several working parties sally forth, bill-hook in hand, to fell them. The expedition was not undertaken in vain. In less than a couple of hours the whole of the south side of the island was rendered as bare and bleak as the side on which we had landed, whilst the bivouac presented the appearance of a timber-merchant's yard, so numerous were the trees, bushes, and shrubs which were dragged into it. It is probably needless to add, that of the fuel thus procured, the greatest possible care was taken. Like the food and liquor, it was put under the charge of constituted authorities; and logs and branches were regularly served out to every mess, proportionate in quantity to the numbers of the men who composed it.

I know not whether the Commissary General considered himself indebted to our spirit of adventure for this very valuable accession to the resources of the army, but he either gave, or appeared to give, to my friend and myself, a larger portion of fire-wood, than, strictly speaking, ought to have come to our share. Among the pieces issued out, there were, I recollect, some six or eight long pine stakes, not unlike the poles with which the Kentish farmers support their hops, and the Spanish vine-dressers their grapes. In the true spirit of veterans, we determined not to throw these away by burning them. On the contrary, we set our servants to work, drove the stakes into the ground, in bee-hive fashion, with the upper extremity inclining towards one another: and filling up the interstices with reeds brought from the swamp, we contrived to erect a hut, capable of affording shelter not only from the cold winds which occasionally blew, but from the rain. Of this we prepared to take possession towards sunset; but Dr Baxter, the chief medical officer, happening to be an acquaintance of ours, very

kindly offered us a corner in his hospital tent, and the offer was a great deal too valuable to be rejected. We resigned our own habitation to certain of our less fortunate comrades, and gladly followed our host.

Let me give here some description of the domicile into which we were introduced. It was a large marquee, constructed of spars, oars, and sails of boats. The interior might measure about thirty or forty feet in length; in breadth perhaps half that extent; and in height something less than twelve feet. Being composed of double folds of canvass, it was extremely warm, and perfectly proof against the weather. Its furniture consisted of casks, pack-saddles, sacks filled with stores of different kinds, cantæns, linen-chests, and cases of surgical instruments. There was no table, nor any boards which might be substituted for a table; but a quantity of dry reeds overspread the ground, and afforded a very comfortable sofa for its inhabitants. As yet there were neither sick nor wounded to occupy it. On the contrary, as night closed in, numbers of hale and healthy persons, all of them claiming acquaintance with the Doctor, presented themselves at the door, and our hospitable friend made no scruple about receiving them all. Lamps being lighted, a cask of excellent brandy was broached, and with the aid of pipes and cigars, and an ample flow of good-humour, we passed several hours after a fashion which reminded us precisely of the many agreeable evenings which we had spent in winter-quarters upon the Douro and the Nivelles.

Such was our condition from the evening of the 16th to the morning of the 21st of December. On the 20th, indeed, the whole army was reviewed, and a new disposition of the troops so far effected, that, instead of three, it was divided into two brigades, and what was termed the permanent advance. On the 21st, there came in to the camp four or five American officers, who had deserted from General Jackson's army, and proposed to follow our fortunes, whilst a few war-

riors, I believe from the tribes of the Cherokees and Chactaws, likewise appeared amongst us. With the former personages I found an opportunity of holding some conversation. When asked as to their motives for deserting, they made no hesitation in declaring that they had come over to the side which they believed to be the strongest, perfectly satisfied that there was no force in Louisiana capable of offering to us any serious resistance. They spoke of General Jackson as an able man; but as one so hated on account of his tyranny and violence, that not an inhabitant of the State would adhere to his standard, after they beheld the British flag fairly unfurled. They gave us, in short, every reason to believe that our difficulties would all cease as soon as we reached the mainland. With such a prospect before us, the reader will not be surprised to learn, that one feeling, and one only, pervaded the whole armament. We longed for the moment which should see us fairly in the field, and our longings were soon gratified.

Whilst the troops were thus amusing themselves in Pine Island, boats from every ship in the fleet, transports as well as vessels of war, were assembling in large numbers along the beach. To protect the rear against annoyance, each launch, as well as some of the barges, was armed with a twelve-pound carronade in the bows; whilst the six cutters lately captured from the enemy, with all the tenders and small-craft brought from the Chesapeake, prepared to accompany them. In spite of the most strenuous exertions, however, it was found that the means of transport were extremely deficient. After everything, even to the captains' gigs, had been put in requisition, it appeared that hardly one-third of the army could move at a time; but even thus our leaders determined upon entering immediately upon the business. They were well aware, that no delay could possibly bring benefit to us, whilst every hour of respite would have enabled the enemy to mature his plans for our reception.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the 22d, the advance of the army, under the command of Colonel Thornton, stepped into the boats. It consisted in all of about fifteen hundred infantry, two pieces of light cannon, and a troop of rockets, and it was

accompanied by General Keane in person, the heads of the engineer and commissariat departments, a competent number of medical officers, and the Indian chiefs. Two of the deserters were likewise put on board, to act as guides as soon as we should land; and a moderate supply of ammunition, under the care of a store-keeper, was appointed to follow. The morning was dark and cloudy, and a cold damp wind gave promise of a heavy rain before many hours should pass. Nevertheless, we pushed off in the highest possible spirits, and only repressed our cheering because silence had been strictly enjoined.

The boat in which Charlton and myself were embarked was a man-of-war's barge, rowed by six oars of a side, and commanded by a midshipman. Besides the seamen, there were crowded into it not fewer than sixty men and four officers, so that the full complement amounted to seventy-eight souls. Under these circumstances, the space granted to each individual was not, as may be imagined, very commodious. It was, indeed, by no means an easy task to shift our postures after they had once been assumed, for we were as completely wedged together as were ever a child's bricks in their box, or a bundle of logs in what is called a cord of wood. As long, however, as it continued dry overhead, the inconvenience thence arising was, comparatively speaking, little felt; but we had not proceeded more than a mile from the place of embarkation, when the black clouds suddenly opened, and the rain fell as if a thousand shower-baths had been all at once opened upon us. Then, indeed, our situation became comfortless enough. In the difficulty of adjusting ourselves at all, cloaks and greatcoats necessarily lost their clasps, and the neck and shoulders were left bare. There was no remedying the evil now; and though water ran down our backs and shoulders like the sewers in Ludgate Hill after a thunder-storm, yet was there much in the appearance of all about us calculated to carry our thoughts beyond the present moment,—at all events, to make us think lightly of present grievances. Not fewer than an hundred boats, of all shapes and sizes, were making way in regular column over the surface of the lake; they were all filled, to repletion, with



armed men, and not a sound issued from them, except that which the rowing occasioned, and an occasional word of command uttered by those in authority. Everything was conducted in the most orderly manner. The boats moved in lines of ten a-breast; a little way a-head of them sailed a couple of cutters; the like number protected each of the flanks; and the rear was covered by three traders. There were appointed officers to each division, who, placed in light gigs, flew backwards and forwards as occasion required,—hurrying on those that lagged behind, and checking the progress of such as were too nimble; whilst Sir Alexander Cochrane, in a light schooner, kept just so far apart as to see at a glance how things were going, and to superintend the whole. I confess, that though I could have wished for fine weather, I could not help looking round with a feeling of the highest admiration. Troops advancing upon land present an imposing appearance no doubt; but no land movement, in which I have been an indifferent spectator, ever struck me as I was struck by the spectacle now in view.

We were well aware, that the distance from Pine Island to the Bays de Calatine,—the point towards which our course was directed,—fell not short of eighty miles, and hence that there was but slender probability of our setting foot on shore before the morrow. But the prospect of passing the night cramped and cooped up as we were, was certainly not hailed by anyone with either satisfaction or indifference. The rain had fallen in such quantities, as not only to saturate the clothing of every individual, but seriously to inconvenience us, by creating a pool ankle-deep in the bottom of the boat, while, on account of our crowded state, we could not succeed in baling it. It ceased, however, at last, and was succeeded by a keen frost, and a northerly wind as sharp and cutting as any mortal would desire to face. I need not say, that the effects of the change were perfectly felt by us. We bore it, however, with the best philosophy which we could muster; and if a complaint or murmur happened from time to time to break forth, it was instantly rendered harmless by some rude joke, or an ironical expression of pity.

Such was the state of the weather, in our not very enviable condition,

when a gig, passing along from front to rear of the column, gave orders that the rowing should cease, and that awnings should be hoisted. Both commands were instantly obeyed; and as it seemed probable that we were to remain stationary for the night, we easily persuaded our pilot to light a fire. I cannot describe the nature of our feelings, as the pan of charcoal gradually threw out its heat on all sides. As we were thoroughly soaked, and our garments stiff with ice, I hardly know whether the sudden application of external heat to our benumbed limbs was productive of pleasure or the reverse. But of whatever nature our sensations might be, they were not permitted long to exert their influence. The fire was condemned to be extinguished; and in little more than an hour after we had first dropped them, the grapplings were raised, and the squadron was again under weigh.

As day dawned, a singularly wild and uninviting waste of country opened out before us. We were now within a stone's throw of the American shore, and ran along its edge in search of the mouth of the creek. It was a complete bog. A bank of black earth, or rather black mud, covered with tall reeds, constituted the single feature in the landscape. Not a trace of human industry, not a tree or bush of any kind or description, not even a mound or hillock, served to break in upon the sameness of scene. One wide waste of reeds alone met the eye, except at the very edge of the water, where the slime which nourished them lay slightly exposed. For some time this cheerless landscape extended wholly upon one side of us; the lake which we were crossing, being as yet too wide to permit a view of both shores at once; but the waters became gradually more and more narrow, and long before the freshness of the morning had passed away, land was visible in every direction. It was now manifest that our point of debarkation could not be very remote; and all eyes were in consequence turned in search of the point near which we considered it to be.

At length the mouth of a creek or inlet, wide at first, but rapidly narrowing, presented itself. Towards it the Admiral immediately directed his course; but the schooner in which he

was embarked drew too much water, and in a few minutes went aground. We could not make any effort to relieve him from his awkward situation, for this was not a moment at which serious delay could be tolerated, and our boats were all too heavily laden already, to admit of their taking additional passengers on board. Onwards, therefore, we swept, the banks on either hand closing in upon us more and more as we proceeded, till first we were necessitated to contract our front, so as that five boats, then three, and finally that only one boat should move a-breast. We were now steering up a narrow cut, which measured, at its widest spot, not more than twenty feet across, and which, in some parts, became so exceedingly narrow, that the rowers ceased to dip the oars in the water, and propelled us by punting alone. Yet it was an admirable spot for the conduct of a secret expedition. As far as we could judge from the appearance of the soil, the bogs on either hand seemed quite impassable even for infantry. It was covered, as I have already stated, by reeds, so lofty as to obscure, in the most effectual degree, any object which could float in the canal. No eye could therefore watch our proceedings; and though we, too, were shut out from beholding all other objects besides our own line of boats and the blue sky, there was not a man amongst us who entertained the slightest apprehension that danger could be near.

Having continued our progress thus, till the leading boats took the ground, preparations were made to land the troops as speedily as possible. With this view, a party of sailors were directed to leap on shore; who soon returned with intelligence that the soil was sufficiently firm, and that the debarkation might take place without any risk. The boats which were a-head lay so near to the bank, that the people who manned them, were enabled to step at once from the gunwales to the bog; those which came after them were not so conveniently situated. The men were, in consequence, directed to pass on from boat to boat, and so to reach the shore from one point only. This arrangement necessarily occasioned both delay and confusion; but, happily for us, there was no enemy near to avail himself of either; and the whole advance had

itself safely in bivouac by ten o'clock on the morning of the 23d.

Though suffering still in no slight degree from the rain of yesterday and cold of last night, the lighting of fires was strictly prohibited. Concealment, it was understood, was as yet the great object in view; and with the attainment of it, the existence of fires every one felt to be incompatible. Yet was the attempt to conceal our landing almost immediately abandoned. The Admiral and General, having put themselves on board a gig, came up some time after the men had formed; and a sort of council of war was immediately held, as to the most eligible course which it behoved them to follow. As yet all had gone on well. We were actually established on land, an event which they had hardly expected to accomplish so easily and uninterruptedly. What was next to be done? We were not long left in doubt on this head. The troops, who had begun to scatter themselves a little through the morass, were recalled to their ranks, and a line of march was formed. The deserters, placed in front, served as guides,—they were under charge of the advanced guard, and directed its movements,—and the little column set forward, quite indifferent as to the nature of the service in which it was about to be employed, and perfectly satisfied that success must attend its operations.

I know not by the use of what terms I shall be best able to convey to the reader's mind, some notion of the nature and appearance of the country through which our first movement was made. The bog, though soft, gave not way, as we had expected it would, beneath our tread, as long as we kept close to the margin of the creek, though any extended departure from that line of road brought us into a perfect quagmire. Yet were we compelled to move slowly, in part, because the weeds formed an obstacle to our progress, which it required a regular body of pioneers to remove, and in part, because there ran up from the canal, here and there, wide and deep ditches, across which rude bridges required to be thrown, before we were enabled to pass them. Of the scenery, again, all that can be said, is, that for the space of perhaps three or four miles, it never varied; reeds, and reeds

only, were around us, broken in upon feebly by the waters of the canal. At length, however, the face of the country underwent a change. We were marching, be it observed, on the right bank of the creek; on the left, a few miserably stunted cypress trees began to show themselves. As we proceeded onwards, these became more and more numerous; and at last formed a tolerably close wood. On our side, however, nothing of the kind occurred, till all at once the leading companies found themselves in front of some open fields, skirted by an orange plantation, and ornamented by two or three farm-houses. These were the first symptoms of cultivation which had met us in this quarter of America; and it will be easily credited, that in our eyes they possessed a thousand beauties, which men more accustomed to them would not in all probability perceive. But they were soon passed by; and then the entire neck of fine land on which New Orleans is built, became visible. Before us ran the mighty Mississippi, not like an ordinary river, but like an inland sea, skirting on one side the narrow isthmus, which the marsh and lakes skirt on the other. Between these two boundaries the whole space could not measure above 600 or 1000 yards in width. It was perfectly level; at least, the inequalities were so slight as not to catch the attention of a common observer. It appeared to be laid out everywhere in large fields of sugar-cane. There were some half dozen houses scattered over it, one of which being surrounded by a sort of village of huts, conveyed the idea that its owner must be a person of some consequence; but the rest seemed to belong to substantial farmers, men who paid more regard to comfort than to ornament. On the whole, the contrast between this picture of industry and life now around us, and the miserable swamp which we were leaving behind, proved not more striking than it was agreeable.

But the satisfaction which every

one felt at being again introduced into an inhabited world, suffered some diminution from the reflection, that in case anything like activity or enterprise should guide the councils of the enemy, we were exposing ourselves to a danger far greater than any which we had yet encountered. The head of the column no sooner showed itself in the open country, than horsemen were seen hurrying at their utmost speed along the opposite bank of the river, towards the town. Of the inhabitants on this side, too, several were known to have escaped; and it became evident to all, that in less time than we had expended in proceeding thus far, the alarm of our landing would be circulated throughout the province. At this juncture, to the honour of Colonel Thornton be it recorded, that he urgently pressed an immediate advance upon New Orleans. We were already less than ten miles distant from it; the troops were fresh, in excellent spirits, and full of confidence; it required but a rapid journey to put them in undisputed possession. But to a plan so bold, our General stoutly opposed himself. He feared to leave his supplies decidedly behind him; he was apprehensive that his little corps might be attacked, and cut off by overwhelming numbers, before reinforcements could reach it; as if we were not already cut off as effectually as could be from our magazines, which were established on Pine Island, full eighty miles in our rear. Acting under this impression, he would not listen to the Brigadier's suggestion; but having led the division about half a mile towards the town, he ordered a bivouac to be formed, and the troops to refresh themselves. This was done. The men's arms were piled, lines of fires were lighted; and picquets being established, so as to protect the encampment on every side, the main body regarded themselves as destined to pass the remainder of that day and night in quiet.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

It fell to the lot of my friend and myself, to be employed this day on out-post duty: our station was in an open field, upon the right front of the camp, and we communicated on the one hand with a party of rifles, and on the other, with a similar party of

the 85th regiment. The rifles occupied and covered the main road, which, passing all along by the banks of the river, runs up from the extremity of the province to New Orleans; we posted ourselves a little to the right of the chateau, of which I have al-

ready taken notice, whilst the detachment that arrived on the line, faced the cypress wood, and bent back so as, in part, to shelter the rear of the encampment. As the weather changed to be remarkably favourable, and as no traces of an enemy could be perceived, we very naturally looked forward to a peaceable and pleasant tour of duty; and we made no scruple, as well officers as men, to wander so far from the head-quarters of our post, as the prospect of a few luxuries, in the way of eating and drinking, invited. The sentinels being carefully planted, Charlton left me in charge of the guard, whilst, with a few followers, he hurried off to the chateau, for the purpose of ascertaining the state of its cellars and larder. He was not long absent; and when he did return, he returned not empty-handed. An ample supply of wine, with a cheese, a piece of bacon, and a turkey, fell to our share; whilst the men were made happy with a moderate allowance of brandy, which served to wash down the less delicate rations of pork and biscuit.

We were thus circumstanced, and evening was beginning to approach, when there suddenly appeared, advancing along the high road, a corps of some two or three hundred well-mounted cavalry. Our picquets instantly stood to their arms, and the buglers, obeying the orders given to them, sounded the assembly, for the purpose of putting the division on its guard. The enemy's horse, nothing daunted by these preparations, moved on. One squadron, continuing to occupy the road, the rest spreading themselves over the fields adjoining, came down at a brisk trot, apparently with the design of making an attack upon our post. The sentinels, having stood till they had arrived within point-blank range, gave them fire, and as the enemy still pressed on at a canter, they fell back. Instantly our people extended themselves, and darting forward to a dry ditch, which ran a little in front of their station, threw themselves into it, and made ready to dispute their ground with the cavalry. It appeared, however, that the reconnoitring party had either effected their purpose, or had done as much as they deemed it prudent and safe to do; for they ventured not within a hundred yards of us. We gave them,

however, a few random shots; upon which they pulled up, remained for a minute or two stationary, and then wheeling about, as if by word of command, retired in the most perfect order. It was not so with those upon the high road. Whether the squadron which occupied it mistook their orders, or whether it was deemed a matter of consequence to get, in that direction, as near the camp as might be, I know not; but the enemy not only drove in the sentinels there, but charged, or rather endeavoured to charge, the body of the picquet itself. They were received by the rifles with a close and well-directed volley, which killed three men and two horses, besides wounding several others, and the rest not willing to abide another discharge, fell instantly into confusion. They galloped back with the same precipitation which had distinguished their approach, and in ten minutes after they had shown themselves, the whole body was out of sight.

This was the very first occasion, during the course of our Transatlantic warfare, that the Americans had in any way ventured seriously to molest or threaten our posts, or shown the smallest disposition to act vigorously on the offensive. I cannot deny that it produced a curious effect upon us. Not that we experienced the smallest sensation of alarm. We held them in too much contempt to fear their attack; I question whether we did not wish that they would hazard one; yet we spoke of the present boldness, and thought of it too, as a meeting on which we had in no ways calculated, and for which we could not possibly account. It had not, however, the effect of exciting an expectation, that the attempt would be renewed, at least in force; and though we unquestionably looked upon our position, from that moment, with a more cautious eye, we neither felt nor acted upon the supposition, that any serious danger would be incurred, till we ourselves should seek it. Nothing occurred during the remaining hours of daylight, calculated to produce any change in these anticipations. The enemy made their appearance no more; and having carefully ascertained that an unbroken chain of videttes was established; having examined our men's arms, satisfied ourselves that they were in good order, and taken other necessary pre-

cautions, we trimmed our fires, as darkness thickened, and drew near them.

Charlton and I were in the act of smoking our cigars, the men having laid themselves down about the blaze, when word was passed from sentry to sentry, and intelligence communicated to us, that all was not right towards the river. We started instantly to our feet. The fire was hastily smothered up, and the men snatching their arms, stood in line, ready to act as circumstances might require. So dense, however, was the darkness, and so dazzling the effect of the glare from the bivouac, that it was not possible, standing where we stood, to form any reasonable guess as to the cause of this alarm. That an alarm had been excited, was indeed perceptible enough. Instead of the deep silence which five minutes ago had prevailed in the bivouac, a strange hubbub of shouts, and questions, and as many cries, rose up the night air; nor did many minutes elapse, ere first one musket, then three or four, then a whole platoon, were discharged. The reader will easily believe that the latter circumstance startled us prodigiously, ignorant as we were of the cause which produced it, but it required no very painful exertion of patience to set us right on this head; flash, flash, flash, came from the river; the roar of cannon followed, and the light of her own broadside displayed to us an enemy's vessel at anchor near the opposite bank, and pouring a perfect shower of grape and round shot, into the camp.

For one instant, and only for an instant, a scene of alarm and consternation overcame us; and we almost instinctively addressed to each other the question, "What can all this mean?" But the meaning was too palpable not to be understood at once. "The thing cannot end here," said we—"a night attack is commencing;" and we made no delay in preparing to meet it. Whilst Charlton remained with the picquet, in readiness to act as the events might demand, I came forward to the sentries, for the purpose of cautioning them against paying attention to what might pass in their rear, and keeping them steadily engaged in watching their front. The men were fully alive to the peril of their situation. They strained with their

hearing and eyesight to the utmost limits; but neither sound nor sight of an advancing column could be perceived. At last, however, an alarm was given. One of the rifles challenged—it was the sentinel on the high road; the sentinel who communicated with him challenged also; and the cry was taken up from man to man, till our own most remote sentry caught it. I flew to his station; and sure enough the tramp of many feet was most distinctly audible. Having taken the precaution to carry an orderly forward with me, I caused him to hurry back to Charlton with intelligence of what was coming, and my earnest recommendation that he would lose no time in occupying the ditch. I had hardly done so, when the noise of a column deploying was distinctly heard. The tramp of horses, too, came mingled with the tread of men; in a word, it was quite evident, that a large force, both of infantry and cavalry, was before us.

There was a pause at this period of several moments, as if the enemy's line, having effected its formation, had halted till some other arrangement should be completed; but it was quickly broke. On they came, as far as we could judge from the sound, in steady array, till at length their line could be indistinctly seen rising through the gloom. The sentinels with one consent gave their fire. They gave it regularly, and effectively, beginning with the rifles on their left, and going off towards the 85th on their right, and then, in obedience to their orders, fell back. But they retired not unmolested. This straggling discharge on our part, seemed to be the signal to the Americans to begin the battle, and they poured in such a volley, as must have proved, had any determinate object been opposed to it, absolutely murderous. But our scattered videttes almost wholly escaped it; whilst over the main body of the picquet, sheltered as it was by the ditch, and considerably removed from its line, it passed entirely harmless.

Having fired this volley, the enemy loaded again, and advanced. We saw them coming, and having waited till we judged that they were within excellent range, we opened our fire. It was returned in tenfold force, and now went on, for a full half hour, as heavy and close a discharge of mus-

ketty, as troops have perhaps ever faced. Confident in their numbers, and led on, as it would appear, by brave officers, the Americans dashed forward till scarcely ten yards divided us; but our position was an admirable one, our men were steady and cool, and they penetrated no farther. On the contrary, we drove them back, more than once, with a loss which their own inordinate multitude tended only to render the more severe.

The action might have continued in this state about two hours, when, to our horror and dismay, the approaching fire upon our right flank and rear, gave testimony that the picquet of the 85th, which had been in communication with us, was forced. Unwilling to abandon our ground, which we had hitherto held with such success, we clung for a while to the idea that the reverse in that quarter might be only temporary, and that the arrival of fresh troops might yet enable us to continue the battle in a position so eminently favourable to us. But we were speedily taught that our hopes were without foundation. The American war-cry was behind us. We rose from our lairs, and endeavoured, as we best could, to retire upon the right, but the effort was fruitless. There too the enemy had established themselves, and we were surrounded. "Let us cut our way through," cried we to the men. The brave fellows answered only with a shout; and collecting into a small compact line, prepared to use their bayonets. In a moment we had penetrated the centre of an American division; but the numbers opposed to us were overwhelming; our close order was lost; and the contest became that of man to man. I have no language adequate to describe what followed. For myself, I did what I could, cutting and thrusting at the multitudes about me, till at last I found myself fairly hemmed in by a crowd, and my sword-arm mastered. One American had grasped me round the waist, another, seizing my wrist, attempted to disarm me, whilst a third was prevented from plunging his bayonet into my body, only by the fear of stabbing one or other of his countrymen. I struggled hard, but they fairly bore me to the ground. The reader will well believe, that at this juncture I expected nothing else than instant death; but at

the moment when I fell, a blow upon the head with the butt-end of a musket dashed out the brains of the man who kept his hold upon my sword-arm, and it was freed. I saw a bayonet pointed to my breast, and I intuitively made a thrust at the man who wielded it. The thrust took effect, and he dropped dead beside me. Delivered now from two of my enemies, I recovered my feet, and found that the hand which dealt the blow to which my preservation was owing, was that of Charlton. There were about ten men about him. The enemy in our front were broken, and we dashed through. But we were again hemmed in, and again it was fought hand to hand, with that degree of determination, which the assurance that life and death were on the issue, could alone produce. There cannot be a doubt that we should have fallen to a man, had not the arrival of fresh troops at this critical juncture turned the tide of affairs. As it was, little more than a third part of our picquet survived; the remainder being either killed or taken; and both Charlton and myself, though not dangerously, were wounded. Charlton had received a heavy blow upon the shoulder, which almost disabled him, whilst my neck bled freely from a thrust, which the intervention of a stout leathern stock alone hindered from being fatal. But the reinforcement gave us all, in spite of wounds and weariness, fresh courage, and we renewed the battle with alacrity.

In the course of the struggle in which we had been engaged, we had been borne considerably out of the line of our first position, and now found that the main-road, and the picquet of the rifles, were close in our rear. We were still giving way—for the troops opposed to us could not amount to less than fifteen hundred men, whilst the whole force on our part came not up to one hundred—when Captain Harris, major of brigade to Colonel Thornton, came up with an additional company to our support. Making way for them to fall in between us and the rifles, we took ground once more to the right, and driving back a body of the enemy which occupied it, soon recovered the position from which we had been expelled. But we did so with the loss of many brave men, and, among others, of Captain Harris. He

was shot in the lower part of the belly at the same instant that a musket-ball struck the hilt of his sword, and forced it into his side. Once more established in our ditch, we paused, and from that moment till the battle ceased to rage we never changed our attitude.

It might be about one o'clock in the morning,—the American force in our front having fallen back, and we having been left for a full half hour to breathe, when suddenly the head of a small column showed itself in full advance towards us. We were at this time amply supported by other troops, as well in communication as in reserve; and willing to annihilate the corps now approaching, we forbade the men to fire till it should be mingled with us. We did even more than this. Opening a passage for them through our centre, we permitted some hundred and twenty men to march across our ditch, and then wheeling up, with a loud shout, we completely enclosed them. Never have I witnessed a panic more perfect or more sudden than that which seized them. They no sooner beheld the snare into which they had fallen, than with one voice they cried aloud for quarter; and they were to a man made prisoners on the spot. The reader will smile when he is informed that the little corps thus captured consisted entirely of members of the legal profession. The barristers, attorneys, and notaries of New Orleans having formed themselves into a volunteer corps, accompanied General Jackson in his operations this night; and they were all, without a solitary exception, made prisoners. It is probably needless to add, that the circumstance was productive of no trifling degree of mirth amongst us; and to do them justice, the poor lawyers, as soon as they recovered from their first alarm, joined heartily in our laughter.

This was the last operation in which we were engaged to-night. The enemy, repulsed on all sides, retreated with the utmost disorder, and the whole of the advance, collecting at the sound of the bugle, drew up, for the first time since the commencement of the affair, in a continuous line. We took our ground in front of the bivouac, having our right supported by the river, and our left covered by the chateau and village of huts. Among these latter the cannon were planted;

whilst the other divisions, as they came rapidly up, took post beyond them. In this position we remained, eagerly desiring a renewal of the attack, till dawn began to appear, when, to avoid the fire of the vessel, the advance once more took shelter behind the bank. The first brigade, on the contrary, and such portion of the second as had arrived, encamped upon the plain, so as to rest their right upon the wood; and a chain of picquets being planted along the entire pathway, the day was passed in a state of inaction.

I hardly recollect to have spent fourteen or fifteen hours with less comfort to myself than these. In the hurry and bustle of last night's engagement, my servant, to whose care I had intrusted my cloak and haversack, disappeared; he returned not during the entire morning; and as no provisions were issued out to us, nor any opportunity given to light fires, I was compelled to endure, all that time, the extremes of hunger, weariness, and cold. As ill luck would have it, too, the day chanced to be remarkably severe. There was no rain, it is true, but the sky was covered with gray clouds; the sun never once pierced them, and a frost, or rather a vile blight, hung upon the atmosphere from morning till night. Nor were the objects which occupied our senses of sight and hearing, quite such as we should have desired to occupy them. In other parts of the field, the troops, not shut up as we were by the enemy's guns, employed themselves in burying the dead, and otherwise effacing the traces of warfare. The site of our encampment continued to be strewn with carcases to the last; and so watchful were the crew of the schooner, that every effort to convey them out of sight brought a heavy fire upon the party engaged in it. I must say, that the enemy's behaviour on the present occasion was not such as did them honour. The house which General Kean had originally occupied as head-quarters, being converted into an hospital, was filled at this time with wounded, both from the British and American armies. To mark its uses, a yellow flag, the usual signal in such cases, was hoisted on the roof—yet did the Americans continue to fire at it, as often as a group of six or eight persons happened to show themselves at the door. Nay, so utterly regard-

less were they of the dictates of humanity, that even the parties which were in the act of conveying the wounded from place to place, escaped not without molestation. More than one such party was dispersed by grape-shot, and more than one poor maimed soldier was in consequence hurled out of the blanket in which he was borne.

The reader will not doubt me when I say, that seldom has the departure of daylight been more anxiously looked for by me, than we looked for it now. It is true, that the arrival of a little rum towards evening, served in some slight degree to elevate our spirits; but we could not help feeling, not vexation only, but positive indignation, at the state of miserable inaction to which we were condemned.

There was not a man amongst us, who would have hesitated one moment, had the choice been submitted to him, whether he would advance or lie still. True, we might have suffered a little, because the guns of the schooner entirely commanded us; and in rushing out from our place of concealment, some casualties would have occurred; but so irksome was our situation, that we would have readily

run all risks to change it. It suited not the plans of our General, however, to indulge these wishes. To the bank we were enjoined to cling; and we did cling to it, from the coming in of the first gray twilight of the morning, till the last twilight of evening had departed.

As soon as it was well dark, the corps to which Charlton and myself were attached, received orders to file off to the right. We obeyed, and passing along the front of the hospital, we skirted to the rear of the village, and established ourselves in the field beyond. It was a positive blessing this restoration to something like personal freedom. The men set busily to work, lighting fires and cooking provisions;—the officers strolled about, with no other apparent design than to give employment to their limbs, which had become stiff with so protracted a state of inaction. For ourselves, we visited the wounded, said a few kind words to such as we recognized, and pitied, as they deserved to be pitied, the rest. Then retiring to our fire, we addressed ourselves with hearty good will to a frugal supper, and gladly composed ourselves to sleep.

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#### CYRIL THORNTON.\*

THIS is the Story of a Life, and we do not know that we ever read any piece of fictitious biography with a stronger feeling of all its chief transactions being founded in truth. Its power lies in its reality. The reader, every leaf he turns, becomes better and better and better acquainted—not with an abstraction—a shadow—but with a living flesh-and-blood man and gentleman. At the close of the third volume, he is proud and happy to add Cyril Thornton to the list of his friends, and has only to regret that he had not sooner known so very agreeable, accomplished, and gallant a person. The Colonel, no doubt, has his peculiarities; but who worth knowing is without them? And be his faults what they may, he is never tiresome—nor a proser—an arguer—a logician—a political economist—a critic—a poet—or any other one of

those many pests that now so infest civilized society, that not a day passes without a Bore big enough to make a man of sense wish that he had been born a Zimmerman in solitude.

Cyril Thornton is an autobiographer, and we cannot too much admire his skill in the use of the first pronoun personal. Not one man in a million has “graced his cause by speaking of himself,” from the Confessions of Jean Jaques Rousseau to those of the celebrated English Opium Eater. With them all, it is ever—*Ego et Hercules*. But Colonel Thornton is never either egotistical or arrogant, although necessarily the hero of his own tale. He does not exult offensively either in his pleasures or his pains—his triumphs or his trials—his virtues or his vices. He seems to have written his Memoirs, chiefly to amuse himself by recalling old remembrances, merry or mourn-

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\* The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton, 3 vols. post 8vo. W. Blackwood Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.



ful, and conjuring up in that tranquil retirement in which he is now an acting Justice of Peace, some of those troubled, and, indeed, sanguinary scenes, in which his youth was engaged, when serving his Majesty with equal zeal and devotedness as a soldier. There is a charm in his style, so simple and graceful, that carries one along, even when the subject-matter of the *Memoirs* may not be either very important or very interesting; while, on occasions of passion and peril, it rises into what well deserves to be called eloquence—not that wordy and windy eloquence so prevalent now-a-days—but, at its highest elevation, classical and concise, uniting the easy and natural language of the man of the world, with the selected and polished diction of the scholar.

In this age of exaggeration, too, it is pleasanter than we can tell to keep perusing away at a book in three volumes, in which there is not a single attempt made, but one—and an eminently unsuccessful one it is—to take the reader by surprise—to overwhelm him by some sudden storm of passion—or some unexpected catastrophe. Sufferings, both of mind and body, are described, manifold and severe; but the misery is never more than mortal man may endure—the sun is rarely a whole day behind a cloud. Cyril, when moralizing, is ordered to march—the Subaltern on no occasion preaches an absolute sermon—although fighting be his profession, his bravery unimpeachable, and his patriotism thoroughly English, he has no liking to blows and blood, merely for their own sake; as far as we remember, he does not kill one Frenchman with his own hand, nor does the regiment to which he has the honour to belong, always, like the Forty-second, decide the victory by a charge of bayonets. On the contrary, he is more than once wounded and taken prisoner; and his company occasionally cut to pieces. He does not, in good truth, throughout his whole professional career, exhibit any very extraordinary skill, discretion, or enterprise; and yet we feel assured all the while that he was an excellent officer—pleasant at mess—formidable in the field—and honourably mentioned, even, in one of Lord Wellington's dispatches.

We really could not point to any

book of the kind, in which, with equal power exerted, there is so little appearance of effort. We never see him (sad sight) straining at up-hill work, much less attempting to fly. There is here no hammering. When a chapter threatens to be tiresome, he puts it to death. Cyril Thornton, accordingly, is one of the few books that may be read aloud to unsleeping auditors; perused in bed without danger of setting fire to the curtains.

To write even an indifferent novel in one—two—three—or four volumes, it requires to be a man or woman considerably above the common run. Ladies and gentlemen, who are clever in conversation, and the oracles of a circle, have no notion what bad books they would write. Their sharpest things would be pointless in print. Their sketches of character, so sarcastic and true to nature over the silver tea-pot or china punch-bowl, would not do at all in boards. Severe as they are on the conduct of other people's stories—and to hear such critics talk in company, there never was a well-conducted story in this world—they could not keep their own hero or heroine from falling into the fire for six chapters, or from apparently exchanging sexes. Then their reflections on human nature, life, and manners! No, no, Miss Peggy—deeply versed as you are in all the gossip of Glasgow—No, no, Miss Meggy—mistress though you be of all the tittle-tattle of Modern Athens, neither the one nor the other of you (shake not your carroty locks at us) could furnish manuscript even for the Minerva Press. Yet your letters to private correspondents are said to contain passages equal to anything in the Novels and Romances of the Great Unknown. We are sorry to say it;—but a slight and slender stock of sense, if accompanied with a natural gift of vulgarity and impertinence, is sufficient to set up in the critic trade any elderly spinster or bachelor, in metropolitan city, provincial town, or rural clachan. But, we repeat it, to write anything, however poor or insipid, in the shape of a novel—divided into chapters, all following one another, according to a sort of scheme in the author's head—and we ask no more—demands abilities of a very superior order indeed to those of the emu-

nent persons above alluded to, and such as justly entitle their possessors to considerable affection and respect.

Now if such credit be due to anything, male or female, in the shape of an author at all, what shall we say of those gentlemen or ladies who produce novels that are absolutely first-rate? Why, that they deserve to live for ever. Is Cyril Thornton a work of this description? We think it is—and that more genius, talent, and knowledge have gone to the composition of it than would be necessary to make the three cleverest unpublishing elderly maiden ladies in the United Kingdoms—one English, one Irish, and one Scotch,—the three most promising young men at these bars,—the three best preachers under thirty in our protestant establishments,—flinging in, to boot, several well-informed and able country gentlemen, and a few superior persons of no particular profession about town.

We hope that we have too much sense and feeling to give an analysis of any work. A book, we presume, is written to be read—but in itself, not in a Magazine. A book, especially, of which the charm and fascination are in its progressive movement of incident and passion, must, on no account whatever, be analysed—unless, indeed, you are a private enemy to the author—in which case we recommend a minute and masterly analysis. It is the business of a critic in a periodical work, not to deaden, but excite—not to murder, but keep alive the interest of the public in a good novel. And this he best does, not by publishing chapters of contents of all the three volumes—but by adverting to a striking scene here—an original character there—by amusing, or even enchanting the reader with little remarks and discussions of his own, as they naturally arise out of the work under review—and above all, by—copious extract. Even in a critical article of Mr Jeffrey's, we begin with the extracts—and having enjoyed or suffered them, we then indulge ourselves—and to us they are always a treat,—in a few of that ingenious gentleman's opinions. Being no respecter of persons, we do the same with Mr Lockhart. We either have, or imagine we have, a pretty good guess at the general tenor or drift of that very elegant and acute critic's observations on any new work

of divinity, or the belles lettres,—so leaving them alone for a few minutes, without fearing that they will cool, we eat up the elegant extracts. As we act to others, so would we wish them to act towards us—and therefore trust that Mr Jeffrey and Mr Lockhart, in perusing our Magazine, will imitate Christopher North's mode of travelling through the Edinburgh and Quarterly. Perhaps it might not be much amiss if these justly distinguished critics were likewise to imitate our mode of writing, as well of reading.—But we are deviating from the line we had chalked out for ourselves in this article—so let us return from our episode.

Cyril Thornton is well-born. "The stock of which I have the honour to be a scion, is one of ancient descent and spotless blazon. Though untitled, its dignity had always been baronial; and the frequency with which the names of my ancestors occur in the county records, as filling offices of trust and dignity, shows their influence to have been considerable. While it is due to truth and my progenitors to state this much, I am quite ready to confess that our family-tree has produced no very distinguished fruit. Its branches have never been pendent with the weight of poets, heroes, statesmen, or philosophers. 'If they have writ our annals right,' births, marriages, and deaths, the sale or purchase of lands, the building of a house, or a donation to the parish church or county hospital, were generally the only events sufficiently salient to afford footing even for the partial eloquence of a family historian. But if I have little reason to boast, I have certainly none to blush for my ancestors. They were English gentlemen, fulfilling with propriety the duties of their situation, generally respectable in their relations to society, and leaving, when dead, nothing either to point a moral or adorn a tale." The simplicity and spirit of such an opening paragraph augurs well of a book. We like Cyril on our first introduction, and know at once that he is a scholar and a gentleman.

It is pleasant for people to think on their own genealogies, provided there be written evidence of their ever having had a grandfather; but it is tiresome to climb any other Family-Tree—so we leave Cyril Thornton to enjoy

his own descent. He favours us, too, with characters of his father and mother, which we have no doubt are well and truly drawn, especially the former who must have been a very painful old gentleman; nor do we wonder that his son, although by nature affectionate, regarded him with little filial love. Some of the early chapters, however, in which the miserable cause is stated of their mutual alienation, and, on the unhappy father's part, of strong dislike, and even aversion, are to us somewhat repulsive; nor can we help wishing that they had been altogether different. Such things have been, and may be again; but why, from the wide range of nature's affections, and of this life's fates and fortunes, select such as cannot be dwelt on with sympathy, and that, instead of softening or elevating, shock and almost degrade our being? Cyril, when a mere boy, accidentally shoots his brother; the lamentable event not only turns his father's heart away from the survivor, but changes love into hate; and thenceforth the wretched youth is odious to the very eyes of his parent. There is no want of power in these delineations; but it is power, in our opinion, grievously misapplied; nor does it appear to us that this rueful catastrophe was in any sense necessary; for it is not made very deeply to colour Cyril's after-life,—and the author, feeling, we suppose, the difficulty of dealing with such a cause of distraction, or with its effects, scarcely ever alludes to it afterwards, and then on occasions of no great interest or importance. Parental and filial affection are too, we think, such sacred things, that it is a pity wilfully to do them any—the slightest wrong; and although there are some touches of pathos in the vain efforts of the son to feel as a son, in spite of all the cruelty and injustice of which he is the victim, it is not possible to regard the father, in his sullen, and stubborn, and inflexible hatred of his own flesh and blood, without such feelings of repugnance and disgust as should never be excited in any bosom. Their excitation is in direct hostility to the end of all fictitious narrative.

Feelings of a very different kind are awakened by poor Cyril's visit to Glasgow. He is sent to the celebrated University of that city, to be under the immediate tuition, and to live in

the house of that excellent man and ingenious writer Professor Richardson, whose *Essays*, by the by, on some of the characters of Shakspeare are among the best in our language, and prove the Professor to have been indeed a Philosopher.

Cyril's first impressions on looking out of the window of his bed-room—in the Black Bull we have reason to believe—are thus briefly described:

“And this,” said I to myself, as I gazed from the window of my inn, on the crowd and bustle in the street below—“this is Glasgow!”—this the chosen seat of Science and the Muses—this the academic quiet, in which the mind of youth is to be nursed in the calm abstractions of philosophy! There was, indeed, rather a ludicrous contrast between the ideas I had conjured up, and the scene before me; and I could scarcely regard it without smiling. In the centre of the street, waggons, loaded with merchandise of different sorts, passed without interruption; and on the trottoirs, two opposing torrents of passengers were pouring along with extreme rapidity, and with looks full of anxiety and business. Of these some would occasionally stop for a moment's conversation, on which a loud and vulgar laugh mingled anon with the prevailing dissonance, and added unnecessarily to the general cacophony. Their gait and gestures, too, were singularly awkward and ungainly, and differed not only in degree, but in character, from anything I had before seen.”

He soon finds his way to the College.

“At length, the appearance of an ancient and venerable building, informed me that I stood in the presence of the University. There is certainly something fine and imposing in its proud and massive front. It seems to stand forth in aged dignity, the last and only bequest of science and literature, among a population by whom science is regarded but as a source of profit, and literature despised. On passing the outer gate, I entered a small quadrangle, which, though undistinguished by any remarkable architectural beauty, yet harmonized well, in its air of Gothic antiquity, with the general character of the place. This led to another of larger dimensions, of features not dissimilar; and having crossed this, a turn to the left brought me to a third, of more modern construction, which was entirely appropriated to the residence of the Professors. There was something fine and impressive in the sudden transition from—

the din and bustle of the streets which surround it, to the stillness and the calm which reign within the time-hallowed precincts of the University. I seemed at once to breathe another and a purer atmosphere; and I thought in my youthful enthusiasm, that here I could cast off the coil of the world and its contemptible realities, and yield up my spirit to the lore of past ages, where I saw nothing round me to intrude the idea of the present."

The term or session of the College had not commenced, and Cyril was advised by the Professor to lose no time in waiting on his uncle Mr Spreul. Nothing can be better than everything relating to this old gentleman. His house-keeper, Girzy, too, is a perfect jewel. The two figure through a considerable part of the first volume, and throw fine strong Rembrandtish light on each other's appearance, manners, and character. We understand them both thoroughly—we feel them both intensely—and we almost venture to flatter ourselves that the first germ of Girzy may be found in an early number of this *gazette*. But Mr David Spreul is perfectly original—and his picture alone is sufficient to give him who drew it a high character as a portrait-painter.

Cyril mixes freely with the best society in the city of Glasgow—and enjoys himself largely in its many fascinations—not neglecting, however, his anatomical studies, and making a more than respectable figure in the *Lodge*.

The following is his description of a dinner-party in the house of the chief Magistrate of the Second City of the Empire:

"On the day, and precisely at the hour indicated, I was at the door of the Lord Provost. His house was situated in a small square, of a sombre and dreary aspect, the centre of which, instead of being as usual laid out in walks and shrubbery, was, with true mercantile sagacity, appropriated to the more profitable purpose, of grazing a few smoky and dirty-looking sheep. It was certainly not pleasant to approach the house of feasting amid the plaintive bleatings of these miserable starvelings; but there was no time to be sentimental, and, like the Lady Baussiere, I passed on. On being admitted into the hall, I was received by two servants in the Royal livery, a circumstance of magnificence for which I was certainly not prepared. The truth

was, however, as I have since discovered, that a male domestic formed no part of the ordinary establishment of the Lord Provost, and these were a couple of the City Guard, or, as they were more generally called, 'Town's Officers,' admitted, *pro loco et tempore*, to assume the functions of livery servants. I was in the act of divesting myself of my hat and great-coat, when I heard the following question put in a bawling voice from the landing place of the stair above.

"'Hector, what ca' ye him?'"

"'I tittle he's a young Englishman frae the College,' answered Hector.

"'I carena whare he's frae,' returned the other, 'but I want his name. Didna I tell baith you and Duncan, to cry out a' the names to me, that they may be properly announcoed?'"

"Hector lost no time in rectifying his mistake, and I speedily heard my name reverberated, in a voice like thunder, through every corner of the mansion. The person from whose lungs this immense volume of sound proceeded, was a large stout man, with a head like a bull's, and a huge carbuncled nose. His dress bespoke him to belong to the same corps with his brethren below, and he was in fact no other than the person who officiated as town-crier, commonly known by the familiar *soubriquet* of Bell Geordy. His duty of announcing the guests being somewhat analogous to his usual avocation, he appeared to discharge it *con amore*, and proclaimed every successive arrival in the same monotonous and stentorian tones, in which he was accustomed to give public intimation of the arrival of a cargo of fresh herrings at the Broomielaw. Bell Geordy, too, was a wit, and did not scruple occasionally to subjoin in an under tone, some jocular remark on the character or person of the guests as he announced them.

"The drawing-room into which I was ushered, was evidently an apartment not usually inhabited by the family, but kept for occasions of display. The furniture it contained was scanty, but gaudy; the chairs were arranged in formal order against the walls; and there were flower-stands in the windows, displaying some half-dozen scraggy myrtles, and geraniums, with leaves approaching to the colour of mahogany. The room was cold; for the fire, which had evidently been only recently lighted, sent up volumes of smoke, but no flame; and when I looked on it, I remembered to have passed a dirty maid-servant on the stair, with the kitchen bellows in her hand. On my entrance, I found I was the first of the

party; and before the attention of the reader is distracted by the arrival of fresh guests, it may be as well to seize the present opportunity of introducing him to the Lord Provost and his family.

"His Lordship was a little squab man, with a highly-powdered head and a pig-tail, and an air somewhat strutting and consequential. His visage was a little disfigured by the protrusion of an enormous buck-tooth, which, whenever his countenance was wreathed into a smile, overshadowed a considerable portion of his under-lip. One of his legs, too, was somewhat shorter than the other, which, when he walked, occasioned rather a ludicrous jerking of the body, and did by no means contribute to that air of graceful dignity which he was evidently desirous of infusing into all his motions. He was dressed in a complete suit of black velvet, and bore conspicuously on his breast the insignia of his civic supremacy. His lady was a stiff and raw-boned-looking matron, hard in feature, and somewhat marked by the small-pox. She wore a yellow silk-gown, adorned in front with a Scotch pebble brooch, about the size of a cheese-plate, and on her head a green turban, from which depended on one side a plume of black ostrich feathers. The two daughters, Miss Jacky and Miss Lexy, displayed their young and budding charms by the side of the parent-flower. Neither had the smallest pretensions to good looks; but of their character, nothing immediately betrayed itself to the spectator, beyond a certain air of self-complacency, with which they occasionally regarded their pink dresses. There, too, was Mr Archibald Shortridge, junior, with his carrot head, and his great red ears, his mouth perked up as if about to whistle, and his mutton-fists in his breeches-pockets, straddling before the fire, with the tails of his coat below his arms, to prevent all possible obstruction to the radiation of the heat. I was welcomed by his lordship with an air of dignified hospitality, saluted with a nod by his son, introduced to, and benignantly received by, the Lady Provost and the young ladies.

"The sound of the door-bell now became more frequent, and Bell Geordy's powers were called into full and active employment. I shall venture, even at the risk of being considered a romancer, (a character which more than any other I despise,) to give a specimen or two of the facetious manner in which this functionary discharged the duties of his office. As thus:—Door-bell rings—drawing-room door opens—Bell Geordy, in a

loud, slow, and sonorous voice, 'Doctor Struthers.' In a low and suppressed key, 'Hech, but he's a pair stick in the poopit!' Again:—Preparation as before. Bell Geordy—'Miss Mysie Yule.' In a lower tone, 'She's right aneuch to come here, for I'm thinkin' there's no muckle gun' at hame.' Forté—'Major Andrew MacGuffin.'—Piano—'Wi' the happety-leg.—Maister Samuel Walkinshaw.—I'se warrant he'll carry awa' a wamefu'.'

"In vain did the Lord Provost, whose ear these unseemly comments occasionally reached, express his disapprobation of the indecorum, and authoritatively direct him to confine his speech to the mere annunciation of names. Bell Geordy's wit was not thus to be trammelled, especially when he observed it generally followed by a grin and titter through the assembly. Everybody, indeed, appeared to enjoy those jokes which were cut at their neighbour's expense, without reflecting that their own appearance had probably given rise to similar witlings.

"At length the company were all assembled, and dinner, after a dreary interval of expectation, announced. The ladies, in solemn dignity, led the way, singly and unescorted by the gentlemen. I observed some little scuffling among the dowagers about precedence, and occasionally a poke of the elbow given and returned with interest, and my ear sometimes caught a contemptuous snorting, like that of a frightened horse, which proceeded from some of those ladies, who, defrauded by their more active competitors of what they considered their proper place in the cortège, were compelled unwillingly to figure in the rear. The indignation of Mrs McCorkendale, indeed, (the widow, I presume, of the poor doctor whose fate has been commemorated by Girzy.) was too vehement to be confined to mere pantomimic expression; and as she passed, I overheard the following soliloquy:—'Set her up, indeed, to walk before me! Does she think folk hae forgotten that her grandfather was a tailor on the tae side, and a flunky on the tither—that her father was naething but a broken baxter—and that she herself was brought up in the Aums-house?—My certy, but she's no blate!'

"The sight of the dinner-table, however, and the savour of the steaming viands, had a soothing effect in calming for the nonce, all effervescences of temper, and restoring mental equanimity to the ruffled matrons. The dinner, if not elegant, was plentiful. Corned-beef and

greens at the top; roast sirloin, at the bottom; ham and boiled mutton *en-à-la-sauce*, at the sides; and goose and turkey at the opposing corners. Dr MacTurk said grace, and the worthy divine's solicitations for a blessing were no sooner concluded, than the guests, with one accord, cried *havooc*, and commenced the work of destruction. Hector, Duncan, and Bell Geordy, felt that now was the tug of war, and trotted about the table with unwearied alacrity, perspiring at every pore. 'Duncan, a clean plate.'—'Geordy, fetch me a plateful o' white soup.'—'Hector, rin for some o' the turkey. Get two or three slices o' the breast. Mak haste, or the best o't will be gane,' were the sounds which on all sides met the ears of the assiduous triumvirate. At length the choir of Bell Geordy was joined by the number of simultaneous demands for his services; for, though acting as chief ministering angel on the occasion, patience was not numbered among his angelic attributes; and, standing stock-still, he exclaimed in a loud and angry voice, 'What for do ye sae mair, child, eraden' a' at yoe time? Ye can wad enough I can sair but yin at a time,' wiping the dew from his forehead as he spoke. 'Tak my word, ye'll come to a speed o'er; and he that cranks the most shall be best o'er!'

The voice of the enraged Provost, who ordered him instantly to hold his peace, and resume his services, silenced by father appeal on the part of Bell Geordy, who returned to his functions, with a wicker dogged air, and more leisurely than before.

Edmund's repulsion had now blunted the edge of the hunger of the party, and voracity was reduced to appetite. Conversation commenced, and polite remarks were heard and laughed at in the intervals of eating. And the honour of sitting next Miss Jacky Stantledge, who, having spent a year at Mrs Blenkinsop's seminary for young ladies, at Doncaster, considered herself quite au fait in the manners of the best society in England. She expressed her regret, that those of her native city were deficient in that polish and elegance indispensable to a person of refined taste and English education; that so few families in Glasgow kept carriages; that the theatre was so badly attended; and expressed strong hopes that 'Pa' would allow her to spend next winter with her aunt, married to a cornfactor in Leith, who, of course, could introduce her into the first society in Edinburgh. The language of the Glasgow people she considered quite shocking to any person who had spent a year at Doncaster, and

acquired the true attic pronunciation inculcated in Mrs Blenkinsop's academy. Miss Jacky, too, was particularly kind and pressing in her attention to my wants.—'Let me help you to some of this collups.'—'Thae patties I can recommend.'—'Take a bit of yon turkey.'

My attention was soon diverted from my fair neighbour to a fat and jolly-looking person at the upper end of the table, who, from the comic twinkle of his eye, and a certain buffoonery of manner, I concluded to be a sort of privileged joker and a wit. His good things, of whatever character they might be, were proved, by the expectation that sat on the countenances of those around him, and the gestures by which they were followed, to be well adapted to the taste of his audience. Deglutition paused whenever this merry and obese personage gave symptoms of being pregnant with a joke; and an elderly lady, who, relying on her age and constitutional gravity, ventured to neglect this precaution, paid the penalty of her rashness, in being nearly choked while in the act of eating, from the sudden and uncontrollable laughter into which she was thrown, by an unexpected explosion of his wit.

On the right of the Provost, sat a person who seemed to divide the admiration of the company with the 'stout gentleman' at the other end of the table. His walk indeed was different. He did not attempt those broad and tranchant witticisms, in which lay the principal strength of his rival, but confined himself to story-telling, a department in which he shone without a competitor. In the narratives themselves I found little interest and no novelty, and had they been told by a less skilful narrator, they would probably, even in Glasgow, have been considered flat and insipid. The principal charm of the performance appeared to consist in the invincible gravity with which incidents, at once coarse and trivial, were detailed, and the unrelaxed solemnity of visage maintained by the speaker, while laughter, loud and vehement, shook the sides of his auditors. To me all this was new, and I listened with curiosity, though not yet neophyte enough to participate in the enjoyment which it evidently diffused among the rest of the company.

The dinner was not, as is usual with such entertainments, served up in a succession of courses, and was without any of those little agreements which the middle classes in England consider necessary to their comfort. Sweets and solids simultaneously garnished and loaded the board, and, when removed, were succeeded by the wine and the dessert. The gentlemen

now began to show evident signs of anxiety for the departure of the ladies, who on their part appeared by no means disposed to afford them the gratification they desired. In vain did the Lord Provost recur to the facetious expedient of drinking the health of the ladies in the character of 'the outward bound,' and indicate his wishes by significant hints to his better half. The ladies openly expressed their intention of awaiting the introduction of the punch-bowl, and partaking of its contents, and they were at length only driven from their strong-hold by some coarse and indelicate joke of Mr Mucklewham (the fat personage already mentioned), which indicated only too plainly the prudence and propriety of an immediate retreat.

"The ladies were no sooner gone than Bell Geordy made his appearance, bearing a bowl of extraordinary dimensions, which he deposited on the table. Lemons, sugar, limes, rum from Jamaica and the Leeward Islands, soon followed, and expectation sat on every brow. It was not a matter of easy arrangement by whom these ingredients were to be mingled. The Lord Provost called on Mr Walkinshaw, but Mr Walkinshaw could not think of officiating in presence of so superior an artist as Mr Mucklewham. Mr Mucklewham modestly yielded the pas to Major MacGuffin; Major MacGuffin begged to decline in favour of Mr Pollock; Mr Pollock in favour of Dr MacTurk, and Dr MacTurk once more pushed the bowl to Mr Mucklewham, who, after many bashful excuses, was at length prevailed on to 'handle the china.' I have already noticed the solemnity and entire absorption of mind with which this portion of the Bacchanalian rites is uniformly celebrated in Glasgow, but it was now for the first time that I became a witness of the fact. When the beverage had been duly concocted, at least an half hour passed, during which the merits of the punch formed the sole topic of conversation in the party. On this subject, even the most saturnine and obtuse members of the company waxed eloquent. Whether the liquor was too strong or too sweet, whether it would be improved by another 'squeeze of a yellow,' or an additional lump of sugar, became topics of animated and interesting debate, in which all but myself took part.

"Every improvement which human ingenuity could devise with regard to the punch, having been at length suggested, the business of drinking commenced in good earnest, each replenishing of the glasses being prefaced by a loyal or patriotic toast by the Lord Provost. The King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, 'the

'Trade of Clyde,' having been drunk in bumpers, the current of conversation was gradually diverted into other channels. They were channels, however, in which the bark of my understanding was little calculated to swim. The state of the markets, the demand for gingham, brown sugar, cotton, logwood, and tobacco, were matters on which my interest was precisely equal to my knowledge. There were jokes, it is true, and, judging from their effect, good ones; but they were so entirely local, and bore a reference so exclusive to people of whom I knew nothing, and manners of which I really desired to know nothing more, that I found some difficulty in contributing the expected quota of laughter, to the general chorus of my more hilarious companions. My situation, indeed, was tiresome enough, but I endured it for an hour or two, before I quitted the party, then waxing deep in their cups, and joined the ladies in the drawing-room. On my entrance there, it was pretty evident that I was considered an unwelcome intruder. The female guests were gone, and the Lady Provost had, in the assurance that none of the gentlemen would be tempted to forsake the charms of punch for those of coffee and female society, divested her head of its former splendid garniture, and substituted a cap of very homely pretensions in its room. Miss Jacky was seated in front of the fire with her feet on the fender, apparently half asleep, and Lexy was busily engaged in repairing a garment, which, on my entrance, was hastily thrust under a chair, and obscured as much as possible from observation. The appearance of a gentleman in the drawing-room was indeed a novelty, and, under the circumstances, not a very pleasing one. After partaking, therefore, of a dish of cold tea, and exerting myself for some time to keep up a languid conversation, I wished the ladies good night, and departed."

We understand that our excellent friends in Glasgow are wroth and irate exceedingly with the writer of these and similar descriptions of the alleged "household laws," that reigned some twenty or thirty years ago in that flourishing city. We cannot help being surprised at this—and did not think they had been so touchy. We beg them to consider that Cyril is endeavouring to delineate his boyish impressions of Scottish manners and customs,—impressions made on a mind that had seen and known little or nothing of this wide and various world, and been limited to the few and

monotonous experiences of life, that had occurred within his father's house and demesne, in one single English county. Doubtless, too, he had all the self-sufficiency of clever and genteel boyhood, and thought himself a paragon of all gentlemanly perfections. Having but a very imperfect acquaintance with the oral language of the West, he could not possibly have understood one word in twenty, and nothing is more natural than to imagine that to be in itself absolutely barbarous and unintelligible, which one does not understand. The usual routine of Glasgow life, although not only rational, but elegant, must therefore have appeared to him, full as he was of ignorance and presumption, ludicrous and vulgar; and in expressing his opinion, or rather his impression, that it was so, instead of exposing to ridicule those whom he caricatures, he does in fact expose himself in a light which ought to awaken in their minds feelings, not of anger and contempt, so much as of pity and forgiveness. Nobody in the least acquainted with Glasgow, even at that remote period, but must at once feel the utter injustice of such would-be witty representations; and we have not a doubt that Colonel Thornton himself, now that he has reached the years of discretion, is married, and in the Commission of the Peace, admires the whole texture of Glasgow society as much as we ourselves do, and has given such pictures a place in his autobiography, merely as proofs of the rash judgments of the boyish mind, alive to the ludicrous, and unable to look philosophically on any novel aspect of human life.

Nay, our letters from the west country inform us, that some of the wisest then inhabiting that region, have declared their opinion, that all the three volumes have been written with the express and exclusive design of making the Second City in the Empire ridiculous in the eyes of all Europe. We pledge our credit that the author had no such intentions, and that it would give him great pain could he believe that such an effect was likely to flow from his publication. These are not times when a good man would wish to foment any angry feelings between the great mercantile and agricultural interests. The path which a public writer ought now to pursue is plain

and direct; the strength of a state is in the consolidation of all its orders; and the services of Colonel Thornton in the cause of king and country, liberty and equal laws, ought, we think, to be held a sufficient guarantee against such an employment of his great literary powers, as these wise men of the West have laid to his charge, in the very face of some of the finest and most flattering encomiums that were ever bestowed on a commercial city.

We beg farther to remind those who may have suffered their minds to be warped by such insinuations against the scope and tendency of this piece of autobiography, that nine-tenths of it, at the least, have no connexion with Glasgow at all—that the scene is chiefly laid in various parts of England—at Teneriffe—in Spain, and other foreign countries. Had it been the writer's sole purpose to malign Glasgow and make her ridiculous, it would be impossible too much to admire the absurdity of the plan devised for that malignant purpose. The virus of the poison would have been more concentrated surely to one spot—and not diluted and wasted over a vast surface which it was not his object to injure. It is too much to suppose, even in the case of the most crafty, that three volumes could be composed against a city which is spoken of only in a few chapters—and that all the rest was insidiously intended but as a cloak to veil the malice of the one great design.

Might we go a step farther, and hesitatingly hint, that our well-beloved friends in the West Country are a leetle apt, or so, to imagine lurking intents to laugh at them in people's sleeves, who hold them and their characters in the highest estimation. Even we—we, Christopher North—Blackwood's Magazine itself—have been accused by the Gander, and other birds of the same feather, of such unhallowed purposes—we, who never even hear the name of Glasgow without a fillip being given to our spirits, and who, on setting out on our annual tour through the Highlands, always prefer entering them by Inverary to Dunkeld, for no other reason under the sun, but because the steam-boat starts from the Broomielaw. We have, however, only to look at our subscription-list, to know that such



calumnies against us are treated, in the best circles in Glasgow, as they deserve—and an additional hundred subscribers every month, since Mr Peel's Bill, is the best proof of our popularity in a city with which many of our first, and best, and dearest remembrances are inseparably associated, hoping to lay our bones at last in the paved cemetery of her old Heekirk.

Besides, does not every one skilled in human nature know, that nothing is more natural than for the heart of a man who has undergone many of the buffetings of this world, to mingle something of the ludicrous with his most tender recollections. This has been done by the heart of Cyril Thornton. In Glasgow, he was happy long ago—far happier than he knew; and therefore, in indulging himself with a pleasing melancholy, in dreams of the past, he fortified his spirit, as it were, against the rushing crowd of overpowering recollections, by an assumed gaiety—a forced mirth—we had almost said a culpable levity—culpable but in the eyes of those who are uninitiated into the mingled mysteries of mirth and melancholy, and know not how the brow of manhood alternately relaxes and is wrinkled, as the fond dreamer imagines it again encircled with the light—the halo of youth.

Farther, who ever thinks of sporting jocularity, good, bad, or indifferent, on people for whom one cares not three straws? If, by any unlucky accident, we are led into a train of thought that terminates upon a person whose ugly face we detest, or whose insignificant face we despise, we immediately assume a most morose aspect, and are either silent, or utter a very few sulkily monosyllables. But when, shutting up the vista, appears the form of one we love and esteem—an old friend too far off to shake hands with, we forthwith commence addressing him in a strain of the most tender vituperation. We ransack the English and Scotch languages for terms most expressive of contumely and endearment—and a stranger would either think us the maddest or most misanthropical of mankind. Just so is it with Cyril Thornton. That he dearly loves in his heart the people of Glasgow, is proved by his picture of young Mr Shortridge—we are not ashamed to confess, that we were affected even

to tears by his playful and pathetic picture of that Punch-Maker, whom to know is to esteem—no man could have written as he has written, of Bell Geordy, without respecting the Magistrates he served—nor could any man have spoken of that Magistracy in such a composite style of ridicule and respect, who did not still cherish in his heart of hearts a deep and boundless veneration for the city, over whose affairs their annually self-elected successors have presided for a quarter of a century with wisdom and success.

Once more, who can read the joyous scenes in Mr Spreull's parlour, the sad scenes in Mr Spreull's bed-chamber, the last scene of all at Mr Spreull's grave, and not feel, that with all his impertinence, if, indeed, after all we have urged to the contrary, impertinence it be still reckoned, Cyril Thornton was a fine lad, that Cyril Thornton was a good man? Ten arch characters as David Spreull might say of his city; and yet his quiet but venerable image stand before the inhabitants, and "smooth the way down of their darkness till a morn'g."—

During Cyril's last day in Glasgow, Mr Spreull's death—(a burlesque on the kind—from whom he had been long estranged, this, and we have on account of his funeral. It is excellent.

"On descending, I found my uncle in the large apartment destined for the reception of the funeral guests, a few of whom had already assembled. The chairs were closely ranged round the room, in order to afford as much accommodation as possible to the large party who were expected to grace the funeral of the Laird. The sideboard supported a cold round of beef, and a mutton-meat, flanked by whisky on one side, and wine on the other. My uncle occupied the chair nearest the door, and I was directed to fill the one immediately on his right. He rose from his seat, and bowed on the entrance of every new guest, who now arrived in such numbers as speedily to throng the apartment. Unaffected as I was by any strong regret for the death of a person whom I had never seen, it was not entirely without curiosity that I regarded the scene around me. A deep silence, broken only by an occasional cough or blowing of the nose, reigned in the apartment. Every countenance was moulded into a most lugubrious expression; and in moving to

their seats, the guests walked as it treading on eggs. All eyes were bent on the ground, and not a whisper of conversation was suffered to enliven the general and pervading gloom of the meeting. The silence was first broken by one of the undertaker's men, who entered, and pronounced in a sonorous voice, 'The Rev. Dr McCraik of Auchterfechan will ask a blessing.'

"This call was obeyed, and a long prayer repented by the Doctor; after which, wine, and whisky, and biscuits, were circulated round the apartment by the servants. Suddenly the stillness which had reigned till now was changed to clamour and vociferation. 'Mr Spreull, your good health.'—'Your good health, Mr Thornton,' burst from a hundred voices at once, in every variety of loud and discordant intonation. 'Dinner-santy, here's to ye.'—'Garsend, your health.'—'Glenseadden, better health to our wife.'

"When the noise and bustle had in some degree subsided, following the example of my uncle, I rose, and bowing round the room, drank the health of the assembled guests. Many of these had come from a considerable distance, and now gave proof of the sharpness of the mountain air, by the severity of their attack on the sands displayed on the sides of the ward. Of these casualties, I was one. We had celebrated the precaution of froasting, at Luss before starting, and since last night's supper my abstinence had been unbroken. It would have been ridiculous in my uncle to have betrayed any symptoms of appetite on so mournful an occasion; though, from the occasional direction of his glances towards the theatre of action, it struck me he would, under other circumstances, have been well satisfied to become a participator in our labours.

"The repast was briefly dispatched, and another minister, whose designation I cannot recall, was called on to return thanks. This he did in a pithy prayer and exhortation; after which, preparations immediately commenced for the progress to the church-yard. This was not distant above a mile, and the procession was on foot.

"The body was carried on the shoulders of six stout Highlanders, and the piper of the family played a coronach, or lamentation for the deceased, as we advanced, which, waking the echoes of the high and solitary hills through which we passed, had a solemn and impressive effect. My uncle, with little apparent indication of deep emotion, followed his

brother's head to the grave. The other pall bearers were myself and the Laird, before-mentioned of Lamash, Garsend, Drumshinty, and Glenseadden. As we passed, the whole population of the neighbourhood appeared to line the road, a procession so splendid being evidently no every-day occurrence. The shepherd veiled his bonnet and looked down on us bare-headed from the hill, and the hounds of his flock, which had sportively approached the road, as if to gaze on the passing wonder, darted off on our approach, half in fear, half in the wildness of their glee, to their beating dams in the uplands.

"The church towards which our steps were directed, stood the solitary tenant of a mountain glen. It was a small, rude, and unornamented structure, built of the masses of granite which had fallen from the rock, or been gathered from the bed of the stream. It was only distinguishable from an ordinary dwelling-house, by the projection of a small belfry from the roof, and the absence of all external signs of human habitation. The church-yard, in the midst of which it stood, was separated by a low wall, or rather what I called in Scotland a dry-stone dyke, and contained a few external marks to denote its sacred character. Few of the graves could boast a head-stone, and fewer still any inscription, and but for the ostentatious pretensions of a large obelisk-shaped monument, erected, as the stone bore testimony, by an inconsolable widow of the neighbourhood to her beloved and lamented husband, it presented nothing to arrest the casual glances of the passer-by.

"In this unpretending receptacle, the burying-place of the Spreulls was separated from those of the meaner parishioners, only by an iron railing, and its site was plainly indicated by the new-dug grave. Within its precincts did we deposit the remains of the Laird of Balmulloch, with that absence of all ceremony in which rigid presbytery delights. Neither in advancing across the church-yard to the grave, nor when the tressels were removed, and we finally committed the body to the gaping earth, could I detect any visible accession of emotion in the countenance or deportment of my uncle. But when this last duty was performed, and as a parting mark of respect, the company had uncovered, and stood bare-headed for a brief and mournful space, and the death-music, as I may so call it, of the clods rattling on the coffin, broke harshly the surrounding silence, then, and then only, did I observe

calumnies against us are treated, in the best circles in Glasgow, as they deserve—and an additional hundred subscribers every month, since Mr Peel's Bill, is the best proof of our popularity in a city with which many of our first, and best, and dearest remembrances are inseparably associated, hoping to lay our bones at last in the paved cemetery of her old Heekirk.

Besides, does not every one skilled in human nature know, that nothing is more natural than for the heart of a man who has undergone many of the buffetings of this world, to mingle something of the ludicrous with his most tender recollections. This has been done by the heart of Cyril Thornton. In Glasgow, he was happy long ago—far happier than he knew; and therefore, in indulging himself with a pleasing melancholy, in dreams of the past, he fortified his spirit, as it were, against the rushing crowd of overpowering recollections, by an assumed gaiety—a forced mirth—we had almost said a culpable levity—culpable but in the eyes of those who are uninitiated into the mingled mysteries of mirth and melancholy, and know not how the brow of manhood alternately relaxes and is wrinkled, as the fond dreamer imagines it again encircled with the light—the halo of youth.

Further, who ever thinks of sporting jocularity, good, bad, or indifferent, on people for whom one cares not three straws? If, by any unlucky accident, we are led into a train of thought that terminates upon a person whose ugly face we detest, or whose insignificant face we despise, we immediately assume a most morose aspect, and are either silent, or utter a very few sulkily monosyllables. But when, shutting up the vista, appears the form of one we love and esteem—an old friend too far off to shake hands with, we forthwith commence addressing him in a strain of the most tender vituperation. We ransack the English and Scotch languages for terms most expressive of contumely and endearment—and a stranger would either think us the maddest or most misanthropical of mankind. Just so is it with Cyril Thornton. That he dearly loves in his heart the people of Glasgow, is proved by his picture of young Mr Shortridge—we are not ashamed to confess, that we were affected even

to tears by his playful and pathetic picture of that Punch-Maker, whom to know is to esteem—no man could have written as he has written, of Bell Geordy, without respecting the Magistrates he served—nor could any man have spoken of that Magistracy in such a composite style of ridicule and respect, who did not still cherish in his heart of hearts a deep and boundless veneration for the city, over whose affairs their annually self-elected successors have presided for a quarter of a century with wisdom and success.

Once more, who can read the joyous scenes in Mr Spreull's parlour, the sad scenes in Mr Spreull's bed-chamber, the last scene of all at Mr Spreull's grave, and not feel, that with all his impertinence, if, indeed, after all we have urged to the contrary, in pertinence it be still reckoned, Cyril Thornton was a fine lad, that Cyril Thornton is a good man? Ten noble characters as David Spreull might say of the city; and let his quiet figure, and noble image stand by the side of Thornton and the idle worth of the inhabitants, and "smooth the way down of such darkness till we can see."

During Cyril's short stay in Glasgow, Mr Spreull's brother—a buttonhole hard—from whom he has been long estranged, dies, and we have an account of his funeral. It is excellent.

"On descending, I found my uncle in the large apartment destined for the reception of the funeral guests, a few of whom had already assembled. The chairs were closely ranged round the room, in order to afford as much accommodation as possible to the large party who were expected to grace the funeral of the Laird. The sideboard supported a cold round of beef, and a mutton-ham, flanked by whiskey on one side, and wine on the other. My uncle occupied the chair nearest the door, and I was directed to fill the one immediately on his right. He rose from his seat, and bowed on the entrance of every new guest, who now arrived in such numbers as speedily to throng the apartment. Unaffected as I was by any strong regret for the death of a person whom I had never seen, it was not entirely without curiosity that I regarded the scene around me. A deep silence, broken only by an occasional cough or blowing of the nose, reigned in the apartment. Every countenance was moulded into a most lugubrious expression; and in moving to

their seats, the guests walked as if treading on eggs. All eyes were bent on the ground, and not a whisper of conversation was suffered to enliven the general and pervading gloom of the meeting. The silence was first broken by one of the undertaker's men, who entered, and pronounced in a sonorous voice, 'The Rev. Dr McCraik of Auchterfechan will ask a blessing.'

"This call was obeyed, and a long prayer repeated by the Doctor; after which, wine, and whisky, and biscuits, were circulated round the apartment by the servants. Suddenly the stillness which had reigned till now was changed into clamour and vociferation. 'Mc spruill, your good health.'—'Your good health, Mr Thornton,' burst from a hundred voices at once, in every variety of loud and discordant intonation. 'Drumshanty, here's to ye.'—'Garsend, your health.'—'Glenscauden, better health to your wife.'

"When the noise and bustle had in some degree subsided, following the example of my uncle, I rose, and bowing round the room, drank the health of the assembled guests. Many of these had come from a considerable distance, and now gave proof of the sharpness of the mountain air, by the fervency of their address on the solids displayed on the sideboard. Of these assaults, I was one. We had neglected the precaution of breakfasting at Luss before starting, and since last night's supper my abstinence had been unbroken. It would have been indecorous in my uncle to have betrayed any symptoms of appetite on so mournful an occasion; though, from the occasional direction of his glances towards the theatre of action, it struck me he would, under other circumstances, have been well satisfied to become a participator in our labours.

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"The church towards which our steps were directed, stood the solitary tenant of a mountain glen. It was a small, rude, and unornamented structure, built of the masses of granite which had fallen from the rock, or been gathered from the bed of the stream. It was only distinguishable from an ordinary dwelling-house, by the projection of a small bellify from the roof, and the absence of all external signs of human habitation. The entrance was in the midst of which it stood, was surrounded by a low wall, or rather a sort of edified or Scotland's "crystalline eye," and contained few or no funeral marks to mark the place of a sepulture. Few of the graves could boast a head-stone, and fewer still an inscription, and but for the obtrusive pretensions of a large obelisk-shaped monument, erected, as the stone bore testimony, by an inconsolable widow on the neighbourhood to her beloved lamented husband, it presented nothing to arrest the casual glances of the passer-by.

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a convulsive shudder pass over the frame and the countenance of the old gentleman. It seemed to come suddenly as a shock of electricity, and to pass like one; for in an instant it was gone, and he stood calm, rigid, and unmoved as before.

"We remained, as is the custom, in the church-yard, till the grave-diggers had completed their task, and then turned homeward. My uncle walked alone, and as I did not think proper at such a time to intrude my society on him, I was not displeased to have an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity by entering into conversation with some of the Highland lairds as we returned to Balmalloch. There was no want of cordiality in the address of these gentlemen.

" 'A sad office ye've come upon, Mr Thornton,' said Mr Lamont of Drumshinty, rather a hard-featured old gentleman, with a powdered head and an enormous queue; 'I didna expect to have laid Balmalloch in the moulds for these ten years to come. Why, it's just a fortnight come Friday since he dined at the half-yearly meeting at Dumbarton—I never saw him better in my life, nor make a better use of baith glass and knife and fork. Neither he, Auchintulie, nor myself went to bed afore twa in the morning, though Balmalloch, to be sure, for twa or three hours before that, just sat in his chair and dozed like a peerie. Poor man, he's really a loss to the country, and his worthy widow must find a sair want o' him.'

"In these sentiments the other lairds appeared very cordially to join, and I gathered from the context of the dialogue, that my deceased relation was one of those very worthy persons, whose character admits of praise in the gross, but affords no prominence sufficiently tangible for eulogium in the detail.

"On our return to the house, it was not difficult to discern that arrangements were making for a splendid banquet. The savoury steams of roast and stew, mingled with other less prominent culinary odours, pervaded the mansion from the cellar to the attics, and the whole establishment were evidently engaged in active preparations for the entertainment of a large party. A funeral in the less populous districts of Scotland, is always followed by a feast, and the walls, which in the morning heard but the voice of grief and wailing, at evening generally echo the sounds of Bacchanalian merriment.

"While the guests were amusing themselves, some by conversing in the drawing-room, (if a small and rather rudely furnished apartment may be so called,) and others by strolling into the fields,

and examining the condition of the cattle and the barn-yard, I received a message from my uncle, to desire my presence at the ceremony of opening the will.

"On obeying, I found the ladies of the family, my uncle, Dr M'Craik the parish minister, and Mr MacFie, the writer from Dumbarton, all assembled, and ready to proceed to business. The grief of the ladies appeared to have sustained some accession since I last saw them. They were all decorously seated with handkerchiefs at their eyes, and frequent sobs and long-drawn sighs gave evidence of the intensity of their sorrow. Mr MacFie now proceeded to open the scrutoire of the deceased, and search for the important document in question. After some rummaging among charters of infestment, instruments of sasine, heritable bonds, account sales of cattle and black-faced sheep, it was discovered and read aloud. It directed, in case of the testator dying without male issue, that the estate of Balmalloch should be sold, and the interest of the proceeds equally divided among his daughters. To his widow he bequeathed an annuity of three hundred a-year, in addition to the sum to which she was already entitled by her marriage-settlement. The trustees appointed by the testator, were Provost Aulay MacAulay of Dumbarton (probably a descendant of the very amusing personage commemorated by my friend Galt;) his brother David, to whom, in token of forgiveness of his unchristian and unbrotherly conduct, he bequeathed his bamboo cane and horn snuff-box, adorned by a Scotch pebble on the lid; and his old friend, Peter Murdoch of Glasgow, a very worthy and influential merchant of that city, to whose use the sum of five guineas was directed to be appropriated, for the purchase of a mourning-ring. The laird, it appeared, died rich. An inventory of his property, found among his papers, showed it to amount to something over £15,000, exclusive of the estate, which might be expected to produce nearly double that sum. Altogether, therefore, my fair cousins were to be regarded as heiresses, perhaps the greatest in the whole county of Dumbarton, a distinction, on which it would argue more than female humility, to suppose they did not pride themselves.

"The business of reading the will being concluded, another, almost equally important, succeeded on the tapis. It was now the hour of dinner, and on our return to the drawing-room, we found the party assembled in tolerable force. It consisted chiefly of those persons of

whom mention has already been made, a considerable body of lairds, whose names I have forgotten, the doctor, and man of business.

"The dinner was plentiful, and well suited to the character of the guests. The ladies, of course, did not appear, and the honours of the table were performed by my uncle, by whose orders I acted as croupier. Unluckily the primary duties of the office thus imposed on me, consisted in carving a huge round of beef, on which the demands of the company were more numerous and frequent than my strenuous exertions were capable of supplying. My toil indeed seemed 'never ending, still beginning,' for my tormentors returned pertinaciously to the charge, and round of beef was voted by the whole party as the *ne plus ultra* of good living, especially when garnished, as in the present case, with the decorative adjuncts of turnips and cabbage.

" 'Bless me,' at length said an old red-faced gentleman on my right, laying down his knife and fork after the discussion of four platefuls of beef,— 'bless me, Mr Thornton, ye're getting nae dinner—I've but a small appetite and am doing nothing, so pray let me assist you and take that round off your hands.'

"I did not hesitate a moment in accepting this welcome offer of assistance, and gladly consigned the remains of the dish to the care of my ruby-visaged neighbour. With regard to my own dinner, the board was all before me where to choose, and really choice was not very difficult at an entertainment which could boast salmon of the very finest quality, and profusion of grouse, ptarmigan, and black game. These were luxuries, however, too common in this quarter to be much prized, and, in the estimation of the present company, evidently yielded the pas to dishes of much lower pretension, and more vulgar name.

"While dinner was on the board, and the servants remailed in the apartment, everything went on with regularity and decorum. My uncle did the honours of the table with a degree of propriety and good-breeding, for which, to say the truth, all I had hitherto seen of him had not prepared me. From a coarse and vulgar humourist, habituated to the unrestrained indulgence of every whim and peculiarity, he was now become a finished gentleman of the old school; equal in all respects, superior in some, to the best of those by whom he was surrounded.

"There does, or perhaps there *did*, exist in Scotland a strong and undisguised

dislike between the landed and the mercantile interests. The former, of course, consider their trading rivals as beings of an inferior caste, and are inclined to regard both them and their pursuits with a contempt and aversion which they are at little pains either to qualify or conceal. The latter feeling, if not the former, is not unreturned by the men of trade, who profess themselves equal in all respects to their acrid antagonists, and are little disposed to conciliate them by any supererogatory demonstrations of respect. Little intercourse, therefore, is generally kept up between these bodies; the pride of the traders feeling sorely outraged by the aristocratic haughtiness of the lairds, and the lairds waxing very wroth at the vulgar and ostentatious luxury affected by their purse-proud rivals. I mention this for the purpose of showing, that on the present occasion my uncle had rather a difficult part to play, in presiding at an entertainment composed of country gentlemen, and in which he was the only person present connected with the pursuits of commerce.

"The first toast given from the chair of course was the King. The Laird of Arncraik then proposed the health of Mrs Spreull, and the ladies of the family, to which toast my uncle returned thanks, and expressed his acknowledgments to those gentlemen who had conferred honour on the family, by their attendance on the funeral of his deceased brother.

"These formal preliminaries being passed, the meeting soon began to assume something of a more hilarious character. The bottles circulated rapidly, the solemn circumstances connected with the entertainment were forgotten, and the funeral banquet might easily have been mistaken by an uninitiated observer, for a marriage feast.

"Nothing pleases a boy so much, as to find himself placed among men, in a situation of some consequence and authority. I felt this on the present occasion, filling, as I did, the important office of vice-president or croupier. My spirits became elevated, I drank bumpers, acted as toast-master, pushed about the bottles, and proposed fining more than one individual in a bumper, for filling on a heeltap. These sallies were well received, and drew on me the eulogiums of many of the party, who began to fear, that they would not find in the example of my uncle either a stimulus or excuse, for that excess to which they were desirous of extending their potations; and were glad, therefore, to avail themselves of my example on the occasion. Much

discourse on the prices of black cattle, many discussions on the state of county politics, and facetious stories at the expense of eccentric and unpopular neighbours, were interrupted by my noisy and obtrusive discharge of my functions. I made speeches, and roared catches of songs, slapped elderly gentlemen on the back, called them hearty old cocks, and was guilty of a thousand extravagances, the offspring of a brain heated by powerful and unwonted stimulants.

"Suddenly I remember my sight grew dim, and there was a loud rushing as if of many waters in my ears. The room, the company, table, bottles, glasses, all danced before my eyes, and were whirled rapidly round as if in a vortex. A deadly sickness came over me, and a cold and clammy perspiration stood on my forehead. I rose and staggered to the door, followed by the smiles of the old stagers, who probably anticipated such a finale to the part I had been playing. With difficulty I reached the passage, on which I met one of the maids, whom I dispatched for my servant, but before he arrived I had fallen insensible on the stair.

"When I came again to my recollection, I found myself in the apartment of the ladies, who were kind and assiduous in their attentions. One held a smelling-bottle to my nose, another bathed my temples with cold water, and the old lady had just denuded me of my neckcloth, and was opening my shirt-collar. I had been sick, very sick, and was altogether in a most pitiable predicament. In a short time, however, I recovered sufficient muscular power to enable me, with the assistance of Coker (my servant), to reach my own apartment, where that trusty functionary, after assisting me to undress, deposited me in bed for the night.

"Before I fell asleep, I remember the sounds of carousal were loud in my ears. The more seasoned vessels of the party below had now begun to feel the effects of the stimulus, under the influence of which I had succumbed, and the mingled noise of mirth and angry disputation echoed through the mansion. It came, however, softened by distance, like the fitful howlings of the wind, or the voice of the waves hurrying afar off on the shore, acting as an efficacious somnolent on senses already stupefied by over-excitement.

"I slept like a top, and woke, as usual in such cases, with a parched throat and burning brow. The morning sun shone brightly through my casement, and I determined to cool my fever by a walk before breakfast, and the enjoyment of the

mountain breeze. I dressed, therefore, as quickly as possible, and descended the stair. The family were not yet risen, or at all events were not visible, and I encountered no one but the house-maid, busy in her matutinal vocation.

"I was tempted *en passant* to take a cursory peep at the dining-room, which had been the scene of my last night's follies. It exhibited certainly a most deplorable spectacle. The relics of the carousal still remained unremoved. Everything was in confusion. The table was covered with jugs, bottles, and glasses, some partially filled, and many broken. A dish or two with the remains of salt herrings, and a vagrant fragment or two of oat-cake, showed of what the supper had consisted. The chairs, some upset and otherwise injured in the fray, were scattered round the apartment, which was redolent of a certain disgusting odour of debauchery, to be felt, not described: an effluvia particularly offensive to one, whose present feelings induced him to regard the orgies of the preceding night with disgust and nausea. Prostrate on the floor, with the hearth-rug rolled under his head for a pillow, lay one of the party fast asleep, snoring loudly. Another, wrapped in a tartan cloak, lay stretched on several chairs, which served him for a couch. He stared at me with a vacant look, and muttered some unintelligible sounds, which showed that his faculties had not yet fully emerged from their eclipse.

"To look on such objects was to behold dissipation in *puris naturalibus*, to catch drunkenness in dishabille. The scene carried with it a sort of obtrusive morality, not at such a moment very pleasant, and I gladly turned from it, to saffly forth into the pure air of the morning."

Cyril, after a successful session at College, leaves Scotland, and on his way home, at Staunton-Court, the mansion of Lord Amersham, falls in love with the Lady Melicent, a dazzling and splendid creature, who is to be the star that rules over some years of his destiny. In such a home he could have no happiness, and bidding farewell to his unnatural father, a devoted mother, and two charming sisters, whose different characters are admirably described, spends a few days or weeks in London, as youth in general spend their first bewildered days there, and then joins his regiment in Nova Scotia.

For a year or two, Cyril Thornton undergoes all the gloomy and glori-

ous vicissitudes of a military life. All this part of the book is masterly, and could have been written only by one who had lived in the tented field. It is throughout equal to the very best things in the Subaltern, and we could not give it higher praise. What a contrast does all its spirit, vivacity, and enthusiasm, afford to the dead, inert, and botched representations of the soldier's life so frequently attempted of late by civilians, who never heard a discharge of musketry, nor saw a charge of cavalry, but at a review on Hounslow, the Phoenix Park, or the Links of Musselburgh? Cyril has the eye, as well as the soul of a soldier, and wields his pen as skilfully in describing, as his sword in fighting a battle. His accounts of the battle of Roleia, where he is taken prisoner, and afterwards of Albuhera, where he is cut down by a sabre-stroke, and has his face disfigured for life by a ghastly wound, are written with great graphic power, and let us know what we are to expect from his work now preparing for the press, "The Spanish Campaigns."

The Lady Melicent Ameraham was, we said, a dazzling and splendid creature, the star that ruled for a time the destiny of Cyril Thornton. That high-born and accomplished siren is beautifully described, and also, we think, originally; and the coldest reader feels himself within the sphere of her fascination. Cyril's passion for her is almost delirious—in it his whole being is swallowed up—his doubts, his fears, his hopes, and his despair, are all delineated with extraordinary power, yet without exaggeration; and we do not know that there are many scenes in our modern literature more finely wrought up than that in which he is blessed by the confession of the love of his Enchantress:

"In this melancholy mood of mind, I was walking one morning in one of the least frequented portions of the Park, when I met Lady Melicent alone. She was going to a neighbouring cottage, and invited me to accompany her. Her spirits were high, and she talked of several recent occurrences in a strain of animation, even more vivid than usual. The cottage was at no great distance, and we soon reached it. On our return, the conversation continued in the same strain. She rallied me on the late accession to my spirits.

"Since the arrival of Lady Eleanour," she said, "you have become quite

a different creature. You are no longer a moping meditative young man, like Jaques, melancholy and gentlemanlike—in manner solemn and sententious, and philosophizing, with the air of a cynic, on all the foolish people about you. I congratulate you both on the improvement and its cause."

"And you attribute this change to the presence of Lady Eleanour?"

"Certainly. The miracle commenced the very day you first met. I am pretty accurate about dates, and we women, you know, are tolerably sharp-sighted in each other's affairs, whatever we may be in our own."

"And yet you are mistaken. I admit the charms of the Lady Eleanour, but she is, and can be nothing to me. Do you think her a person likely to inspire a deep and lasting passion?"

"Really, I think Lady Eleanour a very loveable person indeed. She is pretty, amiable, and not too clever, and what more could any reasonable man desire. As for your deep and lasting passion, I imagine it to be altogether a thing of romance,—a mere fabulous creation of the poets."

"You do not, then, believe in the existence of such love?"

"Why, to say the truth, I have no settled belief on the matter. Such love may have been, and may be again, in some strong and peculiar circumstances, just as ghosts have appeared, and may, for aught I know, appear again, though, having never met with the one or the other, my judgment with regard to both rests in abeyance."

"Oh, why is Lady Melicent so unjust, at once to our sex, and her own! Most of all, why is she so unjust to her own noble nature, as to doubt her power of exciting, and ours of feeling, such love as alone is worthy of its object,—deep, fervent, and eternal,—or, if perishable, perishable only with the heart that gave it birth!"

"I would have proceeded, but my voice here faltered, and I stopped. But I had already said enough. I felt that the Rubicon was past, that I had reached the awful crisis, when my fate must in a few moments be decided. As I pronounced the last words, I looked upon her face, with such concentrated intensity of gaze, as that with which a criminal endeavours to read his chance of mercy, on the countenance of his judge.

"Her eye met mine, and a blush deep as crimson suffused her cheek. As she answered, she looked upon the ground, and a faint smile was on her lips.

"The love you talk of, is the love



not of real life, but of romance. It is this love one reads of in a novel, of some high-born heroine in a cottage among the Welsh mountains, or in the south of France, surrounded generally by something about the cooing of doves, and followed by a song of verses, or a serenade from some noble lover in disguise. This is but the fanciful theory of love, not the dull and vulgar reality.

"Oh, breathe not," I replied, "such treason of the human heart. You, indeed, have never felt such love, for where is he who is worthy to be its object! But, believe there is at least one bosom—"

"I paused, for agitation choked my utterance; my limbs refused their office, and I stood, with every fibre quivering, rooted to the spot.

"She too stopped.

"In a few moments my powers were restored, and I knelt before her.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "I have dared to love you; turn from me with disdain—I know my crime, and I ask only for its punishment. I know you are above my sphere—I know such passion is folly, is madness—I know its fate, and I am prepared to meet it."

"As I spoke, her frame too trembled, and she stood silent, and with downcast eyes.

"Oh, speak," I continued; "one word, not of anger, but of pity, is all—I all I require."

"She stood still unmoved before me; there was no motion of her lips, but in a faint, and scarcely audible voice, I heard the word—

"Kiss."

"I obeyed, and stood once more beside her.

"I know,—I feel that I have given you pain, and would not willingly prolong it. Command me from your presence—bid me quit you for ever, and you shall be obeyed. My lips shall but breathe one farewell, and henceforward I shall be to you but as a dream."

"She was silent. I know not what there was in her look, for I saw it undergo no change; but hope dawned suddenly on my heart, and I took the hand that hung motionless by her side.

"Her face, which had till now been pale, became in one instant the colour of carnation. Her very fingers reddened as I raised them to my lips, but they were not withdrawn. Words cannot express the blessedness of that moment, for then my heart told me I was beloved.

"For some seconds, perhaps minutes, (for who in such a situation could take note of time?) we stood silent and motionless. No—not motionless—for the

bosom of the Lady Melicent heaved tumultuously, and her heart, even visibly beat itself against the walls of its prison, as if struggling to be free. I felt the small quick pulses of her hand, which still lay passively in mine, and encircling her with my arm, I drew her to my bosom with a pressure as soft and gentle as a mother's first embrace to her newborn babe.

"She started convulsively as she felt this, and her eyes, which till then had never met mine, were raised to my face, with a gentle look of fear, and of resignation."

"It was understood. I asked for no declaration of passion, no avowal of love, and, releasing her from my scarcely perceptible embrace, I placed her arm within my own, and we walked on silently, in a path sheltered by shrubs and underwood, from the chance of observation.

"Long did we wander that morning, and swiftly fled the winged hours; and ere the sound of the dinner-bell had warned us of the necessity of our return, I had imprinted the first kiss on the glowing lips of Lady Melicent.

"At dinner, we met again. Never did conqueror advance to a triumph with lighter step, or prouder heart, than those with which I entered the drawing-room. Lady Melicent was there, and never had she seemed in my eyes so transcendently lovely. All the radiance that elegance of adornment can lend to beauty had been contributed, as if to barb the arrows of her charms, and render their wounds incurable. In everything connected with Lady Melicent, there was something pre-eminently refined and recherché. On that day she wore jewels. They were few, but rich and beautiful; and I could have exclaimed, in my enthusiasm, as I gazed on her—

Up, up, fair bride! and call  
Thy stars from out their several boxes; take  
Thy rubies, pearls, and emeralds forth, and make  
Thyself a constellation of them all.

"The colour on her cheeks was more brilliant than usual, and her eye, though restless and unfixed, was, if possible, brighter. Once, and but once only, it met mine, and it was instantly withdrawn; but her glance, transient as it was, had spoken what volumes would have been insufficient to express.

"For myself, though my mind was, by the events of the morning, freed from a burden which had pressed on it almost to madness, I was even less capable than formerly of entering into the spirit of society. So perfect was the enjoyment I derived from the concentration of my own thoughts, that I found it almost impossible to divert any part of my attention to the scene in which I mingled."

Love in Novels is generally most insipid—and at the same time extravagant, like letters to and from persons devoted to each other in real life. While the parties are all throwing out streams of lava like a brace of volcanoes, the readers are sitting like unconcerned Neapolitans, in the sylvan shades, heedless of the eruptions. The discharges, though violent and incessant, are known to be harmless, and the creatures keep firing away at themselves, without attracting the least public notice.

The fact seems to be, that love-scenes in novels have been generally written by elderly maiden ladies, to whom the question has never been popped. They have therefore to draw on their imaginations; and their imaginations are not, at their time of life, very prolific. Nor are old bachelors much more successful. Venus or Cupid are unpropitious to writers who wear wigs,—and dine alone on a nut-ton-chop. It is only your married men who know how to hit the nail on the head. *Experientia sapientiam ducit*,—and the Vision awakened by a Benedict blue,—“celestial rosy red, love’s proper hue.” To all writers of romances we recommend early marriage. Even if their wives should be plain, they kindle the emotions of beauty; but we are greatly mistaken if the author of Cyril Thornton has not a wife of his own, whose sense and sweetness are his best inspiration.

Cyril Thornton, accordingly, makes love like a gentleman and an officer in the British army. He is no puling sentimentalist. He puts his heart and soul into all he says or does; and should his passion be ill-starred, as in this case it proves to be, we feel assured that he will not suffer himself to be wholly overwhelmed by its evil influence—but being the deceived and not the deceiver, will in good time recover his equanimity, and be more fortunate in his next choice, and final destination.

That in the hey-day of his blood, with an eye and ear for everything beautiful in the externals of the Circé that enchants his soul and senses, and a spirit unsuspecting of evil in a form so bright and fair as the Lady Melicent, and willing to believe in the reality of all those attributes with which his delighted fancy had enveloped her image,—that the young ardent soldier, when free from war’s alarms, should deliver himself up in entire

abandonment to the blissful infatuation, is all natural and inevitable; and all the pictures of passion that intervene, among the less agitating scenes of the story, are painted, we think, with equal warmth and delicacy,—while the denouement, although painful, is satisfactory; and we are glad that the victim escapes at last from such enthrallment into the quiet haven of a less imaginative but far deeper affection. There is great brilliancy in all these parts of the book—and the writer seems very much at home in his delineations of high and fashionable life, without appearing particularly to pride himself on his familiarity with its shallow mysteries. Such, at least, is our impression—although we ourselves do not remember ever having been in love with a titled lady, notwithstanding that with a few we have, some fifty years ago, occasionally had a little flirtation. We suspect, after all, that they are apt to be dissatisfied with themselves for encouraging the advances of a mere commoner; and the Lady Melicent, it is probable, gave up Cyril with so small a struggle, not so much on account of the cut on his cheek, which, in a hero just returned from the Peninsula, must have been very becoming, as that she would be Lady Lyndhurst, a title of older date by some centuries than that which, by a singular coincidence, is now worn by the Lord Chancellor of England.

But although Cyril Thornton is thus desperately enamoured, and believes that all his interest in this life is centred in one being, yet he is mistaken; and accordingly, he plays his part well in many other scenes, and shows that his heart is open to the influence of many other affections. Above all, his love for his two amiable sisters is never deadened—and his brotherly conduct towards one of them, who is unhappily married, and by the brutal cruelty of her husband driven insane, and imprisoned in a private mad-house, is such as to warm the hearts of all readers towards him, and so described, as to prove, if any proof were wanting, that he who wrote these Memoirs is something more than a man of genius, and has a heart open to all the best feelings of our nature.

Indeed, there is great beauty in all the home-scenes, both in their manner of introduction and tone of colouring—sometimes furnishing pleasing re-

def to the bustle of the book, and at other times breaking in upon it with a very touching pathos. Of this kind, especially, is Cyril's visit to the house of his father—both parents dead—he who had disinherited him, and in dotage, degraded himself by an unworthy second marriage—and she who had always tenderly loved him, and sent her heart to him, when encompassed with danger and death, across the seas;—one sister, though still happy in constitutional cheerfulness, and the untameable gaiety of innocence, somewhat saddened by the affliction that had befallen those she loved; and the other sunk in hopeless and irremediable woe, and dying, with a smile, and then a shriek of recognition, within his arms, as reason for a moment returned, and then was extinct for ever. That was dangerous ground to tread, for our Literature and Poetry is full of dark pictures of reason eclipsed, drawn by the hands of great masters. But our author has succeeded where failure would have been no disgrace. The causes assigned for the insanity of the sufferer are adequate, and such as have too often occurred in domestic life; her character is altogether of the kind most likely to be so affected by them; and as her lot admitted of no complete and permanent alleviation or comfort, we are willing that she should die a victim.

Most tales get crowded and confused, and, what is worse, contradictory and inconsistent, as they huddle on to a close. How rarely does it happen that the reader is entirely satisfied with the deaths and marriages that diversify the patch-work of the concluding chapters! "The funeral-baked meats do coldly furnish up the marriage-tables." We see no sufficient reason why the people who are killed off, should not rather have entered into wedlock; and we care not though the happy pair, who are setting off in a chariot and four blood bays, to spend their honeymoon at "his Lordship's Marine Villa," should not have been honourably mentioned in the obituary. But the third volume of Cyril Thornton beats its predecessors; and of it, too, the last part is the best. Through the whole story, we have watched with interest the character and conduct of Laura Willoughby—and never been without a presentiment that she was destined to be the wife of the gallant soldier. The truth is, that, unknown to himself, he has loved her all along—nothing can be more beautiful than her calm,

devoted, almost unrepining attachment to him, even when that attachment was hopeless, under the reign of the haughty and heartless Lady Mellicent; and their union, at last, satisfies all, who have felt that her meek and humble virtues, not unadorned by personal loveliness and accomplishments, were to be rewarded by the life-long affection of a generous heart, that had never been insensible to their sweet attractions, and was to find in them perfect consolation for all its vain, as well as more serious sorrows. The prospect brightens up, not too suddenly, but just as this every-day-world of ours often does, when it has seemed to be at the gloomiest; and wishing joy to the fair bride and gallant bridegroom, we lay the book on the table—or tell John to take it to Miss Somers in Moray Place—and stroll up ourselves in the sunshine to the Sanctum Sanctorum.

We shall regale such of our readers, as have not yet read the book, with what seems to us a singularly beautiful scene—the spirit of which they will feel and understand without any explanation:

"One morning, when we were seated alone in the drawing-room, I determined to execute my task.

"Laura, you remember the morning when, after hearing the account of Lady Lyndhurst's marriage, (the words half stuck in my throat,) I ran from the apartment like a madman. Did you not think me a strange and unaccountable being? I am sure you did."

"She did not answer, but gently raising her eyes, cast them on my face, and a smile,—a faint one,—passed like a sudden gleam of light over her countenance.

"I am sure you must, even if your own conjectures led you to divine the cause."

"Yes," she answered in a low and soft voice, "the cause of your agitation could not be mistaken. I think I already know all."

"No, not all, not all. God, the Searcher of hearts, alone can know all; but something of my story—enough, perhaps, for your kind heart to compassionate, I would, if you would permit me, now tell you."

"She again raised on me her moist and beautiful eyes, with a look that sank into my soul.

"Nay, Cyril," she said, taking my hand as she spoke, "do not now enter on a subject, on which it is impossible for you to speak without agitation. I, too, know that memory is painful, and it were perhaps wiser not to break the

slumber of past sorrows. Think rather on the future,—that at least may be gilded by the fancy; the present, and the past, are beyond our power.'

"To me, Laura, there is no future, or, at least, such as the present is, the future will be—must be. True, my eyes may gaze on new scenes, and my own circumstances, and those of the world around me, may be changed. But that wintry world that is within, no second spring can ever renovate. I feel that to be changeless as the grave. For me, futurity has nothing brighter or darker than the present. Such as I am, death must find me.'

"You talk sadly, Cyril; you ought not,—you must not indulge in such gloomy presentiments. It is wrong, Cyril, very wrong, to despair. Even in this world there is a balm for every wound but dishonour. I speak to you as a friend, for I have ever looked upon you as my best,—she hesitated, 'my dearest one. Give not way to this sinking of the spirit, I entreat you. It is ungrateful—it is sinful.'

"I have, I fear, talked more sadly than I intended,' endeavouring as I spoke to smile, 'for I meant not to distress you. I will now speak calmly.

● You have never, I think, seen Lady Lyndhurst; but the fame of her beauty,—of her fascination, has of course reached you.'

"Laura bowed slightly, without raising her head, and her face was hid from my gaze.

"I loved her. With what love, I will not speak. You think, perhaps, this was madness, but I did more than even this. I told her of my love. I will not say it was returned, but our troth, at least, was mutually plighted. I quitted my country a proud and a happy man, bearing within me the full treasure of my happiness, in the confidence of being loved. Her image went with me. It forsook me not on sea or on land, in the tent, in the siege, or on the battle-field.

"In a moment, I became the creature you now behold me. The struggle between life and death was a long one, but in pain and suffering it was still with me, and I recovered.

"Then I released her from her promise. For worlds, I would not have bound her to a thing like myself. I received a cold answer to my letter; I saw her, on my arrival in London, happy and careless of my fate, and, in less than two months, she was married to another.

"Tell me not to banish her from my heart. It were but a waste of words to do so. Believe me, I have striven strongly, fearfully, and vainly, and I know it cannot be.'

"At first, when I had done speaking, Laura bent her head forwards to the table, and, pressing it with her hands, remained in that posture for about a minute, then, as if suddenly acquiring strength to command her feelings, she once more turned her face towards me, and it was calm. I say calm,—for, although deep pity and interest were never more legibly expressed, her countenance retained no trace of more violent emotion.

"Cyril,' she said, 'yours is indeed a melancholy tale. I know,—at least, I think I know, your character, and can imagine through what sufferings you have passed. I would comfort you, Cyril, but what have I to offer but tears? you see they are yours,' pointing at the same time to my hand, already moistened with them, 'take them, they are my all.'

"Yes, Laura, I receive them, and, believe me, with a grateful heart,' raising at the same time my hand to my lips, and kissing away the drops that lay on it. 'Earth can now afford nothing more precious than these tears. The wounds for which they afford no balm, must indeed be incurable.'

"Though I cannot comfort you,' she resumed, 'I would yet entreat you, by all you hold dear on earth,—and surely, Cyril, there is still much to which your heart grapples,—not to yield yourself to despondency. You have been, and are perhaps yet destined to be tossed on a stormy sea. To your eye no haven may be near—no ray of hope may shine in the surrounding darkness—but you are alike called on by reason and religion, to buffet with the waters to the last, and, at least, not to sink a supine and willing victim in the abyss.

"Let your trust be in that God, who raised the tempest, and can again calm it. Cast yourself on Him, with a full reliance on his mercy, and He will not forsake you in the struggle.'

"I was silent, and she proceeded.

"I fear I am a bad preacher, Cyril, and I weary you. I have touched on a subject, perhaps, too sacred to be even alluded to by one like me. Pardon me, for I have indeed spoken in the fulness of my heart.'

"Most beautiful and benign was the expression of her countenance at that moment. Never had her eye gleamed more brightly;—never had the music of her sweet voice fallen so meltingly on my ear. But the tears, which, as she spoke, had ceased to flow, again fell fast, and bending down her forehead, she covered it with her hands.

"Do not think, Laura,' and I took her unresisting hand as I spoke; 'do not think, Laura, though my heart be not

now fitted to receive them, that your words have fallen on a cold and an ungrateful soil. They have been treasured here—they may long lie dormant, but they shall not die, and it may happen that, like bread cast upon the waters, their consolation may be found after many days. Forgive me, Laura, for the pain which it is too evident I have occasioned you. There is no other being on earth to whom I could have disclosed the secret that preys on me. It concerns not me alone, but with you it is safe.

"She answered only by a look, that spoke plainly as words, 'can you doubt it?'"

"Much did we talk of on that morning, and the voice of her sweet soothing was not without its influence on my irritable spirits. She spoke comfort to me, and I was comforted, for I knew that she shared my sorrows; and the thought stole through my heart, as we parted, that if, in my brighter days, I had loved Laura Willoughby, happiness might yet have been mine."

From this, it is pleasant to proceed to the following conclusion. It is thus that such matters should be managed:

"I had made my arrangements unknown to any of the family, and the carriage was at the door, before I had announced my intention. Then I sought Laura, for with her, I felt it necessary to my happiness, to have a short interview before my departure, to tell her, on the eve of an eternal separation, that I did not part from her in cold indifference of heart. She was not in the house. I learned she had gone out an hour or two before, and had not yet returned. I went forth into the park in search of her, I visited her favourite walk, beneath the spreading arms of the gigantic beeches, and I called aloud upon her name, but received no answer. Then I sought her in her flower garden, but that had long been neglected, and she was not there. I remembered her favourite bower, on the banks of a shady dell, in which she delighted to seek retirement, when the sun was high. This bower was peculiarly her own, and here, even by her own family, her solitude was held sacred from intrusion. Thither my steps were bent. As I approached, no sound was heard but the murmuring of the brook beneath, and the carolling of the birds from the branches of the leafy wilderness, in which it stood embowered. When I came within a few yards I stopped, unwilling to intrude suddenly on her privacy, and in a low, but audible voice, I pronounced her name. No answer

was returned, and uncertain whether it contained the object of my search, I at length approached the door.

"When I entered, she was seated at a rustic table, with her face buried in her hands. A bunch of wild flowers was before her, and a book lay open upon the table. She did not move on my entrance, and I again addressed her.

"'Laura,' I said, 'I am come to bid you farewell.'

"She raised her head quickly and suddenly, as if surprised by my presence. She rose as she beheld me.

"'You are going,' she said, and extending her hand towards me, she sunk back upon her seat, as if exhausted by the effort. Her face was pale as death, and her eyes in a moment became lustreless and glassy.

"'Oh, Laura, you are ill; excuse me for having thus intruded on your privacy, but I felt I could not depart without seeing you once more.'

"I saw she was struggling to speak, but could not, for her lips moved, yet they produced no sound. At length the word farewell, in deep and suffocating tones, was faltered from her lips.

"'Ere I bid you farewell, Laura, I have something to say, which I could not be happy were I to leave unspoken. I would not have you believe me unkind—ungrateful. Alas, could you read my heart, you would know, I am neither.'

"As I spoke I seated myself beside her on the mossy bench—her head fell upon my shoulder, and in a few minutes the power of utterance was restored to her lips.

"What passed at that interview, words shall never tell.

"The carriage was countermanded. I did not return to the army."

And now, gentle readers, we have almost "said our say," and do not know that you would thank us for the very best summary possible of the merits and demerits of Cyril Thornton. When we like a book, we laud it, without any of those base "ifs" and "buts" that take away all the grace of commendation, and leave the mind balancing between praise and censure. When we dislike a book, our worst enemies will allow, that we condemn it to the heart's content of all reasonable people. We daresay that these three volumes are full of faults, and that, if all carefully picked out by some sharp-sighted, nimble-fingered critic, partial to such employment, they would fill a bushel. We are sorry that Cyril should have shot his brother, and that he should have been so scurvily provided in the article of a

father. Pure as is the air on the Peak of Teneriffe, it seems not to have agreed well with his peculiar temperament and constitution, and, contrary to its effect on people in general, to have made him somewhat dull and drowsy. Indeed, he seems to have felt so himself, for he climbs no more mountains. He goes backwards and forwards, too, from England to the Peninsula, we think, or elsewhere, on leave of absence, when we are hardly prepared for such proceedings; and provided the reasons of his change of place are sufficient to his own judgment and feelings, he cares little about those of the critical world. That he is a man of wit, and has a keen sense of the ridiculous, nobody will deny; but, like most persons so gifted, he is rather too fond of exercising his powers, and not always so successful as his friends had reason to expect. "Come, Cyril, be serious;" but to such remonstrances, why, he presents us, perhaps, with a caricature of five Dumbartonshire beauties, kicking their splay-feet to the astonishment, and even terror, of the refined population of an English ball-room, at a watering-place. On some parts of his life he dwells too long—and on

others too shortly—unmindful of proportion—and we yesterday heard a Phrenologist say, that he was willing to pledge the science on the small size of his organ of Constructiveness. But so many pledges of that sort are now lying unredeemed in the various pawn-brokers' shops, here and in London, that we requested our friend for the present to let alone this gentleman's skull. Men, we presume, do not, all the while they are continuing to lead their lives, keep constructing them on architectural principles, as Burn, Hamilton, or Playfair, would construct a college or a church. People's lives, it would appear to us, are, in a great measure, self-constructed—or by the Fates. When, how, or by what hand the dark foundations were laid, it is ever hard to say—nor less hard to speak of the gradual rising of the superstructure. The order of some lives, is the strong plain Doric—of others, the elegant graceful Attic—of others, the rich ornate Corinthian—of others, the elaborate and crowded Composite;—but how, why, or wherefore, Vitruvius cannot tell—Palladio himself is puzzled—and Inigo Jones knows no more than the commonest stone-mason.

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SIX SONNETS.—BY DELTA.

NOCHE SERENA.

How tranquil is the night! The torrent's roar  
Dies off far distant; through the lattice streams  
The pure, white, silvery moonshine, mantling o'er  
The couch and curtains with its fairy gleams.  
Sweet is the prospect; sweeter are the dreams  
From which my loathful eyelid now unclosed:—  
Methought beside a forest we reposed,  
Marking the summer sun's far western beams,  
A dear-loved friend and I. The nightingale  
To silence and to us her pensive tale  
Sang forth; the very tone of vanished years  
Came o'er me, feelings warm, and visions bright;  
Alas! how quick such vision disappears,  
To leave the spectral moon and silent night!

DECEMBER DRÖÖFINGS.

It is a chill, dull morning; o'er the sea  
Hang robes of lazy mist; the sky is pale  
With melancholy clouds; the wintry gale  
Ceaseless raves o'er the house-top drearily.  
We are a part of Nature, and partake  
Even of the general gloom or sadness, as  
Lour the grim storms, or skies of azure glass  
Lie mirror'd in the grove-embosom'd lake.  
Oh! she is not a cruel minstress;—  
Even as I pause, on yonder dewy bough  
The household robin sings; and bids me know,  
That He who made us, loves us not the less  
Amid our sorrows, than when cheerfulness  
Exalts the heart and smiles upon the brow!

## MORN ON THE MOUNT.

'Tis ecstasy on a high hill to stand,  
 When morning lightens in the orient sky,  
 Besprent with dewy freshness ; Sol's fierce eye  
 Scattering at once all shadows from the land.  
 As 'twere from sleep Nature awakes ; her face  
 All blushing, and refresh'd, and beautiful ;  
 And, as a steed rejoicing for the race,  
 So pants the landscape. Dull the heart, oh dull,  
 That, to the melody of early birds,  
 Throbs not with holier transports of delight ;  
 Nature speaks to us in articulate words,  
 And spreads her living scenes with glory bright ;  
 All that can soothe the listening ear affords ;  
 And all that can bewitch the ravish'd sight.

## GLOAMING.

THERE is a beauty in the grey twilight,  
 Which minds unmusical can never know,  
 A holy quietude, that yields to woe  
 A pulseless pleasure, fraught with pure delight :—  
 'The aspect of the mountains huge, that brave  
 And bear upon their breasts the rolling storms ;  
 And the soft twinkling of the stars, that pave  
 Heaven's highway with their bright and burning forms ;  
 The rustle of the dark boughs overhead ;  
 The murmurs of the torrent far away ;  
 The last notes of the blackbird, and the bay  
 Of sullen watch-dog, from the far farm-stead—  
 All waken thoughts of Being's early day,  
 Loves quench'd, hopes past, friends lost, and pleasures fled.

## VERNAL FEELINGS.

'Tis soothing, 'tis delightful to the mind,  
 When brumal storms dissolving leave the plain,  
 To listen to the birds, and feel again  
 The genial sunshine, bountiful and kind ;  
 To mark the deepening azure of the sky ;  
 The verdant beauty of the mountain side ;  
 The forests bright with renovated pride ;  
 And cultured fields of many-tinted dye ;—  
 'Tis sweet to see the crocus delicate  
 Succeed the orphan snow-drop ; and to hear  
 The season-welcoming lark, with anthem clear,  
 Descending from the blue sky to his mate  
 On the fresh turf ; and know that desolate  
 Winter is past, and bright-hair'd Summer near.

## IL PENSEROSO.

RESPLENDENT halls, and Fashion's proud array,  
 The smiles of Flattery, and the pomp of Art,  
 Music, and Mirth, and Dancing, to the heart  
 Of him, whose every hope hath waned away,  
 Are but as mockeries. Him it pleases more,  
 When sunlight fades from the grey western sky,  
 To listen to the sere leaves whirling dry,  
 Around his path, and to the torrent's roar ;  
 There, resting on some mossy pediment,  
 Contemplative, beneath a blasted tree,  
 Deeply he feels Earth's futile vanity ;  
 That Life is but a tower by lightning rent ;  
 Mirth madness, Hope illusion : He can see  
 Nought with the shadows of Despair ambient.

## Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXIV.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ  
 ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

Σ.

PHOC. ap. Ath.

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,  
 An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;  
 Meaning, " 'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,  
 " NOT TO LET THE JUG FACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE ;  
 " BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIFPLE."  
 An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—  
 And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.*]

C. N. ap. Ambr.

SCENE I.—*Two Bathing-machines in the Sea at Portobello.*

SHEPHERD and TICKLER.

SHEPHERD.

Halloo, Mr Tickler, are you no ready yet, man? I've been a mother-naked man, in my machine here, for mair than ten minutes. Hae your pantaloons got entangled amang your heels, or are you saying your prayers afore you plunge?

TICKLER.

Both. These patent long drawers, too, are a confounded nuisance—and this patent short under-shirt. There is no getting out of them, without greater agility than is generally possessed by a man at my time of life.

SHEPHERD.

Confound a' pawtents. As for mysell I never wear drawers, but hae my brecks lined wi' flannen a' the year through; and as for thae wee short corded under-shirts that clasp you like ivy, I never hae had ane o' them on syn last July, when I was forced to cut it aff my back and breast wi' a pair o' sheep-shears, after having tried in vain to get out o't every morning for twa months. But are ye no ready, sir? A man on the scaffold wud na be allowed sac lang time for preparation. The minister or the hangman wud be jugging him to fling the handkershief.

TICKLER.

Hanging, I hold, is a mere flea-bite—

SHEPHERD.

What, tae doukin?—Here goes.

(The SHEPHERD plunges into the sea.)

TICKLER.

What the devil has become of James? He is nowhere to be seen. That is but a gull—that only a seal—and that a mere pellock. James, James, James!

SHEPHERD, (emerging.)

Wha's that roaring? Stop awee till I get the sawt water out o' my een, and my mouth, and my nose, and wring my hair a bit. Noo, whare are you, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

I think I shall put on my clothes again, James. The air is chill; and I see from your face that the water is as cold as ice.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man! but you're a desperate cooart. Think shame o' yoursell, staunin' naked there, at the mouth o' the machine, wi' the hail crew o' yon brig sailin'



up the Frith, looking at ye, ane after anither, frae cyuck to captain, through the telescope.

TICKLER.

James, on the sincerity of a shepherd, and the faith of a Christian, lay your hand on your heart, and tell me was not the shock tremendous? I thought you never would have reappeared.

SHEPHERD.

The shock was naething, nae mair than what a body feels when waukenin' suddenly during a sermon, or fa'in' ower a stair-case in a dream.—But I'm aff to Inchkeith.

TICKLER.

Whizz.

(*Flings a somerset into the sea.*)

SHEPHERD.

Ane—two—three—four—five—sax—seven—auight—but there's nae need o' coontin—for nae pearl-diver, in the Straits o' Madagascar or aff the coast o' Coromandel, can haud in his breath like Tickler. Weel that's surprisin'. Yon chaise has gaen about half a mile o' gate towards Portybelly syn he gaid fixzin' outower the hugs like a verra rocket. Safe us, what's this gruppin' me by the legs? A sherk—a sherk—a sherk!

TICKLER, (*yellowing to the surface.*)

Blabla—blabla—bla—

SHEPHERD.

He's keep't soomin' aneath the water till he's sick; but every man for himself, and God for us all—I'm aff.

(*SHEPHERD stretches away to sea in the direction of Inchkeith—TICKLER in pursuit.*)

TICKLER.

Every sinew, my dear James, like so much whip-cord. I swim like a salmon.

SHEPHERD.

O, sir! that Lord Byron had but been alive the noo, what a sweepstakes!

TICKLER.

A Liverpool gentleman has undertaken, James, to swim four-and-twenty miles at a stretch. What are the odds?

SHEPHERD.

Three to one on Saturn and Neptune. He'll get numm.

TICKLER.

James, I had no idea you were so rough on the back. You are a perfect otter.

SHEPHERD.

Nae personality, Mr Tickler, out at sea. I'll compare carcasses wi' you ony day o' the year. Yet, you're a gran' soomer—out o' the water at every stroke, neck, breast, shouthers, and half way doon the back—after the fashion o' the great American serpent. As for me, my style o' soomin's less showy—laigh and low—less hurry, but mair speed. Come, sir, I'll dive you for a jug o' toddy.

(*TICKLER and SHEPHERD melt away like foam-bells in the sunshine.*)

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler!

TICKLER.

James!

SHEPHERD.

It's a drawn bate—sae we'll baith pay.—O sir! Is na' Embro a glorious city? Sae clear the air, yonner you see a man and a woman stannin' on the tap o' Arthur's Seat! I had nae notion there were sae mony steeples, and spires, and columus, and pillars, and obelisks, and dome, in Embro! And at this distance, the ee canna distinguish atween them that belongs to kirks, and them that belongs to naval monuments, and them that belongs to ile-gas companies, and them that's only chimley-heads in the auld town, and the taps o' groves, or single trees, sic as poplars; and aboon a' and ahint a', craigs and saft-brood hills sprinkled wi' sheep, lights and shadows, and the blue vapoury glimmer o' a Midsummer day—het, het, het, wi' the barometer at ninety;—

but here, to us twa, bob-bobbin amang the wee, fresh, cool, murmurin', and faemy wi' waves, temperate as the air within the mermaid's palace. Another dive!

TICKLER.

James, here goes the Fly-Wheel.

SHEPHERD.

That beats a'! He gangs round in the water like a jack roastin' beef. I'm thinkin' he canna stop himsell. Safe us, he's fun' out the perpetual motion.

TICKLER.

What fish, James, would you incline to be, if put into scales?

SHEPHERD.

A dolphin—for they hae the speed o' lichtnin'. They'll dart past and roun' about a ship in full sail before the wind, just as if she was at anchor. Then the dolphin is a fish o' peace—he saved the life o' a poet of auld, Arion, wi' his harp—and oh! they say, the creatur's beautifu' in death—Byron, ye ken, com-  
parin' his hues to those o' the sun setuin' ahint the Grecian Isles. I sud like to be a dolphin.

TICKLER.

I should choose to sport shark for a season. In speed he is a match for the dolphin—and then, James, think what luxury to swallow a well-fed chaplain, or a delicate midshipman, or a young negro girl occasionally——

SHEPHERD.

And feenally to be grupp'd wi' a hyuck in a cocked hat and feather, at which the shark rises, as a trout does at a flee, hawled on board, and hacked to pieces wi' cutlasses and pikes by the jolly crew, or left alive on the deck, gutted as clean as a dice-box, and without an inch o' bowels.

TICKLER.

Men die at shore, James, of natural deaths as bad as that——

SHEPHERD.

Let me see—I sud hae nae great objections to be a whale in the Polar Seas. Gran' fun to fling a boatfu' o' harpooners into the air—or, wi' ae thud o' your tail, to drive in the stern-posts o' a Greenlandman.

TICKLER.

Grander fun still, James, to feel the inextricable harpoon in your blubber, and to go snoving away beneath an ice-floe with four mile of line connecting you with your distant enemies.

SHEPHERD.

But then whales marry but ae wife, and are passionately attached to their offspring. There, they and I are congenial speerits. Nae fish that swims enjoys so large a share of domestic happiness.

TICKLER.

A whale, James, is not a fish.

SHEPHERD.

Is na he? Let him alane for that. He's ca'd a fish in the Bible, and that's better authority than Buffon. Oh! that I were a whale!

TICKLER.

What think you of a summer of the American Sea-Serpent?

SHEPHERD.

What? To be constantly cruized upon by the hale American navy, military and mercantile! No to be able to show your back aboon water without being libelled by the Yankees in a' the newspapers, and pursued even by pleasure-parties, playin' the hurdy-gurdy and smokin' cigars! Besides, although I hae nae objection to a certain degree o' singularity, I sudna just like to be sae very singular as the American Sea-Serpent, who is the only ane of his specie noo extant; and whether he dees in his bed, or is slain by Jonathan, must incur the pain and the opprobrium o' defunckin' an auld bachelor.—What's the matter wi' you, Mr Tickler?—(Dives.)

TICKLER.

The calf of my right leg is rather harder than is altogether pleasant. A pretty business if it prove the cramp; and the cramp it is, sure enough—hallo—James—James—James—hallo—I'm seized with the cramp—James—the

sinews of the calf of my right leg are gathered up into a knot about the bulk and consistency of a sledge-hammer—

SHEPHERD.

Nae tricks upon travellers. You've nae cramp. Gin you hae, streak out your right hind leg, like a horse giein' a funk—and then ower on the back o' ye, and keep floatin' for a space, and your cauf 'll be as saft's a cushion. I ord safe us, what's this? Deevil tak me if he's no droonin'. Mr Tickler, are you droonin'? There he's doon ance, and up again—twice, and up again;—but it's time to tak haud o' him by the hair o' the head, or he'll be doon amang the limpets!—(SHEPHERD seizes TICKLER by the locks.)

TICKLER.

Oho—oho—oho—ho—ho—ho—hra—hra—hrach—hrach.

SHEPHERD.

What language is that? Finnish? Noe, sir, dinna rug me doon to the bottom alang wi' you in the dead-thraws.

TICKLER.

Heaven reward you,—James—the pain is gone—but keep near me.

SHEPHERD.

Whammle yourself ower on your back, sir. That 'ill do. Hoo are you now, sir? Yonner's the James Watt steam-boat, Captain Bain, within half a league. Lean on my arm, sir, till he comes alang-side, and it 'ill be a real happiness to the captain to save your life. But what 'ill a' the leddies do whan they're hoistin' us a-board? They maun just use their fans.

TICKLER.

My dear Shepherd, I am again floating like a turtle,—but keep within hail, James. Are you to windward or leeward?

SHEPHERD.

Right astarn. Did you ever see, sir, in a' your born days, sic a sky? Ane can scarcely say he sees't, for it's maist invisible in its blue beautifu' tenuity, as the waters o' a well! It's just like the ee o' ae lassie I kent lang ago—the langer you gazed intil't, the deep, deep, deeper it grew—the cawmer and the mair cawm—composed o' a smile, as an amethyst is composed o' licht—and seeming something impalpable to the touch, till you ventured, wi' fear, joy, and tremmlin' to kiss it—just ae hesitatin', pantin', reverential kiss—and then to be sure your verra sowl kent it to be a bonny blue ee, covered wi' a lid o' dark fringes, and drappin' aiblins a bit frichten'd tear to the lip o' love.

TICKLER.

What is your specific gravity, James? You float like a sedge.

SHEPHERD.

Say rather a Nautilus, or a Mew. I'm native to the yelement.

TICKLER.

Where learned you the natatory art, my dear Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

Do you mean soomin'? In St Mary's Loch. For a hail simmer I kept plouterin' along the shore, and pittin' ae fit to the grun, knockin' the skin aff my knees, and makin' nae progress, till ae day, the gravel haein' been loosened by a flood, I plowppd in ower head and ears, and in my confusion, turnin' my face the wrang airt, I swom across the loch at the widest, at ae stretch, and ever after that cou'd hae soomed ony man in the Forest for a wager, except Mr David Ballantyne, that noo leeves ower by yonner, near the Hermitage Castle.

TICKLER.

Now, James, you are, to use the language of Spenser, the Shepherd of the Sea.

SHEPHERD.

O that I had been a sailor! To hae circumnavigated the world! Tò hae pitched our tents, or built our bowers, on the shores o' bays sae glitterin' wi' league-lang wreaths o' shells, that the billows blushed crimson as they murmured! To hae seen our flags burnin' meteor-like, high up amang the primæval woods, while birds bright as ony buntin' sat trimmin' their plumage amang the cordage, sae tame in that island where ship had haply never touched afore, nor ever might touch again, lying in a latitude by itsell, and f

out o' the breath o' the treddwunds ! Or to hæe landed wi' a' the crew, marines and a', excep a guard on ship-board to keep aff the crowd o' canoes, on some warlike isle, tossin' wi' the plumes on chieftains' heads, and soun'-soun'-soun'-in' wi' gongs ! What's a man-o'-war's barge, Mr Tickler, beautifu' sicht though it be, to the hundred-oared canoe o' some savage Island-king ! The King himsell lyin' in state—no dead, but leevin', every inch o' him—on a platform—aboon a' his warriors standin' wi' war-clubs, and stane-hatchets, and fish-bane spears, and twisted mats, and tattooed faces, and ornaments in their noses, and painted een, and feathers on their heads a yard heigh, a silent, or burstin' out o' a sudden intil shootin' sangs o' welcome or defiance, in a language made up o' a few lang strang words—maistly gutturals—and gran' for the naked priests to yell intil the ears o' their victims, when about to cut their throats on the altar-stane that Idolatry had incrusted with blood, shed by stormy moonlicht to glut the maw of their sanguinary God. Or say rather—O rather say, that the white-winged Wonder that has brought the strangers frae afar, frae lands beyond the setting sun, has been hailed with hymns and dances o' peace—and that a' the daughters of the Isle, wi' the daughter o' the King at their head, come a' gracefully windin' along in a figur, that, wi' a thousan' changes, is aye but æe singlè dance, wi' unsandalled feet truc to their ain wild singin', wi' wings fancifully fastened to their shouthers, and, beautifu' creaturs ! a' naked to the waist—But whare the deevil's Mr Tickler ? Has he sunk during my soliloquy ? or swum to shore ? Mr Tickler—Mr Tickler—I wush I had a pistol to fire into the air, that he might be brought to. Yonner he is, playin' at porpuss. Let me try if I can reach him in twenty strokes—it's no abune a hunder yards. Five yards a-stroke—no bad soomin' in dead water.—There, I've done it in nineteen. Let me on my back for a rest. \*

TICKLER.

I am not sure that this confounded cramp—

SHEPHERD.

The cramp's just like the hiccup, sir—never think o't, and it's gane. I've seen a white lace-veil, sic as Queen Mary's drawn in, lyin' afloat, without stirrin' aboon her snawy broo, saftenin' the ee-licht—and it's yon braided clouds that remind me o't, motionless, as if they had lain there a' their lives ; yet, wae's me ! perhaps in æe single hour to melt away for ever !

TICKLER.

James, were a Mermaid to see and hear you moralizing so, afloat on your back, her heart were lost.

SHEPHERD.

I'm nae favourite noo, I suspect, amang the Mermaids.

TICKLER.

Why not, James ? You look more irresistibile than you imagine. Never saw I your face and figure to more advantage—when lying on the braes o' Yarrow, with your eyes closed in the sunshine, and the shadows of poetical dreams chasing each other along cheek and brow. You would make a beautiful corpse, James.

SHEPHERD.

Think shame o' yoursell, Mr Tickler, for daurin' to use that word, and the sinnies o' the cawf o' your richt leg yet knotted wi' the cramp. Think shame o' yoursell ! That word's no canny.

TICKLER.

But what ail the Mermaids with the Shepherd ?

SHEPHERD.

I was ance lyin' half asleep in a sea-shore cave o' the Isle o' Sky, wearied out by the verra beauty o' the moonlicht that had keptit lyin' for hours in æe lang line o' harmless fire, stretchin' leagues and leagues to the rim o' the ocean. Nae sound, but a bit faint, dim plash—plash—plash o' the tide—whether ebbin' or flawin' I ken not—no against, but upon the weed' sides o' the cave—

TICKLER.

As when some shepherd of the Hebride Isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main !

SHEPHERD.

That soun's like Thamson—in his Castle o' Indolence. A' the hail warld was forgotten—and my ain name—and what I was—and where I had come frae—and why I was lyin' there—nor was I onything but a Leevin' Dream.

TICKLER.

Are you to windward or leeward, James?

SHEPHERD.

Something—like a caulder breath o' moonlicht—fell on my face and breast, and seemed to touch all my body and my limbs. But it canna be mere moonlicht, thoct I, for, at the same time, there was the whisperin'—or say rather, the waverin' o' the voice—no alang the green cave wa's, but close intil my ear, and then within my verra breast,—sae, at first, for the soun' was saft and sweet, and wi' a touch o' plaintive wildness in't no unlike the strain o' an Eolian harp, I was rather surprised than feared, and maist thoct that it was but the wark o' my ain fancy, afore she yielded to the dwawm o' that solitary sleep.

TICKLER.

James, I hear the Steamer.

SHEPHERD.

I opened my een, that had only been half steekit—and may we never reach the shore again, if there was not I, sir, in the embrace o' a Mermaid!

TICKLER.

James—remember we are well out to Inchkeith. If you please, no—

SHEPHERD.

I would scorn to be droon'd with a lee in my mouth, sir. It is quite true that the hair o' the cretur is green—and it's as slimy as it's green—slimy and sliddery as the sea-weed that cheats your unsteady footing on the rocks. Then what een!—oh, what een!—Like the boiled een o' a cod's head and shouthers!—and yet expression in them—an expression o' love and fondness, that would hae garred an Eskimaw scunner.

TICKLER.

James, you are surely romancing.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, dear, dear me!—hech, sirs!—hech, sirs!—the fishiness o' that kiss!—I had hung up my claes to dry on a peak o' the cliff—for it was ane o' thae lang midsummer nights, when the sea-air itself fans ye wi' as warin a sugh as that frae a leddy's fan, when you're sittin' side by side wi' her in an arbour—

TICKLER.

Oh, James—you fox—

SHEPHERD.

Sae that I was as naked as either you or me, Mr Tickler, at this blessed moment—and whan I felt mysell enveloped in the hauns, paws, fins, scales, tail, and maw o' the Mermaid o' a monster, I grued till the verra roof o' the cave let down drap, drap, drap upon us—me and the Mermaid—and I gied mysell up for lost.

TICKLER.

Worse than Venus and Adonis, my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

I began mutterin' the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and the hundred and nineteenth Psalm—but a' wudna do. The Mermaid held the grup—and while I was splutterin' out her kisses, and convulsed waur than I ever was under the waerst nicht-mare that ever sat on my stomach, wi' ae desperate wallop we baith gaed tapsalteerie—frae ae sliddery ledge to anither—till, wi' accelerated velocity, like twa stanes, increasin' accordin' to the squares o' the distances, we played plunge like porpusses into the sea, a thousand fadom deep—and hoo I gat rid o' the briny Beastliness nae man kens till this day, for there was I sittin' in the cave, chitterin' like a drookit cock, and nae Mermaid to be seen or heard; although, wad ye believe me, the cave had the smell o' crabs, and labsters, and oysters, and skate, and fish in general, cucuch to turn the stomach o' a whale or a sea-lion.

TICKLER.

Ship, ahoy!—Let us change our position, James. Shall we board the Steamer?

SHEPHERD.

Only look at the waves, hoo they gang welterin' frae her prow and sides, and widen in her wake for miles aff! Gin we venture ony nearer, we'll never wear brecks mair. Mercy on us, she's bearin' doon upon us. Let us soom fast, and passing across her bows, we shall bear up to windward out o' a' the commotion.—Captain Bain! Captain Bain! it's me and Mr Tickler, takin' a soom for an appeeteet—stop the ingine till we get past the bowsprit.

TICKLER.

Heavens, James! what a bevy of ladies on deck. Let us dive.

SHEPHERD.

You may dive—for you swim improperly high; but as for me, I seem in the water to be a mere Head, like a cherub on a church. A boat, captain—a boat!

TICKLER.

James, you aren't mad, surc? Who ever boarded a steamer in our plight? There will be fainting from stern to stern, in cabin and steerage.

SHEPHERD.

I ken that ledly in the straw-bannet and green vail, and ruby sarsnet, wi' the glass at her ee. Ye ho—Miss——

TICKLER.

James—remember how exceedingly delicate a thing is a young lady's reputation. See, she turns away in confusion.

SHEPHERD.

Captain, I say, what news frae London?

CAPTAIN BAIN, (*through a speaking trumpet*).

Lord Wellington's amendment on the bouding clause in the corn bill again carried against Ministers by 133 to 122. Sixty-six shillings!

TICKLER.

What says your friend M'Culloch to that, Captain?

SHEPHERD.

Wha cares a bodle about corn bills in our situation? What's the Captain routin' about noo out o' his speakin' trumpet? But he may just as weel haud his tongue, for I never understand ae word out o' the mouth o' a trumpet.

TICKLER.

He says, the general opinion in London is, that the Administration will stand—that Canning and Brougham——

SHEPHERD.

Canning and Brougham, indeed! Do you think, sir, if Canning and Brougham had been soomin' in the sea, and that Canning had ta'en the cramp in the cawf o' his right leg, as you either did, or said you did, a short while sin syne, that Brougham wad hae safed him as I safed you? Faith, no he indeed! Hairy wad hae thocht naething o' watchin' till George showed the croon o' his head aboon water, and then hittin' him on the temples.

TICKLER.

No, no, James. They would mutually risk lives for each other's sake. But no politics at present, we're getting into the swell, and will have our work to do to beat back into smooth water. James, that was a facer.

SHEPHERD.

Dog on it, ane wad need to be a sea-mew, or kittywake, or stormy pettreel, or some ither ane o' Bewick's birds——

TICKLER.

Keep your mouth shut, James, till we're out of the swell.

SHEPHERD.

Em—hem—umph—humph—whoo—whoo—whurr—whurr—herrachvach-crach.

TICKLER.

Whsy—whsy—whsy—whugh—whugh—shugh—shugh—prugh—ptaugh—prugh.

SHEPHERD.

It's lang sin' I've drank sae muckle sawt water at ae sittin'—at ae soomin'. I mean—as I hae dune, sir, sin' that Steam-boat gaed by. She does indeed kick up a deevil o' a rumpus.

TICKLER.

Whoo—whoo—whoof—whroo—whroo—whroof—proof—ptreof—sprtf !

SHEPHERD.

Ae thing I maun tell you, sir, and that's, gin you tak the cramp the noo, you maunna expect ony assistance frae me—no gin you were my ain faither. This bates a' the swalls ! Confoun' the James Watt, quoith I.

TICKLER.

Nay, nay, James. She is worthy of her name—and a better seaman than Captain Bain never boxed the compass. He never comes below, except at meal-times, and a pleasanter person cannot be at the foot of the table. All night long he is on deck, looking out for squalls.

SHEPHERD.

I declare to you, sir, that just noo, in the trough o' the sea, I did na see the top o' the Steamer's chimley. See, Mr Tickler—see, Mr Tickler—only look here—only look here—HERE'S BRONTE ! Mr NORTH'S GREAT NEWFUNTAN' BRONTE !

TICKLER.

Capital—capital. He has been paying his father a visit at the gallant Admiral's, and come across our steps on the sands.

SHEPHERD.

Puir fallow—gran' fallow—did ye think we was droonin' ?

BRONTE.

Bow—bow—bow—bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

TICKLER.

His oratory is like that of Bristol Hunt versus Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

SHEPHERD.

Sir, you're tired, sir. You had better tak haud o' his tail.

TICKLER.

No bad idea, James. But let me just put one arm round his neck. There we go. Bronte, my boy, you swim strong as a rhinoceros !

BRONTE.

Bow, wow, wow—bow, wow, wow.

SHEPHERD.

He can do anything but speak.

TICKLER.

Why, I think, James, he speaks uncommonly well. Few of our Scotch members speak better. He might lead the Opposition.

SHEPHERD.

What for will ye aye be introducin' politics, sir ? But really, I hae fund his tail very useful in that swall ; and let's leave him to himsell noo, for twa men on ae dowg's a sair doondracht.

TICKLER.

With what a bold kind eye the noble animal keeps swimming between us, like a Christian !

SHEPHERD.

I hae never been able to perswade my heart and my understandin' that dowgs haena immortal sowls. See how he steers himself, first a wee towards me, and then a wee towards you, wi' his tail like a rudder. His sowl maun be immortal.

TICKLER.

I am sure, James, that if it be, I shall be extremely happy to meet Bronte in any future society.

SHEPHERD.

The minister wad ca' that no orthodox. But the mystery o' life canna gang out like the pluff o' a' cawnle. Perhaps the verra hit bonny glitterin' inaecks that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep for ever and aye openin' and shuttin' their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity. The universe is aiblins wide eneuch.

TICKLER.

Eyes right ! James, a boatful of ladies—with umbrellas and parasols extended to catch the breeze. Let us lie on our oars, and they will never observe us.

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow.

(Female alarms heard from the pleasure-boat. A gentleman in the stern rises with an oar and stands in a threatening attitude.)

TICKLER.

Ease off to the east, James—Bronte, hush!

SHEPHERD.

I houp they've nae fooling-pieces—for they may tak us for gulls, and pepper us wi' swan-shot or slugs. I'll dive at the flash. Yon's no a gun that chiel has in his haun?

TICKLER.

He lets fall his oar into the water, and the "boatie rows—the boatie rows"—  
Hark, a song! (Song from the retiring boat.)

SHEPHERD.

A very good sang, and very well sung—jolly companions every one.

TICKLER.

The fair authors of the Odd Volume!

SHEPHERD.

What's their names?

TICKLER.

They choose to be anonymous, James; and that being the case, no gentleman is entitled to withdraw the veil.

SHEPHERD.

They're sweet singers, howsomever, and the words o' their sang are capital. Baith Odd Volumes are maist ingenious, well written, and amusing.

TICKLER.

The public thinks so—and they sell like wild-fire.

SHEPHERD.

I'm beginning to get maist desperat thrusty, and hungry baith. What a denner wull we make! How mony miles do ye think we hae swom?

TICKLER.

Three—in or over. Let me sound,—why, James, my toe scrapes the sand.  
"By the Nail six!"

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad o't. It'll be a bonny bizziness, gif ony neer-do-weels hae ran aff wi' our claes out o' the machines. But gif they hae, Bronte 'll sune grup them—Wull na ye, Bronte?

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—bow—wow—wow.

SHEPHERD.

Now, Tickler, that our feet touch the grun, I'll rin you a race to the machines, for anither jug.

TICKLER.

Done—But let us have a fair start.—Once, twice, thrice!

(TICKLER and the SHEPHERD start, with BRONTE in the van, amid loud acclamations from the shore.—Scene closes.)

SCENE II.—*Inside of Portobello Fly.*

MRS GENTLE—MISS GENTLE.

MRS GENTLE.

I suspect, Mary, that we are to have the whole coach to ourselves. It has struck four.

MISS GENTLE.

Mr Forsyth's coach seldom starts, I think, till about seven minutes after the hour, and I hope we may have company. It is always pleasant to me to see a new face, and hear a new voice, if it should be but for a passing half-hour of cheerfulness and good-will among strangers.

MRS GENTLE.

There is an advantage, child—I had almost called it a blessing, in being not  
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too genteel. People who at all times keep fastidiously aloof from all society but that in which it is their fortune to move, unconsciously come to regard a large portion of their fellow-creatures with a kind of pride, not unallied to contempt, and their sympathies are confined within too narrow a range.

MISS GENTLE.

Yes, mamma, I often observe, that those persons, who, by the kindness of Providence, are enabled to lead a life of luxury—innocent and blameless in itself, fear even such an accidental and transient association with their inferiors in rank or wealth, as may befall them in such a vehicle as this, as if the contact were contamination. Why, too, should shame ever be felt but for meanness or evil-doing?

MRS GENTLE.

Why, my dear Mary, we are both beginning absolutely to sermonize on other people's little weaknesses or failings. Who knows, if we had a carriage of our own to loll in, many servants, and troops of splendid friends, that we might not be among the vainest of the vain, the proudest of the proud?

MISS GENTLE.

You never could, mamma, for you have been tried; as for myself, I verily believe that my hauteur would have been excessive. This is a very hot afternoon, and I do trust, that fat dusty woman, with a cage and a band-box, is not——

MRS GENTLE.

Fat dusty woman, Mary! Why may not——

MISS GENTLE.

My dear mother! I declare there come Mr Tickler and Mr Hogg! Do let me kiss my hand to them—perhaps they may——

TICKLER.

Ha! ladies—I am delighted to find we shall have your company to Edinburgh.—Hogg, ascend.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo are ye the day, Mrs Gentle? and hoo are you, Miss Mary? God bie your bonny gentle een. Come in, Mr Tickler—come in.—Coachman, pit up the steps. But gif you've ony parcels to get out o' the office, or ony honest outside passengers to tak up, you had better wait a wee while on them, and, as it's unco hot, and a' up hill, and your beasts wearied, tak' your time, my man, and hurry nae man's cattle.—Miss Mary, you'll hae been doon to the doukin'?

MISS GENTLE.

No, Mr Hogg; I very seldom bathe in the sea. Bathing is apt to give me a head-ach, and to induce sleepiness.

SHEPHERD.

That's a sign the doukin' does na agree wi' your constitution. Yet though you have that kind o' complexion, my dear mem, that the poet was dreamin' o' when he said, "O call it fair, not pale," I houp devoutly that your health's gude.—I houp, Mrs Gentle, your dochter's no what's ca'd delicate?

MRS GENTLE.

Mary enjoys excellent health, Mr Hogg, and is much in the open air, which, after all, is the best of baths.

SHEPHERD.

Ye say richt—ye say richt, mem. There's nae need o' watering a flower that opens its bosom to the dews o' heaven. Now, leddies, there's no a man in a' this warld that's less inquisitive than mysel about ither folk's concerns; yet whenever I foregather unexpectedly wi' friens I love, my heart aye asks itself silently, on what errand o' courtesy or kindness hae they been engag'd? I think, Miss Mary, I could maist guess.

MISS GENTLE.

No, Mr Hogg.

SHEPHERD.

There's nae smile on your face—at least, but sic a faint smile as generally—unless I'm sair mistaen in your character—uwalls there,—sae, my dear Miss Gentle, I ken that though your visit to this place has no been an unhappy,

it may hae been something o' a sad ane; and, therefore, God bless you, I'll change the subject, and try and be agreeable.

MRS GENTLE.

Even so, sir. We have been visiting a friend—I may almost say, a sister of Mary's, who, a few weeks ago, there was but too much reason to fear, was sinking into a consumption.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna mind, my dearest Miss Gentle, though the tears do come to your een. Friendship is never sae pure, sae unselfish, sae affeckin', in this warld, as when it breathes frae bosom to bosom o' twa young innocent maidens, wha ha'in' nae sisters o' their ain, come to love ane anither even mair dearly than if their hearts beat with the same blood. Dinna fear but she'll get better. If she seemed sinkin' into a consumption weeks sin' syne, and instead o' being waur is noo better, it's a proof that God intends not yet takin' her to himself in heaven.

MISS GENTLE.

I am truly happy, sir, to meet with you again so soon after that charming evening at Buchanan Lodge. I hope you are all well at Mount-Benger?

SHEPHERD.

Better than well; and next moon the mistress expects to see your mother and you alang wi' Mr North, according to your promise. You're no gaun to break it? What for are you lookin' sae grave, baith o' you? I dinna understand' thus—I am vera near about gaun to grow a wee angry.

MISS GENTLE.

When my dear sister shall have recovered sufficient strength for a little tour in the country, her physician has recommended—

SHEPHERD.

No anither word. She sall come out wi' you to Yarrow. I've seen near a dizzin o' us in Mr North's coach afore noo, and no that crooded neither. You fower'll ilka ane hae your corner—and you, Mein, Mrs Gentle, and Mr North, 'll be taken for the mother and the father—and Miss Mary and Miss Ellenor, for your twa dochters; the ane like Bessy Bell, and the ither like Mary Gray.

MISS GENTLE.

Most extraordinary, Mr Hogg—why my dear friend's name absolutely is Ellenor!

SHEPHERD.

The moment I either see a young leddy, or lassie indeed o' any sort, or even hear them spoken o' by ane that loes them, that moment I ken their Christian name. What process my mind gangs through, I canna tell, except that it's intuitive like, and instantaneous. The soun' o' the unpronounced name, or rather the shadow o' the soun', comes across my mind, and I'm never wrang any mair than if I had heard the wean baptized in the kirk.

MISS GENTLE.

What fine apprehensions are given to the poet's gifted soul and senses!

SHEPHERD.

A July at Mount-Benger will add twenty years to Miss Ellenor's life. She sall hae asses' milk—and a stool to sit on in the byre every nicht when the "kye come hame" to be milked—for there's naethin' better for that complaint than the balmy breath o' kine.

MISS GENTLE.

God bless you, sir, you are so considerate!

SHEPHERD.

And we'll tak care no to let her walk on the gerse when the dews are on,—and no to stay out ower late in the gloamin'; and in case o' a chance shower—for there's nae countin' on them—she sall hae my plaid—and bonny she'll look in't, gif she be anything like her freen Miss Mary Gentle—and we'll row in a boatie on St Mary's Loch in the sunshine—and her bed sall be made cozy every nicht wi' our new brass warmin' pan, though there's no as much damp about a' the house as to dim a lookin'-glass—and her food sall be Yarrow fruits, and Eltrive chickens, and licht barley-scones, wi' a glass o' the mistress's currant-wine—and the banished roses sall return frae exile to her cheek, and the lilies to her breast—and her voice sall no trammel in the chorus o' a sang—and

you and her may gladden our een by dancin' a waltz to my fiddle—for the waltz is a bonny dance for twa maiden sisters dressed in white, wi' roses on their hair, and pink sashes roun' their waists, and silk stockens sae smooth and white, ye micht maist think they were nae stockens ava'; but just the pure gleam o' the natural ankle glidin' along the floor.

MISS GENTLE.

You draw such a picture of our Arcadia! I feel assured that we shall visit the Forest.

SHEPHERD.

I'm surc, Miss Mary, that you believe in the doctrine o' impulses?

MISS GENTLE.

I wish to believe in everything beautiful—ay, even in Kilmeny's sojourn in the land of Faery, and her return, when years had flown, late late in the gloamin' to her father's ingle.

SHEPHERD.

Mony impulses, Mem, Mrs Gentle, have come to me, between the age o' sixteen and my present time o' life—what that is, I leave you baith to guess, but no to utter—for the maist part in the silence and darkness o' nicht—but no always sae—sometimes in the brichtness o' sunshine, at morn or meridian—but never but when alane—a' ithers bein' either far away, or buried in sleep.

MISS GENTLE.

Will you have the kindness, my dear Mr Hogg, to explain yourself—for—

SHEPHERD.

A' at ance my soul kens that it must obey the Impulse—nor ever seeks to refuse. Aftenest it is towards something sad—but although sad, seldom miserable—a journey ower the hills to see some frien', whom I hae nae reason to fear is otherwise than well and happy—but on reaching his house, I see grieffu' faces, and perhaps hear the voice o' prayer by the bedside o' ane whom the bystanders fear is about to die. Ance the Impulse led me to go by a ford, instead o' the brigg, although the ford was fardest, and the river red; and I was just in time to save a puir travellin' mither, wi' twa wee weans on her breast; awa' she went wi' a blessing on my head, and I never saw her mair. Anither time, the Impulse sent me to a lanesome spat among the hills, as I thought, only because the starnies were mair than usual beautifully bricht, and that I might aiblins mak a bit poem or sang in the solitude, and I found my ain brither's wee dochter, o' twelve years auld, lyin' delirious o' a sudden brain fever, and sae weak, that I had to carry her hame in my plaid like a bit lamb.—But I'm gettin' wearisome, Mem—and gude safe us, there's Bronte fechtin' wi' a carter's mastiff. We're a mile frae Portybelly, and I never was sensible o' the Fly haein' steered frae the cutch-offish.—Driver—driver, stop, or thae twa dowgs 'll devour ane anither. There's nae occasion—Bronte has garred him flee, and that carter 'll be wise to haud his haun', for faith gif he strikes Bronte wi' his whup, he'll be on the braid o' his back in a jiffy, wi' a hail set o' teeth in his wizand, as lang's my fingers, and as white as yours, Miss Mary—but wull ye let me look at that ring, for I'm unco curious in precious stanes.—(SHEPHERD takes MISS GENTLE's hand into his.)

MISS GENTLE.

It has been in our family, sir, for several centuries, and I wear it for my grandmother's sake, who took it off her finger and put it on mine, a few days before she died.

SHEPHERD.

Mrs Gentle, I see your dochter's haun's just like your ain—the back narrowish, but rather a wee plumpy—fingers sma' and taper, without being lang—and the beautifu' wee member, pawm an' a', as saft and warm as velvet, that has been no verra far aff the fire.—Happy he whom heaven ordains, on some nae distant day, to put the thin, unadorned, unrubied ring on this finger—my dear Mary—this ane, the neist to the wee finger o' the left haun'—and gin you'll ask me to the wedding, you shall get, my bonny doo, warm frae this heart o' mine, a father's blessing.

MRS GENTLE.

Let me promise for Mary, Mr Hogg; and on that day, you, Mr North, and Mr Tickler, will dine with me at Trinity-Cottage.

SHEPHERD.

I'll answer for Mr Tickler. But hoosh—speak lown, or we'll waken him. I'm never sae happy in his company, as when he's sleepin'—for his animal spirits, at times, is maist'outrawgeous—his wut incessant—and the verra een o' him gleg as wumbles, mair than I can thole, for hours thegither fixed on mine, as gin he wushed to bore a hole through a body's head, *fræ oss frontis to cerebellum*. Leddies dear, you're no Phrenologists?

MRS GENTLE.

We are not—from no contempt of what we do not understand—but merely because Mary's education is still in many things incomplete—and——

SHEPHERD.

Incomplete! I dinna believe it's incomplete in anything. Dinna they tell me that she can play the piawno, and the herp, and the guitawr, each sae weel, that it seems at the time to be her only instrument? Mr North, they say, 'll sit for hours without ony cawnle in the room, only the moon lookin' and listenin' in at the window, while she keeps singin' to the auld man tunes that somehow mak him greet—and greetin's no a mood he's in general gien to—And, then, dinna ye think Mr North has shown me some o' her verses, ay, as true poetry, Miss Mary, as Mrs Hemans's hersell?—and what for wull ye no alloo him to prent some o' them in the Magazine?

MRS GENTLE.

Mary's attempts, Mr Hogg, are all unworthy that honour—and I assure you her modesty is so unaffected, that it would give her pain to see any of her trifles in print. She rarely can be brought even to sing them to Mr North, when we are alone.

SHEPHERD.

I canna ca't a fause modesty—for there's naething fause about her—indeed I love, admire, and respect her for't—although, God forbid I sud think that the female poetesses i' this and ither kintras sud na hae sang before a' the people,—but oh, mein, there's a charm divine in the bits o' sangs that's owned by their writers—young, innocent, and fair—maist as if in confession o' haein' dunc something wrang—and extorted frae them, when nane but dearest freens are by, in some auld plaintive air that never seemed sae sweet before,—the singer a' the while hangin' down her head, till her hair seems in the twilight hangin' like a veil ower her countenance, and you can just see the movin' o' her breast, half in sadness and half in a timid fear, yet the hail feelin' a feelin' o' happiness that she would be sorry to exchange for mirth.

MRS GENTLE.

I sometimes think, sir, that the education of females in this country is too much according to rule—too formal—too——

SHEPHERD.

Far ower muckle sae. There's ower little left to theirsells, Mem. The truth is, that the creaturs hae nae time to think or feel about anything but what they're taucht—every hour in the day bein' taken up wi' its ain separate task—sae that their acquirements, or accomplishments, as they ca' them, are ower mechanical, and dinna melt into, and set aff ane anither like the colours o' a rainbow, Mem, as they do in the case o' your dochter there—and a year after leavin' school, or bein' married, whare's a' their fine gran' accomplishments then? They canna then pent a bit flower wi' distinctive petals frae natur; and as for any new tunes, they never attempt them, and jingle ower them learnt at school unco wearisomely—for the spinnet, poorly played, is a meeserable instrument, like music dazed and daunderin' in an asthmatic consumption.

MRS GENTLE.

Perhaps, Mr Hogg, you may allow that such accomplishments are chiefly graceful in youth, and that they may rust out of use, without much regret, when the wife and the mother——

SHEPHERD.

Just sae—just sae, Mem—only they sudna be gien up just ategither, and only by slow degrees. Though I confess I hae nae pleasure in seein' mother and dochter sittin' playing a duet at the same spinnet.

MISS GENTLE.

Phrenology is quite epidemic, Mr Hogg, among our sex in Edinburgh.

SHEPHERD.

Hae na ye observed that a' leddies that are Phrenologists are very impudent, upsettin', bauld amang men, loud talkers, and lang as weel's loud—tak desperate strides when they walk—write a strang haun' o' write—grow red in the face gin you happen to contradick them—dinna behave ower reverently to their pawrents, nor yet to their husbands, gin they hae the good luck to hae gotten wed—hae nae slicht o' haun' in curlin' their hair toshly, and are nae-wise kenspeckle for white teeth—to say naething about the girth o' their aukles—nor—

MISS GENTLE.

I know only one female Phrenologist, Mr Hogg—and I assure you she is a very sweet, simple, pretty girl.

SHEPHERD.

And does she let lecturers hawnle her head?

MISS GENTLE.

Pardon me for again interrupting you; but Lucy Callander—

SHEPHERD.

Is nae Phrenologist. A sweet, simple, pretty girl, wi' sic an agreeable name as Lucy Callander, canna be a Phrenologist. She'll hae a sweetheart that pretends to be ane, that he may tak impertinent opportunities to weave her fair tresses roun' his fingers, and mak "the Sceance," as the fules ca't, subservient to a little innocent flirtation, Mem. That's no uncommon, Mem. There's nae scarcity o' siccan disciples.

MRS GENTLE.

Surely, sir, no gentleman would so far forget his natural respect for the delicacy and dignity of the sex as under any circumstances to act so insultingly, so vulgarly, and so coarsely—

SHEPHERD.

Only member o' the Phrenological Society, Mem, would do sae, without meaning any insult, but just frae the obtuse insolence characteristic o' the sock. In matters o' sceance, a' the ordinary decencies, and delicacies, and proprieties o' life maun be laid aside; and sic an angelic head as the ane I see before me, glitterin' wi' sunbeams, and wi' the breathin' incense o' morn, submitted to be pawed upon, (the beasts ca't manipulated,) by fingers fetidly familiar wi' plaster o' Paris casts o' the skulls o' murderous Jezebels, like Mrs Mackinnon, or aiblins wi' the verra skull itsel, and a comparison instituted, possibly to the advantage o' her that has been hanged and discekit, and made an atomy o', between the character o' that dochter o' sin and perdition, and this your ain child o' innocence and bliss.

MRS GENTLE.

Arn't you pressing the point against the Phrenologists too far, Mr Hogg?

SHEPHERD.

No half far cneuch. They said that she-devil wha had brought sae mony a puir young lassie to destruction, and broken so mony a parental heart, had a great organ o' veneration; and how think ye they proved the correspondence o' her character wi' what they ca' her development? Why, that she ance drapp'd on her knees on the Calton-hill and imprecated furious curses on the vessel that was carryin' off an offisher, or some other profligate, with whom she had lived in sin and shanne! I could show you the words.

MRS GENTLE.

Mr North, sir, I can assure you, regards Phrenology much more favourably than you seem—

SHEPHERD.

What care I for Mr North, Mem, or indeed any ither Man, in a maitter, no sae muckle o' pure philosophy, as common sense? Besides, Mr North only seems to humour sic folly, to see hoo far it 'll gang—and its gran' sport to hear him acquiescin' wi' a phrenologist, the silly creatur considerin' him a convert, till, in the pride o' his heart, the ass brays sae loud and lang, that the lail company is startled, and Lang-Lugs himsell percaves that he has been trottin' for their amusement, and had his nose a' the while tickled by Mr North, wi' the *nemo-me-impune-laccsset* thistle that grows on the back o' Blackwood's Magazine.

MISS GENTLE.

Have any of the gentlemen you allude to, sir, written any works of merit—in prose or verse?—for I confess that, if they have, I should feel the more posed to believe that the philosophy was true.

SHEPHERD.

I never heard tell o' ony. Let a phrenologist write ae beautifu' sang o' four stanzas—ae Prose Tale, however short, in which human nature is unfaulted and elucidated—ae Essay even in the common language o' men—on Metaphysics theirsells—let him pruve himself to hae genius o' ony kind, and in ony deapartment, and then a body micht think wi' some temper on their blind and brutal abuse o' their betters, and their general denunciation o' a' the rest o' mankind as dunces or bigots. But what hae they got to shaw? No ae single scrawl fit for onything better than singin' poutry.

MRS GENTLE.

I understand, sir, there are some very clever men among the Phrenologists.

SHEPHERD.

There are some very clever men, Mem, in every craal o' Hottentots, I'se warrant, in Caffrawria, as there are in every tent o' tinklers frae Yetholm. Tawlents o' a tolerable size you stumble on now-a-days at the corner o' every street; and it would be a singular phenomenon if you cou'd na put your haun on the shoulther o' a decent Phrenologist. But oh, Mem! but the creturs mak' the maist o' ony moderate tawlents they may possess, or poor o' writin' doon statements o' what they ca' facts—and sure eneuch in conversation in company after dinner—maist unhappy haverers are they over tumbler or jug—sae serious when every body else is jokin'—sae close in their reasonin' whenither folk's minds are like bows unbent—sae argumentative on mere wunnle-straws flung up to see how the wund blows—sae fairce gif you but gie a wee bit short good-natured grunt o' a lauch—sae tenawcious like grim death o' a syllogism o' ratiocination that you hae rugged out o' their nieve—sae fond o' damnable iteration, as Shakspeare says, for I never swear nane—sae dreigh and sae dour in a' they look, think, say, or do—sae bauld and bristly when they think they are heating you in logic, and sae crest-fallen and like cawves wi' their heads hanging ower the sides o' carts, when they find that ye are yerking it into them, and see that a' the company is kecklin',—in short, oh, dear me! Mem, Mrs Gentle! and you, my dear Miss Mary! the Phnologists are indeed a peculiar people, jealous o' good works, and wi' about as muckle sense among them as micht furnish some half dozen commissioners o' police per annum, twa three droggists, an advocate callant no verra sair on the fees, and a couple o' stickit ministers. You'll hear them takin' a sweepin' view o' the History o' Metaphysics frae Thawles, the Tam Broom, establishin' for themselves nae fewer than twa-and-thretty faculties, mainteenin' that the knowledge o' human nature on the sceance o' Mind is yet in its infancy—that a' the millions on millions o' men that thoct about their ain sows since Noah, went blindfolded and ram-stam on the wrang road, with their backs towards the rising Sun o' Truth—and to mak a lang story short, that Dr Gall, Dr Spurzheim, Mr George Combe, and Mr James Simpson, do now possess, within the circumference of their skulls, shallow and empty as they are deemed to be by a weak and wicked generation, nair sense, knowledge, sceance, truth, than all the other skulls belonging to the eight hundred and fifty million o' Christians, Pagans, Heathens, Jews, Turks, and the lave, on continent or isle, a' ower the face, breast, and back o' the habitable yirth! Whoo—I am out o' breath—I wuss I had a drink. Did Tickler stir the noo? I houp he's no wankenin'.

MRS GENTLE.

Well, Mr Hogg, this is the first time in my life I ever saw Mr Tickler asleep. I fear he has been overpowered by the sun.

SHEPHERD.

No, Mem—by soomin'. He and I, and Bronte there, took a soom nearly out to Inchkeith—and no being accustomed to it for some years, he's unco comatose. There's no ae single thing in a' this world that he's sae severe on in other folk as fa'in asleep in company—let them even hae sat up the hail nicht afore, ower bowl or book,—but that trance is like a judgment on him.

and he'll be real wud at me for no waukenin' him, when he opens his een as the wheels stop, and he fin's that I've had baith the leddies a' the way up to mysell. But you can see him at any time—whereas a sicht o' me in Awnrose's is gude for sair een, on an average only but ance a season. Mrs Gentle, did you ever see any person sleep mair like a gentleman—

MRS GENTLE.

Everything Mr Tickler does, Mr Hogg, is like a gentleman.

SHEPHERD.

When he's dead he'll look like a gentleman. Even if ane could for a moment mak sic a supposition, he would look like a gentleman, if he were hanged.

MRS GENTLE.

O shocking!—My dear sir—

SHEPHERD.

My admiration o' Mr Tickler has nae bounds, Mem. He would look like a gentleman in the stocks—or the jongs—or the present Ministry—

MRS GENTLE.

I certainly never saw any person enter a drawing-room with an air of more courteous dignity, more heartfelt politeness, more *urbanity*, sir, a word, I believe, derived—

SHEPHERD.

It's no ae man in fifty thousa' 'that's entitled to hae what's ca'd a mainner. Maist men, on entering a room, do weel just to sit doon on the first chair they lay their haun on—or to gang intil the window—or lean against the wa'—or keep lookin' at pictures on a table—till the denner-bell rings. But Mr Tickler there—sax feet four—threescore and ten—we heigh feturs—white hair—ruddy cheeks—paircin een—naturally eloquent—fu' o' anecdote o' the olden time—independent in sowl, body, and estate,—gayen proud—a wee mad—rather deafish on the side of his head that happens to be niest a ninny—He Mem, is entitled by nature and art to hae a mainner, and an extraordinar mainner sometimes it is,—

MRS GENTLE.

I think Mr Tickler is about to shake off his drowsiness.

TICKLER.

Has that lazy fellow of a coachman not got all his parcels and passengers collected yet? Is he never going to set off? Ay, there we go at last. This Portobello, Mrs Gentle, is really a wonderful place. That building reminds me of the Edinburgh Post Office.

SHEPHERD.

We're in Embro', sir, we're in Embro', and you've been snorin' like a bittern or a frog in Tarrass moss.

TICKLER.

Ladies—can I hope ever to be pardoned for having fallen asleep in such presence? Yet, could I think that the guilt of sleep had been aggravated by being habit and repute a snorer,—suicide alone could—

MRS GENTLE.

During your alumber, sir, you drew your breath as softly as a sleeping child.

TICKLER.

My offence, then, is not inexcusable.

SHEPHERD.

I am muckle obliged to you, sir, for sleepin'—and I drew up the window on your side, that you micht na catch cauld; for, sir, though you draw your breath as softly as a sleepin' child, you hae nae notion how wide open you haud your mouth. You'll do the same for me another time.

(*The coach stops, and the SHEPHERD hands out MISS GENTLE.—MR TICKLER gallantly performing the same office to the Lady Mother.*)

BRONTE.

Now—wow—wow,—bow—wow—wow.

(*Scene closes.*)

## SCENE III.

MR AMBROSE'S Hotel, Picardy Place.—Pitt Parlour.—MR NORTH lying on a sofa, and MR AMBROSE fanning him with a Peacock's Tail.

NORTH.

These window-ventilators, Mr Ambrose, are indeed admirable contrivances, and I must get them adopted at the Lodge. No wind that blows suits this room so well as the south-east. Do you think I might venture on another water-ice before dinner? The pine-apple we shall reserve. Thank you, Ambrose—that fan almost makes me melancholy. Demetrius was truly a splendid—a gorgeous—a glorious bird—and methinks I see him now affronting Phœbus with his thousand lidless eyes intensely bright within the emerald haze by which they were all encircled and overshadowed. Poor, dear, good old Lady Diana Le Fleming gave him to me, that parricide might not be perpetrated in the Rydal woods. For the Prince had rebelled against the King his father, and driven old Poliorcetes into the gloom of the forest. There, in some remote glade, accompanied in his dethroned exile but by one single Sultana, would he dare, as the echo of his ungrateful heir-apparent's triumphant cry was faint among the ancient oaks, to unfurl that Tail, Mr Ambrose, glorious even in the gloom, till sick of tenderness, his pensive paramour stooped her crested head, and pressed her bosom to the mossy greensward before her enamoured lord, who, had he been more of a philosopher than I fear he was, would have been happy in the thought of “All for Love, or the World well Lost.” No spectator there of such caresses but the wild-bee, too busy amidst the sylvan blooms to behold even the birds of Juno—or the squirrel leaping among the mossy branches of that endless canopy—or the lovely adder trailing his burnished undulations along the forest flowers—or snow-white coney all intent on his own loves, the happy father he of monthly families all the year long, retiring at the far-off rustle of footstep into his old hereditary palace, beneath the roots of elm or ash five centuries old! Solemn woods they were indeed, my good Ambrose, in those days—but oh! that the axe should ever be laid to the root of the Bright, the Beautiful, the Bold, the Free, the Great, the Young or the Old! Let hurricanes level lanes through forests, as plagues do through the families of men, for Nature may work at will with her own elements among her own creations, but why must man for ever destroy? nor, child of a day, fear to murder the Tree that stands green yet gloomy in its strength, beside the mouldering mausoleum it has for ages overshadowed, and that is now but a heap of dust and ashes? Hark! the time-piece sweetly strikes, as with a silver bell, the hour of five!—Cease your fanning, mine host most worthy—and let the dinner appear—for ere a man, with moderate haste, might count a hundred, Tickler and the Shepherd will be in the presence. Ay, God bless his honest soul, there is my dear James's laugh in the lobby.

*Enter SHEPHERD and TICKLER and BRONTE.*

SHEPHERD.

Here I am, sir, gloriously hungry. My stomach, Mr North, as weel's my heart's, in the richt place. I'm nae glutton—nae gormandeezer—but a man o' a gude—a great appeeteet—and for the next half hour I shall be as perfectly happy as any man in a' Scotland.

TICKLER.

Take a few biscuits, James, till——

SHEPHERD.

Biskits! I could crunch the hail tot o' them like sae many wafers. Rax me ower ane o' thae cabin-biskits o' a man-o'-war—there—smash into flinders flaes it at ae stroke o' my elbow—but here comes the Roond!

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, I ordered a cold dinner——



SHEPHERD.

A cauld denner! Wha the deevil in his seven senses wud condescend to sit doon till a cauld denner? Hail, Hotch-potch! What a Cut o' Sawmon! That maun hae been a noble fish! Come forrit, my wee chiel, wi' the chickens, and you bigger callant, wi' the tongue and ham. Tak' tent, ye auld dominee, and no scale the sass o' the sweet-breads! Curry's a gran' thing, gayen late on in a denner, when the edge o' the appetite's a wee turned, and you're rather begiunin' to be stawed. Mr Awmrose, I'll thank ye to lend me a pocky-haundersblef, for I've forgotten mine in my wallise, and my mouth's waterin'. There, Mr North, there—set in his fit-s'ule aneath the table. I ea' this, sir, a tasterin' and judicious denner for three. Whisht, sirs. "God bless us in these mercies, and make us truly thankful. Amen!"

TICKLER.

Hodge-podge, Hogg?

SHEPHERD.

Only three laddle-fu's.—Mair peas. Dip deeper.—That's it.

NORTH.

Boiling broth, with the thermometer at eighty!

SHEPHERD.

I carena if the fermometer war at aught hunder and aughty. I'll eat het hotch-potch against Mossy Shaubert—only I'll no gae intil the oven—neither will I eat arsenick or phosphorus.

NORTH.

I should like, James, to introduce my friend Dr Dodds to M. Chabert.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's he?

NORTH.

The ingenious gentleman who was packed in ice below an avalanche in Switzerland for some century and a half, and who, on being dug out and restored to animation before a rousing wood-fire, merely complained of a slight numbness in his knees, and a tingling at the points of his fingers.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, man! hoo he must hae enjoyed the first het denner! I think I see him ower his first jug o' het toddy. They tell me he has gotten himsell married—has he ony family?

TICKLER.

Mr Hogg, a glass of wine?

SHEPHERD.

No the noo. I am for some mair o' the hotch-potch. Mr Awmrose, gie me a deeper ashet.—I wunner to see ye, Mr North, fiddle-faddlin' awa' at cauld lamb and mint sass.—I just perfectly abhor mint sass.

NORTH.

My dear James, you must have had the shower-bath to-day.

SHEPHERD.

Confound your shower-baths, and your vapour-baths, and your slipper-baths, and your marble-coffin-baths, and your Bath-baths—"give me," as my ingenious fren', the author o' the Cigar and Life after Dark, spiritedly says, "give me the broad bosom of the blue sea, with five fathom of water beneath me;" the Frith o' Forth to frisk in, sir—the lips o' the wide mouth o' the German ocean to play with—where, as Tennant says,

Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began.

Noo, Mr Tickler, my hotch-potch's done, and I'll drink a pint o' porter wi' you frae the tap.

(Mr Ambrose places the pewter.)

NORTH.

The "Cigar," James, and "Ev'ry Night Book, or Life after Dark," are extremely clever and amusing. Who?

SHEPHERD.

The same. He's a watty fallow. I wish he was here.

NORTH.

Is the "Age-Reviewed," James, any shakes o' a satire?

SHEPHERD.

Some o' the belly, sir. I prefer the belly o' a sawmon and the back o' a cod. What's your wull?

NORTH.

I gave you the "Age Reviewed" yestreen to peruse, James. Eh?

SHEPHERD.

He's a sumph, the author. He leads a body in the preface to expeck that he's gann to be personal, and malevolent, and rancorous, and a' that; and instead o' that, he's only stupid.

TICKLER.

I gave the drivel a glance—wretched stuff. The dolt is not aware that "The Age" goes farther back in time than about the year 1812, or extends in space beyond London and suburbs.

SHEPHERD.

He might as weel hae ca'd a drill o' twa three tailors and weavers—makin' into volunteers—a review o' the British army. It's curious how many sumphs become satirists.

NORTH.

What a rare faculty 'tis, James, cutting-up.

SHEPHERD.

Ye may say that, wi' a pig's tail in your check, Mr North; for, savin' and exceptin' your ain single sell, there's no a man noo, either in the Fleet or the Army, or the Church, or the Courts o' Law, or the Parliament, that knows how to hauncle a cat-o'-nine-tails.

NORTH.

My dear Shepherd, you forget—my instrument is the *knout*.

SHEPHERD.

What maist surprises and pleases me, sir, is that your richt hand never forgets its cunnin'. You'll maybe no tak your *knout* intil't for a year at a time; and the next culprit that has his head tied ower a post, houps your haun' 'll be weak or ackward; but my faith he suns kens better; for at every stripe o' the inevitable and inexorable whang, the skin flipes aff frae nape to hurdies—and the Cockney confesses that Christopher North is still, septuagenarian though he be, the First Leevin' Satirist o' the age. I wud like to see you, sir, by way o' varceity, pented by John Watson Gordon, in the character o' Apello flayin' Marryas.—Noo for the *Round*. Thank ye, Mr Tickler—some udder.—Awmrose, Dickson's mustard.

TICKLER.

"May-Fair," North, is clever.

NORTH.

Very much so. But I do not fancy light-hitting—and showy sparring of that sort. Give me a desperate lunge at the kidneys.

TICKLER.

The author is not a man of fashion—although he would fain be thought one. Dress—speak—laugh—bow—sit—walk,—blow your nose as fashionably as you can—unless you are *bona fide* of the ton—it is all in vain. You are soon seen to be a forger.

NORTH.

Yet the author is a gentleman and a scholar.

TICKLER.

I dislike altogether these ambling octo-syllabics. 'Tis a pitiful pace.

NORTH.

Rather so. But what chiefly annoyed me in May-Fair, was its author's assumed casiness of air,—his nonchalance in speaking of his titled friends,—his hand-in-glove familiarity with my Lord Holland,—and, above all, the unconscious pomposity with which he, a gay and airy trifler, treats of matters utterly uninteresting to all mankind, except, perhaps, about three people.

SHEPHERD.

Nae mair about it. I read a skreel o't in the Literary Gazette, but didna understand ae single word o't, wi' its blanks, and its allusions, and its alleiterations. The author thinks himsell a great wut, nae doubt, but he's only mid-ellin',—and it's no worth while "takin' the conceit outo' him," for he'll re-

reach another edition. Thae Lunnun creturs imagine a' the world's aye thinkin' about them,—but naebody in Warrow minds them. May-Fair at Selkraig's a different bizziness, and wad mak a gran' poem, either serious or satirical, or baith at ance, like the wabster's widow.

TICKLER.

Pray, North, did you see Tom Campbell when he was lately in Edinburgh?

NORTH.

I did not. He was to have dined with me, when a summons, from Colburn, I suppose, carried him off by steam to London.

TICKLER.

Our worthy friends, the people of the West Country, did themselves infinite credit by their cordial reception of their Bard and Rector.

NORTH.

They did so indeed. Campbell's speeches and addresses on his Installation on the First of May, and at the Public Dinner, contained many very happy touches—apt, ingenious, hearty, and graceful.

TICKLER.

You heard, I presume, that the Gander tried to disturb the genial feeling of sympathy and admiration by his Goose-dub gabble, but got hissed and hooted back to his green-mantled pool?

NORTH.

I noticed, with pleasure, an able castigation of the creature in the Scots Times; and it is agreeable to know, that the illustrious Author of the Pleasures of Hope cut him dead. In England, such baseness would be held incredible. Yet, plucked as he is of every feather, and bleeding all over, he struts about in the same mock majesty as ever, and construes pity and contempt into keudos and glorification.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna ken wha you're speakin' about. But wha wull the College laddies make Rector neist? I'll tell you wha they should elect?

NORTH.

Whom, James?

SHEPHERD.

Just yoursell. They've had a dynasty of Whigs—Jeffray, and Sir James Mackintosh, and Brougham, and Cammell—and noo they should hae a dynasty o' Tories. THE FIRST GREAT TORY RECTOR SHOULD BE CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

NORTH.

No—no—no, James. *Nolo Episcopari.*

SHEPHERD.

What for no? Haud your tongue. I'll mak an appeal to the laddies, and your election is sure. First, you're the auldest Tory in Scotland—secondly, you're the bauldest Tory in Scotland—thirdly, you're the wuttiest Tory in Scotland—fourthly, you're the wisest Tory in Scotland. That Tammas Cammell is a mair popular poet than you, sir, I grant; but that he has ac tenth pairt o' your poetical genius, I deny. As a miscellaneous writer on a' subjects human and divine, he is no to be named wi' you, sir, in the same lifetime—and as an Editor, he is, compared wi' CHRISTOPHER NORTH—but as a spunk to the Sun!

TICKLER.

Rector! a glass of hock or sauterne?

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, the Peacock's Tail, if you please. The room is getting very hot.

SHEPHERD.

O, sir, but you look bonny when you blush. I can concave a virgin o' saxteen fa'in in love wi' you—Rector, your good health. Mr Awmrose, fill the Rector's glass. O, sir, but you wud luk gran' in your robs. Jeffray and Cammell's but pechs to you—the verra stoop o' your shouthers would be dignified aneath a goon—the gait o' the gout is unco philosophical—and wi' your crutch in your nieve, you would seem the Champion o' Truth, ready either to defend the passets against the wily assaults o' Falsehood, or to follow

her into her ain camp, storm the entrenchments, and slaughter her whole army o' sceptics.—Mr Awmrose, gie me a clean plate—I'm for some o' the curried kernels.

NORTH.

I have some thoughts, James, of relinquishing animal food, and confining myself, like Sir Richard Phillips, to vegetable matter.

SHEPHERD.

Ma troth, sir, there are mony millions o' Sir Richard Phillipses in the world, if a' that's necessary to make ane be abstinence frae animal food. It's my belief, that no aboon ane in ten o' mankind at large, pree animal food frae week's end to week's end. Sir Richard Phillips, on that question, is in a great majority.

TICKLER.

North, accustomed, James, all his life, to three courses—fish, flesh, and fowl—would think himself an absolute phenomenon or miracle of man, were he to devote the remainder of his meals to potatoes and barley bannocks, pease-soup, macaroni, and the rest of the range of bloodless but sappy nature. How he would be laughed at for his heroic resolution, if overheard by three million strapping Irish beggars, wi' their bowels yearnin' for potatoes and potheen!

NORTH.

No quizzing, boys, of the old gentleman. Talking of Sir Richard Phillips, I am sorry he is no longer—to my knowledge at least—the Editor of a Magazine. In his hands the Monthly was a valuable periodical. One met with information there, that now-a-days I, at least, know not where to look for—and though the Knight's own scientific speculations were sometimes sufficiently absurd, they, for the most part, exhibited the working of a powerful and even original mind.

SHEPHERD.

I agree wi' him in thinkin' Sir Isaac Newton out o' his reckonin' entirely about gravitation. There's nae sic thing as a law o' gravitation! What would be the use o't? Wull onybody tell me, that an apple or a stane wudna fa' to the grun' without sic a law? Sumphs that say sae! 'They fa' to the grun' because they're heavy.

NORTH.

I also lik'd Sir Richard's politics.

SHEPHERD.

Ilaw!!!

NORTH.

He was consistent, James—and my mind is so constituted as always to connect together the ideas of consistency and conscientiousness. In his criticisms on literature and the fine arts, he appeared to me generally to say what he thought the truth—and although sometimes manifestly swayed in his judgment on such matters, like almost all other men, by his political predilections, his pages were seldom if ever tainted with malignity, and on the whole, Dick was a fair foe.

TICKLER.

He was the only Editor, sir, that ever clearly saw the real faults and defects of *Maga*, and therefore although he sometimes blamed, he never abused her—

SHEPHERD.

That's a gude distinction, Mr Tickler, either about books or bodies. When ae man hates anither, and has a spite at him, he never fastens on his real sawtes, blackguardin' him for acks he never thocht o' a' his days, and confoundin' the verra natures o' vice and virtue. The sight o' a weel-faur'd lauchin' face—like mine for example—gies the pair distorted deevil the jaundice—and he gangs up and down the toon maintainin' that your cheeks is yellow, when they're cherries, till some freen' or ither taks him aside in pity intil a corner, and advises him to tak a purge, for he's unco sick o' the okre distemper.

NORTH.

Gentlemen, cheesc?

SHEPHERD.

Na—na—nae cheese. Cheese is capital in the forenoons, or the afternoons either, when you've had nae ither denner, especially wi' fresh butter-and-bread; but nae but gluttonous epicures wad hae recourse to it after they hae been stuffin' themselves, as we hae noo been doin' for the last hour, wi' three courses, forbye hotch-potch and puddens.—Draw the cloth, Mr Awmrose, and down wi' the Deevil's Punch-Bowl.

NORTH.

You will find, I trust, that it breathes the very Spirit of the West. St Mun-go's cathedral, you know, is at the bottom—and near it the monument of John Knox—almost as great a reformer in his day as I in mine; and had the West India trade then flourished, no doubt he had been as religiously devoted to cold Glasgow Punch. I'll answer for him, that he was no milk-sop.

[Mr AMBROSE and Assistants deposit the *Devil's Punch-Bowl* in the centre of the circular table.]

NORTH.

THE KING.

SHEPHERD.

I took the hips frac you last time, Mr North,—tak you the hips frac me this time.

NORTH.

We will, James. But see that this bowl does not take the legs from you likewise.

OMNES.

Hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra—hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra—hip—hip—hip—hurra—hurra—hurra—hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Hoo the “Universal British Nation” lately stood up, like ae man, to stamp the seal o' its approbation on the conduct o' Eldon, Wellington, Melville, Peel, and the lave o' our patriotic statesmen!

NORTH.

“England! with all thy faults, I love thee still!” There is one toast, gentlemen, that we have often drank with pleasure—yea, with pride. Let us do so now—in silence. “THE PRESS.”

TICKLER.

Instead of pleasure and pride, I for one drink that toast with pain and shame. The persons of the press pretend indignation at the charge urged against them by the Marquis of Londonderry, of being bribed and corrupted by ministerial money. Some of them are Political Economists, and must know the meaning of the word money. But if not so bribed and corrupted, whence their tergiversation and apostacy? From the native baseness of their souls?

SHEPHERD.

I think that's the maist likely.

TICKLER.

The Whig papers are not so double-damned as the Tory ones. The Times, and the Morning Chronicle, and the Globe, might be defended by a good Devil's Advocate in a silk-gown, given him by a patent of precedence—but for the Courier—(and—) but for the once gentlemanly, judicious, well-informed, clear-headed, and seemingly right-hearted Englishman the Courier, to fling from him, unbribed, and unbought, and uncorrupted, the honourable reputation he had gained by long years of earnest and zealous services in the cause of his country and her greatest men, is deplorable indeed; and had his apostacy been less flagrant and barefaced, the renegade might, by force of character, have done much mischief to the State.

NORTH.

You speak well, sir—the infatuated craven was called on for his defence, “but the trembling coward, who forsook his master,” was at first tongue-tied, then scattered an unintelligible palinode, and finally strove in vain to inflict as sore a wound on the patience as on the principles of the public, by a series of paragraphs ashamed of their own truckling imbecillity, and anxious to crawl away from contempt into oblivion.

TICKLER.

For fifteen years was the *Courier* laid duly every morning on my breakfast-table, and I asked no better Journal. It is gone—and the Standard has taken its place. But not soon—if ever—will the Standard freshen for me even a town-bought egg, as the *Courier* did so long—nor at my time of life, am I fond of changing an old friend for a new. But if an old friend will desert me—and himself—and all that ever bound us in amity—“if he prove Haggard, then whistle him down the wind”—I forget the quotation—James—

SHEPHERD.

Why, sir, let him go to the devil and shake himself.

NORTH.

I still have a kindness for him—and I shall never again utter a syllable against him—may he repent for seven years in sackcloth and ashes—at the close of that term, I may again become a subscriber—till then—

“Therefore, eternal silence be his doom!”

SHEPHERD.

The press? What! is there nae ither Press than the periodical? Nae ither periodicals but newspapers? Thank God, sir, the laws and liberties o’ this great kintra depend not for existence or vitality on ony sic ingine—although I grant, that when, by the chances o’ time and tide, they colapse, that ingine blows up and inflates their lungs, and sets them ance mair breathin’ or hoastin’. Sic an ingine, I opine, is the *St James’s Chronicle*, which gaugs through the Forest thrice a-week, like a fine bauld purifyin’ wund, and has, to my knowledge, changed the sour sallow cheek o’ mair than ae radical—for we hae the breed on the Braes o’ Yarrow—into the open rosy countenance o’ a kirk-and-constitution man, cheerfully payin’ his tinds to the minister’s steepin’, and hatin’ the Pope’s Ec, except when he sees’t glowerin’ at him frae a shank o’ mutton.

NORTH.

The well-being of a State is wholly dependent on the character of a people, James; and I agree with you in thinking that the character of a people is not entirely formed by newspapers.

TICKLER.

Some sixty years since, few persons in Scotland, out of Edinburgh, ever saw a newspaper but the *Caledonian Mercury*, a good paper yet; but were not the Scottish people then, as now, a “nation of gentlemen?”

SHEPHERD.

A daft-lookin’ nation would that be, Mr Tickler,—but thank God, there never was over mony gentlemen in Scotland, and them there was had nae connexion in ony way wi’ the newspaper-press. For my ain part, I never peruse what’s ca’d the leadin’ article in a newspaper—and to speak the truth, I’m gayen shy o’ them in a magazine too—but I devour the advertisements, which beside lettin’ you ken everything that’s gaun on in a kintra respectin’ the sellin’ and nifferin’ o’ property, baith in hooses and lawns, are to my mind models o’ composition, without ae single unnecessary word, for every word’s pay’d for, and that gies the adverteeser a habit o’ concese thoct and expression, better than a Logic class.

TICKLER.

Writing in Magazines, and speaking in Parliament, have quite an opposite effect—making the world wordy.

SHEPHERD.

An’ preachin’s warst o’ a’. A popular preacher has a’ his ain way in the poopit, like a bill in a cheena-shop. He’s like a river in spate—drumly drumly, and you can hear naethin’ else for his deafnin’ roar. Meet wi’ him, naist day, in a preecat pairty, and you wud na ken him to be the same man. He’s like the river run out—dry and staney, and you wunner hoo you cou’d hae been so frightened at him rampagin’—

NORTH.

A sermon should never exceed twenty-five minutes—ner—

TICKLER.

A horse-race two miles. Four-mile heats are tiresome—to horse, rider, and spectator.

SHEPHERD.

Great poopit orator sarc aften gayen stupit in conversation. The pleasantest orators o' my acquaintance, the maist sensible and instructin' in society, are them that just preaches weel enouch to satisfy folk in the kirk, without occasionin' ony great gossip about their discourse in the kirk-yard. There's a harmony atween their doctrine and their daily life that tells in the long-run a' ower the parish—but it's nae easy maitter, indeed it's unpossible for your hecflers to ack in preevat as they ack in public—in the parlour as in the poopit.

TICKLER.

The bawling bashaw, James, may become an abject mute—a tyrant on the Sabbath—through the week-days a slave.

SHEPHERD.

Scoldin' a' his heritors when preachin'—lickin' the dust aff their shoes when dinin' in their houses—

NORTH.

Whisht—James—whisht—you know my respect for the Scottish clergy; and among the high-flyers, as you call them, are some of our most splendid orators and useful ministers.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht yoursell, Mr North. You've spokken' twa words for my ane the day—But tell me, sir, did you gang to see Mr Pay Tay Cooke, in the Pilot? Did ye ever see the like o' yon?

NORTH.

The best Sailor, out of all sight and hearing, that ever trod the stage.

SHEPHERD.

Do ye ca' yon treddin' the stage? Yon's no treddin'. When he first loupit out o' the boat on the dry lawn, tryin' to steady himsell on his harpoon, he gar'd me fin' the verra furm aneath me in the pit shooiin' up and down, as if the earth were lowsen'd frae her moorin's. I grew amaist sea-sick.

NORTH.

Nothing overdone—no bad bye-play, blabbing of the land-lubber—not too much pulling up of the trowsers—no ostentatious display of pig-tail—one chuck of tobacco into his cheek, without any perceptible claw, sufficient to show that next to grog the quid is dear—no puling, no whining, when on some strong occasion he pumps his eye, but merely a slight choking of that full, deep, rich mellow voice, symphonious, James, in all its keys with the ocean's, whether piping in the shrouds, or blowing great guns, running up, James, by way of pastime, the whole gamut—and then, so much heart and soul, James, in minute particulars, justifying the most passionate exhibition when comes crisis or catastrophe—

SHEPHERD.

What for do you no mention the hornpipe? I wad gie fifty pounds to be able to dance yon way. Faith, I wad astonish them at kirns. Haw! haw! haw! The way he twists the knees o' him—and rins on his heels—and doon to the floor wi' a wide spread-eagle amaist to his verra doup—up again like mad, and awa' aff intil some ither nautical movement o' the hornpipe, bafflin' a' comprehension as to its meanin'; and then a' the while siccan a face! I wush I kent him—he maun be a fine fallow.

NORTH.

A gentleman, James.

SHEPHERD.

That's aneuch—I never can help carryin' ontill the stage my knowledge o' an actor's preevat character—and I couldna thole to see a drunken, dishonest, ne'er-dowcel actin' sic a pairt as Lang Tam in the Pilot.

NORTH.

I believe such a thing would be impossible. Mr Cooke served in the navy in his boyhood, and fought in the glorious battle off Cape St Vincent. But all his experience of a sea life, and all his genius would have been vain, had he not possessed within his own heart the virtues of the British tar. That gives a truth, a glow of colouring to his picture of Long Tom—just, my dear James, as if you were to act the principal part in that little Piece of mine, the Ettrick Shepherd.

TICKLER.

What impostor, dearest James, could personate a certain Pastor in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*—

SHEPHERD.

Is Mr Gurney gotten intil the press again?

NORTH.

James, I wish you would write the Monthly Dramatic Review for *Maga*?

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can I do that, leevin' in the Forest?

NORTH.

Poo—I will send you out the Journal, and the Mercury, and the Observer, and the Chronicle, who have all “a strong propensity for the drama,” and you can give us the cream of *Acris*, and *Vindex*, and *Fair Play*, and a *Friend of Rising Merit*, and *Philo*, and *Vox Populi*, and a *Pittite*, and *A. and Y.*, and *P. Q.*—

SHEPHERD.

I wad rather undertak to sen' you in creetecks on a' the sermons preach'd every Sawbath in a' the kirks in *Embro*—provided you just send me out the texts, and twa-three o' the heads, wi' the ministers' names labell'd.

NORTH.

Something of that sort, James, was attempted in London, in a periodical called the Pulpit. Yet, would you believe it, not one of the contributors ever went to church. They had, each his old woman in her pew, with whom they took a glass of gin and water for an hour of the Sunday evening, before going to the *Pig and Whistle*, and thus got the materials for a general weekly Review of the Pulpit Eloquence of the Metropolis.

SHEPHERD.

Safe us—what a shame! There's nae settin' boun's to the wickedness o' the gentlemen o' the press. To creeteecese a minister in the poopit—and describe his face, and his vice, and the action o' his hauns, and his way o' managin' the whites o' his een, without ever hacin' been in his kirk! It's fearsome.

NORTH.

The wickedness of the whole world, James, is fearsome. Many a sleepless night I pass thinking of it, and endeavouring to digest plans for the amelioration of my species.

SHEPHERD.

A' in vain, a' in vain! The bit wean at its mother's breast, lang afore it can speak, girms like an imp o' sin; and the auld man, sittin' palsied and pillow-prapped in his arm-chair at the neuk o' the fire, grows black i' the face wi' rage, gin his parritch is no richt biled, or the potawties ower hard; and prefaces his mummled prayer wi' a mair mummled curse.

TICKLER.

Your language, James, has been particularly strong all this evening. The sea is bracing.

SHEPHERD.

Honour and honesty! Wha ever saw them staun a real trial? The Platonic Philosopher seduces the sister o' the brither o' his soul—the “noblest work o' God” receives a' the poor people's money in the parish, and becomes a bankrupt.

NORTH.

It is only among women, my dear James, that anything is to be found deserving the name of virtue or religion.

SHEPHERD.

The lassie o' saxteen 'll rin awa' wi' a tinkler, and break her father's heart. He dees, and his poor disconsolate widow, wha has worn a deep black veil for a towmont, that she mayna see or be seen by the sun, marries an *Ferish sodger*, and neist time you see her, she has naething on her head but a dirty mutch, and she's gaun up and doon the street, half-fou, wi' an open bosom, sucklin' twuns!

TICKLER.



SHEPHERD.

Gie an advocate bizziness whan he's starvin', at the tap o' a common stair, wull he help you to fit out your son for India, when he has become a Judge, inhabitin' a palace in Moray Place? Gie a preacher a kirk, and in three months he insults his pawtron. Buy up a naitural son, stap by stap, in the airmy, till he's a briggadeer, and he'll disoun his ain father, and pretend that he belongs to a distant branch o' the stem o' some noble family—although, aiblins, he never had on stockins till he was ensign, and up to the date o' his first commission herded the kye. Get a reprieve for a rubber the nicht afore execution, and he sall celebrate the anniversary o' his Free Pardon in your pantry, carryin' aff wi' him a silver trencher and the branching caunlestick. Review a new Poet in Blackwood's Magazine, roosin' him to the skies, and he or his freens 'll accuse you o' envy and jealousy, and libel you in the Scotsman. In short, do a' the gude you can to a' mankind, and naeboddy 'll thank you. But come nearer to me, Mr North—lend me your ear, sir, it's richt it sud be sac—for, let a man luk into his ain heart—the verra man—me—or you—or Mr Tickler there—that has been lamentin' ower the original sin o' our fellow-creturs,—and oh! what a sight does he see there—just a mass o' corruption! We're waur than the warst o' them we hac been consignin' tae the pit, and grue to peep ower the edge o't, lest Satan, wha is stannin' gairnin' ahint our back, gie us a dunge when we're no mindin', and bury us in the brimstone.

TICKLER.

Oh, ho, gents—from libelling individuals, you two are now advancing to libel human nature at large. For my own part, I have a most particular esteem for human nature at large—and——

SHEPHERD.

Your views is no scriptural, Mr Tickler. The Bible Society could tell you better——

TICKLER.

The British and Foreign Bible Society? Dr Andrew Thomson has given the Directors a most complete squabash; and I am glad to see the monstrous abuses of which they have been guilty reprobated in a calm and sensible article in the last admirable number of the Quarterly Review.

NORTH.

Into what sacred place will not Mammon find entrance? Well done, Dr, Leander Van Ess, agent at Darmstadt! For fifteen years, James, has the Professor been in the annual receipt of three hundred and sixty pounds—which, in Germany, James, is equivalent to about a thousand a-year in the Forest.

SHEPHERD.

Safe us! what for doin'?

NORTH.

Distributing the Scriptures among the Roman Catholics of Germany, James.

SHEPHERD.

Gredy houn! chargin' siller for giein' a puir benighted beggar body a grawtis copy o' the Word o' God!

NORTH.

A gratis copy, my dear James! Stop a bit. The Doctor is himself the principal proprietor of the version which he has for so many years been circulating at the expense of the Society; and during his connexion with it he has circulated six hundred thousand! Take his profit ten per cent, James, and the Doctor must be worth a plum.

SHEPHERD.

O the gredy houn!

NORTH.

"Leander Van Ess," quoth the Seventeenth Report, "seeks no earthly emoluments; nor is the applause of a vain world his aim; he desires not the treasures which rust and moth consume. No; the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, these are the pure and heavenly principles which influence his mind and stimulate his actions."

SHEPHERD.

And hypocrites like thae wull abuse us for dinin' at Awmrose's and discussin' the interests o' mankind, ower the Deevil's Punch-Bowl!

TICKLER.

And were the Doctor, under the pretence of piety and erudition, to make one with us of a *partie carrée*, he would sham pauper, and—

SHEPHERD.

Look anither airt whan the bill cam in !

NORTH.

James, refresh and revive your soul by reference to the proceedings of the Assembly's Scheme for Establishing Schools in our own Highlands. There is pure enlightened Christian philanthropy, without fee or reward.

SHEPHERD.

A' the Heelanders want is but better schulin', and some mair kirks—

NORTH.

And they are getting both, James. Why this Society alone, with its very moderate funds, has already established between thirty and forty schools !

SHEPHERD.

Hae they indeed ? They sall hae their reward—here and hereafter. I hope they dinna despise the applause o' a vain world like Dr Yes—nor yet yearthly emoliments—nor yet the treasures which rust and moth consume. The applause o' a vain world's an unco plesant and encouragin' thing, as I experienced when I published the Quern's Wake, and vesse versa when I put out the Perils—and as for the Moths—they hae gotten intil every chest of drawers, and a' the presses at Mount Benger, and riddled twa coats and three pair o' breeks till they're no weerable. Cou'd ye no gie me a recate for extirpatin' the clan, sir ?

TICKLER.

Write for one, James, to the said German quack—Dr Leander Von Ess.

SHEPHERD.

Howsomever, moths are naething tae bugs, and thank Heaven there's nane o' them in the Forest. But wha's at the head o' the Assembly's Scheme for Educatin' the Highlan's, sir ?

NORTH.

Principal Baird—James.

SHEPHERD.

That's just like himsell—never happy but when he's doin' good.

NORTH.

You have drawn his character, James, in threc words. And as he is always doing good—

SHEPHERD.

Why, then, he maun aye be happy.

NORTH.

Sound doctrine. Truly happy was I to see and hear him, during the time of the General Assembly, getting without seeking it, and enjoying without overvaluing it, "the applause of a vain world !" Edinburgh rung with his praises—from peers and judges to the caddy at the corner of the street.

SHEPHERD.

A' the cauddies are Heelanders, and faith they'll ken, for they read the pupers, that the Principal loes their land o' mists and mountains, and is pruv'in' his love by giein' the Gael edication, the only thing wantin' to equalleeze them wi' the Sassenach.

NORTH.

A scheme, James, in which all good men must rejoice to unite. No wasting of funds here,—but one Secretary, and he the best one,—all subscriptions applied directly to the noble work in hand. Patriotism strengthens what religion and humanity inspire, and the blessings conferred on the poor Highlanders will gladden the eyes of the mere prospect-hunter in search of the beautiful and picturesque, who will see with deeper emotions the smoke-wreathes winding up to heaven from cottages, whose humble inmates have learned the way thither from lessons that might never have been taught them but for the labours of this excellent man, and the other enlightened and zealous Divines leagued with him in the same sacred work.

SHEPHERD.

Every word you say, sir, is the truth. Pity—nay, shame—to think that there should be ae single man, woman, or child in a' Scotland, to whom the Bible is a sealed book.

NORTH.

Charity should begin at home, James—although it should not end there—and I confess it would grieve me to think that the Mohawks should all be reading away at Teyoninhokarawen's translation of the Bible, while thousands on thousands of the natives of Lochaber and Badenoch were unable to read that of Dr Stewart of Luss.

TICKLER.

Yet I cannot, I confess, go entirely along with the Quarterly Reviewer, when he objects to all Translations of the Scriptures not executed by accomplished Greek and Hebrew scholars. That a man should be at once a profound Hebraist and a first-rate Mohawk, is not only against the doctrine of chances, but the laws of nature. Better the Bible with many errors, than no Bible at all.

NORTH.

Perhaps, Tickler, we are getting out of our depths.

SHEPHERD.

Gettin' out o' your deepth ! Ma faith, Mr North, when ye get out o' your deepth, ither folk'll be droonin'—when the water's up to your chin, there'll be a sair jinglin' in maist throats ; and when it's risen out-ower your nose, sir, there'll be naething less than a universal deluge.

TICKLER.

The newspapers have been lately filled with contemptible libel-actions, I observe, North. How does Maga escape ?

NORTH.

A dog of any sense, finding a kettle tied to his tail, sneaks into a close in town, or lane in the country, and sitting down on his encumbered and jingling rump, whines on some benevolent Howard to untie the tin. It is done, and the cur repairs to his kennel, without farther yelp to the public. A dog of no sense scampers along the street, himself a whole band of instrumental music, knocking the kettle against every shin that kicks him, till his master, a greater fool than himself, insists on reparation, and summons the impugner of the cynic system to a Court of Justice, savage for damages. It has so happened, that the curs I have occasionally so treated have been of the former class, and have found their advantage in such conduct, for I thenceforth spared them ; and they all know me when they meet me on the street, some of them even wagging their tails in approbation of my past severity, and gratitude for my present forbearance.

TICKLER.

Soane was silly in bringing an action against an article in Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

NORTH.

Truly so. He is a good architect, Soane, and may therefore laugh at being called a bad one. Not a bad idea—the Bæotian order of architecture. Is Knight's Quarterly Magazine dead, think ye, Tickler ?

TICKLER.

I fear so. But some of the contributors, I believe, are yet alive—so is Knight himself, I am glad to see—and I wish him all prosperity, for he is a very gentlemanly person—a man of honour and abilities.

NORTH.

Poor Parry, too ! Fifty pounds won't pay his attorney. I remember being so far taken in with that book of his about Byron, as to think it authentic. And I am not sure now, that most of the matter is not true. It would appear from the trial, that a Mr Thomas Hodgkin had a hand in the composition of it—and if he kept to Parry's oral or written statements, which I think there is reason to suppose he did, where's the harm ? Mr Hodgkin, I believe, was once in the navy—and his lectures on Political Economy before the Mechanics' Institution, though full of untenable positions, show him to be a man of talent. From his having been appointed Secretary to the Mechanical Institution it is.

but fair to suppose that he is a person of character—and if he did put together Parry's book, why that is a reason with me for crediting its statements. As for malignity towards Byron and Bentham, that is all stuff. Of the first, Parry speaks like a Caulker—and of Jeremy and his trotting, the description is extremely humorous and picturesque. The Examiner used too strong language by far in calling him a sot, a bully, and a coward—although his defence was manly and tolerably effective.

TICKLER.

Stanhope spoke out.

NORTH.

He was a good witness, and rebuffed Serjeant Taddy like a gentleman. The Colonel, two-three years ago, being displeased with an article in *Maga*, spoke in the *Oriental Herald* of "Blackwood's friend the Caulker." Now, to this hour, Mr Blackwood has never seen Parry, whereas it appears from the Colonel's own testimony t'other day in Court, that the said Caulker dined daily, for months, at his table; and on being asked, "was he a sober man or a sot?" he answered, "a sot." Poor Stanhope! What a fine thing to be a Greek Patriot!

TICKLER.

Do you never feel any sort of irritation on being attacked yourself, North?

NORTH.

Very seldom, for I am seldom or never in the wrong. There are eight ways of dealing with an assailant.—First, Notice not the insect's existence, and at night in the course of nature he dies.—Secondly, Catch and crush him in your hand.—Thirdly, Let him buzz about, till the smell of honey tempts him down the neck of a bottle—cork him up, he fizzes; and is mute.—Fourthly, To leave that metaphor, put the point of your pen through the eye of the scribbler into the rotten matter, ignorantly supposed brain, and he falls like a sot struck in the spine.—Fifthly, Simply ask him, should you meet him in the lowest society you happen to keep, what he means by being such a lying idiot—he leaves the room, and you never see or hear him more.—Sixthly, Kick him.—Seventhly, Into the Magazine with him.—Eighthly, Should he by any possibility be a gentleman, the Duello.

SHEPHERD.

Dear me!

NORTH.

Have you seen Croly's Book on the Apocalypse, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

No.

NORTH.

It is a splendid attempt—you ought to read it, I assure you, not merely as a Treatise on a very deep subject of divinity, but as a political and historical sketch, directly applicable and intentionally applied to the present and coming time. It is a long time since I have read anything finer than his passages—On the Fall of the Roman Empire—The Constitution of the Pagan Hierarchy—the Nature of Romish Modern Idolatry—The French Revolution—The Sceptical Writers who preceded it—The Present State of Europe—and, The character of the Chief Instruments of English success during the War. These are all grand topics, and magnificently treated.

TICKLER.

He is a powerful prose-writer, Mr Croly—

SHEPHERD.

And a poorfu' poet too—

TICKLER.

And on the right side, and therefore abused by Whigs and Radicals—

NORTH.

And praised by Tories, and all good men and true.

SHEPHERD.

Abused by Whigs and Radicals! What's safe frae that? "The Duke of Wellington entered his carriage amidst groans and hisses!!!"—*Morning Post*.

NORTH.

Who groaned and hissed the conqueror of Napoleon? Hackney coachmen dismissed for drunkenness—beaten boxers become pick-pockets—prostitutes

—burglars returned from Botany-Bay—cashiered clerks with coin chinking in their fobs, furnished by De Courcy Ireland—felons acquitted at the Old Bailey on alibi—shopmen out of employment, because they constantly robbed the till—waiters kicked from bar to bar for secreting silver-spoons—emeriiti besom-brandishers of the crossings of streets—sweeps—petitioning beggars, whose wives are all dying of cancers—mud-larks—chalkers to Dr Eady—a reporter to a “Morning Paper,” and the hangman.

SHEPHERD.

Hae dunc—hae dunc! You’ll gar me split.

TICKLER.

North, why do you never review Bowring in that Magazine of yours?

NORTH.

Because I cannot lay my hands on all his various volumes—some having been lost, and some stolen—and I should wish to give a general estimate of his literary character.

SHEPHERD.

I suspect he’s a real clever fallow, that Jock Bowrin’.

NORTH.

He has a wonderful gift of tongues—great powers, indeed, of acquisition, and great acquirements. He has also poetical taste, feeling, and even genius; and seems to be, on the whole, a good translator.

SHEPHERD.

I like to hear you speak sac, sir—for, O man! thae wae fu’ politics——

NORTH.

Shall never sway, have never swayed, my judgment, James, of the literary talents of any man of real merit, like Mr Bowring. His political principles and mine are wide as the Poles asunder; nor, should he ever come under my hands in that character, will I show him any mercy—although all justice. Let him do the same by me, in that able periodical the Westminster—to which I hear he contributes—or in any other place under the cope of heaven. But when I see him gathering the flowers of poetry, with equal skill and enthusiasm, from the sunny gardens of the south and the icy deserts of the north, then, James, I fling all other thoughts to the winds, and love to hail him a true son of Apollo.

TICKLER.

Bravo—bravo—bravissimo!

NORTH.

May I believe, sir, what I hear from so many quarters, that you are about editing the *SOUTHSIDE PAPERS*?

TICKLER.

You may. The Preface is at press.

SHEPHERD.

That’s gran’ news!—But, pity me, there’s John Knox’s monument and the Glasgow Cathedral reappearin’ aboon the subsidin’ waves! Another bowl, sir?

NORTH.

Not a drop. We have timed it to a minute—nine o’clock. You know we are all engaged—and we are not men to neglect an engagement.

SHEPHERD.

Especially to sooper wi’ leddies—let’s aff. Oh! man, Bronte, but you have behaved weel—never opened your mouth the hail nicht—but sat listenin’ there to our conversation. Mony a Christian puppy might take a lesson frae thee.

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow.

SHEPHERD.

What spangs!

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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AUGUST, 1827.

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MR HUSKISSON'S SPEECH ON THE SHIPPING INTEREST.

No. II.

IN resuming our examination of Mr Huskisson's pamphlet, we will, in the first place, look at what he says touching, to use his own words—"The trade with all parts of the world, strictly foreign, out of Europe."

He states—"In the year 1814, the amount of British tonnage employed in this trade, was 465,809 tons. In the year 1826, its amount was 503,024 tons; exceeding the tonnage of any one year since 1814, except 1819: whilst, with the single exception of the United States of America, there has been no increase at all in the amount of tonnage of foreign vessels, trading between this country and ports out of Europe. And even allowing for the increase of American shipping, there are seven years out of the thirteen, from 1814 to 1826, in which the amount of Foreign shipping entering the ports of this country, from places out of Europe, was greater than in the year 1826."

This extract forms a choice specimen of trickery and evasion.

This trade, "strictly Foreign," comprehends the trade with our own colonies and possessions in the West Indies, the East Indies, Africa, every where, excepting the North American colonies. That Foreign tonnage has not multiplied in the carrying between

this country and its own colonies, forms but a poor theme of congratulation. This trade comprehends likewise the trade with China, St Domingo, and the new South American states. If we except the United States, these "parts of the world strictly foreign, out of Europe," have no ships worth noticing, and of course our trade with them is carried on almost wholly in British bottoms. From the deplorable condition of the new American states, they have not yet been able to avail themselves to any extent of the concession practically made to them by the Reciprocity Treaties, of trading with us through the ships of other nations.

Mr Huskisson quotes the British, but not the Foreign tonnage; and his object evidently is, to produce the impression, that, in this trade, British tonnage has increased, while Foreign, upon the whole, has declined. The truth is, this trade employed,

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign
In 1814	465,809	27,793
In 1826	503,024	153,802

We were, however, at war with the United States in 1814, therefore it is not a fair year to select for comparison. In 1815 peace was restored, and the ships of the United States were placed on a level with our own. We



will therefore take 1816. On a question like this, the trade with our own possessions ought to be looked at as a part of the coasting trade—it is a trade between one part of the empire and another;—deducting, in consequence, the tonnage merely from the West Indies, the account will stand thus:

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
In 1816	255,311	122,025
In 1826	259,576	153,802

In this statement, we do not deduct the tonnage employed in the trade with our possessions in Africa and the East Indies, although, were we to do this, it would favour greatly our own deductions; it would take 104,501 tons from the British tonnage of last year. If we strike out of the account all the British tonnage employed in the fisheries, and the trade with our own possessions, and look only at the trade with independent countries out of Europe; we find that this trade employs about 100,000 tons British, and above 150,000 tons Foreign.

Mr Huskisson selects 1814 to stand in comparison with 1826, because it is the lowest year in the series. Why is it so? Because in that year our ships were excluded from the trade with the United States by war. Comment is not necessary. In looking at this trade as a whole, including that with our own possessions, we will begin with 1816, when peace was established, and the Reciprocity treaty with America had begun to operate. It employed

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
In 1816	491,460	122,025
In 1826	503,024	153,802

In the ten years British tonnage has increased 11,564 tons, while Foreign has increased 31,777 tons. Mr Huskisson's assertion, that the British tonnage of last year exceeded that of any year in the series, save 1818, is incorrect: it was below the tonnage of 1819 likewise. The British tonnage was, in 1818—527,531 tons; in 1819—507,949; in 1821—493,235; in 1823—502,278; and in 1824—500,219. The fluctuations in it, considering its magnitude, are perfectly unimportant; it may be fairly said to have remained stationary; the little it has gained in one year, it has lost in the next. The trifling increase of last year, was caused by the glut of ships and ruinous freights, and the additional ships could not in reality procure employment. While this is

the case with British tonnage, Foreign—although it was greater in some previous years, than in the last one—has increased one-fourth; in 1825, it had nearly doubled. Its falling off in the last year, was occasioned mainly by our diminished imports of cotton; and it is pretty certain to be larger in the present year, than it ever was in the series.

In this whole trade, the increase of tonnage has been monopolized by the foreigner; British shipping has remained stationary, while Foreign has increased considerably. When we subtract the trade with our own possessions, and look merely at that with independent Foreign countries, we find that Foreign shipping has engrossed much the largest part of it.

We will now look at the more important branches of this trade separately, to ascertain what may be expected from the future.

With regard to the West India trade, Mr Huskisson asserts, that more tonnage was employed in it in 1826, than any other year since 1815. He asserts this in that spirit of petty trickery and deception which pervades his whole pamphlet. He knows that the *inward* tonnage forms a far more correct criterion, than the *outward*; and in general, he reasons from it only. In this case, however, he speaks from the *outward* tonnage. Why? Because the inward tonnage refutes his assertion. While he thus argues from the *outward* tonnage in the West India trade; in the very next paragraph, he argues from the *inward* tonnage in the Canada trade; because in the latter trade, the inward, and in the former, the outward tonnage, is the best suited for his purpose.

Looking, then, at the inward tonnage in the West India trade, it was greater in 1818, 1819, 1821, and 1824, than in 1826. This will show the worth of Mr Huskisson's assertion. The last year, compared with the preceding one, exhibits an increase of about 11,000 tons; but, compared with 1824, it exhibits a decrease of 1500 tons. The increase of the last year was caused not by the wants of the trade, but by the glut in shipping. Many of the vessels returned with half, or quarter cargoes, and made ruinous voyages. This trade only employed 879 tons more in 1826, than in 1817. For the last ten years, it has

been stationary—the fluctuations have not been great—and the increase of one year has been balanced by the decrease of another.

Mr Huskisson says, that the new Colonial system has done no injury either to the trade with the colonies, or to shipping. It is notorious that this system admitted very large quantities of Foreign salted provisions, manufactures, nails, cordage, &c. into the Colonies, which would otherwise have been excluded; and this is quite sufficient to prove that it has done great injury to the trade of this country. It is notorious that these Foreign goods were taken to the Colonies in great part by Foreign ships, and this suffices to prove that it must have greatly injured our shipping. Granting that as many ships have been wanted to fetch the Colonial produce, as formerly, still the admission of the Foreign goods has reduced the outward freights to the loss of the Shipowners.

This new Colonial system only received being in 1825; and it was not possible for it to have any material operation upon tonnage in the following year. The estates in the West Indies are to a very great extent mortgaged to, or the property of, British residents. Their market lies chiefly in this country; and from these causes they are compelled to send us their produce. It must be a gradual work to Foreign nations, to form connexions in, and build proper ships to trade with, our West Indian Colonies. But we hold it to be quite certain, that not many years will pass away, before the surplus produce of these Colonies, beyond what is consumed by the mother country, will be sent direct from them to the continent in Foreign vessels, instead of being brought to this country in British vessels, previously to its being sent to the Continent. If this take place, it will produce a considerable diminution of British tonnage in the West India trade.

The trade in sugar is to be made free. In the pamphlet before us, he states—"The monopoly granted to the West India planter is of little or no advantage to him." His ground for this conclusion is as follows. The Colonies produce more sugar than the mother country can consume; the surplus has to be sold abroad; it must of course be sold for the price obtained for foreign sugar; and its price must

govern the price of the sugar consumed at home. This is the "theory" on which Mr Huskisson assumes that the monopoly enjoyed by the colonist is worthless; and it is worthy of its parent. If the monopoly were abolished, a very large quantity of Foreign sugar would be consumed in this country, and this would prevent the consumption of a like quantity of British sugar. The Foreign planter can produce at a cheaper rate than the British one, therefore a great stimulus would be given to the production of Foreign sugar. The portion of the latter consumed here would not be subtracted from the quantity at present consumed abroad, but it would be the fruit of additional production; the British sugar thrown out of consumption here would find no void elsewhere. If the British planter be now compelled to take the price of his Foreign competitor, he has an immense market in this country, which the latter cannot enter; but if the monopoly be destroyed, he must not only take the same price, but share this market with this competitor. His sale must be greatly reduced. What has followed from the admission of Mauritius sugar? A great increase in its production. The admission of Foreign sugar will have the same effect; it will involve the British Colonies in bitter distress from glut, and then seriously diminish their production of sugar.

This would of necessity operate grievously against British shipping, as the Foreign sugar would be brought to a great extent in Foreign vessels. The permission for Foreign ships to trade directly with the Colonies, and a free trade in sugar, must soon drive a very large portion of British tonnage out of the West India trade.

We now proceed to the trade with the United States, with which a Reciprocity treaty has been in operation since 1815. This trade employed

	Tons British.	Tons Foreign.
In 1816	45,140	91,914
1817	35,417	144,002
1818	35,507	148,943
1819	28,279	104,507
1820	25,335	145,121
1821	25,504	129,295
1822	34,982	144,045
1823	61,074	153,453
1824	43,892	132,618
1825	37,852	181,033
1826	46,853	140,698

This is, in truth, to an Englishman, a humiliating statement. In 1816, our ships enjoyed about one-third of this trade; then they rapidly lost ground, until in 1820 they possessed only about one-seventh of it. They rallied a little for a year or two, and then they fell back again. The British tonnage was higher in 1816 than it has ever been since, with the exception of two years. In 1825, it had sustained a reduction since 1816 of more than one-sixth, while American tonnage had been nearly doubled. In the first year of the series, it enjoyed one-third of the trade; in the last, it only enjoyed one-fourth. The increase of British tonnage in the ten years is only 713 tons; while that of American is 49,774—nearly seventy times greater. In truth, the increase in the trade has been nearly all monopolized by the Americans. The increase of British tonnage in the last year arose from the glut and losing freights, and it cannot be maintained. American tonnage fell off from the same causes, and our diminished import of cotton, and it will speedily rise again. It is very evident that in ordinary years our shipping cannot stand its ground in this trade.

With regard to the trade with the new American States, it gives no promise of increase. In these States, our manufacturers cannot keep their ground against foreign competitors. From their geographical situation, their rising skill in manufactures, and other causes, the United States will here be our successful rivals in trade, and of course in shipping. A few years ago it was prognosticated by the Liberals and their press, that the new Republics would overwhelm us with trade and riches. Like every other prognostication of these people, this has now received woful falsification. That recognition of independence, which ludicrous egotism in a certain quarter has named, the calling of a new world into existence, was, in so far as it had actual effect, as fatal a blow to British interests, as was ever struck by a British ministry. It scattered the seeds of another war; it injured our trade with Spain, and gave her to France; and it was the most potent measure which could have been devised for increasing the militant means of that power which hopes to

become our rival on the ocean, and the possessor of our Colonies.

We will now pass to the trade with our North American Colonies, which Mr Huskisson considers separately. He states that this trade employed in 1814, 88,247 tons, and in 1826, 472,588 tons—that the tonnage in it has been quadrupled in the last twelve years.

This increase of tonnage has arisen chiefly from the increased import of timber from the Colonies, and upon the continuance of this import necessarily depends the existence of the shipping it employs. We were forced into it by the war, and it has been continued, to the grievous vexation of the Economists. Mr Huskisson maintains, that if our ships be wholly driven from the timber trade with the Baltic, the Colonial timber trade will do more than afford them employment. This, of course, assumes that the latter trade will increase very greatly. Now, in 1821, an additional duty was imposed on Canada timber, for the express purpose in reality of promoting the importation of Baltic timber; and we need not prove that the import of the one must be discouraged, by that which will encourage the import of the other. Since the change, the import of Baltic timber has increased prodigiously—has increased in a far greater ratio than that of Canada timber. The proportionate increase of the latter was much greater between 1814 and 1821, than it has been since. In the last two years, Canada timber has been scarcely saleable in our market, at a price sufficient to cover the first cost, putting out of sight freight and other expenses; of course, those who have been engaged in its import have sustained heavy losses. A considerable part of the import of 1826, sprung from the glut in shipping; the owners, from inability to find employment for their ships, sent them to the colonies for timber on their own account. If an article cannot be imported without loss, its import must inevitably decline; and a very considerable decline must take place in the import of Canadian timber.

While our ships, therefore, will be expelled from the Baltic trade by the Foreign ships, they will be to a certain extent expelled from the Colonial trade by the Foreign timber. Instead of

finding employment in the one trade, if they be driven from the other, they will in the same moment lose employment in both.

Mr Huskisson, however, is very confident that they will stand their ground in the Baltic trade. With immense solemnity, he produces certain statements of the *loads* of timber which have been imported from the Baltic in British and Foreign vessels, to prove that British ships had a greater proportionate share of the trade in 1826, than they had in previous years, and that they had obtained the greatest share, while in previous years they possessed the least.

As the question relates solely to the tonnage of ships, our readers will naturally ask why he does not answer it by producing the tonnage of ships, instead of loads of timber? They must be told that the change in the timber duties which came into operation two or three years ago, gives—for the encouragement of Foreign industry, and the discouragement of British, we presume—a premium of from twenty to twenty-five per cent on the import of *sawn* timber, compared with the import of logs. In other words, the same timber pays from twenty to twenty-five per cent less of duty when it is imported *sawn* into deals, than it would pay if imported in logs. The natural consequence is, that now the largest part of our imports from the Baltic generally, and about all from Norway, consist of *sawn* deals. Mr Huskisson's loads exclude all the *sawn* timber; and, of course, they exclude more than half the timber imported from the Baltic in 1826, and yet he gives them, with the utmost gravity and confidence, *as the whole*. He gives as the whole import—87,576 loads in British ships, and 68,501 loads in Foreign ones. When the deals imported in the same year are calculated in loads, they give about 55,000 loads in British, and 126,000 in Foreign vessels. These loads were imported, in addition to the loads given by Mr Huskisson, as the whole imports. When the two quantities are added together, they give about 142,000 loads in British, and 194,000 in Foreign vessels.

The reason why he gives loads of timber, instead of tons of shipping, will now be manifest. If we indulge

in no strong observation, we certainly may be pardoned for saying, that the Right Hon. Gentleman has small right for being so angry, because he has been charged with trickery and deception. How far our ships will be able to retain their share of the Baltic trade, must be judged of by what we said in our last Number.

Mr Huskisson admits, that in the Deep Sea Fishery there "appears a trifling diminution" of tonnage. This "trifling diminution" consists of about one-third of what the tonnage was for some years previously to 1822. It may, he says, be "easily and satisfactorily" accounted for, on the ground that we do not now, as we did in war, supply Foreign nations with oil, and that the use of gas has diminished the demand for it. The fact is, the falling off has taken place since 1821, and chiefly in the three last years. Since then, we have lost no large portion of Foreign customers, and gas has made no very important strides. Oil ought to have gained more from the increase of trade and population, than it has lost from these causes. The diminution has sprung mainly from the cessation of the bounty, and those free-trade measures which have rendered rape oil so cheap. The Deep Sea Fishery employed in the five years beginning with 1817, and ending with 1821, about 60,000 tons yearly; it employed in 1824—44,316; in 1825—43,721; and in 1826—40,532 tons. It employed 5,043 tons less in 1826 than in 1814.

In speaking of the coasting trade, Mr Huskisson again vents his wrath against those who charged him with "jumbling up," in his last year's speech, the Coasting, the Colonial, and the Foreign trades, to make the country believe, that, in the Foreign trade, British tonnage had increased more than Foreign. Now, what is the fact? In 1823, the Irish trade was made a part of the Coasting trade; in respect of trade, Ireland was made an integral part of the United Kingdom. Mr Huskisson's 2,700,000 tons of Foreign trade in 1825, comprehended nearly 760,000 tons of Irish trade; and more than 80,000 tons of the trade with the Isle of Man, Guernsey, and Jersey. Almost one-third of what he called Foreign trade, was in reality Coasting trade.

The inward tonnage of the Coasting

trade, including the trade with Ireland, was in 1826—8,368,812 tons. The Right Honourable Gentleman exultingly calls for a comparison between it, and the Foreign tonnage employed in the trade with the continent, to show the insignificance of the latter. He rates this Foreign tonnage at about 500,000 tons.

The country will naturally believe that the Coasting trade employs ships and seamen in the same proportion with the Foreign trade—that the 8,000,000 tons employ just sixteen times more ships and seamen, than the 500,000 tons. Mr Huskisson's words are calculated to produce this belief; he offers no explanation whatever: he gives the tonnage entries, and he calls for the comparison to be made solely from them, although its real object is, to ascertain the proportion which the ships and seamen employed in the one trade, bear to those employed in the other. On this point, as on every other, what he says is calculated to have no other effect than to blind and delude the country.

The tonnage entries include the repeated voyages of every vessel. If a coaster of one hundred tons, and carrying five hands, make fourteen voyages yearly between London and Yarmouth, she is entered fourteen times at each port. To the tonnage at each port, she adds 1400 tons. She adds 2800 tons to the general inward tonnage of the country, and still she only gives employment to five seamen.

If a vessel of three hundred tons, and carrying fifteen hands, make three foreign voyages yearly, her tonnage is only entered inwards three times. She only adds 900 tons to the general inward tonnage, and still she gives employment to fifteen seamen.

If 5000 vessels, averaging one hundred tons, and five hands each, make eight voyages each annually in the Coasting trade, they will give 8,000,000 tons of inward tonnage in the general return. They will employ 25,000 seamen.

If 10,000 vessels, averaging four hundred tons, and twenty hands each, were to make annually two voyages each in the Foreign trade, they would only give 8,000,000 tons to the general inward tonnage, and yet they would employ 200,000 seamen.

The difference does not lie wholly in the number of seamen. Value

the vessels all round at six pounds per ton, and the 5000 coasters will only employ L.3,000,000, while the 10,000 other vessels would employ L.24,000,000, of capital.

We have been assured by those who are conversant with the subject, that the whole Coasting trade does not employ more than 500,000 tons of shipping, looking at the actual number of ships, and excluding their repeated voyages. It consequently only employs about one-fifth of the ships possessed by this country. In 1826, the inward tonnage from the West India and American Colonies amounted to 716,036 tons. If we assume that, in the trade with these Colonies, the ships make on the average one voyage and a half yearly, it employs about as many ships (looking at burden) and seamen, as the whole Coasting trade. If the Foreign ships employed in the trade with the Continent, make on the average four voyages annually, they are equal to one-fourth of the ships employed in the Coasting trade.

It must be observed, that the Coasting vessels comprehend a considerable number of vessels under, or not greatly exceeding, fifty tons—of passage and steam-vessels—of such as Mr Huskisson speaks of in the most contemptuous manner when they belong to Foreign nations.

The real question is—what number of ships and seamen does each trade employ? and the Custom-House returns are only valuable, in so far as they furnish the reply. The worth of the comparison called for by Mr Huskisson, and his motives for calling for it, need no farther illustration.

As a nursery for brave and hardy seamen, he speaks highly of the Coasting trade, and most contemptuously of the trade with the Continental nations. He ought to know that one trade may be very valuable for forming brave and hardy seamen; and that another may be equally valuable, because, although it may rear seamen of an inferior character, it will in proportion rear a much greater number of them. This country must look at numbers, as well as quality. During the war we were very glad to obtain Foreign sailors, who had been reared in the very trade of which he speaks with so much derision. Why put the two trades in comparison, as nurseries

of seamen? Does it follow that we cannot retain the one, without losing the other? If our retention of the trade with Europe will increase, and not diminish, the Coasting trade, we certainly ought not to cast it away, because its seamen, in Mr Huskisson's judgment, are not equal to those of Coasting vessels. If the choice be, the inferior seamen or none—the inferior seamen for us, or our enemies—there can be no difficulty in making it.

But Mr Huskisson insinuates, that this trade of 500,000 tons, "comparatively insignificant in amount, and of no importance in any other respect," enjoyed by Foreign ships, is, according to his opponents, "to undermine and destroy the maritime greatness of this country," by increasing the naval power of the countries which possess it. He knows well that this is grossly untrue. His opponents say, that our naval power will be ruined, not by the carrying trade possessed by the Continental nations alone, but by that possessed by them and the United States jointly; not by the trade which all these countries *at present possess*, but by that which they *will ultimately obtain*; not by our loss of trade with Europe alone, but by our loss of trade with our own Colonies and the American States likewise. They do not say that our naval supremacy will be taken from us by the European nations; they argue that our shipping will be so far diminished, and Foreign will be so far increased, that we shall not be able to cope at sea with the United States, and certain of these nations jointly, or with the United States singly. Of this, more before we conclude.

That a British Minister could, in the British House of Commons, assert a Foreign trade of 500,000 tons to be "comparatively insignificant in amount, and of no importance in any other respect," is what at any rate we may be permitted to wonder at. It would be no heinous offence, were we to brand it with severe reprobation.

Looking at the case as a whole, it appears that:—

1. Ten years have passed away since 1816. In this term our population has greatly increased, and our imports, particularly of bulky articles, such as timber, wool, seeds, cotton, &c. &c. have greatly increased; the tonnage, British and Foreign, as a whole, em-

ployed in our trade, has greatly increased. Yet, if we except the trade with our North American possessions, and look at the trade with all other Foreign parts, together with the trade with Ireland and the British Isles—if we do this, beginning with 1817, and striking out the years 1818, 1819, and 1825, which, from their not being ordinary ones, ought not to be regarded in an inquiry of this description—we find that British tonnage has remained stationary. The variations, considering the number of tons, have been of no moment; the increase of one year has been balanced by the decrease of another. The increase of the carrying trade has been monopolized by Foreign ships; Foreign tonnage has been increased, not only fifty, but nearly seventy-five, per cent.

2. This increase of Foreign ships consists wholly of those of the United States, Prussia, and other countries with which we have concluded Reciprocity treaties; it has taken place since these treaties came into operation: actual experiment has proved that it has taken place, because British ships cannot compete with the Foreign ones.

3. Although British tonnage, with the exception we have stated, has remained stationary amidst this great increase of employment for shipping; and although we possess at present fewer ships, in regard to tonnage, than we possessed in 1817, our shipping is in the greatest distress. Although Foreign shipping has increased so greatly, no one, not even Mr Huskisson, asserts that it is distressed in the least.

4. The distress of British shipping is so severe, that, if it continue, it must soon produce an alarming decrease in the number of our ships and seamen. While this is the case, it is morally certain that, in the natural course of things, it will not only continue, but be augmented. Looking at the leading divisions of the carrying-trade in detail, our ships have nothing to expect but loss of employment in any of them. In the trade with Foreign countries out of Europe, whatever they may gain with some, will be more than counterpoised by what they will lose with others; they can fairly expect nothing but decrease of employment upon the whole. In the trade with Foreign countries in

Europe, their only prospect, upon the whole, is a very heavy loss. In the trade to the West Indies, they are sure to suffer greatly from Foreign ships and a free trade in sugar. In the trade to the North American Colonies, they will suffer greatly from the increased import of Baltic timber and the admission of Foreign corn. If Ministers carry their new Corn Law, the Foreign corn in ordinary years will be brought principally in Foreign ships—London and some other large places will be to a considerable extent supplied with it, and in consequence it will injure the Coasting trade.

5. If a great reduction take place in the number of British ships, it is not probable that this will produce any material permanent rise of freights. The glut has been occasioned by the multiplication, not of British ships, but of Foreign ones; and while the glut-freights are ruinous to the former, they leave a profit to the latter. Foreign ships have rapidly multiplied when freights have been low to British ones; and should freights rise to remunerate the latter, it would give such a stimulus to shipbuilding abroad, as would soon produce another ruinous

glut. Foreign ships are multiplying, notwithstanding the excess of British ones, and the low freights.

We must now, according to our promise, prove that the empire had a case of the most momentous character in the hands of the Shipowners.

Upon our merchant-navy depends our possession of the sceptre of the ocean; and upon our possession of this sceptre depends the preservation of the empire from dismemberment. If we be beaten at sea—if we become only the *second* naval power in the world—we must lose, not merely this colony or that, but nearly the whole of our immense Foreign possessions. From our Indian empire the natives can expel us, if our ships can be kept from their shores; the fate of the West Indies depends on fleets, and not armies; and our American colonies must become the easy prey of the United States, if we can be prevented from sending troops to defend them.

The Grand Question then is—How is the abolition of the Navigation Laws operating upon the number of our ships and seamen?

	Ships.	Tons.	Seamen.
In 1816 we had	25,864, which measured	2,784,940, and employed	178,820
1817 . .	25,316. . . . .	2,681,986, . . . . .	171,013
1818 . .	25,507, . . . . .	2,674,468, . . . . .	173,609
1819 . .	25,482, . . . . .	2,666,396, . . . . .	174,318
1820 . .	25,374, . . . . .	2,648,593, . . . . .	174,514
1821 . .	25,036, . . . . .	2,560,303, . . . . .	169,183
1822 . .	24,642, . . . . .	2,519,044, . . . . .	166,333
1823 . .	24,542, . . . . .	2,506,760, . . . . .	165,474
1824 . .	24,776, . . . . .	2,559,587, . . . . .	168,637
1825 . .	24,280, . . . . .	2,553,682, . . . . .	166,188
1826 . .	24,625, . . . . .	2,635,644, . . . . .	167,536

Here is an almost uninterrupted decline; when an increase has taken place, it has not been possible to maintain it. This last year exhibits an increase of tonnage over some of the preceding ones, but it is below the first five; in respect of seamen, it is the lowest year in the series, with the exception of three. In it we had a very great excess of ships; and a very large and immediate decrease is certain. If in it we had only had as many ships as we could profitably employ, it would have been the lowest year in the series. That the number of our ships and seamen will even remain stationary, cannot be hoped for; its regular decline seems to be inevitable.

And now, how stands the question of naval power with other nations? The United States possessed,—

In 1784 . .	240,000 tons of shipping.
1790 . .	450,000 ditto.
1800 . .	942,413 ditto.
1810 . .	1,424,783 ditto.
1826 about	1,700,000 ditto.

We give the tonnage for 1826 from an estimate made by Mr Baring in Parliament.

In respect, therefore, of tonnage, the naval power of the United States is already about equal to two-thirds of our own; in respect of quality, we need say nothing. The exclusion of American ships from our colonies may perhaps check their increase for a moment, but putting this out of sight, their increase is likely to be large and rapid. From the extent of America, and the variety of her productions, her coasting trade must increase very greatly. Her exports consist in a great degree of bulky articles, and the demand for them in Europe is pretty sure to keep constantly rising. She is likely to make large additions to her articles of export. Her trade with the new American States is sure to be greatly extended. And when this is the case, nine-tenths of her carrying-trade are, and, as far as probability goes, will continue to be, confined to her own vessels. Everything conspires to make it certain that the naval power of America will rise very rapidly.

It has, we know, been argued, that the difficulty of procuring sailors will prevent her from being ever formidable to us on the ocean. There might be some weight in this, if she could be confined to her own population; but unhappily she cannot. She has the population of this country, as well as her own, to draw sailors from. According to the newspapers, her ships of war are, at this moment, manned to a very great extent with English sailors. She has only to keep building new vessels, and Britain will man them; on the one hand, we are ruining our shipping; and, on the other, we are supplying that power with seamen, which hopes to wrest from us the sovereignty of the sea.

In the next six or seven years, let 500,000 tons be added to the tonnage of America, and 300,000 be subtracted from that of this country, and she will be about our equal in number of ships and seamen. Let her then take from us, either the West Indies or Canada, and she will be decidedly our superior; let her obtain both, and our naval supremacy will be lost for ever. If our North American possessions were not worth a straw in any other respect, upon them depends the empire of the sea. Let the British and

Colonial vessels which they employ, be taken from this country and transferred to America, and it will make the latter, in number of ships and seamen, the first naval power.

On the covetous and hostile disposition of America, we need not enlarge. The most serious matters of dispute are eternally kept unsettled between her and this country; and she has always pretexts for going to war. Let us be involved in war with any of the leading powers of the Continent, and we must immediately, either go to war with her likewise, or submit to a continuation of those scandalous robberies which we have suffered her to perpetrate upon us ever since she obtained her independence.—If the armies and navies of France and America were judiciously combined, and brought into action against us in the West Indies, and Canada, what would be the consequences?

In case of war, we cannot expect to find allies in any of the European powers, to which we are at present giving fleets, but we are very likely to find enemies in them.

It must be remembered that our maritime strength lies chiefly in our Foreign and Colonial trade, which, as we have shown, is threatened with serious diminution in every division.—The coasting trade only employs about one-fifth of our tonnage; and, however valuable its seamen may be, it furnishes fewer of them in proportion to the navy, than almost any other trade. Granting that it furnishes its full proportion, it still furnishes only one-fifth of the men required by the navy, and the other four-fifths must be supplied by the Foreign and Colonial trade. Whatever may be the character of the seamen reared in the latter trade, it must be principally by them that our naval battles must be fought, and our naval supremacy must be preserved.

When the facts we have stated are dispassionately considered; and when the case of the Shipowners is looked at—1. With regard to the fortunes of the Ship-owners, and the bread of the multitudes who depend on the building, provisioning, repairing, &c. of shipping for employment; 2. With regard to that portion of national trade and riches, which depends on the Shipping Interest; and 3. With regard to the retention of our Foreign posses-



sions, the protection of our trade, and wealth in the aggregate, and the preservation of the very existence of the Empire,—when this is done, we are very sure that our country will arrive at no other than the following conclusion:—*A case more strongly supported by fact and circumstance, more pressing in its nature, and of more gigantic national importance, than that of the Shipowners, was never brought before Parliament.*

Now, why was it said in Parliament that the Shipowners had no case?—In plain English, the House of Commons replied to them thus:—“We know that you have lost much of your property—that you are in bitter distress—that Foreign ships can be built and navigated at a much cheaper rate than your own—that you possess fewer ships, and employ fewer men, than you did eleven years ago,—that Foreign ships are multiplying in all directions—that vital changes have been made in the Navigation Laws;—we know all this, but it is nothing. You do not prove that your ships are wholly annihilated—that your trade has been wholly engrossed by foreigners—that the foundation of the nation's naval supremacy is destroyed—therefore you have no case!”

To most Englishmen, this conduct of the House of Commons will appear to be not only new, but utterly indefensible. This House, it seems, is no longer to remedy distress, or avert impending calamity. It is to look tamely and applaudingly on, while the robber is leading the horse out of the stable; and it is only, after he has galloped off out of its reach, that it is to fly into a mighty passion, and lock the stable door. While the ruin of our shipping is in progress, it is to do nothing; and it is only when the ruin shall be completed—when our naval supremacy shall be irrecoverably lost—when it can only curse its own error—that it is to think the Shipowners have a case, and to consent to inquiry. If such a thing be not done, such a thing will happen, say the Shipowners. Peace! replies the House of Commons, the thing has not happened, and nothing but its happening can prove that preventive measures are necessary. Such a man is dangerously ill, and without medicine he will die, says the physician. He is yet alive, replies the House of Com-

mons, and nothing but his death can prove that he needs medicine; let him die, and he shall then have pills and potions in profusion.

We will now glance at Mr Huskisson's defence of his innovations. We follow the order observed in the Pamphlet, and begin with the new Colonial System.

He says that the North American provinces were highly gratified by the change. This is notoriously opposed to fact. The system only yielded these provinces some unimportant benefits on the one hand, while on the other it excluded them from the West India market. They had everything to lose and nothing to gain, from free trade, because they had, comparatively, nothing to sell, that other nations would buy. The old system alone could give them a market for their produce, and an adherence to it was essential for their advance in prosperity. How could they benefit from intercourse with Foreign nations, when these nations would merely sell to, without buying of them? And how could the mother country benefit from their prosperity, if it should arise solely from the transfer of their purchases from her to Foreign countries? The additional intercourse with Foreign nations which the new system has given them, amounts to this;—they buy manufactures of these nations which they pay for with dollars; the procuring of the dollars subjects them in reality to heavy losses; and the Foreign manufactures injure greatly their native ones.

It must be observed, that if these provinces be benefited by the exclusion of the Americans from the West India trade, this is not a part of the new system, but a return to the old one.

With regard to West India Colonies, Mr Huskisson says that they ought to have every reasonable facility afforded them “in procuring, at moderate charges, those articles immediately necessary for the cultivation of the estates, which this country cannot supply them with sufficient regularity, and except at prices greatly exceeding those which are paid for the like articles in other countries their rivals in the growth of sugar.” He contends that the United States had always been permitted to supply them with these articles, and that

there was no reason for refusing the same permission to other nations.

In this he speaks as though the Colonies could procure supplies from no quarter whatever, save this country, or Foreign nations.

When the United States were first permitted to supply the West India Colonies, the North American Provinces (which, for the sake of brevity, we will comprehend under the term *Canada*,) were in their infancy, and incapable of doing it. When the new system was adopted, Canada was in a condition, aided by such assistance as Government could have rendered, to supply the West Indies as regularly, as plentifully, and almost as cheaply, as the United States. Canada was willing to take goods in payment, while the United States would only take specie or bills on England. The new system called for was—the giving of the trade to Canada, and the placing of Foreign ships on equality in respect of exclusion, but not of admission.

Assuming that Canada had not been in existence, and that it was essential for the West India Colonies to draw these articles from Foreign nations, could they only do this through Foreign vessels? If, by means of the bonding system, they had received their supply of staves, salted provisions, &c. solely through British ships, what would have been the consequence? They would have been as plentifully, and almost as cheaply supplied, as they have been through Foreign ships. The difference of expense to them would have been almost nothing; this, by greatly enlarging the outward cargoes of the West India vessels, would, in all probability, have reduced the rate of homeward freight.

From Mr Huskisson's language it might be inferred, that the Colonies could not possibly have any intercourse with Foreign nations, if Foreign ships should be excluded from them. If permission were given to Foreign nations to sell to the Colonies, and to the Colonies to buy of Foreign nations, on condition that the sales should be made through the medium of British merchants, and the goods should be carried by British ships, there could be no just complaint of the want of intercourse. For a long time, the Colonists have had, all things considered, much greater freedom of inter-

course with Foreign nations, than the inhabitants of the mother country; but it seems this was no intercourse at all, so long as Foreign ships were excluded.

An act, as Mr Huskisson says, was passed in 1822, to legalize the admission of American ships into the West India Colonies. This was a part of the new system—the system which, according to himself and others, has been so prolific of benefits. How did it operate? He says that it enabled American ships to monopolize nearly all the carrying, to the exclusion of British ones; and that while this was the case, the Americans would accept nothing in payment, save specie or bills on England. Many people will be astonished to find, that such effects could flow from free trade; and there are a few who will doubt the wisdom of the system which produced such effects. Individuals may perhaps be found, who would have seen in this decisive experiment conclusive proof, that the admission of Foreign ships was theoretically and practically mischievous; but he could only find in it proof, that the ships of the whole world ought to be admitted, as well as those of America.

In that spirit of artifice, which pervades every paragraph of the pamphlet, Mr Huskisson argues that there was no ground for prohibiting other nations from sharing in that trade which was enjoyed by the United States. His drift is to produce the belief, that the new system only permits other nations to do this. The old system merely permitted the Colonies to draw certain articles from America, which were necessary for the mere cheap cultivation of the plantations; the new system admits into them all kinds of foreign produce and manufactures, save a few articles, which are excluded for reasons having nothing to do with trade. On the immense difference we need not expatiate.

When Mr Huskisson owns that the admission of American ships expelled our own from the carrying of the supplies, it is very extraordinary that he insists, that the admission of the ships of the whole world cannot possibly injure British ones. It is the more extraordinary, because, before the change, American vessels could only carry a few articles, while now, foreign vessels can carry almost any article. If

our ships were injured by losing the carriage of the flour and lumber, they must, we think, be injured, when, in addition, they lose the carriage of the silks, cottons, linens, salted provisions, &c. &c. The Americans refused to buy the colonial produce, otherwise the "freedom of intercourse" might unhappily have destroyed the intercourse between the colonies and the mother country. This produce was, therefore, left to be carried by British vessels. But the European foreign vessels will not only carry the goods to the Colonies, but they will carry a large part of the Colonial produce, which would otherwise be carried by British vessels.

We warmly approve of the exclusion of American ships from the Colonies, and hope it will be persevered in; but it cannot be persevered in without a departure from the principles of the new system, if America offer to comply with the prescribed conditions. It would be a contemptible quibble to say—You would not do it at a certain moment, therefore you shall never do it. The new system was advocated on the principle, that it would be highly beneficial to this country to admit the ships of all nations into the colonies at all times on certain conditions; and it would be a complete abandonment of the principle to exclude the ships of any nation at any time, which should offer the requisite terms. If America offer compliance, and it be refused, it will be an open confession on the part of Ministers, that the admission of American ships would be injurious to this country, and, of course, that the new system is founded on a false and destructive principle.

When we find Mr Huskisson gravely stating, that the sugar colonies would be reduced to the greatest distress by the exclusion of all Foreign shipping; and that it is in vain to contend, that they ought to draw everything they need exclusively from this country in return for their monopoly; we are astonished that the credulity of Parliament could bear with such nonsense. No one ever dreamed of compelling these Colonies to draw everything they need from this country. He and the whole world—if we are compelled to except the House of Commons, the fault is not ours—know, that the Colonies could be supplied as plentifully, and about as

cheaply, as they now are, if not a single Foreign ship were permitted to enter them. They are at present compelled to draw a large part of their supplies from Canada, through British ships; and these ships could carry the remainder from continental ports, or our bonding warehouses, on nearly the terms charged by the Foreign ones. If this should be found to raise the price of any article, a trifling reduction of the duty charged on foreign goods in the colonies would afford a remedy.

We are not admitting that the colonies ought to be suffered to draw everything they now draw from Foreign nations; on the contrary, we believe that they ought to buy many articles of this country and Canada, which they buy of such nations. But the question before us relates not to this, but to the policy of giving the carriage to Foreign ships. If it be expedient to permit the Colonies to buy all the Foreign goods they buy at present, it is matter of demonstration that these goods could be made as cheap to them, if carried solely by British ships, as they now are.

What we have said will apply to Mr Huskisson's observations respecting the trade with Newfoundland. In this trade British shipping has declined wofully in late years. He says, that the cheap Foreign produce is carried from Hamburg by British vessels. There is no security that this will continue, neither is there any hope that it will. British ships are here placed in pernicious competition with Foreign ones, when the trade might have been wholly secured to them without injuring the colony. This is not all. Our ships go to Hamburg, and there they fit out for the long voyage, to the great injury of the trade and revenue of this country.

Mr Huskisson says, that the charge made against him for opening the ports of British India to Foreign ships, is "too ridiculous to be noticed;" and that it "only proves the monopolizing spirit, as well as the gross ignorance of those by whom it has been made." We first saw this charge in a letter which appeared in a Liverpool paper, and which was generally ascribed—we know not how truly—to Mr Gladstone. If Mr Gladstone really wrote it, he must, particularly after his late exertions in favour of the Address to his Majesty, be hugely delighted by the compliments thus paid to him, as

well as others, by his friend, Mr Huskisson. The latter defends himself by saying, that he believes Foreign ships have been at all times admitted into British India. He of course wishes the nation to think that he has made no practical change whatever; so true it is, that his defence on every point consists of concealment and misrepresentation. His change has released Foreign ships from severe restrictions in the trade with India, and allowed them to carry most articles. The effect of this, aided by that of other changes, is—Foreign ships have lately been carrying between India and our Colonies, and even the Mother Country. The produce of India is now brought to the Continent in Foreign ships—it then comes to this country, and the Foreign ships have the benefit of the long voyage. At to what he says of the increase of tonnage in the trade with India, it must be observed, that his change has not yet had time to have its natural effect on tonnage. The tonnage from India was greater in 1826 than in some preceding years, but it was considerably less than in 1819 and 1820. It was

In 1819 . . .	75,633 tons.
1820 . . .	81,971
1826 . . .	72,457

It must be observed too, that this includes the tonnage employed in the growing trade with New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land.

We proceed to Mr Huskisson's defence of the Reciprocity Treaties.

He says, it has been assumed that he is the author of the Reciprocity system; and he denies it, on the ground that one Reciprocity treaty was concluded with Portugal and Brazil in 1810, and that another was concluded with the United States in 1815. Without adverting to the political character of the one with Portugal and Brazil, it must be obvious to every one, that the same treaty may be a very wise one when concluded with one nation, and a very indefensible one when concluded with another. The treaty with Prussia, although a very pernicious one to this country, is a very advantageous one to Prussia; and one with a nation, the ships of which could not compete with our own, would yield us great benefits. If the Reciprocity treaty with Portugal and Brazil were concluded on the principle, that their ships could not compete with British ones; this very principle prohibited

Reciprocity treaties with the nations of the north of Europe. Mr Huskisson's treaties stand upon the reverse of this principle. With regard to the treaty with the United States, he said last year, that it was almost a matter of necessity; and therefore, it furnished no reason for us to conclude similar ones from choice. This treaty ought to have been looked at as a beacon, and not as a precedent; it is astonishing that with its lamentable consequences before him, he could conclude similar ones with countries, the shipping of which possessed greater advantages over our own, than those of the United States.

Of the Reciprocity system, as a system—of the Reciprocity Treaties, as treaties to be concluded, not with this nation, or that, from especial reasons, but with all nations, on abstract principles,—Mr Huskisson and his colleagues are demonstrably the parents.

With regard to the Prussian treaty, the Right Hon. Gentleman states that Prussia imposed discriminating duties, not merely upon our ships, but upon all Foreign ones; and that when Ministers remonstrated with her, her reply was—"This is a municipal regulation, with which you have no right to interfere. The discriminating duties of other countries are ruinous to our shipping. - - - We have followed your example, to protect the remainder (of our shipping) from ruin." He observes, it has been maintained by his opponents, that, "our rejoinder should have been from the mouths of our cannon, rather than submit to the cowardly sacrifice of any of our commercial monopolies." He says, that those who hold such language have notions touching the dignity and honour of this country, very different from his own; and he hopes that he "shall never share in the councils of England, when a principle shall be set up, that there is one rule of independence and sovereignty for the strong, and another for the weak."

Now, this municipal regulation, no matter what it was directed against, was calculated to inflict serious injury on the trade and shipping of this country; and that this gave us a clear right to interfere in the way of retaliation, will be denied by no one, always excepting the Members of the Cabinet and the House of Commons. What was it that Prussia sought to obtain?

Was it equality—her just and equitable right? No! she sought advantage—monopoly—the entire possession of a trade which at any rate belonged as much to this country as to her. Granting that previously our ships had possessed advantages over hers, and had brought them to ruin, she sought not to create equality, but to enable her ships to obtain advantages over, and to ruin ours. This is above question.

The treason of admitting that Prussia was justified in this—that she was justified in taking from our ships and Shipowners their equitable right, may be committed by Mr Huskisson and the House of Commons, but it shall never add to the list of our own transgressions.

We say now, as we said on a former occasion, that the whole which Prussia could fairly claim was, the placing of her ships on a *real* equality with British ones, in a trade which belonged not more to her, than to this country. In this we are not laying down one rule for the strong, and another for the weak; we are merely stating the universal, eternal, unchangeable law of right and reason. Did the Reciprocity treaty do no more than give her such an equality? Government has officially announced, through Mr Jacob's report, that Prussian ships can be built and navigated at a far cheaper rate than British ones; actual experiment has proved that British ships cannot compete with Prussian ones, and that the treaty is robbing them of their share of the trade. The equal duties have nothing to do with equality; they produce inequality, which is destructive to our shipping; they give to Prussia unjust advantages and monopoly. Once more we maintain, that this treaty sacrificed both the honour and the sacred rights of this country. If there had been no alternative to it but war—war ought to have been declared. That our notions of national honour and rights differ very widely from those of Mr Huskisson, is a matter which causes us neither shame nor sorrow.

The Right Honourable Gentleman in effect maintains that Prussia had a right to this treaty; and that we were bound by equity and national law to concede that to her, which is expelling our ships from a trade belonging as much to us as to her. He thus so-

lemnly asserts, that, according to public law, we have no right to share in our own carrying trade, if we cannot carry as cheaply as other countries; and that the foundations of the navy ought to be swept away. He directly states, that, to defend our commercial monopolies with our cannon, would be a gross abuse of power, and a flagrant violation of the law of nations. Times were, when a British Minister could not have done this in the British House of Commons with impunity. Times were, when the parent of a treaty like the one in question would have been rewarded with impeachment.

That this country has a clear right in national law to refuse to trade with any other, even on its own terms—that it has such a right to refuse, it to think fit, to trade with any other, except on condition that its ships shall have great exclusive advantages—needs no proof. As to compelling other nations to trade with us on our own conditions, no one has ever advocated it: every one admits that they have the right of refusal as well as ourselves. All that has been said is—we have a right to preserve what we possess with our cannon, sooner than surrender it to other nations which have no right to it whatever.

Mr Huskisson is mighty angry with his opponents, because they have asserted that Prussia does not annually import above four hundred thousand pounds' worth of British produce and manufactures. For having asserted this, he charges them with wilful misrepresentation, or gross ignorance. Now what have they spoken from? Official documents—those Returns furnished by Government, which declare that Prussia does not import a greater quantity of British produce and manufactures. Our readers are aware, that in speaking of the imports and exports of any country, these documents are always spoken from by Ministers themselves, as well as by other people.

Mr Huskisson, however, kicks the documents of the British Government with scorn out of Parliament, and produces a paper from a certain Prussian, Baron Maltzahn, to overwhelm his unhappy opponents with confutation. As he was himself grossly ignorant touching the Prussian imports, until the Baron condescended to enlighten him, he might have dealt more tender-

ly with those opponents who had not so miraculous a Baron to apply to for instruction. This wondrous Prussian, who has been aptly called Baron Munchausen, graciously asserts, that Prussia imports more than seven millions' worth of British produce and manufactures annually; Mr Huskisson cuts down the seven millions to five, and this amount he gives as the very lowest that truth would sanction.

Baron Maltzahn Munchausen unwarily gives names and figures, which are capable of being turned to the most fatal uses against his document. He represents that the goods are imported, not directly from this country, but indirectly, through German, Danish, and other ports. Now, we gather from the British official account of our exports to these ports, that he makes Prussia buy of us nearly all the goods we send to them—that he makes her buy of us several millions' worth of goods, which, it is notorious, are consumed by other countries. In an able letter, addressed to Mr Huskisson, which appeared in the Morning Post of June 11th, and on the statements of which our readers may rely, we find the following information:—

"Taking, then, the first article in the Prussian statement, I find it is asserted, that raw cotton 'being the produce of the United Kingdom and of its Colonies,' to the amount of 33,701 centnas, (the centna being equal to about 11 lbs. English weight,) was imported into the Prussian states by way of Hamburg. Now, sir, the *exact* quantity of raw cotton imported *into* Hamburg in the year 1823, was as follows:—4603 bales of United States cotton, 2425 of Brazil, 3272 of West India, 5176 of East India, and 91 of Levant. I have carefully ascertained from merchants and brokers concerned in the cotton trade, the average weight of each description, and find the aggregate would be only 38,260 centnas, so that if the quantities stated in the Prussian document be correct, that country must consume more than seven-eighths of all the raw cotton imported into Hamburg!

"This may be so, at all events I have no means of contradicting it, but it does appear to be highly improbable. Even supposing all this to be true, I think you would not venture to repeat, after perusing the preceding statement, that the cotton in question was 'British goods.'

You would not contend, for instance, that cotton transported direct from the United States to Hamburg in American ships, could be in the remotest degree connected with the interests of this country. The raw cotton which was imported in Prussia direct from Great Britain, appears to have been to the *large amount* of 980 centnas! whilst the whole quantity placed under the head of English 'goods,' is no less than 67,912 centnas.

"Another considerable article; amounting to 35,157 centnas, is raw hides, of which only 447 centnas were imported from this country direct. It is, however, stated, that 'English hides,' to the extent of 5148 centnas, were imported through Hamburg. Now, sir, I am enabled to state, that, of 63,825 *pieces* of South American hides, which are all that were imported into Hamburg in 1823: of any sort, only 10,505 were from Great Britain. But I also observe, which is a singularly conclusive contradiction to Baron Maltzahn's theoretical 'Document,' that in that year 50,575 country hides (as likely to be of the produce of Prussia, as that she should receive our goods through the same channel,) were actually exported from Hamburg to England!

"Of Tea, nine centnas were imported direct from this country, yet the whole quantity under the head of 'English goods,' is 2001 centnas, of which 1261 centnas were received through Hamburg. It happens most unfortunately, however, for your authority, that *not a single ounce* of *tea* was that year imported into Hamburg from this country. About two thirds of the import into that place arrived direct from Canton, and the remainder from the United States; and, as it is well known that the monopoly of the East India Company prevents any English ships, except their own, from visiting Canton, it is quite obvious that British shipping could not be employed in transporting the tea in question; and that this country is not, directly or indirectly, connected with the consumption in Prussia, of more than 9 centnas out of 2001!

"Tobacco one would hardly have expected to find in this Prussian document as connected with England, except so far as it is imported direct; for, to 'practical men,' like myself, who are in the habit of seeing American ships announced almost daily in the Cowes List as arriving from Virginia, Havannah, &c. and proceeding thence to Hamburg, and other Continental ports, to discharge their cargoes, it appears scarcely possible that

even a red-hot theorist could venture to state, *without an iota of proof*, that tobacco was shipped from England to Hamburg for consumption in Prussia. Nevertheless, we find no less than 66,045 centnas of that article under the head of 'English goods,' of which only 1488 centnas were imported into Prussia direct from this country; but 16,094 centnas are stated to have been received by way of Hamburg. The importation of tobacco into that place in 1823 was considerable, but not an ounce of it is stated in the Hamburg accounts to have arrived from Great Britain. About one-fourth of the importation, indeed, is said to have come from 'the west ports of Europe,' and it is just possible that a fraction of that fraction may have been from this country; though from the circumstance of other goods being specifically mentioned in the same accounts as imported from Great Britain, it appears extremely improbable.

"I might go on multiplying proofs to the same effect, by taking each of the 37 Articles in the Prussian Document in succession, and each of the seven routes of indirect transit; but I flatter myself that even you, sir, will allow I have successfully established the fallacy of that document. And I do almost hope that you will, for the sake of your own character, disown it, and acknowledge the error into which it has led you. How you will be able to purge yourself from the *un-English* feeling which is apparent in the attempt to palm upon the Parliament a *foreign* statement, bearing, as this does, all the marks of fraud and deception on the face of it—How you will be able to justify your conduct in this respect to the country, I am totally at a loss to conjecture. A negative species of proof which the document itself affords, is also worthy of consideration. The only bulky articles of English produce which are notoriously consumed in Prussia, I mean salt and sea coal, are also the only articles which appear exclusively to be imported direct from this country. I say exclu-

sively, because the inconsiderable quantity of the latter carried through Hamburg, and the intimation that some salt, not specified in the 'document,' may have arrived through the Netherlands, do not deserve notice. As these articles, which we know can be supplied better from England than from any other country, are not conveyed to Prussia through indirect channels, is it not reasonable to suppose that other articles, which really arrive by those channels, and which can be supplied on equally good, or better terms, from other countries, should have been so supplied?—it being remembered that we have no *evidence*, either from Prussia, or any of the intermediate places, that the immense quantities of goods, *gratuitously* assigned to England, were in any way connected with her.

"As I have, in compliment to the voracious Baron Maltzahn, applied his term of 'English goods' to the general shipments from this country, it is right that I should explain what proportion *English manufactures* bear to the whole. According to the Prussian statement, the total importation from Great Britain direct to Prussia, amounted in 1823, to 717,733*l.* 9*s.* sterling, of which only 174,067*l.* 14*s.* consisted of manufactured goods; the great bulk of our export to Prussia being in foreign goods, a large proportion of which is brought here, and nearly the whole carried away in foreign vessels. As it is important to your views to show the great increase of exports consequent on the Reciprocity system, I will bring under your notice an account of *all the British manufactures* which have been exported from London, Liverpool, Hull, and Bristol, to Prussia, during the first five months of the present year, premising that all the quantities, and the value of the first article, are extracted from our own Custom-house accounts, and that the value of the other articles is calculated according to the Prussian scale, which is, however, beyond the market prices. The account is as follows:—

Bags, at value, . . . . .	L. 5012
2720 lbs. worsted yarn, 24 centnas, at 15 <i>l.</i> . . . .	360
16,840 lbs. cotton twist, 165 ditto, at 15 <i>l.</i> . . . .	2475
3560 yards cambric and muslin, supposed 4 ditto, at 45 <i>l.</i> . . . .	160
9745 cwt. refined sugar, 9574 ditto, at 3 <i>l.</i> . . . .	28,722
1293 ditto refined saltpetre, 1270 ditto, ditto . . . .	3810
Total, . . . . .	L. 40,549

"A mighty object, truly, for which to sacrifice the shipping of the country"

What Mr Huskisson will plead in justification of his conduct, time must unfold; in the interim, we shall hold it to be impossible for a British Minister to even excuse himself for having dared to place such a document before Parliament, and vouch for its correctness.

It must be observed, that nearly the whole of the Baron's seven millions' worth of goods are not bought by Prussia of this country, and a large part of them are not bought by her at all. A portion she buys of the ports to which we sell them, and a portion merely passes through her on their way to other countries. Were all intercourse to be suspended between her and this country, the chief part of them are of such a character, that they would continue to enter her exactly as they enter her at present, unless she should cease to have intercourse with Hamburgh, Bremen, Denmark, &c. &c. likewise. In truth, the cessation of our intercourse with her would cut off little more than £400,000, called, in the official papers of this country, the amount of our exports to Prussia.

Mr Huskisson flatly denies that Prussia subjects our goods to either prohibitions or high duties. He says that her duties on most articles fluctuate between five and ten per cent; that they do not on any article exceed fifteen per cent, and that the tariff does not contain a single prohibition. Now we learn from the same excellent letter, that the Prussian tariff imposes a duty equal to about

36 per cent on printed cottons,

193 per cent on plain calicoes,

from 50 to 79 per cent on woollens,

375 per cent on tin plates.

Comment here would indeed be idle. When we find a man like this heaping every possible foul charge upon all who think good to question his wisdom and accuracy, it only causes us to smile; but, alas! our merriment vanishes, when we reflect that his statements are rapturously believed in, and applauded, by the House of Commons.

Baron Maltzahn Munchausen would doubtlessly be affronted, were he to be told that his country does not pay her debts; therefore he has been guilty of an egregious oversight in not informing us how she pays to this country the seven millions. Our own defective documents only give her credit

for paying little more than half a million, so that there are six millions and a half unaccounted for. Does she send us bullion, or goods, or anything at all, in payment of the six millions and a half? This must be cleared up. We must have another marvellous series of Munchausen's Discoveries from the intelligent Baron in the next Session, to show what our annual imports of seven millions from Prussia consist of, and to save her from the suspicion of being little better than a downright swindler.

The worth of the trade with Prussia, be it small or great, has, however, little to do with the question. She was at our mercy. For both the present and the future, she had to look chiefly to this country and the British Colonies, not only for a market for her produce, but for employment for her shipping. A cessation of intercourse would have operated ruinously on both her trade and her ships, while we should scarcely have felt it. Had Ministers placed before her such a cessation, or the abandonment of her obnoxious duties, she would have submitted immediately. Had they done this, they would have been guilty of no abuse of power; they would not have oppressed the weak; they would merely have protected the principles laid down and acted on by the wisest and most upright of England's statesmen—statesmen who were far more capable of judging correctly of their country's dignity and honour, than Mr Huskisson.

Not one word, therefore, of what the Right Honourable Gentleman says in defence of the Reciprocity Treaties is worth a snap of the fingers. These treaties are utterly indefensible. We say again, ay, and we will always say it in despite of either him or his betters, that in them England's dignity, honour, and rights, were shamefully, culpably, and even criminally sacrificed.

Mr Huskisson represents that all these innovations are but the following up of those principles which Mr Pitt inculcated, and as far as possible acted upon, until he was forced into war by the French Revolution. He says this of that Mr Pitt, whose speech on the Commercial Treaty with France is on record, whose Ministry, in respect of trade, was a series of restrictions, bounties, and prohibitions, and who,



according to the Anti-jacobin, before his death, expressed his regret that he had ever been induced to relax the maritime rights of Britain, and his determination to re-establish the system acted on by his father. We need not defend Mr Pitt's memory from the libel. That great man solemnly laid it down as a principle, that—Innovations ought never to be made except from public necessity; and it was his constant endeavour on all occasions to show, that he was guided by such necessity, and not by abstract principle.

The truth is, that what Mr Huskisson says of Mr Pitt, some unintelligible nonsense which he puts forth touching the Philosophers of the middle ages, and his stale trash respecting the enemies of all improvement, &c., are all filched almost verbatim from certain Cockney publications. We had seen the whole in print before we met with it in his pamphlet.

He says, that these innovations were recommended "by those who had the greatest interest to see them adopted,"—"the enlightened Merchants and Shipowners of this country."

With regard to the Shipowners, it is a fact that those who really deserve the name were always strongly opposed to the innovations. The latter were only supported by the Shipowners, who were Foreign merchants likewise, who were but slightly interested in shipping, and who acted under the persuasion, that they would gain more as merchants than they would lose as Shipowners.

With regard to the Merchants, Mr Huskisson continually speaks of their counsel, as though it was infallible. On the Silk trade he was supported by the Merchants, therefore he was right. On the Shipping Interest he is supported by the Merchants. Therefore he is still right. He seems to imagine that if he obey the Merchants, it is impossible for him to err in legislating for agriculture and manufactures. We must, therefore, inquire, who and what the Merchants are.

The Merchants of this country are divided into numerous parties, having hostile interests, and, in consequence, fiercely opposed to each other in opinion. The Baltic Merchants are bitterly at variance with the Canadian Merchants—so are the East India Merchants with the West India Merchants—so are the Merchants who im-

port Foreign corn with those who deal in British corn. Why? Because their trades are in direct opposition—because the ruin of the Canada, West India, and British corn trades, would greatly benefit the Baltic, East India, and Foreign corn trades.

It necessarily follows, that while free trade will greatly benefit some parties of Merchants, it will greatly injure others: the Mercantile Interest, therefore, as a whole, is hotly divided respecting it. The "enlightened Merchants," of whom Mr Huskisson speaks, comprehend only a portion of the merchants. A numerous, rich, and most respectable portion are decidedly opposed to his measures. These, of course, are unenlightened; he will not even call them Merchants, but he classes them with the "practical men," whom he holds in so much contempt and abhorrence.

We must now dissect these "enlightened Merchants." One of them is perhaps a proprietor of Norway forests, or Swedish iron-works, or Prussian ships; or perhaps he has contracted to take a certain quantity of Baltic timber annually, for a term of years, at a certain price; or perhaps his branch-house abroad is admirably situated for the purchasing of Foreign corn; or perhaps his house is one of agency to various Foreign firms, and his per centages would be mightily enlarged by enlarged imports of Baltic produce. There is a Mr Warburton in the House of Commons, who, in the last Session, spoke very volubly, and very absurdly, in favour of free trade; this gentleman, we believe, is deeply immersed in contracts for Baltic timber, and the low freights of Foreign ships are calculated to put some thousands per annum into his pocket.

Such men are naturally the vociferous champions of the principles of free trade. These principles would ruin the timber trade of Canada, and benefit hugely that of the Baltic; therefore, they must be trumpeted by all Baltic Merchants. They would ruin the West India trade, and thereby yield great advantages to the Brazil and East India trades; therefore, they must be lauded by the Brazil and East India Merchants. They would ruin British shipping, and, in consequence, give immense profit to Foreign shipping; therefore they must be defended by those Merchants who

have vested their money in Foreign vessels. These "enlightened Merchants" cry up free trade for no earthly reason, but because it is calculated to better their private fortunes.

If a Landowner speak in favour of agriculture, his sentiments are held to be of no value, because he speaks from personal interest. If a West India proprietor speak in favour of the West Indies, or a Bank Director speak in favour of the Bank of England, or a Canadian Merchant speak in favour of Canada, or a Country Banker in favour of the Country Banks, the case is the same. All are to be disregarded, because they speak from personal interest. But let one of these "enlightened Merchants" speak from personal interest, and he is to be rapturously obeyed in everything. Granting that the former are prompted by personal interest, they still speak in favour of what is British. The Landowner speaks for what would benefit many millions of his Majesty's subjects. The West India proprietor, and Canada Merchant, speak for what would benefit important portions of the British empire: but Mr Huskisson's "enlightened Merchants" speak for what would benefit Foreign nations.

The Right Honourable Gentleman has fallen into the deplorable error of imagining, that what will promote the trade of the "enlightened Merchants," will necessarily promote the trade of the whole country. A free trade in corn would ruin the Agriculturists, and thereby would ruin the nation at large; but still it would benefit the importers of foreign corn, because it would enable them to import far more than they have been able to do under the prohibitory system. A free trade in timber might ruin Canada, destroy our naval supremacy, and inflict vital injury on the empire, but still it would greatly benefit the importer of Baltic timber, by enlarging his imports. The interests of the trade of these Merchants are in direct opposition to those of the trade of the community at large. Looking at the Merchants as a whole, though free trade will benefit some, it will injure others; it will yield more less than profit to the Mercantile Interest.

Our readers will perceive that these "enlightened Merchants" are foreigners in everything save birth and residence. They plead exactly as the natives of Foreign countries would plead

in a question between them and Englishmen—exactly as Foreign Governments would plead in questions between them and the British Government. Yet, according to Mr Huskisson, they are the only men in this country who are to be listened to, in legislating for agriculture, manufactures, and general trade. They are, in truth, the men who ought never to be listened to. We are heartily sick of these mercantile legislators. If our trading laws must be framed either by them, or the cobblers of the country, in Heaven's name! let it be done by the latter. The cobblers have a personal interest in keeping the community in prosperity, but the "enlightened Merchants" have a personal interest in plunging it into ruin.

Mr Huskisson asserts, that those who oppose his ruinous changes are the "enemies of all improvement." On the part of ourselves, and every one whom it affects, we proclaim the assertion to be false and calumnious; and in imitation of his own plain speaking, we proclaim farther, that when he made it, HE KNEW it to be false and calumnious.

In good sober sooth, were no improvements made in this country until he forsook the tree of liberty in France to make them? Before he was known in the British Parliament as an "improver," laws upon laws were annually enacted, which produced changes of every description; and yet they were generally supported by those whom he calls the enemies of all improvement. Why were such laws thus supported? Because they were bottomed upon public necessity—because they were framed to remove some obvious abuse, to remedy some real evil, or to supply some proved deficiency—because they had the foundation and objects which are essential for justifying the enactment of new laws. To cautious changes and abolitions made on such principles, we have always professed ourselves to be friendly.

Those, on whom he casts the falsehood, sanctioned that great change, the abolition of the laws, which, in respect of trade, treated Ireland as a colony—they applauded Mr Huskisson's consolidation of the trading laws—they praised Mr Peel's consolidation of the statutes—they advocated the new law for preventing the subdivision of land in Ireland—they were friendly to the admission of Colonial

corn—they were favourable to the reduction of taxes—they called for various improvements in Ireland, which Ministers admit are necessary—and they opposed not the disfranchisement of corrupt boroughs, the appointment of commissions to introduce improvements into the subordinate departments of the government, &c. &c. They did not oppose various changes made by Mr Huskisson himself; and they never opposed a single change, which, upon trial, has been proved to be really an “improvement.”

Why then are they thus libelled by Mr Huskisson? Because they opposed perilous changes which public necessity did not call for—because they opposed the abrogation of laws, under which the empire had risen to the highest point of trade, riches, and greatness—because they opposed gigantic innovations, which, on being made, have filled the land with bankruptcy and wretchedness.

What “improvements” have these persons condemned? The repeal of the Combination Laws—the abrogation of the Navigation Laws—the admission of Foreign wrought silks—the new Colonial System—and the changes touching Banks and the Currency. Have these been “improvements,” IN REALITY? We ask for *proofs*; and ample experiment can surely furnish them. What care we for Mr Huskisson's assertions—what care we for the shouts of the House of Commons, or the unanimity of Parliament? We must have proofs—facts and figures—that legitimate evidence which has always hitherto been thought necessary for producing honest and rational conviction. According to the common meaning of language, improvement ought not to make things worse; it even ought not to leave them as it finds them; it ought to make them better. Speaking with reference to this, we ask once more, have the changes we have named been improvements in reality? What benefits have they yielded? *How much have they added to the trade, wealth, prosperity, and happiness of the empire?*

The repeal of the Combination Laws demonstrably produced gigantic evils—since the abrogation of the Navigation Laws, Foreign shipping has rapidly multiplied, and our own has been reduced to the deepest distress—the admission of Foreign silks involved the

Silk trade in bitter suffering, and still keeps it in suffering and declension—the new Colonial System has yielded nothing but evil—and the changes touching Banks and the Currency, manifestly had the most injurious consequences. Before these “improvements” came into operation, the country was prosperous and happy; every interest flourished; the revenue increased so much, that a large remission of taxes could be made annually; but since they began to operate, the country has been groaning under poverty and misery; the revenue has been insufficient for meeting the lawful claims upon the Exchequer; no taxes have been repealed, but, on the contrary, new taxes are threatened. In Parliament, Mr Huskisson's worshippers have been the loudest in proclaiming the country to be in almost unexampled distress; and the proofs of the deplorable condition of the revenue, and the promise of new taxes, have been put forth by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

That we have not called changes “improvements,” which have yielded no benefit whatever—that we have not called changes “improvements,” which demonstrably have subjected large masses of the community to wholesale confiscation and hunger—that we have not called changes “improvements,” under the operation of which the country has experienced nothing but loss and suffering—that we have not done this, is not a matter to fill us with repentance. The blush tinges not our cheek, when we remember that we have strenuously opposed such “improvements.” We are not tortured by conscience, when we reflect, that we have not, like the Members of the House of Commons, in the self-same breath, lauded the changes, and deplored their calamitous consequences.

And now, how would Mr Huskisson have dealt with us, if we had been the servile supporters of his “improvements?” By his actions, if not by his words, he would have charged us with the most gross ignorance and incapacity.

The Combination Laws were abolished, and this was held to be a magnificent “improvement.” Almost immediately afterwards, he and his colleagues came to Parliament to confess that the most grievous evils had fol-

lowed, and to enact laws against the combinations.

A law was passed for the admission of Foreign silks. On its being attacked, Mr Huskisson said to Parliament—Sweet creature! this law is perfect, and must not on any account be altered. The obedient Parliament voted that it should not be altered in the least. Immediately afterwards he saluted Parliament with—Gentle slave! we have been fearfully wrong in the silk business; we must abandon this perfect law for another, stuffed with absolute prohibitions, prohibitory duties,\* and vexatious restrictions—in a word, approaching as nearly as possible to the complete prohibition we are destroying. The humble Parliament obeyed him, and at once voted that the first law and the decision it had just made were indefensible.

The Colonial System was abolished. Mr Huskisson and his colleagues defended this, on the ground that vast benefits would flow from free trade—that the system of exclusion was pernicious, and ought to be abandoned—that discriminating laws ought not to exist, and that Foreign ships ought to be placed on an equality. Almost immediately afterwards they excluded American ships from the Colonies; and the exclusion still exists, in despite of every offer of negotiation and concession in regard to America—in regard to that country which alone could give the new system any very material operation for the present—the old system has been to a great extent restored.

Mr Huskisson and his colleagues declared that the small notes of Banks were extremely pernicious, and they introduced a law into Parliament for suppressing them throughout the United Kingdom. Before this law passed, they abandoned it wholly in respect to Scotland, and to a great extent in respect of Ireland. They refused stamps to the Country Banks, and indirectly forced a large amount of their paper out of circulation, on the alleged ground of an excess of currency; and then they strained every nerve to replace the suppressed paper of the Country Banks with the paper of the Bank of England.

Mr Huskisson made a change of

law, by which Foreign salted provisions came, duty free, into competition with those of Ireland. He has just revoked this change, for another, which imposes a heavy duty on the Foreign provisions.

The Navigation Laws were abolished. In the pamphlet before us, Mr Huskisson declares that this was necessary, and that it has yielded nothing but benefit. Parliament tumultuously re-echoed his declaration. While we write, he is restoring the laws as far as he can—he is trampling on Free Trade and Reciprocity—by increasing the number of the enumerated articles. Parliament is of course obeying him, and thereby declaring, that its sentiments on General Gascoigne's motion were wholly unjustifiable.

The new Colonial System admitted Foreign manufactures into the North American Colonies at certain duties, and it permitted them to be carried by Foreign ships. Mr Huskisson is now raising the duties, and endeavouring to give the carriage to the ships of this country.

When Mr Huskisson introduced the new System of Free Trade, he claimed about as much against restriction as prohibition. He vilified the old system, because it was "a restrictive" one. He railed as much against prohibitory duties as absolute prohibitions, and boasted hugely because he was lowering such duties. He declared that there ought to be no prohibitions of any kind—that trade ought to be free—that our manufacturers ought to be brought into competition with Foreign ones in the home market. Now he merely attacks prohibitory laws, and he is raising his competition duties to prohibitory ones. After proclaiming competition to be essential, he is destroying that which he had established.

And now, we repeat, how would Mr Huskisson have dealt with us, if we had been the servile supporters of his first "improvements?" By his second ones he would have told us that we were consummate fools—that we had advocated false principles and pernicious changes. We lament not, that we did not sanction what he has been compelled to undo—that we opposed laws which he has abandoned, and

\* The duty on some descriptions of India Bandanas is at present equal to seventy five per cent.

principles which he has practically renounced. That we have escaped the disgrace, causes us no mortification. If the House of Commons, at Mr Huskisson's bidding, have in one week voted a law to be perfect, and in the next cast it to the winds as ruinous—have in one hour proclaimed principles to be infallible, and in the next abandoned them as erroneous—have done that in one moment, which it has undone in the next—have eat its own words, and denounced its own decisions—we are not sorry that we have not shared in the degradation. Never shall we grieve, because our brow is unsoiled with the shame—because our fingers are pure from the iniquity.

We have spoken of those changes, called by Mr Huskisson "improvements," which have had actual operation. He has made other changes—to wit, he has lowered the import duties on cottons, woollens, and other articles, in which our manufacturers can undersell those of every other country. What have been the effects? Nothing. He has substituted one prohibitory duty for another; the House is precisely the same, only he has clapped upon the door a new number; what the high duty was, the low one has hitherto been, in operation. Are we ashamed because we have not called these inoperative changes "improvements?" No. Why should we be ashamed because we have not written palpable falsehoods? Let these changes have actual effect—let them bring a mass of Foreign cottons, woollens, &c. into the country—and then Mr Huskisson and his House of Commons will revoke them, as the very reverse of "improvements."

We speak of the abolition of the Corn Laws separately, because its actual consequences have not yet been experienced. Putting out of sight years of scarcity—the exception to the rule—these laws would never have suffered wheat to reach 70s.,\* except for a few weeks, at distant intervals; they would never have permitted the average price on a term of years to

exceed 60s. or 65s. This is above question. Now Ministers say that the Agriculturists cannot grow wheat for less than 60s., and that they mean then to have this price under the new law. Of course, if they think as they speak—if they be not dishonest hypocrites—all they expect from the new law is, that it will make wheat about 5s. per quarter cheaper than it would have been under the old laws, on the average of time. Such cheapening would practically give 5s. per annum, or a little more than a penny per week, to each member of the community. What the real effect of the new law will be, has nothing to do with the matter; we are merely speaking of what Ministers expect it to be.

To produce, therefore, this worthless reduction of price, all the relations of agriculture have been deranged—the great interests of the nation have been brought into warfare—the democracy has been incited to call for the ruin of the aristocracy—the millions who are employed in agriculture have been subjected to grievous injuries—a gigantic addition is to be made to the penury and misery of Ireland—and half the population of the United Kingdom are to be brought into danger of ruin. We have opposed this; we have maintained that the fortunes, bread, and comfort of ten or twelve millions of our fellow-subjects ought not to be put in peril for so contemptible an object; but this is not sufficient to prove that we are "the enemies of all improvement."

Be it remembered, that "improvement" has never been contemplated; the cry has always been—Destruction, and a new law, the reverse of the old ones! We have defended a prohibition by law, up to 70s.; but we have said nothing against any improvement of the Corn Laws that should hold this sacred.

If Mr Huskisson can prove that he possesses the attributes of the Deity, and that his changes cannot be other than improvements, we will at once support him to his heart's content; but

\* Our readers are aware, that the law of 1822 was not to come into operation until wheat should reach 80s., and that it has never had operation, because wheat has never risen to this price since it was enacted. But after coming into effect, it was constantly to open the ports when wheat should reach 70s. In speaking of the operation of the Corn Laws, we naturally speak as though they were both in present operation. The provision, that wheat shall for once rise to 80s., is not in reality a part of the regular law, it is merely to fix the time when the law shall have vitality.

until he tenders such proof, we must be permitted to exercise our own judgment. When he thus practically proclaims, "*I am infallible—I cannot commit an error—every measure of mine must of necessity be an improvement—and every one who opposes my changes must of necessity be the enemy of all improvement!*"—when he does this, we may wonder prodigiously at his drunken egotism and arrogance; but, as to our believing him, we must be excused. We have only to look at his actions, and these proclaim,—Mr Huskisson erred woefully on the Combination Laws, the Silk Trade, the Colonial System—every change that he has introduced! We must be pardoned for giving less credit to his words than to his actions.

Looking, then, at the *whole* of these boasted "improvements," we say once more, what benefit have they yielded?—Have they increased trade?—Have they caused a single interest to flourish?—Have they raised the revenue?—Have they reduced the taxes?—Have they multiplied the comforts and enjoyments of the working classes?—Have they promoted peace and harmony in the community?—Have they diminished vice and crime?—Have they benefited the best interests of the community, individually, and in the aggregate?—If they have done all this, it can be proved by official documents; and, in the face of the country, we call upon Mr Huskisson and his "hirelings,"—upon those who, like Mr Liddell, declare the new system to be an "enlightened and beneficial one,"—upon all the supporters of this system, to produce the documents. Let us have no more opinions and assertions—let us have no more bombast and boasting—let us have no more Parliamentary cheers and majorities—the "improvements" have now been tried; and let an affirmative be given to our questions by the facts and figures of actual experiment. Let this be done, and we shall be silenced.

We must, however, have rational and convincing evidence. The annual increase of a population of twenty millions is very considerable; and trade, revenue, &c. ought to increase in proportion. The annual increase of population in our Foreign possessions is considerable; and this ought to produce a proportionate increase of trade, &c. at home. Before these "improvements" were made, trade, wealth, and

revenue, rose rapidly on the average of every two or three years; their increase was greater in proportion than that of population. If they have not increased more rapidly in proportion in the last two years, than they increased previously, the changes have not been improvements. If they be now no greater than they were three years ago, notwithstanding the increase of population at home and in the colonies, the changes have been the preventives of improvement; and if they be depressed and declining, the changes have been, not improvements, but destructive evils.

And now, what are the answers which official documents, glaring facts, the evidence of every man's eyes and ears, and universal belief, furnish to our questions? They are, that during the operation of these "improvements," trade has been in bitter suffering—every interest has been distressed—the revenue has declined—the necessity for new taxes has been created—the working classes have been in the greatest misery—the community has been filled with animosity and strife—vice and crime have fearfully increased—individual wealth has been seriously diminished—and the best interests of the empire have sustained grievous injury.

These are the answers—the appalling answers, the truth of which no man can question. It is matter of demonstration, that the "improvements" had the chief share in producing this state of things, and that they render a continuance of it—allowing for occasional fluctuations—certain. It is matter of demonstration, that the repeal of the Combination Laws must be a continual source of insubordination and guilt—that the abolition of the Navigation Laws must keep the Ship-owners in loss and distress—that the admission of Foreign manufactures must, in several trades, deprive the masters of adequate profits, and keep the workmen in penury and wretchedness—that the change in the Corn Laws must ruin farming as a profitable trade, and keep the agricultural population in poverty and suffering—that the change in the Currency must annihilate property and the value of labour—and that all this must make a mighty increase to ignorance, vice, and crime.

Changes having such consequences may be called "improvements" by

Mr Huskisson—they may be called so by the whole Ministry—the House of Commons may vote them to be so ten thousand times by acclamation—the two Houses of Parliament may make solemn oath that they are so—the whole country may asseverate the same—and still we will assert that *they are not improvements*. The infamy of calling that “improvement,” which has operated like a pestilence on public prosperity, and filled the land with bankruptcy, hunger, and misery, shall never sit upon us and ours.

In despite of Mr Huskisson and his worshippers, we maintain that never were the interests of any civilized country more wantonly sported with by ignorant and imbecile quackery, than those of this country have been sported with in the last few years. His own acts confess it. Every change has operated so injuriously, that he has revoked it as far as practicable, and the avoiding of an open confession that it was unjustifiable, would permit him. That he, with the knowledge flashing him in the face of what the country has endured, and of what he has been compelled to undo, should speak as though these changes had been really improvements, forms a specimen of assurance perfectly matchless.

If the creed of those who think as we do be so erroneous, why does he not abandon it in practice as well as in profession? Why does he overwhelm us with vituperation, and then adopt our counsels? After treating us so unmercifully as he did on the Silk Question, why did he immediately after embrace our principles in everything short of complete legal prohibition? After speaking of us as he does in this pamphlet, why is he returning to the principles of the old Navigation Laws? He knows that the old Restrictive System consisted in great part of prohibitory duties; why then does he not abolish prohibitory duties?

The competition which he and his worshippers have so loudly trumpeted, means, not competition in Foreign markets, for that existed under the old system, but competition in the home market;—why then does he not bless us with it? Why does he not abolish the prohibitory duties on Foreign cottons, woollens, and linens? We tell him that he *dare not*! We tell him, that in his heart he knows our principles to be the true ones, and those of free trade to be ruinous. Notwithstanding his simple puffing of

free trade, if it bring Foreign manufactures into this country—if it deprive our ships of their employment—if it injure our trade in the Colonies—if it make any other than *merely nominal changes*—he is constrained to own that it operates perniciously.

The Right Honourable Gentleman asks such patriotic and intelligent men as Sir E. Knatchbull, Sir T. Gooch, and Sir T. Lethbridge, what they mean by the term, Free Trade. He says,—“Are they desirous to limit trade and industry as formerly to Guilds and Corporations? Do they wish them to be confined to Chartered Companies and Monopolies? Are they anxious to restore some thousand or fifteen hundred laws of absurd regulation and vexatious interference, which have been repealed?” The puerile insult cast upon these respectable men by such questions, is worthy only of derision. He knows well what they mean by free trade. He knows well, that the free trade which they oppose, is that which would ruin the trade of ten or twelve millions of British and Irish Agriculturists—which would ruin the trade of the Shipowners—which would ruin the trade of important British colonies—which would ruin the trade of certain valuable British manufactures—solely to benefit the trade of a handful of Foreign merchants and Foreign nations. To genuine free trade, to that which says—Export as much as you please, and import whatever you please, with the exception only of such articles as you produce in abundance—they are the warm friends.

As to the revision and consolidation of the laws, it has nothing whatever to do with the question of free trade. He knows this as well as we do. Great as Mr Peel's merits are in that, as in every other part of his public conduct, there is nothing new in that revision and consolidation, for it has been done in former periods of our history. However absurd and vexatious the repealed laws were, trade flourished as much under them as it has ever done since their repeal. The question of free trade is not—shall an inoperative law be abolished, or a defective law be amended? It is—*shall the principle be reversed of the whole trading laws of the British empire?*

Mr Huskisson says, that this country cannot stand still; and in this we agree with him. We quarrel with “the application of philosophy to trade,” and the “scientific improve-

ments," solely because, under them the country, instead of advancing, is retrograding; and because we are convinced that it will continue to do so. If it be advancing at this moment, it is doing so in this manner—it has fairly turned round, and is advancing at a gallop to the point from which it first started. Such an advance may be marvellously scientific and philosophical, but nevertheless we cannot praise it.

At the outset of his pamphlet, Mr Huskisson makes an unmeasured attack upon a Noble Lord, for certain opinions uttered by the latter respecting him in the House of Peers. He states, he has been watching the conduct of this noble person for thirty-five years, and derides what he calls his theories. In this he acts very unwisely. It compels people to look at his own conduct for the last thirty-five or forty years—to examine the "theories," of which he was so passionately enamoured, when he was a French Clubbist, in the days of the French Revolution—and to ask by what impossibility it happened, that one of the French Jacobins became a member of an English Tory Ministry, and the cabinet colleague of such men as Lord Liverpool and Lord Eldon. It compels people to observe, that when his present "theories" came into practice, the country was in great prosperity, and that ever since it has been in deep distress.

Throughout, Mr Huskisson lavishly bespatters those who have written against his changes, with such terms as "hirelings,"—"hiring authors,"—"miserable scribblers,"—"theorists," &c.; and he charges them with having put forth intentional falsehoods. He treats the Shipowners almost as unmercifully. We gather from this, that he deems the "old, antiquated system," which permits writers to criticise the measures of public servants, a very pernicious one; and that he thinks it would be another huge "improvement," if he could subject his literary assailants to capital punishment.

From the manner in which he uses this—to borrow his own word—"venom," it is very evident, that he wishes the public to apply it to every one who has written any thing against his innovations: the remembrance, therefore, of what we have ourselves written, commands us to notice it.

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Previously to the debate on the motion of Mr Filice respecting the Silk Trade, Mr Huskisson was in general treated with becoming respect by the literary opponents of the new system; they attacked this system, rather as the work of the whole Ministry, than as that of any individual member of it. In this debate, Mr Canning—in as mean and disgraceful a speech as was ever delivered in Parliament—declared that they were destitute of intellect—that they were a faction—that they were equally brainless and dishonest. Mr Huskisson spoke of them almost as contemptuously. Up to this hour, gross, vulgar, and virulent abuse, like this, has never been applied to the latter by the most bitter of his assailants; in general, they have admitted him to possess a certain portion of ability, and to be actuated by good intentions. Those who resorted to this abuse, have certainly small right to call others abusive.

The spirit of the people of this country is of so peculiar a kind, that the humblest of his Majesty's subjects will not take a blow from a Minister of State, without returning it; or be robbed of his intellectual or other treasure, however small it may be, without attempting to knock the robber down, even though this robber be Mr Canning or Mr Huskisson. The laws of this country—evidently much to the discomfort of certain official people—are of so peculiar a kind, that they grant the liberty of thus giving blow for blow, and protecting his property, to the humblest of his Majesty's subjects.

Here then was a release from all the obligations of courtesy and ceremony.

Here was a declaration of war—of a war, not to be carried on according to the rules of civilized warfare, but one of extermination; the red flag was thrown out in Parliament, as an assurance that no quarter would be given. In addition to this, a *secret* war of knavish, dastardly, midnight-assassination, was commenced; those who were thus attacked, of course, were compelled, not only to act on the defensive, but to attempt vigorous reprisals, on the principle of self-preservation.

In such a war, Ministers have never any thing to expect but defeat. That honest, downright, fair-play-loving person, John Bull, is sure to support the humbler of the belligerents. Mr Canning's blow, instead of demolish-

X



ing those against whom it was especially directed, produced a mutiny in his own camp; while its recoil well-nigh demolished its Right Honourable Parent. Had it not been for his Majesty's Opposition, fatal to him had been the consequences. In the course of the contest, Mr Huskisson has got his sides mightily belaboured, and has been brought into imminent danger of being massacred outright; therefore he sings out, "Foul!" he declaims lustily against the enemy for fighting on the very rules, laid down and acted on by himself and his colleague.

Complaints are made, because he has been more warmly attacked than his colleagues, on account of the new system. Be it remembered that Mr Canning, in the speech to which we have alluded, boasted of the daily and nightly toil, which this system had cost Mr Huskisson; and stated that to the latter belonged the honour of being its parent. Mr Huskisson afterwards said he was willing to take on himself the responsibility. In virtue of his office, he introduced and defended the changes in Parliament; and his puffers proclaimed him to be "the sole inventor and patentee." Who, then, is to blame, if the opponents of these changes have thrown upon him the accountability? If Mr Canning, Mr Huskisson, and their "hirelings," have propagated a gross untruth, at any rate they have no right to make the belief of it by others a matter of criminality.

As to the term "hireling," it is marvellous that the public servant, whose late "job" for obtaining twin wages excited so much disgust, should have had the effrontery to apply it to any one. If Mr Huskisson mean by the use of it to insinuate, that those who have written against his measures have been hired to do so—that they have sacrificed principle to hire—that they have ever received, or are to receive, a single penny from the Ship-owners, or the members of any other interest, whose cause they have espoused; if he mean to insinuate this, or any part of it, we, for ourselves—and, of course, we can only speak for ourselves—throw back the foul falsehood with scorn into the teeth of its utterer. We tell him that the party, body, interest, public man, or private individual, possessed of the power to influence our pen to the extent of a syllable, is not in existence.

Bat if we could be base enough to make sale of our integrity, at any rate we ought not to be reproached for it by the Cabinet and party to which he belongs. When we look at these, what do we find? A combination of men who have abandoned their principles—who have sacrificed their friends—who have betrayed their parties—who have allied themselves with creeds they proclaimed to be ruinous, and with parties they stigmatized as the enemies of their country. What has given birth to this hideous and nauseous compound of inconsistency and apostasy—of everything that honesty should keep asunder? Personal benefit—place and stipend—aggrandisement—hire, in the most vulgar and vicious sense of the word. Are these the men to insult and blacken the integrity of others? No, no! be we who we may, and what we may, we can point our finger at them in scorn, and say—In everything that constitutes the honest and disinterested man, these are our inferiors; we should deem it a disgrace to be called their equal.

As to the measure of intellect which he graciously condescends to mete out to his literary opponents, it calls for no notice. In effect, if not in terms, he declares that he possesses the most colossal talents which ever fell to the lot of mortal man—that he cannot err—and that those opponents do not possess a vestige of understanding; but, unhappily for him, his declaration is of no validity. The question must be decided by a tribunal which he cannot control; and this tribunal will dispense impartial justice between him and the insulted rights of authorship.

It is really ludicrous for the author of a pamphlet, like the one before us, to sneer at the literary powers of even the humblest scribe in existence.—Many of its statements are demonstrably untrue; it abounds with misrepresentations, which the utmost stretch of charity cannot ascribe to accident; its argumentation is shallow, shortsighted, rickety, puerile, vulgar, and impotent in the extreme; and its diction is of the most feeble, namby-pamby, cockneyish, deformed, and inaccurate description. It swarms with grammatical errors. Not a single flash of genius illuminates it. If it be the best sample of scribbling which its parent can furnish; the public, we imagine, will decide that—The Right

Honourable William Huskisson is the "miserable scribbler."

In the way of friendship—and his warmest friend could not offer him more valuable advice—we recommend Mr Huskisson to confine himself to the House of Commons. Let him be satisfied with the puffing of the Russian merchants, Prussian shipowners, Foreign brokers, place-hunters, borough mercenaries, and weathercock-apostates, who there tell him that he is a man of great talents, and that his speeches are most eloquent: but let him never again venture into the field

of literature, as a controversialist. His feebleness is so deplorable, that he cannot do it without getting his bones broken. We will tell him that writers in this country have a right to examine, with great severity, the measures of public servants, particularly if these measures have the most sweeping operation on the property and bread of the individual, and the best interests of the community. In so far as we are concerned, he shall neither take this right from us, nor intimidate us in the exercise of it.

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TO THE LADY BIRD.

"Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home"—

'The field-mouse is gone to her nest,  
'The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,  
And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home—

The glow-worm is lighting her lamp,  
The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings,  
Will flag with the close-clinging damp.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home—

Good luck if you reach it at last:  
'The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,  
Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home—

'The fairy bells tinkle afar,  
Make haste, or they'll catch ye, and harness ye fast  
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home—

But, as all serious people do, first  
Clear your conscience, and settle your worldly affairs,  
And so be prepared for the worst.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! make a short shrift—

Here's a hair-shirted Palmer hard by;  
And here's Lawyer Earwig to draw up your will,  
And we'll witness it, Death-Moth and I.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! don't make a fuss—

You've mighty small matters to give;  
Your coral and jet, and - - - there, there—you can tack  
A oodocil on, if you live.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away now

To your house in the old willow-tree,  
Where your children, so dear, have invited the ant,  
And a few cozy neighbours, to tea.

Lady Bird! Lady Bird! fly away home.

And if not gobbled up by the way,  
Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,  
You're in luck—and that's all I've to say.

## THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD.

## A DIRGE.

A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,  
 But and a shrouding sheet :  
 O, a pit of clay for to be made  
 For such a guest is meet.

*Loud de l'aua.*

## I.

Oh, when should we visit the graves of the dead,  
 To hallow the memory of days that are fled ?

*At Morning*,—when the dewdrops glisten  
 On the bladed grass and the whispering leaves,  
 When heart-struck silence delights to listen  
 As the solitary blackbird grieves ;  
 Then the glorious orient sun, adorning  
 The landscape, asks us where are they,  
 Who, like larks, with us in life's blithe morning,  
 Carelessly sung—all blithe and gay ?  
 We listen in vain for their gentle voices—  
 We look in vain for their pleasant smiles ;  
 Yet Nature still in youth rejoices,  
 And almost the bosom to joy beguiles.  
 We find them not within the wildwood,  
 Up in the mountain, down in the plain.  
 As erst of yore, when the skies of childhood  
 Gleam'd blueely o'er us without a stain.

Alas ! and alas !

Green grows the grass—  
 Like the waves we come, like the winds we pass !

## II.

Oh, when should we visit the graves of the dead,  
 To hallow the memory of days that are fled ?

*At Noontide*,—when the wide world round us  
 Busily hums with tumultuous strife,  
 And Fate with her viewless chain hath bound us  
 Within the enchanted ring of life :  
 'Tis then that the startled soul, recoiling,  
 Turns, sickening turns, from the noisy crowd,  
 And feels how empty is all our toiling,  
 When the certain finish is in the shroud.  
 Lone, lone—by the living all forsaken—  
 Bud the wild-flowers, and bloom around ;  
 The fierce-eyed sunbeams no more awaken  
 From that dreamless slumber, sad and sound ;  
 Then in the green fields flocks are bleating,  
 And neighs the proud steed beneath his palm,  
 To whose covert boughs the birds retreating,  
 In coolness chant their choral psalm.

But alas—and alas !

Green grows the grass—  
 Like the waves we come, like the winds we pass !

## III.

Oh, when should we visit the graves of the dead,  
 To hallow the memory of days that are fled ?

*At Evening*,—when the flowery meadows  
 With the haze of twilight begin to fill,  
 And darkly afar the eastward shadows  
 Stretch from the peaks of the sunless hill,

When the laggard oxen from fields of clover  
 Low mournfully on as they roam ;  
 And, with sooty wing, sails slowly over  
 The night-overtaken crow to its home :  
 Oh then the forms of the dear departed  
 Float, spectre-like, in Fancy's eye—  
 They come—the pale—the broken-hearted—  
 They come—the mirthful—fitting by ;  
 We scan their features, we list their voices,  
 The sights, the sounds of remembered years :  
 This in its buoyant tone rejoices ;  
 That softly thrills on the brink of tears ;  
     Oh, alas ! and alas !  
     Green grows the grass—  
 Like the waves we come, like the winds we pass !

## IV.

Oh, when should we visit the graves of the dead,  
 To hallow the memory of days that are fled :  
*At Midnight*,—when the skies are clouded,  
 The stars seal'd up, and the winds abroad ;  
 When earth in a dreary pall is shrouded,  
 And sere leaves strew the uncertain road :  
 When desolate tones are around us moaning,  
 O'er gravestone grey, and through ruin'd aisle ;  
 When startled ravens croak, and the groaning  
 Tempest uptosses forests the while—  
 Then let us pause by ourselves, and listen  
 To nature's dirge over human life ;  
 And the heart will throb, the eye will glisten,  
 When Memory glances to prospects rife  
 With pleasures, which Time's rude whirlwind banish'd.  
 With meteor visions that flamed and fled,  
 With friends that smiled, and smiling vanish'd,  
 To make their lone homes with the dead.

For alas ! and alas !

Green grows the grass—

Like the waves we come, like the winds we pass !

## V.

Oh, when should we visit the graves of the dead,  
 To hallow the memory of days that are fled ?  
*In Grief*,—for then reflection gleaneth  
 A lesson deep from unstable fate ;  
 And Wisdom's small voice the spirit weaneth  
 From earth's forlorn and low estate :—  
*In Mirth*,—because 'tis mockery only  
 Of what we feel, and perceive around ;  
 And the chasten'd bosom beats more purely.  
 When press our footsteps on hallowed ground. —  
*At all times*,—for 'tis wisely loosing  
 The soul from ties that bind it down ;  
 And a godlike strength is gained from musing  
 On the fate which soon must prove our own :  
 For here Sorrow's reign is short, if bitter ;  
 And Pleasure's sunshine, though bright, is brief,  
 And pass our days o'er in gloom or glitter,  
 Death comes at length, like a silent thief !

Then alas and alas !

Like the dews from grass—

Like the clouds from heaven, away we pass.

## REVERSES.

## A TALE OF THE PAST SEASON.

THE evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, 1827, was one of the most delightful I ever remember to have spent. I was alone; my heart beat lightly; my pulse was quickened by the exercise of the morning; my blood flowed freely through my veins, as meeting with no checks or impediments to its current, and my spirits were elated by a multitude of happy remembrances and of brilliant hopes. My apartments looked delightfully comfortable, and what signified to me the inclemency of the weather without. The rain was pattering upon the sky-light of the staircase; the sharp east wind was moaning angrily in the chimney; but as my eye glanced from the cheerful blaze of the fire to the ample folds of my closed window curtains—as the hearth-rug yielded to the pressure of my foot, while, beating time to my own music, I sung, in rather a louder tone than usual, my favourite air of "*Judy O'Flannegan*;"—the whistling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain, only served to enhance in my estimation the comforts of my home, and inspire a livelier sense of the good fortune which had delivered me from any evening engagements. It may be questioned, whether there are any hours in this life, of such unmixed enjoyment as the few, the very few, which a young bachelor is allowed to rescue from the pressing invitations of those dear friends, who want another talking man at their dinner tables, or from those many and wily-devised entanglements which are woven round him by the hands of inevitable mothers, and preserve entirely to himself.—Talk of the pleasure of repose! What repose can possibly be so sweet, as that which is enjoyed on a disengaged day during the laborious dissipations of a London life?—Talk of the delights of solitude! Spirit of Zimmerman!—What solitude is the imagination capable of conceiving so entirely delightful, as that which a young unmarried man possesses in his quiet lodging, with his easy chair and his dressing-gown, his beef-steak and his whisky

and water, his nap over an old poem or a new novel, and the intervening dispatch of a world of little neglected matters, which, from time to time, occur to recollection between the break of the stanzas or the incidents of the story? Men—married men—may expatiate, if they will, in good polished sentences, on the delights of their firesides, and the gay cheerfulness of their family circles; but I do not hesitate to affirm, that we, in our state of single blessedness, possess not only all the sweets of our condition, but derive more solid advantages from matrimony itself, than any of these solemn eulogists of their own happiness can dare to pretend to derive from it. We have their dinners, without the expense of them; we have their parties, without the fatigue of those interminable domestic discussions which are inseparable from the preliminary arrangements; we share the gay and joyous summer of their homes, when they are illuminated for company, and escape the intervening winter of darkness and economy; we are welcomed with all the plate, the glittering dinner service, and the wine, that is produced, on rare occasions, from recondite bins, and are most mercifully delivered from the infiction of the ordinary Wedgwood dishes, and the familiar port and sherry; we are presented to the lady when her smiles never fail to radiate, and are made acquainted with the children when adorned in their smooth hair and shining faces, in their embroidered frocks and their gentlest behaviour; and, having participated in the sunny calm, the halcyon hours of the establishment, we depart before the unreal and transitory delusion is dispersed, and leave the husband to contemplate the less brilliant changes of the lady's countenance and temper, and to maintain a single combat against the boisterous perversities of her offspring. It is certainly a most desirable thing, that all those persons who are blest with large houses and good cooks, should marry; for I do not understand how they can otherwise hope to

achieve any very good balls, or even any tolerable dinners. If houses are to be opened with effect, there must be a mistress; and it is therefore absolutely incumbent on all public-spirited persons, who have the real good of society at heart, to provide their establishment with so essential a member. But marriage is an act of generous self-devotion for the benefit of the circle among whom we move,—a sacrifice of personal advantage made to attain the power of being gracefully hospitable to our friends; for it is established beyond a doubt, that we single persons enjoy the cream and quintessence of matrimonial felicity, and that wives and husbands possess a painful monopoly of its tumults and its distractions, its anxieties and its restraints. Then again with regard to Home:—I don't believe that any individual in existence knows what a really comfortable home is—the quiet—the consideration—the uninterruptedness—the easy chair drawn parallel with the fire-place—the undisputed right of sitting with a foot on either hob—the lamp arranged to suit the level of his own eye—the careless luxury resulting from an exclusive appropriation of all the convenience of an apartment—No man can be really *chez soi*—can be in the full enjoyment of all the accommodation afforded by his own house, and fire-side, and furniture, and presume to exercise the right of a master over them, unless he be independent of the fetters of wedlock.

In the other case, if he attempt to put himself at his ease, his conscience upbraids him of selfishness: he can't draw a footstool near him, without feeling his sensibility disturbed by the apprehension of interfering with the comforts of another. No man, I repeat it, can be in the entire enjoyment of life, unless he be a young, unmarried man, with an attached elderly valet to wait upon him.—I am so thoroughly persuaded of this fact, that nothing on earth but my love for you, Maria, could persuade me to relinquish "*my unhoused, free condition.*" Nothing but my adoration of such a union of various beauties, and almost incongruous mental accomplishments, could have induced me to abandon my present state of luxurious independence; but, under my peculiar and most favoured circumstances, I only pass from

a lower to a higher degree of happiness: True, the idle, the downy, the somewhat ignominious gratifications of celibacy are sacrificed; but they are exchanged for the pure and dignified enjoyment of labouring to secure an angel's happiness, beneath the cheering influence of her exhilarating smiles.

Such were the reflections that hastily passed along my mind, on the afternoon of Thursday the 15th of February, 1827, as I sat with a volume of the *Tor-Hill* in my hand, in the back drawing-room of my lodgings in Conduit-street. It was about ten o'clock in the afternoon. My dinner was just removed. It had left me with that gay complacency of disposition, and irrepressible propensity to elocution, which result from a satisfied appetite, and an undisturbed digestion. My sense of contentment became more and more vigorous and confirmed, as I cast my eye around my apartment, and contemplated my well-filled book-case, and the many articles of convenience with which I had contrived to accommodate my nest; till, at length, the emotions of satisfaction became too strong to be restrained within the bonds of silence, and announced themselves in the following soliloquy:—

"What capital coals these are!—There's nothing in the world so cheering—so enlivening—as a good, hot, blazing, sea-coal fire."—I broke a large lump into fragments with the poker, as I spoke.—"It's all mighty fine," I continued, "for us travellers to harangue the ignorant on the beauty of foreign cities, on their buildings without dust, and their skies without a cloud; but, for my own part, I like to see a dark, thick, heavy atmosphere, hanging over a town. It forewarns the traveller of his approach to the habitations, the business, and the comforts of his civilized fellow-creatures. It gives an air of grandeur, and importance, and mystery, to the scene: It conciliates our respect: We know that there must be some fire where there is so much smother:—While, in those bright, shining, smokeless cities, whenever the sun shines upon them, one's eyes are put out by the glare of their white walls; and when it does not shine!—why, in the winter, there's no resource left for a man but hopeless and shivering resignation, with their wide, windy chimneys, and their damp, crackling, hissing, sputtering,

tantalizing fagots."—I confirmed my argument in favour of our metropolitan obscurity by another stroke of the poker against the largest fragment of the broken coal; and then, letting fall my weapon, and turning my back to the fire, I exclaimed, "Certainly—there's no kind of furniture like books:—nothing else can afford one an equal air of comfort and habitability.—Such a resource too!—A man never feels alone in a library.—He lives surrounded by companions, who stand ever obedient to his call, coinciding with every caprice of temper, and harmonising with every turn and disposition of the mind.—Yes: I love my books:—They are my friends—my counsellors—my companions.—Yes; I have a real personal attachment, a very tender regard, for my books."

I thrust my hands into the pockets of my dressing-gown, which, by the by, is far the handsomest piece of old brocade I have ever seen,—a large running pattern of gold hollyhocks, with silver stalks and leaves, upon a rich, deep, Pompadour-coloured ground,—and, walking slowly backwards and forwards in my room, I continued,—“There never was, there never can have been, so happy a fellow as myself! What on earth have I to wish for more? Maria adores me—I adore Maria. To be sure, she's detained at Brighton; but I hear from her regularly every morning by the post, and we are to be united for life in a fortnight. Who was ever so blest in his love? Then again John Fraser—my old schoolfellow! I don't believe there's anything in the world he would not do for me. I'm sure there's no living thing that he loves so much as myself, except, perhaps, his old uncle Simon, and his black mare.”

I had by this time returned to the fire-place, and, reseating myself, began to apostrophize my magnificent black Newfoundland, who, having partaken of my dinner, was following the advice and example of Abernethy, and sleeping on the rug, as it digested.—“And you, too, my old Neptune, arn't you the best and handsomest dog in the universe?”

Neptune finding himself addressed, awoke leisurely from his slumbers, and fixed his eyes on mine with an affirmative expression.

“Ay, to be sure you are; and a capital swimmer too!”

Neptune raised his head from the rug, and beat the ground with his tail, first to the right hand, and then to the left.

“And is he not a fine faithful fellow? And does he not love his master?”

Neptune rubbed his head against my hand, and concluded the conversation, by again sinking into repose.

“That dog's a philosopher,” I said; “He never says a word more than is necessary:—Then, again, not only blest in love and friendship, and my dog; but what luck it was to sell, and in these times too, that old, lumbering house of my father's, with its bleak, bare, hilly acres of chalk and stone, for eighty thousand pounds, and to have the money paid down, on the very day the bargain was concluded. By the by, though, I had forgot:—I may as well write to Messrs Drax and Drayton about that money, and order them to pay it immediately in to Coutts's,—mighty honest people and all that: but faith no solicitors should be trusted or tempted too far. It's a foolish way, at any time, to leave money in other people's hands—in any body's hands—and I'll write about it at once.”

As I said, so I did. I wrote my commands to Messrs Drax and Drayton, to pay my eighty thousand pounds in to Coutts's; and after desiring that my note might be forwarded to them, the first thing in the morning, I took my candle, and accompanied by Neptune, who always keeps watch by night at my chamber door, proceeded to bed, as the watchman was calling “past twelve o'clock,” beneath my window.

It is indisputably very beneficial for a man to go to bed thus early; it secures him such pleasant dreams. The visions that filled my imagination during sleep, were not of a less animated nature than those of my waking lucubrations. I dreamt, that it was day-break on my wedding morning; that I was drest in white satin and silver lace, to go and be married; that Maria, seated in a richly painted and gilt sedan chair, was conveyed to the church by the parson and clerk, who wore white favours in their wigs, and large nosegays in the breasts of their canonicals; that hands were joined by Hyacinth in person, who shook his orb over our heads at the altar, and danced a *pas de deux* with the bride down the middle of Regent Street, as we returned.

ed in procession from St James's; that I walked by the side of Neptune, who was, in some unaccountable manner, identified with my friend John Fraser, and acted as father of the bride, and alarmed me in the midst of the ceremony by whispering in my ear, that he had forgotten to order any breakfast for the party; that on returning to my house, which appeared to be the pavilion at Brighton, I found a quantity of money bags, full of sovereigns, each marked L.80,000, ranged in rows on a marble table; that I was beginning to empty them at the feet of the bride with an appropriate compliment—when my dream was suddenly interrupted by the hasty entrance of my valet, who stood pale and trembling by my bed-side, and informed me, with an agitated voice, that he had carried my note, as ordered, to the office of Messrs Drax & Drayton, the first thing in the morning, and had seen Mr Drax; but that Mr Drayton had decamped during the night, taking away with him my L.80,000, and L.500 of his partner's!

I was horror-struck!—I was ruined!—What was to be done? The clock had not yet struck ten, but, early as it was, I was determined to rise immediately, and see Drax myself upon the subject. In an instant—in less than an hour—I was dressed, and on my way to Lincoln's Inn. Twenty minutes after, I stood in the presence of Mr Drax.

He appeared before me, among the last of the pig-tails, with his powdered head, his smooth black silk stockings, and his polished shoes, the very same immutable Mr Drax whom I had remembered as a quiz from the earliest days of my childhood. There he stood, in the same attitude, in the same dress, the same man of respectability, calculation, and arrangement, that my father had always represented to me as the model of an attorney, but with a look of bewildered paleness, as placed suddenly in a situation where his respectability became doubtful, his calculations defeated, and all his arrangements discomposd.

"Oh, Mr Luttrell!" he exclaimed, "I beg pardon, Mr Lionel Luttrell, you've received intimation, then, of this most extraordinary occurrence;—what will the world think?—what will they say?—The house of Drax and Drayton!—Such a long established,

such a respectable house!—and one of the partners—Mr Drayton, I mean—to abscond!"

"Ay, Mr Drax, but think of my eighty thousand pounds!"

"Sir, when they told me that Mr Drayton was gone, I could not believe it to be a fact; it seemed a circumstance that no evidence could establish. Sir, he always had opened that door, precisely at ten o'clock, every day, Sundays excepted, for these last five-and-twenty years; and I felt satisfied that when ten o'clock came, he would certainly arrive."

"Very probably, sir; but your expectations were deceived; and what am I to do, to recover my money?"

"If you'll believe me, as a man of business, Mr Lionel Luttrell, I could not persuade myself to give him up as lost, till the Lincoln's-Inn clock had struck the quarter—"

"But, Mr Drax, my eighty thousand pounds!—if they are not regained, I'm ruined for ever!"

"Went away, sir, without leaving the slightest instruction where he might be met with, or where his letters might be sent after him!—A most extraordinary proceeding!"

"You'll drive me mad, Mr Drax. Let me implore you to inform me what's to be done about my money?"

"Your money, Mr Lionel Luttrell?—here has the same party taken off with him L.500 of the common property of the house;—all the loose cash we had in our banker's hands;—drew a draught for the whole amount; appropriated it to himself; and never took the ordinary measure of leaving me a memorandum of the transaction!—Why, sir, I might have drawn a bill this very morning—many things less improbable occur—and might have had my draught refused acceptance!"

"Oh, Mr Drax, this torture will be the death of me.—Sir,—sir,—I'm ruined, and I'm going to be married!"

"A most unfortunate event.—But, Mr Luttrell, you gay young men of fashion at the west end, cannot possibly enter into the feelings of a partner and a man of business.—My situation—"

"You's! Oh, L., my eighty thousand pounds!—my whole fortune!—Think what my condition is."

"Here am I left entirely alone, un-



supported, in the very middle of term time, and with such an accumulation of business on my hands as it is quite perplexing to think of.—Why, Mr Lionel, there's more to be got through than any two ordinary men could accomplish; and how is it possible that I should work my way through it by myself.—So inconsiderate of Mr Drayton!"

Tortured beyond bearing, incapable of listening any longer to the lumen-tations of Mr Drax, and perceiving that he was too much engrossed by the perplexities of his own affairs, to yield any attention to my distresses, I seized my hat, and hastily departed, to seek elsewhere for the advice and consolation I required.

"I'll go to John Fraser," I exclaimed; "he's always sensible, always right, always kind. He'll feel for me, at all events: He'll suggest what steps are best to be taken in this most painful emergency."

Upon this determination I immediately proceeded to act, and hastened toward Regent Street with the rapidity of one who feels impatient of every second that elapses between the conception and the execution of his purpose. As I was pressing forward on my hurried way, my thoughts absorbed in the anxiety of the moment, and my sight dazzled by the rapidity of my movements, and the confused succession of the passing objects, I was checked in my course by Edward Burrell—the Pet of the Dandies—"Stop, Lionel, my dear fellow, stop.—I want to congratulate you."

"Congratulate me!—Upon what?"

"On your appointment: Inspecting Postman for the district of St Ann's, Soho;—Of course you're he—none but personages of such elevated station could be justified in using such velocity of movement, and in running over so many innocent foot passengers."

"Non-sense!—Don't stop me!—I've just heard of the greatest imaginable misfortune. Drayton, my attorney, has decamped, Heaven only knows to what country, and carried off the whole of my fortune."

"Oh! indeed!—So you're one upon the innumerable list of bankrupts!—A failure! a complete failure!—Don't be angry, Lionel; I always said you were rather a failure:—And so now the attorney man—what's his name?—has absconded and ruined you

for life by his successful speculation in hops."

The Pet of the Dandies walked off, laughing as immoderately as a *professed Exclusive* ever dares to laugh. It had made what he believed to be a pun:—That is, I suppose, I dare say the sentence is capable of some quibbling interpretation. The words are unintelligible, unless they contain a pun:—Whenever I hear one man talk nonsense, and find others laugh, I invariably conclude that he is punning; and if the last parting words of Edward Burrell really do exhibit a specimen of this vulgar kind of solecism, the puppy was more than indemnified for the distresses of his friend, as any punster would necessarily be, by the opportunity of hitching a joke upon them.—"It will not be so with you, John Fraser!" I muttered to myself, and in a few seconds I rapt at the door of his lodgings in Regent Street.

They detained me an age in the street—I rapt and rapt again, and then I rang, and at the ringing of the bell, a stupid-looking, yellow-haired, steamy maid-servant, in a dirty lace-cap, issued from the scullery, wiping her crimson arms in her check apron to answer the summons.

"Is Mr Fraser at home?" I demanded, in a voice of somewhat angry impatience.

"Mr Fraser at home?—No, sir, he an't."

"Where's he gone to?"

"Where's he gone to?" rejoined the girl, in a low drawling voice—"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell, not I."

"Is his servant in the way?"

"Is his servant in the way?—No, sir; the other gentleman's gone too."

"His servant gone with him?—Why, how did they go?"

"How did they go?—Why, in a post-chay and four, to be sure—they sent for him from Newman's."

"Heavens! how provoking!—Did they start early?"

"Start early? no, to be sure, they started very late; as soon as ever master came home from dining in Russell Square."

"Russell Square! what the devil should John Fraser do dining in Russell Square!—How very distressing!"

"Master came home two hours before Mr Robert expected him, and ordered four horses to be got ready directly."

"Indeed! What can possibly have happened?"

"What has happened? Oh, Mr Robert told us all about what had happened; says he, 'my master's great friend, Mr Luttrell, is clean ruined; his lawyer man's run off with all his money. Master's in a great quandary about it,' says Mr Robert, 'and so I suppose,' says he, 'that master and I am going out of town a little while to keep clear of the mese.'"

"Merciful God! and can such cold-hearted treachery really be!"

"And so," continued the girl, perfectly regardless of my vehement ejaculation, "and so I told Mr Robert I hoped luck would go with them; for you know, sir, it's all very well to have friends and such like, as long as they've got everything comfortable about them; but when they're broke up, or anything of that, why, then it's another sort of matter, and we have no right to meddle or make in their concerns."

The girl was a perfect philosopher upon the true Hume and Rochefoucault principles. She continued to promulge her maxims in the same low, monotonous, cold, languid vein; but I did not remain to profit by them. I hurried away to conceal my sorrow and my disappointment in the privacy of those apartments, where, on the preceding evening, surrounded by so many comforts, I had proudly, perhaps too proudly, contemplated my stock of happiness, and had at large expatiated on my many deceitful topics of self-gratulation. How miserably was that stock of happiness now impaired! But, hopeful as I am by nature, my sanguine temperament still triumphed; and as I ascended the staircase to my apartment, Maria's image presented itself in smiles to my imagination, and I repeated to myself, "My fortune's gone! My friend has deserted me! But Maria! thou, dearest, still remain'st to me. I'll tranquillize my mind by the sweet counsel of your daily letter, and then proceed to deliberate and act for myself." I knew that the post must by this time have arrived.

I approached the table where my cards and letters were constantly deposited—but no letter was there. I could not believe my eyes;—I rung and asked for my letters—none had arrived during my absence from home.

"Had the post gone by?"—"Yes, many an hour ago." It was too true, then,—even Maria was perfidious to my misfortunes. This was the severest blow of all. This I could not have anticipated. My heart was full, brim-full of sorrow before; and this addition of disappointment made it overflow. Any man who has a keen susceptibility of madness and injury—I need not have written a keen susceptibility of madness, for the sense of wrong is always proportioned to the sense of benefit—Gratitude and resentment are always, I believe, commensurate in the character; and he who is easily touched by the attentions of those he loves, will be as readily affected by their neglect;—but, however, any man who is keenly sensible of unkindness, will comprehend the effect produced upon my mind by the absence of my expected, my accustomed letter. The cause of my distrust was apparently slight—possibly accidental; but, occurring at such a time, it fell with all the weight of a last and consummating calamity on one who was already overthrown. Oh! how weak—how childish—how foolish are we, even the wisest of us all, in moments such as these! I clenched my teeth; I stamp'd upon the floor; I tossed about my arms with the vain and objectless passion of an angry child. My dog, amazed at the violence of my gesticulation, fixed his large dark eyes upon me, and stared with astonishment, as well he might, at the agitated passion of his master. I saw, or imagined I saw, an expression of tenderness and commiseration in his looks; and, in an agony of tears—don't laugh at me, for in the same situation, under the same circumstances, you probably would have done the same—I flung myself down on the floor by his side, exclaiming, "Yes, Neptune, everything on earth has forsaken me but you—my fortune—my friend, my love—with my fortune: and you, you alone, my good, old faithful dog, are constant to me in the hour of my affliction!"—I started up and paced my apartment backwards and forwards with wide and hurried strides, fevered with the rapid succession of painful events, bewildered in mind, afflicted at heart, perplexed in the extreme!—There was no place in my thoughts for the future; I was absorbed wholly in the present: I was cau-

less of the loss of my patrimony.—It was gone ; and I willingly resigned it. My distracted fancy began to view the robbery rather as a benefit than an injury. It had revealed to me in time the baseness of the world, the fallacy of human attachments, the inconstancy of woman, the treachery of man. I had, in one morning, learnt that the world is a lie ; and love a name ; and friendship a cheat. The lesson had indeed been dearly bought by the exchange of affluence for poverty ; but in the despair and bitterness of my abandonment, I should have scorned to purchase it at an inferior price.—It was worth all, and more than I had given for it.—I felt grateful to Drayton for the act of fraud which had in a moment rendered me thus indigent and wise : I would not attempt the recovery of the wealth he had purloined.—That wealth, as I looked down upon it from the heights of my passion, seemed to dwindle into an inconsiderable speck, and was disdained as a mere noxious bait for falsehood and duplicity : “ Let him,” I ejaculated, “ let him keep my money !—let it attract towards him, as it did towards myself, lying smiles and artificial tenderness ; let him, as I have done, fix his heart upon the beautiful deceptions which his affluence shall conjure up around him ; let him be robbed, as I have been ; let him, as I have done, detect the error of the illusions that had delighted him ; and then let him curse the perfidious, the ungrateful wretches that had deceived him, as I now do curse those that have injured me.” How inconsistent are the thoughts and actions, the words and the sentiments of man !—Never was I conscious of so deep a feeling of tenderness as that which flowed from my soul towards the beings I was denouncing, at the very moment these expressions of passionate indignation were issuing from my lips.

Impelled by that restlessness of body which results from the agitation of the mind, I took up my hat, called Neptune to follow me, and prepared to seek abroad that distraction for my grief, which could not be found in the quiet of my home. In leaving the room, my eye accidentally glanced toward my pistols. My hand was on the lock of the door. I perceived that to approach the place where they lay, was like tempting Hell to tempt me :

but a thought flashed across my mind, that to die were to punish the unworthy authors of my sorrow—were to strike imperishable remorse to the hearts of Maria and of John ;—and I took the pistols with me, muttering, as I concealed them in my breast, “ Perhaps I may want them.”

In this frame of mind, wandering through back and retired streets, with no other motive to direct me than the necessity of locomotion, I, at length, found myself on the banks of the Thames, at no great distance from Westminster Bridge. My boat was kept near this place : On the water, I should be delivered from all apprehension of observing eyes.—I should be alone with my sorrow ; and, unfavourable as the season and the weather were, I proceeded to the spot where my boat was moored.—“ Had time for boating, Mr Luttrell,” said Piner, who had the charge of my wherry ; “ it’s mortal cold, and there’s rain getting out there to the windward.” But careless of his good-natured remonstrances, I seized the oars impatiently from his hand and proceeded, in angry silence, to the boat. I pushed her off, and rowed rapidly up the river towards Chelsea, with Neptune lying at my feet. When I thus found myself alone upon the water, with none to know, or mark, or overhear me, my grief, breaking through all the restraints that had confined it as long as I was exposed to the inspection of my fellow-creatures, discharged itself in vehement exclamations of indignant passion. “ Fool !—Idiot that I was to trust them !—Nothing on earth shall ever induce me now to look upon them again. Oh, Maria ! I should have thought it happiness enough to have died for you ; and you to desert me—to fall away from me too, at the moment when a single smile of yours might have indemnified me for all the wrongs of fortune, all the treachery of friendship ! As to Fraser, men are all alike,—selfish by nature, habit, education. They are trained to baseness, and he is the wisest man who becomes earliest acquainted with suspicion. He is the happiest, who, scorning their hollow demonstrations of attachment, constrains every sympathy of his nature within the close imprisonment of a cold and unparticipating selfishness ; but I’ll be revenged. Fallen as I am—sunk—

impoverished—despised as Lionel Luttrell may be, the perfidious shall yet be taught to know, that he will not be spurned with impunity, or trampled on without reprisal!"

At these words, some violence of gesture, accompanying the vehemence of my sentiment, interfered with the repose of Neptune, who was quietly sleeping at the bottom of the boat. The dog vented his impatience in a quick and angry growl. At that moment my irritation amounted almost to madness. "Right—right!" I exclaimed, "my very dog turns against me. He withdraws the mercenary attachment which my food had purchased, now that the sources which supplied it have become exhausted." I imputed to my dog the frailties of man, and hastened, in the wild suggestion of the instant, to take a severe and summary vengeance on his ingratitude. I drew forth a pistol from my breast, and ordered him to take to the water. I determined to shoot him as he was swimming, and then leave him there to die. Neptune hesitated in obeying me. He was scarcely aroused, perhaps he did not comprehend my command. My impatience would brook no delay. I was in no humour to be thwarted. Standing up in the boat, I proceeded, with a sudden effort of strength, to cast the dog into the river. My purpose failed,—my balance was lost—and—in a moment of time—I found myself engaged in a desperate struggle for existence with the dark, deep waters of the Thames. I cannot swim. Death—death in all its terrors—instantaneous, inevitable death, was the idea that pressed upon my mind, and occupied all its faculties. But poor Neptune required no solicitation. He no sooner witnessed the danger of his master, than he sprang forward to my rescue, and, sustaining my head above the water, swam stoutly away with me to the boat.

When once reseated there, as I looked upon my preserver shaking the water from his coat as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, my conscience became penetrated with the bitterest feelings of remorse and shame. Self-judged, self-corrected, self-condemned, I sat like a guilty wretch in the presence of that noble animal, who, having saved my life at the very moment I was meditating his destruction, seemed of too generous a

nature to imagine, that the act he had performed exceeded the ordinary limits of his service, or deserved any special gratitude from his master. I felt as one who had in intention committed murder on his benefactor, and, as I slowly rowed towards the land, eloquent in the praise of the unconscious Neptune, the recollection of my perilous escape—the complete conviction of my having in one instance been mistaken in my anger—and, perhaps—most unromantic as it may sound—the physical operation of my cold bath, and my wet habiliments—all these causes united, operated so effectually to allay the fever of my irritated passions, that the agitation of my mind was soothed. Mine was now the spirit of one in sorrow, not in anger. Humbled in mine own opinion, my indignation against Maria and John Fraser, for their cold-hearted, their cruel desertion of my distresses, was exchanged for a mingled sentiment of tenderness and forgiveness. On reaching the landing-place, I hastened to take possession of the first hackney-coach, and, calling Neptune into it, drove off to my lodgings in Conduit-street.

On arriving at my apartments, the first object that presented itself to my eye, was a note from Maria. I knew the peculiar shape of the billet, before I was near enough to distinguish the hand-writing. All the blood in my veins seemed to rush back towards my heart, and there to stand trembling at the seat of life and motion. I shook like a terrified infant. Who could divine the nature of the intelligence which that note contained? I held the paper some minutes in my hand before I could obtain sufficient command over myself to open it. That writing conveyed to me the sentence of my future destiny. Its purport was pregnant of the misery or happiness of my after-life. At length with a sudden, a desperate effort of resolution, I burst the seal asunder, and read,—

"Dearest Lionel, I did not write yesterday, because my aunt had most unexpectedly determined to return to town to-day. We left Brighton very early this morning, and are established at Thomas's Hotel. Come to us directly; or if this wicked theft of Mr Drayton's—which, by the by, will compel us to have a smaller, a quieter,

and therefore a *happier* home, than we otherwise should have had—compels you to be busy among law people, and occupies all your time this morning, *pray* come to dinner at seven—or if not to dinner, at all events, you must contrive to be with us in Berkeley Square some time this evening.—My aunt desires her best love, and believe me, dearest Lionel, your ever affectionate

“MARIA.”

And she was really true! This was by far the kindest, the tenderest note I had ever received. Maria was constant, and my wicked suspicions only were in fault. Oh, heavens! how much was I to blame! how severely did my folly deserve punishment!

The operations of the toilet are capable of incalculable extension or diminution. They can, under certain circumstances, be very rapidly dispatched. In five minutes after the first reading of Maria's note, I was descending the staircase, and prepared to obey her summons. My valet was standing with his hand on the lock of the street door, in readiness to expedite my departure, when the noise of rapidly approaching wheels was heard. A carriage stooped suddenly before the house—the rapper was loudly and violently beaten with a hurried hand—the street door flew open—and John Fraser, in his dinner dress of the last evening, pale with watching, and fatigue, and travel, and excitement, burst like an unexpected apparition upon my sight. He rushed towards me, seized my hand, and shaking it with the energy of an almost convulsive joy, exclaimed, “Well, Lionel, I was in time—thought I should be. The fellows drove capitally—deuced good horses, too, or we should never have beat him.”

“What do you mean? Beat whom?”

“The rascal Brayton, to be sure. Did not they tell you I had got scent of his starting, and was off after him within an hour of his departure?”

“No, indeed, John, they never told me *that*.”

“Well, never mind. I overtook him within five miles of Canterbury, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life.”

“And—and—the money?”

“Oh, I've lodged that at Coutts's. I thought it best to put that out of danger at once. So I drove to the Strand, and deposited your eighty thousand pounds in a place of security before I proceeded here to tell you that it was safe.”

If I had been humbled and ashamed of myself before—if I had repented my disgusting suspicions on seeing Maria's note, this explanation of John Fraser's absence was very little calculated to restore me to my former happy state of self-approbation. Taking my friend by the arm, and calling Neptune, I said, “By and by, John, you shall be thanked as you ought to be for all your kindness; but you must first forgive me. I have been cruelly unjust to Maria, to you, and to poor old Neptune here. Come with me to Berkeley Square. You shall there hear the confession of my past rashness and folly; and when my heart is once delivered from the burden of self-reproach that now oppresses it, there will be room for the expansion of those happier feelings, which your friendship and Maria's tenderness have everlastingly implanted there. Never again will I allow a suspicion to pollute my mind which is injurious to those I love. The world's a good world—the women are all true—the friends all faithful—and the dogs are all attached and staunch;—and if any individual, under any possible combination of circumstances, is ever, for a single instant, induced to conceive an opposite opinion, depend upon it, that that unhappy man is deluded by false appearances, and that a little inquiry would convince him of his mistake.”

“I can't for the life of me understand, Lionel, what you are driving at.”

“You will presently,” I replied; and in the course of half an hour,—seated on the sofa, with Maria on one side of me, with John Fraser on the other, and with Neptune lying at my feet,—I had related the painful tale of my late follies and sufferings, had heard myself affectionately pitied and forgiven, and had concluded, in the possession of unmingled happiness, the series of my day's REVERSES.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR. BY THE ETTICK SHEPHERD.

## DREAMS AND APPARITIONS.—PART IV.

THERE is an old story which I have often heard related, about a great laird of Cassway, in an outer corner of Dumfries-shire, of the name of Beattie, and his two sons; but whether it is a dream or an apparition, as it partakes of the nature of both, I cannot decide. This Beattie had occasion to be almost constantly in England, because, as my informant said, he took a great hand in government affairs, from which I deem that the tradition had its rise about the time of the civil wars; for about the close of that time, the Scotts took the advantage of the times to put the Beatties down, who, for some previous ages, had maintained the superiority of that district.

Be that as it may, the laird of Cassway's second son, Francis, fell desperately in love with a remarkably beautiful girl, the eldest daughter of Henry Scott of Drumfielding, a gentleman, but still only a retainer, and far beneath Beattie of Cassway, both in wealth and influence. Francis was a scholar newly returned from the university—was tall, handsome, of a pale complexion, and gentlemanly appearance, while Thomas, the eldest son, was fair, ruddy, and stout made, a perfect picture of health and good-humour,—a sportsman, a warrior, and a jovial blade; one who would not suffer a fox to get rest in the whole moor district, nor a pretty girl to sleep quietly in her bed. He rode the best horse, kept the best hounds, played the best fiddle, danced the best country bumpkin, and took the best refreshment of mountain dew of any man between Brick brace and Teviot stone, and was altogether that sort of a young man, that whenever he cast his eyes on a pretty girl, either at chapel or weapon-shaw, she would hide her face, and giggle as if tickled by some unseen hand.

Now, though Thomas, or the Young Laird, as he was called, had only spoke once to Ellen Scott in his life, at which time he chuckled her below the chin, and bid the devil take him if ever he saw as bouny a face in his whole born days; yet, for all that, Ellen loved him. It could not be said that she was in love with him, for a maiden's

heart must be won before it is given absolutely away; but hers gave him the preference to any other young man. She loved to see him, to hear of him, and to laugh at him; and it was even observed by the domestics, that Tam Beattie o' the Cassway's name came oftener into her conversation than there was any occasion for.

Such was the state of affairs when Francis came home, and fell desperately in love with Ellen Scott; and his father being in England, and he under no restraint, he went forthwith and paid his addresses to her. She received him with a kindness and affability that pleased him to the heart; but he little wist that this was only a spontaneous and natural glow of kindness toward him because of his connexions, and rather because he was the young Laird of Cassway's only brother, than the poor but accomplished Francis Beattie, the scholar from Oxford.

He was, however, so much delighted with her, that he asked her father's permission to pay his addresses to her, and, in one word, court her for his wife. Her father, who was a prudent and sensible man, answered him in this wise—"That nothing would give him greater delight than to see his beloved Ellen joined with so accomplished and amiable a young gentleman in the bonds of holy wedlock, provided his father's assent was previously attained. But as he himself was subordinate to another house, not on the best terms with the house of Cassway, he would not take it on him to sanction any such connexion without old Squire Beattie's full consent. That, moreover, as he, Francis Beattie, was just setting out in life, as a lawyer, there was but too much reason to doubt that a matrimonial connexion with Ellen at that time, would be highly imprudent; therefore it was not to be thought further of till the old Squire was consulted. In the meantime, he should always be welcome to his house, and to his daughter's company, as he had the same dependence on his honour and integrity, as if he had been a son of his own."

The young man thanked him affec-

tionately, and could not help acquiescing in the truth of his remarks, promised not to mention matrimony further, till he had consulted his father, and added—"But indeed you must excuse me, if I avail myself of your permission to visit here often, as I am sensible it will be impossible for me to live for any space of time out of my dear Ellen's sight." He was again made welcome, and the two parted mutually pleased with each other.

Henry Scott of Drumfielding was a widower, with six daughters, over whom presided Mrs Jane Jerdan, their maternal aunt, a right old maid, with fashions and ideas even more antiquated than herself. No sooner had the young wooer taken his leave, than in she bounces to the room, the only sitting apartment in the house, and says, in a loud important whisper, "What's that young swankey of a lawyer wanting, that he's aye hankering sae muckle about our town? I'll tell you what, brother Harry, it strikes me that he wants to make a wheelwright o' your daughter Nell. Now, gin he axes your consent to ony sickan thing, dinna ye grant it. That's a'. Take an auld fool's advice gin ye wad prosper. Fo'ks are a' wise ahint the hand, and sae will ye be."

"Dear, Mrs Jane, what objections can you have to Mr Francis Beattie, the most accomplished young gentleman of the whole country?"

"'Complished gentleman! 'Complished kirk-milk, float-whey, and jeelaberry! I'll tell you what, brother Harry, afore I were a landless lady, I wad rather be a tailor's layboard, and hae the red-licet goose gaun bizzing up my rump. What has he to maintain a lady spouse with? The wind o' his lungs, forsooth!—thinks to sell that for goud in goupings. Hech me! Crazy wad they be wha wad buy it; and they wha trust to crazy people for their living will live but crazily. Take an auld fool's advice gin ye wad prosper, else ye'll be wise ahint the hand. Hae nae mair to do with him—Nell's bread for his betters, tell him that. Or, hy my certy, gin I meet wi' him face to face, I'll tell him."

"It would be unfriendly in me to keep aught a secret from you, sister, considering the interest you have taken in my family. I have given him my consent to visit my daughter, but at the same time have restricted

him from mentioning matrimony until he have consulted his father."

"An' what is the visiting to gang for then? Sack possets and blawflummery? Blaw the soup, dawtie, that it dinna blister the sweet gab o' you! O, it is sae savoury and sweet, this courting and cooing between a pennyless maid and a briefless lawyer! Fiend hae me, gin I wadna rather ride the stang through the great burrough of Lochmaben, afore I were set down to woo, and hadna either marriage or some waur thing to converse about. Away wi' him! Our Nell's food for his betters. What wad you think an she could get the young laird his brother wi' a blink o' her ee?"

"Never speak to me of that, Mrs Jane. I wad rather see the poorest of his shepherd lads coming about my child than he;" and with these words Henry left the room.

Mrs Jane stood long, making faces, shaking her apron with both hands, nodding her head, and sometimes giving a stamp with her foot. "I have set my face against that connexion," said she; "our Nell's no made for a lady to a London lawyer. It wad set her rather better to be Lady of Cassway. The young laird for me! I'll hae the branks of love thrown over the heads o' the twosome, tie the tangs thegither, and then let them gallop like twa kippled grews. My brother Harry's a simple man; he disna ken the credit that he has by his daughters—thanks to some other body than he! Niece Nell has a shape, an ee, and a lady manner that wad kilt the best lord o' the kingdom, were he to come under their influence and my manoeuvres. She's a Jerdan a' through, and that I'll let them ken! Fo'ks are a' wise ahint the hand; credit only comes by catch an' keep. Goodnight to a' younger brothers, puffings o' love vows, and sabs o' wind! Gie me the good green hills, the gruff wedders, and bob-tail'd ewes; and let the law and the gospel men sell the wind o' their lungs as dear as they can."

In a few days, Henry of Drumfielding was called out to attend his chief on some expedition; on which Mrs Jane, not caring to trust her message to any other person, went over to Cassway, and invited the young laird to see her niece, quite convinced that her charms and endowments would at

once enslave the elder brother as they had done the younger. Tam Beattie was delighted at finding such a good back friend as Mrs Jane, for he had for a twelvemonth had designs upon Ellen Scott; he had scarcely considered of what nature, but was quite convinced of the necessity of some love affair between the beauty and himself, and it was only sheer want of leisure that had prevented him from putting it in execution. In the height of his romance, however, he, either through chance or design, asked Mrs Jane if the young lady was privy to this invitation.

"She privy to it!" exclaimed Mrs Jane, shaking her apron. "Ha, weel I wat, no! She wad soon hae flown in my face wi' her gibery and her jaunkery, had I tauld her my errand; but the gowk kens what the titling wants, although it is not aye crying, *Give, give*, like the horse loch-leech."

"Does the horse-leech really cry that, Mrs Jane? I should think, from a view of its mouth, that it could scarcely cry anything," said Tom.

"Are ye sic a reprobate as to deny the words o' the Scripture, sir? Hech, wae's me! what some folks hae to answer for! We're a' wise ahint the hand. But hark ye,—come ye ower in time, else I am feared she may be settled for ever out o' your reach. Now, I canna bide to think on that, for I hae always thought you twa made for ane anither. Let me take a look o' you frae tap to toe—O yes—made for ane anither, as leel as ever the hart was made for the hind, or the sheath for the sword. Come ower in time, before billy Harry come hame again; and let your visit be in timeous hours, else I'll gie you the back of the door to keep. Wild reprobate, to deny that the horse loch-leech can speak! Ha—he—he is the man for me. Down wi' a' courting, and kissing, and sighing, and sabbing, without a motive! for they wad gang to seek an errand generally find one."

Thomas Beattie was true to his appointment, as may be supposed, and Mrs Jane having her niece rigged out in eminent style, he was perfectly charmed with her; and really it cannot be denied that Ellen was as much delighted with him. She was young, gay, and frolicsome, and Tom had no sooner met with her, even in her aunt's presence, than he began a-flattering

her, and from that to toying and romping with her; so that Ellen never spent a more joyous and happy afternoon, or knew before what it was to be in a presence that delighted her. True, he never mentioned the word *marriage*, though Mrs Jane gave him plenty of opportunities, but Ellen liked his company a great deal the better. It had always proved a chilling, damping sort of term, that, to her; and in the buoyancy of youthful spirits, innocence, and gaiety, she liked better that it should be set aside for the present; and never two lovers came better on than Tom Beattie of Cassway and the beautiful Ellen of Drumfielding.

There were two beds in the room with running doors, all of which stood delightfully open, in order to show the beautiful coverlets within; and as Ellen had become very teasing, Mrs Jane ventured to remind the laird of the above circumstances, adding, that she deemed the wild gilly well deserved to feel the metal of a gentleman's beard, as none of her former lovers had been blessed with such a privilege. The laird took the hint, and tried, at a gentle wrestle, to place Ellen on the stock of one of the beds, but he could not, without being more rude, than, even in that rude age, good manners allowed; and in this gentle exercise were the two engaged, altogether by themselves, when the room-door opened, and in popped Francis Beattie! Ellen's face was flushed with laughter and animated exertion, and when she saw her devoted lover at her side, she blushed still deeper, and her glee was damped in a moment. She looked rather like a condemned criminal, or at least a guilty creature, than what she really was,—a being over whose mind the cloud of guilt had never cast its shadow.

Francis loved her above all things on earth or in heaven, and the moment he saw her standing abashed, and extricating herself gently from the hands of his brother, his spirit was moved to jealousy—to maddening and uncontrollable jealousy. His ears rang, his hair stood on end, and the contour of his face became like a bent bow. He walked up to his brother with his hand on his hilt, and almost inarticulately addressed him thus, while his teeth ground together like a horse-rattle:

"Prov. sir, may I ask you of your  
Z



intentions, and of what you are seeking here?"

"I know not, Frank, what right you have to ask any such questions; but you will allow that I have a right to ask at you what the devil you are seeking here at present, seeing you come so very inopportunistically."

"Do you know what you are doing, sir, what you have done, or what you have attempted? That maiden, sir, is my maiden—my beloved and betrothed maiden—dearer to me than life and all its enjoyments; and ere you touch that dear maiden with a foul finger, sir, you shall sooner touch my heart's blood! Dare you put it to the issue of the sword this moment?"

"Come now, dear Francis, don't fall on to act the fool and the madman both at a time, for this maiden is *not* your maiden, nor ever will be either your maiden or your wife; and rather than bring such a dispute to the issue of the sword between two brothers who never had a quarrel in their lives, I propose that we bring it to a much more temperate and decisive issue here where we stand, by giving the maiden her choice. Stand you there at that corner of the room, I at this, and Ellen Scott in the middle; let us both ask her, and to whomsoever she comes, the prize be his. Why should we try to decide, by the loss of one of our lives, what we cannot decide, and what may be decided in a friendly and rational way in one minute?"

"It is easy for you, sir, to talk temperately and with indifference on such a trial, but not so with me. This young lady is dear to my heart."

"Well, but so is she to mine."

"I have asked her of her father as my wife, and have his consent. I have asked herself, and have not been denied; and here again if I do ask her, I ask her only as my wife."

"Well, Frank, then you have the advantage of me, and it is but justice you should avail yourself of it. For I have *not* asked her father, nor do I intend it; and when I ask her here from you, I ask her only as my mistress."

"And have you the arrogance to suppose that this peerless young maiden, this flower of the Border, would listen to a suit so degrading and ruinous?"

"No man can tell, Frank, to what a woman will listen, or to what she will not listen; all that I say is, that

I am willing to take my chance and abide by the consequences. I was not aware of any engagement between you and her when I made the proposal; and though I find I am now placed at a manifest disadvantage, I am willing to abide by her fiat; for what do a man's pretensions signify, without the countenance and assent of the object of his affection? Let us, therefore, appeal to the lady at once, whose claim is the best, and as your pretensions are the highest, do you ask her first."

"My dearest Ellen," said Francis, humbly and affectionately, "you know that my whole soul is devoted to your love, and that I aspire to it only in the most honourable way; confirm then my appeal by coming to my arms, and suffering me to embrace you as my own loved and betrothed dame, in the presence of this unlicensed and presumptuous libertine."

Ellen stood dumb and motionless, looking steadily down at the hem of her green jerkin, which she was rubbing with both her hands. She dared not lift an eye to either of the brothers, though apparently conscious that she ought to have flown into the arms of Francis.

"Ellen, I need not tell you that I love you, for a woman knows that by instinct," said Thomas. "Nor need I attempt to tell how dearly and how long I will love you, for in faith I cannot. My pretensions, it is true, are not of the most honourable description, as some men count honour; but in truth, I love you so well, that I doubt very much if I can live without you in one way or other. I know you love me better than perhaps you ought to do. Put reason to her cradle, then, and suffer nature to have her own way, and I am sure of my Ellen for them all."

Ellen looked up. There was a smile on her lovely face; an arch, mischievous, and happy smile, but it turned not on Thomas. Her face turned to the contrary side, but yet the beam of that smile fell not on Francis, who stood in a state of as terrible suspense between hope and fear, as a sinner at the gate of heaven, who has implored of St Peter to open the gate, and awaits a final answer. The die of his fate was soon cast, for Ellen Scott looking one way, yet moving another, straightway threw herself into Thomas Beattie's arms, exclaiming, "Ah, Tom!

"Tom! I fear I am doing that which I shall rue, but I must trust to your generosity, for bad as you are, I like you the best."

Thomas was deeply affected by this appeal of the young and splendid beauty to his generosity. He took her in his arms, and embraced and kissed her; but before he could say a word in return, the despair and rage of his brother breaking forth over every barrier of reason, interrupted him. "This is the trick of a coward, to screen himself from the chastisement he deserves," cried Francis, shaking his sword at his brother. "A mean and infamous appeal to the agitated passions of an inexperienced and infatuated girl. But you escape me not thus! Follow me if you dare!" And he rushed from the house, shaking his naked sword at his brother.

Ellen trembled with agitation at the young man's rage; and while Thomas still pressed her to his bosom, and assured her of his unalterable affection, came Mrs Jane Jerdan, shaking her apron, and tucking it so as to make it twang like a bowstring.

"What's a' this, Squire Thomas? Are we to be habbied out o' house an' baddin' by this rapacious young lawyer o' yours? By the souls o' the Jerdons, I'll kick up sic a stoure about his lugs as shall blind the juridical een o' him! It's queer that men should study the law only to learn to break it. Sure am I nae gentleman that hasna been bred a lawyer wad come into a neighbour's house bullyragging that gate wi' sword in hand, malice preposse in his eye, and venom on his tongue. Just as a lassie hadna her ain freedom o' choice, because a fool has been pleased to ask her! Haud the grip ye hae. Niece Nell, ye hae made a wise choice for aince. Tam's the man for my money! Fo'ks are a' wise ahint the hand, but real wisdom lies in taking time by the forelock. But, Squire Tam, the thing that I want to ken is this—Are you going to put up wi' a' that bullying and threatening? Or do ye propose to chastise the fool according to his folly?"

"In truth, Mrs Jane, I am very sorry for my brother's behaviour, and could not with honour yield any more than I did to pacify him. But he must be humbled. It will not do to suffer him to carry matters with so high a hand."

"Now, wad ye be but advised and leave him to me, I would play him sic a plisky as he shouldna forget till his dying day. By the souls o' the Jerdons, I would! Now promise to me that ye winna fight him."

"O promise, promise!" cried Ellen vehemently, "for the sake of heaven's love, promise my aunt that."

Thomas smiled and shook his head as much as if he had said, "you do not know what you are asking." Mrs Jane went on.

"Do it then—do it with a vengeance, and remember this, that wherever ye set the place o' combat, be it in hill or dale, deep linn or moss-hagg, I shall have a thirdsman there to encourage thee on. I shall give you a meeting you little wot of."

Thomas Beattie took all this for words of course, as Mrs Jane was well known for a raving, ranting old maid, whose vehemence few regarded, but a great many respected her for the care she had taken of her sister's family, and a greater number still regarded her with terror, as a being possessed of superhuman powers; so after many expressions of the fondest love for Ellen, he took his leave, his mind being made up how it behoved him to deal with his brother.

I forgot to mention before, that old Beattie lived at Nether Cassway with his family; and his eldest son Thomas at Over Cassway, who, on his father entering into a second marriage, was put in possession of that castle, and these lands. Francis, of course, lived in his father's house when in Scotland, and it was thus that his brother knew nothing of his frequent visits to Ellen Scott.

Well, that night, as soon as Thomas went home, he dispatched a note to his brother to the following purport: That he was sorry for the rudeness and unreasonableness of his behaviour. But if, on coming to himself, he was willing to make an apology before his mistress, then he (Thomas) would gladly extend to him the right hand of love and brotherhood; but if he refused this, he would please to meet him on the crook of Glen-dearg next morning by the sun-rising. Francis returned for answer that he would meet him at the time and place appointed, and make his asseverations good to his heart. There was then no farther door of reconciliation left open.

but Thomas still had hopes of managing him even on the combat field.

Francis slept little that night, being wholly set on revenge for the disgraceful way in which he had lost his beloved mistress; and a little after day-break he arose, and putting himself in light armour, proceeded to the place of rendezvous. He had farther to go than his elder brother, and on coming in sight of the crook of Glen-dearg, he perceived the latter there before him. He was wrapt in his cavalier cloak, and walking up and down the crook with impassioned strides, on which Francis soliloquised as follows, as he hasted on:—"Ah ha! so 'Tou is here before me! This is what I did not expect, for I did not think the flagitious dog had so much spirit or courage in him as to meet me. I am glad he has! for how I long to chastise him, and draw some of the pampered blood from that vain and insolent heart, which has bereaved me of all I held dear on earth!"

In this way did he cherish his wrath till close at his brother's side, and then addressing him in the same insolent terms, he desired him to cease his cowardly cogitations and draw. His opponent instantly wheeled about, threw off his horseman's cloak, and presented his sword; and behold the young man's father stood before him armed and ready for action! The sword fell from Francis's hand, and he stood appalled as if he had been a statue, unable either to utter a word or move a muscle.

"Take up thy sword, caitiff, and let it work thy ruthless work of vengeance here. Is it not better that thou shouldst pierce this old heart, worn out with care and sorrow, and chilled by the ingratitude of my race, than that of thy gallant and generous brother, the representative of our house, and the chief of our name? Take up thy sword, I say, and if I do not chastise thee as thou deservest, may Heaven reft the sword of justice from the hand of the avenger!"

"The God of Heaven forbid that I should ever lift my sword against my honoured father!" said Francis.

"Thou darest not, thou traitor and coward!" returned the father.—"I throw back the disgraceful terms in thy teeth which thou usdest to thy brother. Thou comest here boiling with rage to shed his blood, and

when I appear in person for him, thou darest not accept the challenge."

"You never did me wrong, my dear father; but my brother has wronged me in the tenderest part."

"Thy brother never wronged thee intentionally, thou deceitful and sanguinary fraticide; and where no previous intention exists, there is no offence committed. It was thou alone who forced this quarrel upon him, and I have great reason to suspect that thou designedst to cut him off, that the inheritance and the maid might both be thine own. But here I swear by the arm that made me, and the Redeemer that saved me, if thou wilt not go straight and kneel to thy brother for forgiveness, confessing thy injurious treatment, and swearing submission to thy natural chief, I will banish thee from my house and presence for ever, and load thee with a parent's curse, which shall never be removed from thy soul till thou art crushed to the lowest hell."

The young scholar, being utterly astounded at his father's words, and at the awful and stern manner in which he addressed him, whom he had never before reprimanded, was wholly overcome. He knelt to his parent, and implored his forgiveness, promising, with tears, to fulfil every injunction which it would please him to enjoin; and on this understanding, the two parted on amicable and gracious terms.

Francis went straight to the tower of Over Cassway, and inquired for his brother, resolved to fulfil his father's stern injunctions to the very letter. He was informed his brother was in his chamber in bed, and indisposed. He asked the porter farther, if he had not been forth that day, and was answered, that he had gone forth early in the morning in armour, but had quickly returned, apparently in great agitation, and betaken himself to his bed. He then requested to be taken to his brother, to which the servant instantly assented, and led him up to the chamber, never suspecting that there could be any animosity between the two only brothers; but on John Burgess opening the door, and announcing THE TUTOR, Thomas, being in a nervous state, was a little alarmed. "Remain in the room there, Burgess," said he. "What, brother Frank, are you seeking here at this

hour, armed capapee? I hope you are not come to assassinate me in my bed?"

"God forbid, brother," said the other; "here, John, take my sword down with you, I want some private conversation with Thomas." John did so, and the following conversation ensued; for as soon as the door closed, Francis dropt on his knees, and said, "O, my dear brother, I have erred grievously, and am come to confess my crime, and implore your pardon."

"We have both erred, Francis, in suffering any earthly concern to incite us against each other's lives. We have both erred, but you have my forgiveness cheerfully; here is my hand on it, and grant me thine in return. Oh, Francis, I have got an admonition that never will be erased from my memory, this morning, and which has caused me to see my life in a new light. What or whom think you I met an hour ago on my way to the crook of Glen-dearg to encounter you?"

"Our father, perhaps."

"You have seen him then?"

Indeed I have, and he has given me such a reprimand for severity, as I never received from a parent."

"Brother Frank, I must tell you, and when I do, you will not believe me—It was *not* our father whom we both saw this morning."

"It was no other whom I saw. What do you mean? Do you suppose that I do not know my own father?"

"I tell you it was not, and could not be. I had an express from him yesterday. He is two hundred miles from this, and cannot be in Scotland sooner than three weeks hence."

"You astonish me, Thomas. This is beyond human comprehension."

"It is true—that I vouch, and the certainty of it has sickened me at heart. You must be aware that he came not home last night, and that his horse and retinue have not arrived."

"He was not at home, it is true, nor have his horse and retinue arrived in Scotland. Still there is no denying that our father is here, and that, at least, it was he who spoke to and admonished me."

"I tell you it is impossible. A spirit hath spoke to us in our father's likeness, for he is not and cannot be

in Scotland at this time. My faculties are altogether confounded by the event, not being able to calculate on the qualities or condition of our monitor. An evil spirit it certainly could not be, for all its admonitions pointed to good. I sorely dread, Francis, that our father is no more—that there hath been another engagement, that he hath lost his life, and that his soul hath been lingering around his family before taking its final leave of this sphere. I believe that our father is dead; and for my part, I am so sick at heart, that my nerves are all in a flame. Pray, do you take horse and post off for Salop, from whence his commission to me yesterday was dated, and see what hath happened to our revered father."

"I cannot, for my life, give credit to this, brother, or that it was any other being who rebuked me, but my father himself. Pray allow me to tarry another day at least, before I set out on such a wild-goose chase. Perhaps our father may appear in the neighbourhood, and may be concealing himself for some secret purpose. Did you tell him of our quarrel?"

"No. He never asked me concerning it, but charged me sharply my intent on the first word, and adjured me by my regard for his blessing, and my hope in heaven, to desist from my purpose."

"Then he knew it all intuitively, for when I first went in view of the spot appointed for our meeting, I perceived him walking sharply to and fro, wrapped in his military cloak. He never so much as deigned to look at me, till I came close to his side, and thinking it was yourself, I fell to upbraiding him, and desired him to draw. He then threw off his cloak, drew his sword, and telling me he came in your place, dared me to the encounter. But he knew all the grounds of our quarrel minutely, and laid the blame on me. I own I am a little puzzled to reconcile circumstances, but am convinced my father is near at hand. I heard his words, saw his eyes flashing anger and indignation. Unfortunately I did not touch him, which would have put an end to all doubts; for he did not present the hand of reconciliation to me, as I expected he would have done, on my yielding implicitly to all his injunctions."

The two brothers then parted, with protestations of mutual forbearance in all time coming, and with an understanding, as that was the morning of Saturday, that if their father, or some word of him, did not reach home before the next evening, the Tutor of Caseway, as Francis was denominated, I know not why, was to take horse for the county of Salop, early on Monday's morning.

Thomas, being thus once more left to himself, could do nothing but toss and tumble in his bed, and reflect on the extraordinary occurrence of that morning; and, after many troubled cogitations, it at length occurred to his recollection what Mrs Jane Jerdan had said to him:—"Do it then. Do it with a vengeance!—But remember this, that wherever ye set the place of combat, be it in hill or dale, deep flum, or moss hagg, I shall have a thirdsman there to encourage you on. I shall give you a meeting you little wot of."

If he was confounded before, he was ten times more so at the remembrance of these words, of most ominous import.

At the time he totally disregarded them, taking them for mere rhodomontade; but now the idea to him was terrible, that his father's spirit, like the prophet's of old, should have been conjured up by witchcraft; and then again he bethought himself that no witch would have employed her power to prevent evil. In short, he knew not what to think, and so, taking the hammer from its rest, he gave three raps on the pipe drum, for there were no bells in the towers of those days, and up came old John Burgess, Thomas Beattie's henchman, hunt-man, and groom of the chambers, one who had been attached to the family for fifty years, and he says, in his slow West Border tongue, "How's tou now, callan?—Is tou ony betterlins? There has been tway stags seen in the Bloodhope-Linns tis inworning already."

"Ay, and there has been something else seen, John, that lies nearer to my heart, to-day." John looked at his master with an inquisitive eye and quivering lip, but said nothing. The latter went on, "I am very unwell to-day, John, and cannot tell what is the matter with me. I think I am bewitched."

"It's very likely thou is, callan'. I pits nae doubt on't at a'."

"Is there anybody in this moor district whom you ever heard blamed for the horrible crime of witchcraft?"

"Ay, that there is; mair than ane or tway. There's our neighbour, Lucky Jerdan, for instance, and her niecc, Nell, the warst o' the pair, I doubt." John said this with a sly stupid leer, for he had admitted the old hen to an audience with his master the day before, and had eyed him afterwards bending his course towards Drumfielding.

"John, I am not disposed to jest at this time; for I am disturbed in mind, and very ill. Tell me, in reality, did you ever hear Mrs Jane Jerdan accused of being a witch?"

"Why, look thee, master, I dares nae say she's a wotch, for Lucky has mony good points in her character. But it is weel kenned she has mair power nor her ain, for she can stwop a' the plews in Eskdale wi' a wave o' her hand, and can raise the dead out o' their graves, just as a matter o' course."

"That, John, is an extraordinary power, indeed. But did you never hear of her sending any living men to their graves? For as that is rather the danger that hangs over me, I wish you would take a ride over and desire Mrs Jane to come and see me. Tell her I am ill, and request of her to come and see me."

"I shall do that, callan'. But are tou sure it is the auld wotch I'm to bring? For it strikes me the young ane maybe has done the deed; an' if sae, she is the fittest to effect the cure. But I sall bring the auld ane. Dinna flee intil a rage, for I sall bring the auld ane—though, gude forgie me, it is unco like bringing the hould."

Away went John Burgess to Drumfielding, but Mrs Jane would not move at his entreaties. She sent word back to his master to "rise out o' his bed, for he wad be waur if onything ailed him; an' if he had ought to say to auld Jane Jerdan, she would be ready to hear it at hame, though he beloved to remember that it wasna ilka subject under the sun that she could thole to be questioned anent."

With this answer John was forced to return, and there being no accounts of old Beattie having been seen in Scotland, the young men remained over the Sabbath-day in the utmost consternation at the apparition of their father which they had seen, and the appalling rebuke they had received

from it. The most incredulous mind could scarce doubt that they had had communion with a supernatural being; and not being able to draw any other conclusion themselves, they became persuaded that their father was dead; and accordingly both prepared for setting out early on Monday morning towards the county of Salop, from whence they had last heard of him.

But just as they were ready to set out, when their spurs were buckled on and their horses bridled, Andrew Johnston, their father's confidential servant, arrived from the place to which they were bound. He had rode night and day, never once stinting the light gallop, as he said, and had changed his horse seven times. He appeared as if his ideas were in a state of derangement and confusion; and when he saw his young masters standing together, and ready-mounted for a journey, he stared at them as if he scarcely believed his own senses. They of course asked immediately for the cause of his express, but his answers were equivocal, and he appeared not to be able to assign any motive. They asked him what their father, and if anything extraordinary had happened to him. He would not say either that there had, or that there had not, but he inquired in his turn if nothing extraordinary had happened with them at home. They looked to one another, and returned him no answer; but at length the youngest said, "Why, Andrew, you profess to have ridden express for the distance of two hundred miles; now, you surely must have some guess for what purpose you have done this? Say, then, at once, what is the purport of your message? Is our father alive?"

"Ye—es, I think he is."

"You think he is. Are you uncertain, then?"

"I am certain he is not *dead*,—at least was not when I left him. But—him—certainly there has a change taken place. Hark ye, masters—can a man be said to be in life when he is out of himself?"

"Why, thou provoking and ambiguous rascal, say at once the purport of thy message, and keep us not in this thrilling suspense. Is our father well?"

"No—not quite well. I am sorry to say, honest gentleman, that he is not. But the truth is, my masters, now that I see you well and hearty,

and about to take a journey in company, I begin to suspect that I have been posted all this way on a fool's errand; and the devil another syllable will I speak on the subject, till I have had some refreshment, and if you still insist on hearing a ridiculous story, you shall hear it then."

"You shall as soon have my right hand!" exclaimed the passionate Francis, "as you shall either taste meat or drink in my father's hall, till you have said every word of his message to us."

"Why, hark you, Mr Tutor," said the important Andrew, "I think I can command as much as I please to eat and to drink in the Castle of Cassway, without your interference, or with it; and by the spirits of all the Johnstons of Annandale, I'll keep my word. I am neither my master's serf nor his hound, to cower beneath the menace of a boy; and if my message imports aught, which I aver not that it does, it bears nothing favourable to you in its substance, Mr Tutor; and, therefore, in one word, I begin no long stories, pining with fatigue, with hunger, and thirst." But Thomas, who knew his man better, had him instantly conveyed to a private apartment; and, after he had been amply supplied with the best that the larder and cellar could produce, Andrew Johnston began as follows:—

"Why, faith, you see, my masters, it is not easy to say my errand to you, for in fact I have none. Therefore, all that I can do is to tell you a story,—a most ridiculous one it is, as ever sent a poor fellow out on the gallop for the matter of two hundred miles or so. On the morning before last, right early, little Isaac, the page, comes to me, and he says,—'Johnston, thou must go and visit measter. He's bad.'"

"'Bad!' says I. 'Whaten way is he bad?'"

"'Why, by not being good,' says he. 'He's so far ill as he's not well, and desires to see you without one moment's delay. He's in fine taking, and that you'll find; but whatfor do I stand here? I word, I never got such a fright. Why, Johnston, does thou know that measter hath lwest himself?'"

"'How lost himself? Rabbit,' says I, 'speak plain out, else I'll have thee lug-hauled, thou dwarf! thou medlin! thou bratchet of an elfin!'"

for my blood rose at the crimp, for fooling at any mishap of my master's. But my choler only made him worse, for there is not a greater deil's-buck in all the five dalcs.

" 'Why, man, it is true that I said,' quoth he, laughing; 'the old gurlie squoir hath lwest himself; and it will be grand sport to see thee going calling him at all the stane-crosses in the kingdom, in this here way—Ho yes! and a two times ho yes! and a *three* times ho yes! Did onybody no see the better half of my measter, laird of the twa Cassways, Bloodhope, and Pantland, which was amissing overnight, and is supposed to have gone a-wool-gathering? If anybody hath seen that better part of my measter, whilk contains as mooch wit as a man could drive on a hurlbarrow, let them restore it to me, Andrew Johnston, piper, trumpeter, whacker, and wheedler, to the same great and noble squoir, and high shall be his reward. Ho yes!'

" 'The devil restore thee to thy rights!' said I, knocking him down, and leaving him sprawling in the kennel, and then basted to my master, whom I found, indeed, on the very north-west turret of derangement; feverish, restless, and raving, and yet with a fervency of demeanour that stunned and terrified me. He seized my hand in both his, which were burning like fire, and gave me such a look of despair as I shall never forget. 'Johnston, I am ill,' said he, 'grievously ill, and know not what is to become of me. Every nerve in my body is in a burning flame, and my soul is as it were torn to fritters with amazement. Johnston, as sure as you are in the body, something most deplorable hath happened to me.'

" 'Yes, as sure as I am in the body there has, master,' says I. 'But I'll have you bled and doctored in style; and you shall soon be as sound as a roach,' says I, 'for a gentleman must not lose heart altogether for a little fire-raising in his outworks, if it does not reach the citadel,' says I to him. But he cut me short by shaking his head and flinging my hand from him.

" 'A truce with your talking,' says he. 'That which hath befallen me is as much above your comprehension as the sun is above the earth, and never will be comprehended by mortal man. But I must inform you of it, as I have

no other means of gaining the intelligence that I yearn for, and which I am incapable of gaining personally. Johnston, there never was a mortal man suffered what I have suffered since midnight. I believe I have had doings with hell; for I have been disembodied and embodied again, and the intensity of my tortures has been as far above a parallel as my own comprehension. I was at home this morning at day-break.'

" 'At home at Cassway?' says I. 'I am sorry to hear you say so, master, because you know, or should know, that the thing is impossible, you being in the ancient town of Shrewsbury on the King's business.'

" 'I was at home in very deed, Andrew,' returned he; 'but whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell—the Lord only knoweth. But there I was in this guise, and with this heart and all its feelings within me, where I saw scenes, heard words, and spoke others, which I will here relate to you. I had finished my dispatches last night by midnight, and was sitting musing on the hard fate and providence of my sovereign master, when, ere ever I was aware, a neighbour of ours, Mrs Jane Jerdan of Drumfielding, a mysterious character, with whom I have had some strange doings in my time, came suddenly into the chamber and stood before me. I accosted her with doubt and terror, asking what had brought her so far from home.'

" 'You are not so far from home as you imagine,' said she; 'and it is fortunate for some that it is so, for your two sons have quarrelled about the possession of my niece Ellen, and though the eldest is blameless of the quarrel, yet has he been forced into it, and they are engaged to fight at day-break at the crook of Glen-dearg. There they will assuredly fall by each other's hands, if you interpose not; for there is no other authority now on earth that can prevent this woful calamity.'

" 'Alas! how can I interfere,' said I, 'at this distance? It is already within a few hours of the meeting, and before I get from among the windings of the Severn, their swords will be bathed in each other's blood. I must trust to the interference of Heaven.'

" 'Is your name and influence, then, to perish for ever?' said she. 'Is it

so soon to follow your master's, the great Maxwell of the Dales, into utter oblivion? Why not rather rouse into requisition the energies of the spirits that watch over human destinies? At least step aside with me, that I may disclose the scene to your eyes. You know I can do it; and you may then act according to your natural impulse.

"Such were the import of the words she spoke to me, if not the very words themselves. I understood them not at the time, nor do I yet. But when she had done speaking, she took me by the hand, and hurried me towards the door of the apartment, which she opened, and the first step we took over the threshold, we stepped into a void space, where I knew of none, and fell downward. I was going to call out, but felt my descent so rapid, that my voice was stifled, and I could not so much as draw my breath. I expected every moment to fall against something, and be dashed to pieces; and I shut my eyes, clenched my teeth, and held by the dame's hand with a frenzied grasp, in expectation of the catastrophe. But down we went—down and down, with a celerity which tongue cannot describe, without light, breath, or intervention of any sort. I now felt assured that we had both at once stepped from off the earth, and were hurled into the immeasurable void; and now that I really felt it had taken place, I wondered how it had not happened to many others beside ourselves. The airs of darkness sung in my ears with a booming din as I rolled down the steep of everlasting night, an outcast from nature and all its harmonies, and a journeyer into the depths of hell.

"I still held my companion's hand, and felt the pressure of hers; and so long did this our alarming descent continue, that I at length caught myself breathing once more, but as quick as if I had been in the height of a fever. I then tried every effort to speak, but they were all unavailing; for I could not emit one sound, although my lips and tongue fathomed the words. Think, then, of my astonishment, when my companion sung out the following stanza with great glee:—

‘Here we roll,  
Body and soul,

Down to the deeps of the paynim's goal—

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With speed and with spell,  
With ye and with yoll,

This is the way to the palace of hell—

Sing Ye! Ho!

Level and low,

Down to the Valley of Vision we go!’

"‘Ha, ha, ha! Tam Beattie,’ added she, ‘where is a’ your courage now? Cannot ye lift up your voice and sing a stave wi’ your auld crony? And cannot ye lift up your een, and see what region you are in now?’

"‘I did force open my eyelids, and beheld light, and apparently worlds, or huge lurid substances gliding by me with speed, beyond that of the lightning of heaven. I certainly perceived light, though of a dim, uncertain nature; but so precipitate was my descent, I could not distinguish from whence it proceeded, or of what it consisted, whether of the vapours of elemental wastes, or the streamers of hell. So I again shut my eyes closer than ever, and waited the event in terror unutterable.

"‘Weatlength came upon something which interrupted our further progress. I had no feeling as we fell against it, but merely as if we came in contact with some soft substance that impeded our descent; and immediately afterwards I perceived that our motion had ceased.

"‘What a terrible tumble we hae gotten, laird!’ said my companion. ‘But ye are now in the place where you should be, an’ deil speed the coward!’

"‘So saying, she quitted my hand, and I felt as if she were wrested from me by a third object; but still I durst not open my eyes, being convinced that I was lying in the depths of hell, or some hideous place not to be dreamed of; so I lay still in despair, not even daring to address a prayer to my Maker. At length I lifted my eyes slowly and fearfully, but they had no power of distinguishing objects in the place where I now sojourned. All that I perceived was a vision of something in nature, with which I had in life been too well acquainted. It was a glimpse of green glens, long withdrawing ridges, and one high hill, with a cairn on its summit. I rubbed my eyes to divest them of the enchantment, but when I opened them again, the illusion was still brighter and more magnificent. Then springing to my feet,



I perceived that I was lying in a little fairy ring, not one hundred yards from the door of my own hall!

"I was, as you may well conceive, dazzled with admiration; still I felt that something was not right with me, and that I was struggling with an enchantment; but recollecting the hideous story told me by the beldame, of the deadly discord between my two sons, I hastened to watch their motions, for the morning was yet but dawning. In a few seconds after recovering my senses, I perceived my eldest son Thomas leave his tower armed, and pass on towards the place of appointment. I waylaid him, and remarked to him that he was very early astir, and I feared on no good intent. He made me no answer, but stood like one in a stupor, and gazed at me. 'I know your purpose, son Thomas,' said I; 'so it is vain for you to equivocate. You have challenged your brother, and are going to meet him in deadly combat; but as you value your father's blessing, and would deprecate his curse—as you value your hope in heaven, and would escape the punishment of hell—abandon the hideous and cursed intent, and be friends with your only brother.'

"On this, my dutiful son Thomas kneeled to me, and presented his sword, disclaiming, at the same time, all intentions of taking away his brother's life, and all animosity for the vengeance sought against himself, and thanked me in a flood of tears for my interference. I then ordered him back to his couch, and taking his cloak and sword, hastened away to the crook of Glen-dearg, to wait the arrival of his brother."

Here Andrew Johnston's narrative detailed the self-same circumstances recorded in a former part of this tale, as having passed between the father and his younger son, so that it is needless to recapitulate them; but beginning where that broke off, he added, in the words of the old laird, "As soon as my son Francis had left me, in order to be reconciled to his brother, I returned to the fairy knowe and ring where I first found myself seated at daybreak. I know not why I went there, for though I considered with myself, I could discover no motive that I had for doing so, but was led thither by a sort of impulse which

I could not resist, and from the same feeling spread my son's mantle on the spot, laid his sword down beside it, and laid me down to sleep. I remember nothing farther with any degree of accuracy, for I instantly fell into a chaos of suffering, confusion, and racking dismay, from which I was only of late released by awaking from a trance, on the very seat and in the same guise in which I was the evening before. I am certain I was at home in body or in spirit—saw my sons—spoke these words to them, and heard theirs in return. How I returned I know even less than how I went, for in that instance it seemed to me as if the mysterious force that presses us to this sphere, and supports us on it, was in my case withdrawn or subverted, and that I merely fell from one part of the earth's surface and alighted on another. Now I am so ill that I cannot move from this couch; therefore, Andrew, do you mount and ride straight for home. Spare no horse flesh, by night or by day, to bring me word of my family, for I dread that some evil hath befallen them. If you find them in life, give them many charges from me of brotherly love and affection; if not—what can I say, but in the words of the patriarch, If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

The two brothers, in utter amazement, went together to the green ring on the top of the knoll above the castle of Cassway, and there found the mantle lying spread, and the sword beside it. They then, without letting Johnston into the awful secret, mounted straight, and rode off with him to their father. They found him still in bed, and very ill; and though rejoiced at seeing them, they soon lost hope of his recovery, his spirits being broken and deranged in a wonderful manner. Their conversations together were of the most solemn nature, the visitation deigned to them having been above their capacity. On the third or fourth day, their father was removed by death from this terrestrial scene, and the minds of the young men were so much impressed by the whole of the circumstances, that it made a great alteration in their after life. Thomas, as solemnly charged by his father, married Ellen Scott, and Francis was well known afterward as the celebrated Dr Beattie of Amheist. Ellen was mo-

ther to twelve sons, and on the night that her seventh son was born, her aunt Jerdan was lost, and never more heard of, either living or dead.

This will be viewed as a most romantic and unnatural story, as without doubt it is; but I have the strongest reasons for believing that it is founded on a literal fact, of which all the three were sensibly and positively convinced. It was published in England in Dr Beattie's lifetime and by his acquiescence, and owing to the respectable source from whence it came, was never disputed in that day as having had its origin in truth. It was again republished, with some miserable alterations, in a London col-

lection of 1770, by J. Smith, at No. 15, Paternoster-row; and though I have seen none of those, but relate the story wholly from tradition, yet the assurance attained from a friend of the existence of these, is a curious and corroborative circumstance, and proves that, if the story was not true, the parties believed it to have been so. It is certainly little accordant with any principle of nature or reason, but so also are many other well authenticated traditionary stories; therefore, the best way is to admit their veracity without saying why or wherefore.

*Mount Benger, July 7, 1827.*

#### SUNSET.

##### I.

How beautiful the evening beams are falling on the sea,  
Where many a white sail pleasantly is moving up and down;  
There is not a cloud the Sun to shroud, the sky from speck is free,  
And as on a painted landscape sleep forest, tower, and town.  
So freshly fair, and everywhere, the features of the scene,  
That earth appears a resting-place, where angels might alight;  
As if Sorrow ne'er a visitant in human breast had been,  
And the verdure of the summer months had never suffered blight.

##### II.

Now sinks the sun—a twilight haze enwraps the sea and shore—  
The small waves murmur on the beach, as 'twere a dirge for day;  
The blackbird, from yon poplar green, its ditty warbles o'er,  
And the evening star peeps south afar above the hills of grey.  
In the glory of the sunset glow, my thoughts abroad had flown,  
I only saw the landscape, in its splendid hues array'd,  
But the dreams of long-lost pleasures, and of friends for ever gone,  
Came to me with the pensive hour of loneliness and shade.

△.

## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"**NAPOLEON BONAPARTE** was born in Ajaccio, on the 15th day of August 1769, the son of Charles Bonaparte, a Corsican advocate, and Letitia Ramellini. Early intended for the profession of arms, he was, by the influence of Count Marboeuf, the French governor of Corsica, admitted to the artillery and engineer royal school of Brienne. He soon developed striking mathematical talent, and with it something of that peculiar spirit which characterized his life,—a love at once for adventure, and for severe secluded mental effort—a desire of distinction, and a disregard of the popular habits which lead to its acquirement—a contempt of literature, with a passion for modelling himself on the classic heroes.

In 1783, at the age of fourteen, his mind, already directed to the popular side by his Corsican blood, and nurtured in the republican visions of antiquity, received its revolutionary impulse by the intercourse with the Abbe Raynal and his associates.

In his seventeenth year, he was appointed second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery. In the leisure of garrison duty at Valence, he indulged himself in the fashionable employment of the aspiring young men of France. He wrote an essay on one of the questions of Raynal, touching the perfectibility of human government. From the source, from the subject, and from the writer, we may conclude that the essay was revolutionary. When Emperor, he burned this specimen of opinions yet uncorrected by the command of armies and the possession of a crown.

Napoleon was, beyond all the leaders of ancient or modern times, identified with the great crisis of his age. He had stood at the fount of the Revolutionary torrent—he had been swept along with it, when it swelled and thundered down in a cataract—he had moved in pride and pomp of sovereignty upon its stream, when it rolled in more composed, yet more resistless and fatal grandeur, flooding and overwhelming the civilized world. His history, like that of the Revolution, naturally divides itself into the three periods:—His first wars,—the interval of mingled war and diplomacy

which followed his Italian triumphs,—and that statelier period, when, no longer fighting for a master, and intriguing for honours, he was himself the sole source of honours, and master and monarch of all.

The immediate origin of the French Revolution is to be found in a vast variety of influences,—popular suffering, the ambition of privilege, the worthless life of the higher ranks; the rapid wealth, intelligence, and public spirit of the commercial classes; the growth of the chief cities, which at once exhibited the force of the lower orders to their own eyes, and, by the condensation and ferment of opinions, excited them to question authority; the combination of the men of literature, hopeless of permanent rank, contemptuous of its present possessors, and stimulated by the contrast of their occasional indulgence in the luxuries of the great, with the habitual poverty of their place in society; the decay of the national resources; and the infantine flexibility of a monarch, alternately the slave of his confessor, his courtiers, and his wife.

But all those causes existed to a certain degree in every Continental State of the time. All that belonged to the invidious distinction between the classes of society, was still more marked in the surrounding kingdoms. The public burdens of France were not heavier; the financial decay was felt only in the books of the exchequer; the taxes were trivial, compared with those of England; the national spirit, peculiarly cheerful, bears all pressures, public and personal, with native, and even with ambitious, gaiety; and those travellers, who visited France on the very verge of the Revolution, were the most astonished hearers of the denunciations of national ruin.

But the true source of the fall of France, is to be found in an impulse descending from a higher region,—a strength by which all those vast and various agencies of evil were combined; that rushing mighty wind, which, blowing where it listeth, gathered and swept before it alike the light and the ponderous, the dust of the popular foot, and the massive building of ages;

and augmented its own fury with the materials of its havoc and desolation.

The true security of a people is in its morals. No nation ever fell but by its vices. If the French Revolution had given no other lesson, it gave that great one, that "Sin is a reproach to any people"—a fatal pledge that vengeance is preparing against it, and that, if not purified by tears, it shall be by blood.

Among the most short-sighted absurdities of weak politicians, and among the most malignant deceptions of the enemies of all order, is the sophism, that Religion can be safely separated from the State. It is among the great purposes of Christianity to make men obedient to lawful authority, to take away the veil by which men are blinded by ambition to the happiness of a contented and conscientious life, and, finally, by awaking them to the lofty rewards and imperishable splendours of the future, make them alike superior to the vulgar temptations of the world, and diligent in the attainment of all the nobler qualities of society and man. Religion is thus the natural ally of civil government, and it is the dictate merely of common sense and common experience, that civil government should fix it to its interests by the strongest earthly ties that can influence the mind of man.

But the value of this connexion must be deeply deranged by impurity on either side. The religion of the Popes failed in securing the first great purposes of religion,—the knowledge of the Deity, and the practice of virtue. The Government of France had long used it as a control, not less of the popular vices, than of the popular reform,—not less of the deep and prejudiced ignorance of superstition, than of the intellectual advance and salient vigour of the national genius. Christianity in France had changed its original grand simplicity for the arts and degrading appetites of a corrupted and luxurious state of society. Alternately taking the spirit and the garb of a courtier and a monk, it was a stately, artificial, and guilty thing of intriguing confessors, violent and jealous persecutors, and self-indulgent and ostentatious slaves of ambition. The same priesthood who blessed the swords drawn against the Protestant church, and proclaimed its blood-

shedding as the work of heaven, winked at the abominations of the French court, and often set the example. But the crime and the punishment of the Gallican Church were brought out into memorable distinctness from the general offences and sufferings of France. The blood of Protestantism was upon its head. After having, in the bitterest spirit of Egyptian bondage, worn down its captives for ages, the last fierce effort to crush them was baffled only by the Providence that hears the cry of the oppressed; the Protestant Church, the true Israel, escaped, though broken and dismayed; but the host of the persecutors, the haughty priesthood that had come thundering against them with horse and chariot, the anathema and the proscription of the sword, were swallowed up in their sight. The waters of Revolution, stayed for a moment, were let loose, and the pursuers were buried in their bosom.

There is, in the whole range of history, no instance of the fall of a great Government, and the overthrow of its institutions, under similar circumstances. Foreign war, fierce domestic oppression, the sudden severity of famine, have first shaken nations, and when the opening of ruin was once thus made, the multitude of the minor circumstances of evil have poured in to augment and consummate the ruin. But ancient France perished without war, without the violent pressures of servitude, and without the visitations of nature. A new and more resistless infiction was summoned against her from a quarter which she could as little anticipate or repel, as she could pluck the lightning from the clouds.

It is remarkable that the importance of an established Religion to the conservation of the State was equally felt by both parties. From the commencement of the reign of Louis XVI., some care had been exerted in the choice of the higher ranks of the clergy. The cry of the political reformers had made this essential as even a popular propitiation. But the measure was too late. Public propriety had been offended by the gross irregularities, the personal worldliness, and the bitter jealousies of the Gallican Church, until the language of contempt had become habitual, and could not be changed. The political reformers

strengthened this contempt, from the consciousness, that if they were to be rejected at all, it must be by a spirit of purified religion. They struggled to obtain the mastery of the Church, first by division; by proclaiming the merits of the parochial clergy as unrewarded, while they pointed to the ostentatious luxury of the dignitaries raised to their rank by Court favour, by the accident of birth, and by the darker price of individual corruption. Having thus weakened the union of the Establishment, and filled the inferior portion with the revolutionary principle, all was done, and they waited but the moment to throw the torch into the mine. It was thrown in, and the explosion left, of Church and State, but dust and ashes.

It is seldom sufficiently adverted to, that the primary object of the Revolutionists was the fall of Religion—that the primary triumph of the rebels was the ruin of the Establishment, and that the consummation of the Republican victory was in the decree—that “There was no God!” The Revolution had been commenced fifty years before; and its commencement was not in railings at the vices of government, or sorrowings over the pressures of the people, but in scoffings at religion. The first act of popular supremacy was to tear down, stone by stone, the altars of France, and cover their ruins with the blood of the priesthood. The grand success was to abolish the principle of religion. All thenceforth was easy, and in the natural flow of human things. The massacres, the innumerable and indescribable abominations of France, were the simple result of the extinction of the belief in a God, and a future state. The fire had been kindled in the forest, and it might be thenceforth left to itself; the natural blowing of the wind was enough to spread and rouse it into universal conflagration.

The true death of the Revolution instantly followed this triumph. It had done its work, and might now pass away, leaving its remaining offices of national calamity to inferior influences. That mighty shape of evil, that seemed almost an embodying of the original enemy of man, had now achieved its conquest, and might retire to its place of darkness, leaving the fallen land to be overshadowed

and polluted by the flights of its subordinate ministers of ruin.

With the fall of Robespierre, the true Republic went down to the grave. All that followed was an approach to the regular governments of Europe, yet so remote as to be scarcely distinguishable from the wild and barbarous anarchy of the past. But the attempts of the more moderate Revolutionists were evidently gaining ground—some deference for personal security and national law influenced the public councils—some efforts for the formation of a government which Europe could recognise were visible; and though France was still hideous to the eye, and still priding herself in that revolutionary costume, every fold of which was stiffened with blood, yet the axe in her hand dripped no more. It was at this period that the future monarch of Continental Europe appeared. In 1791 he had attracted notice by his plan for the attack of Toulon, then Royalist, and garrisoned by the Allies. The ignorance of the Allied officers at the beginning of a war—the disunion and pusillanimity of a force composed of various nations, chiefly of the unwarlike South,—and perhaps treachery, a common agent in the successes of the time, gave Toulon into the hands of the French general Dugommier, whose head would have answered to the Convention for failure, and whose gratitude recommended the young officer of engineers to the notice of his government. Bonaparte was appointed Chief of Battalion, and ordered to the army of Italy. He had now ascended the first step of his throne.

But the memory of Robespierre rendered the Government which rose on his ruin, jealous of his partisans. Bonaparte had been distinguished for jacobinism. His stern and vindictive nature had easily adopted the furious tone of the early Democracy, and his absence with the army probably alone saved him from the general catastrophe. The stupendous course of good and evil to France that was to flow from the genius and fortune of this extraordinary man, might have been cut off in its source by the revolutionary steel. He was arrested,—but released at the instance of his countryman, Salicetti, a partisan of the new Government.

In 1795 he came to Paris to solicit

employment in his profession. His Jacobin taint resisted the influence of his friends; and in restlessness and poverty he meditated what would probably have been at once the final abandonment of his country, and of his religion. He applied for leave to go into the Turkish service; but the place of his destiny was France, and his career was at that moment about to open.

The Parisian mob, which, organized as an army, had hitherto been the true lords of the Government, rose against the Convention. Menou, the general of the Conventional troops, exhibited want of nerve, where all depended on instant and vigorous execution. The Government had put its fate into the hands of Barras. Barras had been at the siege of Toulon, and remembered the energy of Bonaparte. —Bonaparte had been a spectator of the assault of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, and had been known to express his contempt equally of the defence and of the attack. It is not improbable, that in the present crisis the professional soldier should have repeated his contempt, or that the habitual solicitor for employment should have offered his services. He was sent for by Barras, and invested with the command of 6000 troops, the last hope of the Convention. He threw his little army into the Tuileries, prepared for battle on the instant, and within a few hours received, at the mouth of his guns, the attack of 30,000 men.

The action was brief. The army of the Sections was staggered by finding that the first furious impulse of a mob was no longer to be victory, even in Paris. A few discharges of grape-shot scattered them like sheep from the front of the armed posts; and from that day forth the reign of the rabble was undone. The Convention, rescued from the guillotine, was grateful, and while Barras was placed at the head of the garrison of Paris, Bonaparte was appointed second in command.

One of the many phases of the Revolution was now passed. The Directorial Government was formed out of the Convention. Barras, with four colleagues, was at the head of the Government; and Bonaparte,—vigorous, and able, and publicly devoted to the ruling party, must have felt himself in the high road to fortune. But there was a still more direct path, however

humiliating to true honour. Barras, at the head of the Directory, and thus virtual master of all that France could offer to his ambition or his vices, had been the declared admirer of Madame Beauharnois—a handsome Creole of St Domingo. At all times, the profligate habits of France have at once given extraordinary influence to women in public affairs, and have sanctioned the use of the most profligate means of purchasing its exercise. To marry the faded mistress of a man of rank, was among the most customary modes of promotion. It is not to charge Bonaparte with peculiar baseness, but to speak of him as complying with the received custom of candidates for honours, that he is stated to have relieved Barras of a rejected mistress, as the price of his appointment to the command of the army of Italy. The statement was notorious at the time—it was suitable to the morals of France—it was repulsive to no delicacy in the reckless, profligate, and ambitious mind of Bonaparte,—and to doubt it, without stronger ground than the contempt of an English mind for the morals of the country and the man, would be to unsettle all the faith of history. If we should require an evidence of the feeble share which his love took with his ambition in this marriage, it might be found in the rapidity of his departure to assume the command. At a time when no hazard of the troops required his presence, he remained but three days with his bride, before he hurried to the army, and attacked the Austro-Sardinians. He was married on the 9th of March 1796,—within one month, (April 10,) the battle of Monte Notte was fought, and he looked from the summit of the Alps on the plains of that lovely and magnificent land, in which he was to win his most unstained glories.

Bonaparte's Italian birth, and consequent acquaintance with the language, the habits, and the impulses of Italy,—his earliest campaign, which had been on its frontier,—the temptation to a conquest, alluring to France by the opulence and by the divisions of its sovereignties,—the native and acknowledged superiority of the French soldier over the indolent and effeminate man of the South,—all stimulated him to the attack of Italy. With the Directory, the motives were, if less personal, equally strong. The battle

had, till now, been fought along the eastern and northern boundary of France. Austria, often defeated, had still struggled boldly; and army after army had been lost in the attempt to plunge into the land of forests and mountains beyond the Rhine. The talents of the ablest generals, and the gallantry of the most enthusiastic troops of the Republic had been wasted against the solid fortresses, or the still more unconquerable morasses, defiles, and torrents, of that vast region of wild nature and fierce soldiery. But Italy lay before the French armies an open champaign, the German was there stripped of the native defences that check the march of an invader more than the sword. He was, like the Frenchman, a stranger in a land of strangers; and if more known, was known but as the foreign master of a people feeling their chains enough to rejoice at the coming of a foreign deliverer, though without the honest energy to break them for themselves. The Austrian troops in Italy, too, were of an inferior rank to those of the armies that had fought the battles on the Rhine, and made the chief glory of some of the finest officers of the Republic consist in the dexterity of their escape from the pursuing thunders of the Archduke Charles. To attack Austria in Germany, was thus to charge the grand army of an empire of soldiers in its front; to attack it in Italy was to fall upon the rear of the camp, and sacrifice the rabble of stragglers and loiterers among the baggage. But the singular sensitiveness of Austria to the fate of her Italian dominions was also known; and the sagacity of the young General of the army of Italy, pointed out to his government the direct result of Italian triumph in relieving the French armies on the Rhine. He knew that while Austria had a man, or a musket to put into his hand, she would fight for her Lombard provinces, that she would dismantle every regiment in front of her enemies on the West to support the struggle in the South; and that while she listened with scorn to the remote echo of the war on the German frontier, the first cannon fired from the Tyrolean hills would sound like a thunderclap in the ears of Vienna. If peace was to be conquered, it must be by the triumphs of that army at whose head

Bonaparte was now to move, the presiding genius of France and victory.

A plan of the war, on a vast scale, was then formed, by which the Italian army was to press on to the instant mastery of the Lombard provinces, while the Rhenish army was to take advantage of the first weakness in the opposite line of the Archduke, and both were to push forward, until the conquerors, descending from the Tyrol, met the pursuing troops of Moreau under the walls of the Austrian capital.

Bonaparte found his army lying exposed on the mountains without tents, in rage, without pay, and full of murmurs at themselves and their Government. But they amounted to more than forty thousand men, active, and accustomed to the mountain hardships and warfare, eager for plunder and battle, and contemptuous of the enemy. Delay would have produced mutiny, if his nature had not been the total reverse of tardiness. He led them instantly to the passage of the Alps by the lower range, where the mountains stoop to the Mediterranean. In this march towards Genoa, the key of the avenue from Rome to Piedmont, his flank moved under the hills on which was cantoned the Austro-Sardinian army, united for the defence at once of Turin and the Milanese, under the command of Beaulieu. The ages of the opposing Generals were as strongly contrasted as their fortunes. Bonaparte was twenty-six, Beaulieu seventy-five. The Austrians poured down in separate columns on the army moving below; the French resisted bravely, but on the whole were beaten, until nightfall. But their General was now in the field made for the display of his subtle activity. While the Austrians, intending to complete the victory next morning, halted on the ground, Bonaparte put his troops in motion, manœuvred round the Austrian centre during the night, and by daybreak rushed to an attack, which broke the enemy with the loss of colours, guns, and some thousand prisoners.

The beaten army, still strong, and still resisting, was again attacked by this indefatigable soldier. Incessant battle at length wasted the Austrians. They trembled for the Milanese. The Sardinians withdrew to the defence of their territory. The latter were pur-

speed. Turin was the nearer prize. The King of Sardinia saw his fugitive army driven within two leagues of his capital; and the trophies of the first month's campaign were eighty guns, twenty-one stands of colours, twenty-five thousand slain or prisoners, an armistice, by which the King of Sardinia surrendered seven of his fortresses, and above all, the clear passage of the Alps to the future invasion of the French armies.

The long-delayed punishment of Italy was now to begin. The golden days of the Peninsula had passed away, since the period when France and Austria, relieved from the disturbance of petty princes and a divided kingdom, had become systematic rivals. The old quarrels of the Italian states, though bitter and wasteful, were harmless, compared to the sweeping violence of those two mighty streams of war, which, rushing from the Tyrol and the Alps, encountered with their opposing billows on the plains of Italy. But even during peace, the rival interests of these two great powers worked scarcely a less fatal operation on the public prosperity. By their public spirit, the little Italian republics had risen into that opulence, strength, and splendour, which had so long made them at once a light and a wonder to Europe. Gifted by nature with talent of the finest order,—led equally by the richness of his imagination and the influence of his climate, to all that makes life luxurious, and all that makes luxury graceful, noble, and imaginative, the Italian surrounded himself with the masterpieces of art, with the glories of ancient literature, uncovered from their Roman grave, and with the new trophies of a native literature, if less massive and magnificent, yet fresher, more brilliant, and more congenial to the romantic elegance of the time. The temples which the majesty of Roman genius had built for the homage of all ages and all mankind, were mingled, not encumbered, with the bowery and fantastic architecture of the Italian Muse. But those Republicans had a still loftier and rarer distinction in their freedom. While France was alternately torn by the violence of feudalism, and degraded by the vices of slavery, and while the north of Europe was a huge dungeon, with ten thousand princely jailers: while every form of

power, from the great imperial supremacy, down to the government of a dozen villages, was despotism, and every holder of authority, from the leader of millions, down to the petty baron, a plague to all beneath him—the principles of equal right had been acknowledged by the Italian governments, and had given the deepest evidence of their truth, in the prosperity of those illustrious communities.

The first feeling of a traveller through the Italian cities is astonishment at the grandeur and beauty of what has been done by the departed generations. He is struck with the gigantic scale of the public works, the embankments of the rivers, the moles, the high roads, the cathedrals, the palaces of the sovereigns. He finds them all stamped with a character of boldness and magnitude, of unsparing costliness, and triumphant power. His next feeling is the utter falling off in all that once characterized the nation. The luxuriance of a climate unmatched for fertility—a landscape that of itself fills the mind with lofty thought, and urges it to painting and poetry—a place in the centre of Europe, washed by the loveliest of all its seas, and open to the most direct intercourse with the richest regions of the Old and New World,—have still left the Italian poor, a degenerate imitator in the arts, a narrow and suspected trader, and a soldier beaten by the troops of all nations. The people wander a feeble and shrunken generation, through the hills and monuments of their ancestors. The life of the Italian noble is absorbed in the empty activity of idleness on system, in the baseness of political intrigue, or the grossness of personal profligacy. The peasant, with some of the rude virtues that belong to a life of labour, yet more readily than any other man unites with them the habits of the robber and the assassin. The literary man is a copyist of France, or an obscure plunderer of the dead—a frivolous academician, or a scribbler of such verses as live in coteries and the hot-houses of amateurship, but perish on the first exposure to the free blasts of public opinion. The priesthood are the native product of the Romish supremacy; and the encampment of the Popish Church throughout the world is traceable by the trampling out of all the vegetative power of the moral soil.



They instinctively surround their fortresses with the swamp and the thicket, and feel secure only in repelling the advances of the generous labours of man for human amelioration, and in turning the light of heaven into mysticism and gloom. Herculaneum and Pompeii are but feeble emblems of the huge and silent ruin that has covered Italy, of the grace and grandeur of the past, or of the dimness and monumental hopelessness of the time to come.

The little Italian cities rose by Liberty. With Liberty came opulence; for all that is essential to rouse the latent vigour of man, is the assurance that the fruits of his labour shall be his own. Their successes were miraculous. They had opened a new mine, and the unexhausted treasures that had lain for ages hid too deep for the rude eye and hurrying tread of the northern invasions, were now spread lavishly before the hand of their powerful and gifted discoverers. The soldier, the merchant, the statesman, the poet, the painter of Italy, found no rivals in the circuit of the world. It was the great mart of genius, from which every nation purchased, yet found it still full, still glittering with new and tasteful splendour.

There is no striking portion of Europe which has not successively had its day of being tried for empire. France, Germany, Spain, have been in their turn at the head of Europe, and have lost their hope of settled supremacy, only by some palpable want of wisdom or virtue. The day of Italian supremacy was brilliant but brief. Opulence produced vice. There was no vigour in the national religion to purify the people from the habitual corruption of prosperity. The first symptoms of that great epidemic, which was so rapidly to prostrate the strength and the fame of the Peninsula, were found in the guilty readiness of the people to sell themselves to a master for the bribe of their avarice or passions. Civil war followed; the arts and commerce fled from the sound of blood-thirsty faction. The philosopher sought an asylum in some land less tortured with petty tyranny. The Christian shrunk from the double persecution of the despot and the priest. The general debasement of the human mind grew out of the de-

basement of public principle. The Italian at length saw his country the habitual prey of the great bordering powers, and he saw it with only the anxiety to know which would be the safer side. He followed the rival hosts to the field, not to share in the gallantry of the struggle, but to profit by the spoils of the fallen. He was a suttler before the battle—a fugitive while it was fighting—a plunderer when it was done. He purchased immunity by contempt, and secured his few remaining privileges only by the prompt embrace of his chains.

But human nature, however trained to slavery, will feel its humiliation. The sounds of freedom from France were loud. The Italian, full of lofty remembrances, kept green and vivid by the eagerness with which the mind takes refuge from the present in the dignities of the past, or the hopes of the future, was told of the glories of his ancestors; the coming of the victorious army of a Republic, emulating the name and forms of his own renowned Commonwealth, and, above all, headed by an Italian, was new life; was rejoiced in as the opening of a flood-gate of triumph, the epoch of boundless renovation to the native land of arts and empire.

The peculiar feebleness of the Italian sovereigns at this period, laid them at the mercy of the first bold incursion. Bound to Austria, so far as to lose the moral force belonging to national independence, they yet retained a jealous assumption of authority, just sufficient to deprive them of the strength belonging to the union of vassals. With all that was abject in slavery, they had all that was weak in freedom. Naples, the Papal States, and Venice, at once hated and intrigued with each other. The Milanese and Tuscany were Austrian provinces; the petty princes, whose territories lay compressed between the limits of the greater states, hated and intrigued with all. As a nation, Italy hated Austria, and was kept in submission only by fear. As individuals, the people scorned their princes—exulted in the coming of that day, when they should be revenged on their dissolute and degenerate dynasties—when they should see the revenues of the state no longer lavished on actresses and minions, and the life of the Italian,

in the midst of the noblest monuments of Italian genius and power, only like that of the worm in the tomb.

From the moment of Bonaparte's first impression on the Austrian armies, the eyes of France and Italy alike were turned on him. By France his triumphs were hailed as a revival of that Republican energy which had died in the dubious warfare of the Rhine. Republicanism was declared to have resumed its spell, and the young conqueror to be the gifted being by whom its withering clouds and fires were to be rolled once more against the enemies of France and human nature. But a large portion of his success has always arisen from his dexterity in the management of the popular mind. He felt that with the French the first impulse was vanity; and he fed this all-swallowing passion with the most perpetual banquet. In this spirit, the seizure of the books, pictures, and statues of the Italian princes, was a master-stroke. It was undoubtedly an extension of that flexible code, the laws of war. It had not been practised by conquerors during the later ages. But painful as all aggravations of the natural evils of the sword must be to humanity, and regretted as such divorces of the works of genius from their native seats must be by taste, yet this spoliation may have been among the most harmless and the most natural of all the results of French aggression. In the chief instances, those trophies were taken as equivalents to the treasure or territory which the conqueror had a right to seize. Their possession was thus little more than a purchase. And even humanity may be glad of a violence which relieved the peasant and the citizen from the loss of their last property, and the still more bitter presence of foreign task-masters, at the expense of the idle walls of convents, or the profligate boudoirs of sovereigns. To the man of taste in Italy, the loss was comparatively trivial, in the midst of that multitude of masterpieces which no violence could carry away. To strip Italy of all its pictures would have been as hopeless as to strip it of its trees. Thousands of great works remained after the French spoliation. Thousands more no avarice of plunder could have removed. The frescoes, those works in which the genius of the

great masters was most creative and superb, must remain. The colossal sculptures, the architecture, all the mightier memorials of the people and their mind, were immovable. To the man of taste of other countries, the concentration of the masterpieces could scarcely be a source of regret. He found them in a spot where they might be easily approached by all nations, where their variety of excellence might be studied at his ease, and where the artist and the spectator might enrich and elevate his fancy or his powers at once with the splendour of the Venetian pencil, the grace of the Bolognese, and the severe majesty of the school of Rome. Even to the native, the loss might have been not without strong compensation. The pencil, relieved from the overwhelming presence of the ancestry of Italian art, might have struggled to emulate their honours. The distance between that gigantic manhood, and the infant feebleness of its descendants, might have been forgotten, until the child had risen into full strength and stature, and the days of Raphael and Angelo gave signs of dawning again upon the world.

But the conduct of the Allies in demanding the restitution of the masterpieces, was not merely justifiable, but wise. And England, which had no personal interest in the demand, laid down the true principle, which converted an act of war into a foundation of peace. "IT WAS A MORAL LESSON." With these trophies before the eyes of France, the national vanity would have forgotten defeat. Unable to feel that triumph may generously restrain its full rights of vengeance, or that there may be any limit to the exactions of the sword, but the power of the arm that wields it, the revolutionary and imperial disturbers of Europe would have argued the possession of those fruits of early rapine into the feebleness of their conquerors. Every picture and statue would have been as the sound of a trumpet—would have been held forth by a giddy and inflated nation as an answer to the wisdom or the fears which deprecated new aggressions on Europe; and France, in the first moment of her recovery from the blow that had beaten her to the ground, would have pointed to those memorials as the rewards of a gallantry which could not be intimidated,

and the rightful inheritance of a vigorous and valour still too formidable to be provoked by the united world.

The character of the French system of warfare was now developed in Italy. Its principles were excessive rapidity, incessant attack, and prodigal expenditure of lives—the fierceness of barbarian war directed by the highest skill of modern science. But there was another element of success which was unquestionably employed in the most unsparing manner by the French General, the corruption of the civil servants of the hostile governments, and not unfrequently of their military officers. The habits of foreign life, the lower salaries of office, and the multitude of Frenchmen employed in foreign capitals, rendered corruption easy. Where every court had a French theatre, every man of rank a French mistress, and every sovereign a tribe of French menials, from the lowest domestic to the most confidential attendant on his person, there could be no want of spies. The sum expended on the officials of one superior German court during the Italian campaigns, has been stated at upwards of half a million sterling. The plans of campaigns were betrayed to Bonaparte before the ink was dry upon them. He was thus enabled to use the language of a more than human foresight, in boldly predicting to his government alike the movements of the enemy and his own victories, to wind up the popular wonder to the height of a superstitious homage. A succession of desperate battles drove the Austrians over the Po, the Mincio, and the Adda. The daring attack of the bridge of Lodi laid Milan open on the 14th of May 1796. The Austrian governor of Lombardy, the Archduke Ferdinand, abandoned the capital of the north of Italy to a Corsican refugee but twenty-six years old.

But the triumph of the French arms was still to be purchased by a long and bloody warfare. Austria had hitherto defended Italy only with its old garrison. The strength of the empire had rolled to the German frontier; but now the stream was changed, and the military might of a population of five-and-twenty millions, was to pour from the Tyrol upon the assailant who had dared to violate the ancient monarchy of the Cæsars.

But the talent and vivid daring of

Bonaparte were born for the mastery over the slow and heavy courage of Austria. Three successive armies under Wurmser, Alvinci, and the Archduke Charles, were shattered by the fiery charge of the French columns; and Bonaparte at last climbed the Tyrolean hills, to see the remnants of the Archduke's army flying before him, scattering dismay through the immense countries at his feet, and startling the slumbers of the Austrian throne.

One obstacle alone had remained to delay his march to consummate triumph, Mantua. This great fortress had been the central point of the Austrian operations. It was singularly strong by art and by position; and while it contained a hostile garrison, no French army in Italy could feel itself secure. Advance was rendered difficult, but casual repulse might become ruin, while the troops in Mantua waited only to fall upon the flanks and rear of the retreating army. But the siege was singularly hazardous. The fortress and city stand in an island formed by the overflowing of the Mincio, and the only access to which was by five causeways, one of them strongly fortified.

The French, impatient of delay, called out to be led to the storm; but some partial attempts soon convinced them that the walls of Mantua were to cost time and blood. But its position was obviously favourable to blockade. The neglected state of the Austrian fortresses rendered it probable that a garrison of twelve thousand men might be speedily starved into surrender. Four of the causeways were attacked, the Austrian communications with the country were cut off, and Serrurier was left at the head of a force inferior to the besieged, to wait the work of famine.

No conqueror ever felt more deeply the maxim, that an invader must never pause. Disengaging the chief strength of his army from the siege of Mantua, and relieved for the moment from the pursuit of the enemy in the field, he threw his force into the shape of movable columns, and ranged at will through the north, east, and west of the Peninsula. He forced the Venetians to a reluctant and dishonourable submission;—he seized the harbours of Tuscany,—he invaded, plundered, and alienated the

**Papal Territories.**—he put down insurrection,—he formed new governments, and ceased from this sleepless round of minor execution only when the sound of the trumpets from the Alps told him that his battle was not yet done, and that he was again to face and to overwhelm the gallant soldiery of the Empire.

The battle of Rivoli, the bloodiest of his Italian successes, at length decided the fall of Mantua. Wurmser had resisted, with a firmness worthy of the importance of his trust, the assaults of the enemy, and the still more formidable pressures of disease and famine. The relief of the fortress was now beyond hope. The Austrian armies had been scattered like dust before the feet of the invaders;—his garrison was reduced to extremity,—his aide-de-camp, Klenau, was sent to treat for a surrender. Bonaparte was present at the interview with the blockading general. But all things in France are theatrical, and Bonaparte stood wrapt, from head to foot, in a mantle;—the mysterious spirit of the conference, which he finished by casting off his disguise, and pronouncing those oracular phrases in which every Frenchman delights, in which Bonaparte delighted most of all, and which he and his people had equally learned from the stage. But his conduct was not yet destitute of that courtesy which belongs to brave men gaining honour from each other by the long display of skill and intrepidity. Writing down the conditions of surrender, he left it at Wurmser's disposal to accept them on the spot, or at almost any interval required by his military honour. The letter to the Directory on this occasion contained a testimony to the valour of the defeated general; and the act of surrender itself was marked by the delicacy of his declining to be present when Wurmser gave up his sword at the head of his garrison. Those traits of feeling were so soon obliterated from the character of Napoleon, that they deserve commemoration even for the sake of contrast. But the custom of sparing the defeated general the additional pain of humbling himself before his victor, had, we believe, long been a rule in the service of England.

Bonaparte was now free to seize upon the last honours of those extraordinary

campaigns. He had cleared Italy of all native opposition, and levelled it into a magnificent parade for the troops of the Republic. Mantua lay behind him; a bulwark for his rear, and ready to thunder on the first gathering of insurrection. The return of his columns, which had gone like whirlwinds through the Italian provinces, subduing and wasting, gave him an army in the highest preparation for war—numerous, opulent, elevated by continued victory, contemptuous of its enemy, passionate for conquest, and devoted to its general as to the living genius of battle. Bonaparte knew the power of the mighty instrument in his hands. The cannon was loaded to the lips, the match was in his grasp, and the discharge shook to the foundations the majesty of Austria. The Archduke Charles, the last hope of Imperial generalship, at the head of the last army of the Empire, was attacked on the Tagliamento, and was forced from river to river, from entrenchment to entrenchment, and from mountain to mountain. His troops were drawn up on the verge of the last barrier of the Empire, when, to his astonishment, he received a proposal for peace. It was the policy of Bonaparte, a policy which he retained in all his future wars, to seize on the moment of some signal success for the proposition of a treaty, and in that proposition to demand terms less advantageous than the vanquished might be entitled to expect. By this moderation, he often surprised the dispirited enemy into a glad acquiescence. But his game was not yet closed. The final treaty often grew in severity of conditions, which were yet complied with from the difficulty of resuming a hostile attitude, the reluctance of sovereigns to appeal their people with the news, that the period of bloodshed must suddenly return, and the actual sacrifices already made,—the abandonment of territory, population, and fortresses, as pledges for the negotiation. But if the treaty remained a losing one, he still had the remedy which he never failed to use;—he treasured up his wrath until he saw his antagonist disarmed. A pretext for attack was made, a French army was instantly flung upon the frontier, and in three months, the French flag was seen flying from the turrets of the enemy's capital. Bona-

part's letter to the Archduke is memorable even as a record of his abrupt and ostentatious, yet subtle style :

" It is the part of a brave soldier to make war, but to wish for peace. The present strife has lasted for six years. Have we not yet slain enough of men, and sufficiently outraged humanity? Peace is demanded on all sides. Europe at large has laid down the arms assumed against the French Republic. Your nation remains alone in hostility, and yet blood flows faster than ever. This sixth campaign has commenced under ominous circumstances. End how it will, some thousands of men more will be slain on either side; and at length, after all, we must come to an agreement, for everything must have an end at last, even the angry passions of men. The Executive Directory made known to the Emperor their desire to put a period to the war which desolates both countries, but the intervention of the Court of London opposed it. Are there no means of coming to an understanding, and must we continue to cut each other's throats for the interests or passions of a nation, herself a stranger to the miseries of war ?

" You, the General-in-chief, who approach by birth so near the crown, and are above all those petty passions which agitate ministers and the members of government, will you resolve to be the benefactor of mankind, and the true saviour of Germany? Do not suppose that I mean, by that expression, to intimate, that it is impossible for you to defend yourself by force of arms; but, under the supposition that fortune were to become favourable to you, Germany would be equally exposed to ravage.

" With respect to my own feelings, General, if this proposition should be the means of saving one single life, I should prefer a civic crown, so merited, to the melancholy glory attending military triumph."

The Archduke's grave and simple answer, was a striking contrast to this theatrical declamation :

" Unquestionably, Sir, in making war, and in following the road prescribed by honour and duty, I desire as much as you the attainment of peace for the happiness of the people, and of humanity. Considering, however, that, in the situation which I hold, it is no part of my business to inquire into and determine the quarrel of the belligerent powers; and that I am not furnished on the part of the Emperor with any plenipotentiary powers for treat-

ing,—you will excuse me, General, if I do not enter into a negotiation with you touching a matter of the highest importance, but which does not lie within my department. Whatever shall happen, either respecting the future chances of the war, or the prospect of peace, I request you to be equally convinced of my distinguished esteem."

The negotiation was broken off. The Archduke made a lion-like retreat, fighting through the mountains, and turning fiercely on the French, who hung on his march step by step, until Upper Styria was evacuated, and Bonaparte, entering upon Lower Styria, saw before him the boundless plain of Austria, and, between his battalions and the walls of Vienna, nothing but a fugitive population, cities terrified and throwing open their gates, and a broken host carrying dismay far and wide through the land.

He descended from the hills, and advanced within a few marches of the capital, where the Archduke had determined to fight the final battle for his country. But the spirit of the Germans was at last broken, the fears of a great and luxurious city, roused by the unusual clamours of war, and still more keenly touched by the sight of the wounded, and wreck of its own volunteers, overwhelmed the courage of the government. The court gave the fatal example of despair, by sending its treasures into Hungary. The Archduke alone raised his voice in the grand council for resistance to the last. The army, indignant at defeat, and strongly devoted to this gallant soldier, were ready to perish with him, before a French foot should pollute the mother city of the Empire. He represented to the Council, that Bonaparte, at every step in advance, was leaving his resources behind, that he was plunging into a country where every man's hand would be raised against him, that the warlike dependencies of Austria were ready to pour down their thousands and tens of thousands on the rear of the French, and finally, that peace now made would be only a truce, leading to a bloodier and more conclusive war. His prediction was fearfully realised; within ten years, the Austrians saw Napoleon marching into Vienna over the ruin of their armics.

On the 13th of April, 1797, the

preliminaries of peace were signed at Leoben. Bonaparte had felt the hazard of his position, in the midst of the hostile millions of Austria; and he acknowledged it in his answer to the murmurs of the Directory, at his giving a respite to the Empire. "If," said he, in his dispatch from Leoben, "at the commencement of the Italian campaigns, I had made a point of going to Turin, I should never have passed the Po; had I insisted prematurely on advancing to Rome, I should never have secured Milan; and now, had I made an indispensable object of reaching Vienna, *I might have destroyed the Republic.*"

The treaty of Campo Formio ceded to France the Belgic Provinces, a boundary on the Rhine, and the virtual possession of a large part of the North of Italy, as the protectress of the Cisalpine Republic. Austria was compensated by the seizure of Venice, an act of deep criminality in both those who gave and those who profited by this sweeping plunder; yet almost to be looked on as the retributive vengeance of a superior will against the sullen tyranny, and cureless corruption of the Venetian oligarchy. Even the hypocritical speech of Bonaparte to the envoys of the senate, touches on topics that might have roused the indignation of humanity and virtue. "I will go myself," said this fierce moralist, "I will go and destroy your dungeons on the Bridge of Tears—Opinions shall be free; I will have no Inquisition!" He added, in his usual strain of ominous threat and artful exaggeration, "I might have gone to Vienna if I had willed. I have made a peace with the Emperor—I have eighty thousand men; twenty gunboats—I will hear of no Inquisition and no Senate—I will dictate the law to you—I will be an Attila to Venice—If you cannot disarm your population, I will do it in your stead—Your government is antiquated—it must crumble to pieces." Thus, with the fall of one republic, a thousand years old, and the establishment of another, the fatal humiliation of the mightiest and most ancient dynasty of Europe, and the elevation of France to a height from which her fiery strength might pour down with more consuming and resistless force upon the nations, the Italian campaigns closed. The future conqueror

of the continent had now been splendidly shown. His after triumphs were to be of a broader grandeur of desolation. Yet, in even their most exulting moments, he might have looked with regret on their contrast with the early glories of the Italian war. As he waded deeper in blood, his few traits of nobleness and generosity were stained and lost; his nature hourly darkened, until human havoc and the fierce excitement of war became essential to his being. Treachery and murder were his habitual instruments of power, and power was exercised only for tyranny. Selfish, rapacious, and blood-thirsty, he was the providential scourge of the vices of France and the continent; a moral plague made to devastate; resistless, till the interposition of the mighty punisher between the living and the dead; and extinguished amid the rejoicings of mankind.

Within even the next year a new and angular scene of partial defeat, and final supremacy, was to open upon this memorable man. The French Directory, at variance with each other, unpopular with the nation, and despised by the armies, dreaded the presence of Bonaparte in Paris. His spirit, sick of unusual quiet, and longing for command and conquest, despised the indulgences of private life; yet felt that his time to seize the Government was not yet come;—in his own expression, "the fruit was not yet ripe." His early reveries of Oriental dominion rose again. The romantic descriptions of Egypt, by Savary and Volney, were popular in France. Bonaparte proposed its conquest, and the Directory named him to the command of the expedition, which was to reveal to science the buried treasures of the birth-place of all knowledge, and give to France a new colony, worth all that had been torn from her by the British arms;—the gate to India, and the secure citadel of the Mediterranean. They had the deeper motives of freeing themselves from the invidious presence of a servant in whom they dreaded a master; and of chaining up, far from France, a body of troops fierce with victory, and sworn to the fortunes of their general.

On the 19th of May, 1798, the Egyptian armament sailed from Toulon. On the 29th of June the troops

landed at Alexandria, and pursued the armed Copts and Mamelukes through the valley of the Nile into Upper Egypt. But the enemy—that was yet to confront and pursue Napoleon through all his career, to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength, and, finally, to strike him to the earth without hope—was now roused.

On the 15th of August, the British fleet, under Nelson, was seen steering down on the bay of Aboukir. The French fleet was instantly attacked.—The long preparations for defence, the land batteries, the hazards of a difficult and untried shore, all gave way to Nelson. In an action, whose story is immortal, the French armament was destroyed, the French expedition sealed up in a foreign country, and England made the mistress of the Mediterranean.

Bonaparte now felt the rashness of his hope to found an Asiatic empire. His troops were baffled by the natives, headed and inspired by a few British at Acre. He felt himself a prisoner, —saw, in the disturbances and perils which shook France, the natural field for his ambition, —abandoned his army, and escaped to restore the fortunes of the French armies, and be a king.

The Directory, contemptible in their personal characters, had soon alienated all parties. The Russians, under the famous Suwarow, had destroyed the *elite* of the French armies in Italy. France was in the state of mingled indignation and terror that an innovator loves; and Bonaparte had none of those scruples that might restrain a generous mind from the full use of opportunity.

The crisis rapidly arrived,—the Directory attempted to sustain their sinking power by the popularity of Bonaparte,—the two legislative bodies, the Council of Ancients and the Council of Five Hundred, openly quarrelled. Both were suddenly crushed. The part of Cromwell was acted again in the expulsion of the Legislature by an armed force. Three Consuls superseded the Directory and the Constitution. Bonaparte, under the title of First Consul, was made sovereign, —and the Republic, the funeral-pile of the ancient throne, raised with so vast an expenditure of human blood and misery, sank down in its own ashes.

He had now made the second grand

step of his ambition, and had but one more to make, and stand at the summit. Fortune still led him on through difficulties that might have overpowered even his subtle and vigorous genius. Had he found France at peace, domestic intrigue would have gathered round him; and as one fluctuation of party had lifted him up, the next might have buried him. But he had returned at the moment when his ability was most essential to the State, and his laurels, already fading by time and absence, might be revived in still thicker verdure. The Austrian and Russian arms had stripped France of her Italian territories. Genoa, commanding the passes into the south of France, was on the point of surrender, and Provence must then be open to invasion. On the Rhine, bloody battles had only taught the armies on both sides to dread the further conflict. The war languished; but the languor of Austria, habitual to her councils, was almost a proof of her success. The languor of France, famous for wild energy, bold hazard, and restless assaults, was a total change of character, and must be argued into her weakness.

Bonaparte determined to arouse the world by a thunderclap. With an army of sixty thousand men, he crossed the Alps, in three divisions, himself leading thirty thousand over the Great St Bernard, by a route deemed impassable. This was one of the boldest and most unrivalled marches of modern war. In ancient war it has but one rival—that of Hannibal. But there are distinctions in the exploits of those two great masters of strategy. Hannibal's expedition, as a whole, has no equal in the daring spirit and intellectual grandeur of the design, to attack the Roman power in its centre, in the conduct of the march from the Spanish frontier, through hostile and barbarous tribes, to the Alps, and in the succession of battles that made him all but disposer of the destinies of Rome. His passage of the Alps was but a brilliant moment in a long course of military splendour. The route by the Little St Bernard was familiar to the traders of Gaul and Rome; soldiers could have found no formidable obstacles in a road by which elephants moved, and the chief difficulty evidently arose from the skir-mishing of the mountaineers.

The passage of the Great St Ber-



nard by Bonaparte, was unobstructed by an enemy; but the road had never been traversed by troops before, it was inaccessible to artillery and baggage. The weather was inolement, and a storm, an avalanche, or even the fire of an Austrian battalion, would have repulsed or destroyed the French army, and averted the fates of Europe. Yet the greater celerity and dexterity of modern military operations are strikingly shown by the contrast of the two passages. Hannibal's occupied three days, and cost him a large proportion of his troops. Bonaparte's occupied one, and was achieved with scarcely the loss of a man. The greater length of the ancient passage, and the resistance of the mountaineers, are not adequate to account for the difference. As a detached exploit, the Corsican's is the superior; but the whole movement of Hannibal, from Spain to Cannæ, has no rival in brilliancy of conception, in originality, and in that illustrious hardihood that constitutes the first quality of the great soldier.

The French manœuvre was decisive of the war. Bonaparte was instantly upon the rear of the Austrians, exulting in the capture of Genoa, and anticipating the invasion of France. The sound of the French trumpets broke up all their dreams. To save their magazines, they were compelled to hurry back into Italy. On the 14th of May, 1800, the battle of Marengo was fought, a memorable instance of the precariousness of military fortune. The French were beaten until late in the day. There were not six thousand men left standing to their arms in the whole line. Bonaparte was in retreat. Melas, the Austrian general, had retired to his tent in the full assurance of victory. Before nightfall the Austrians were in full flight, with ruinous slaughter. On the next morning, a capitulation gave Bonaparte the keys of all the Austrian fortresses in Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Legations. A single hour had reconquered Italy.

France was now paramount on the Continent, and Bonaparte was lord of France. The conspiracy of the Infernal Machine enabled him to overthrow the last remnant of the Jacobins, to establish the law declaring an attempt on his life high-treason—thus assuming the rank of a king—and to

appoint himself First Consul for life. Without a competitor on the land, he aspired to the dominion of the sea: But England was still irresistible in war. His subtle policy conceived her destruction by peace. The fall of Egypt before the gallantry of the British troops, removed the last source of contention; and, on the 27th of March, 1802, after a five months' negotiation, the faithless and short-lived peace of Amiens was signed; England retaining none of her conquests but Ceylon and Trinidad, and France left in her supremacy over Europe, and now at leisure to usurp the commerce, corrupt the national habits, and undermine the politic strength of the great champion of European freedom.

The danger was averted by the rashness of the traitor himself. A commercial people easily reverts to the habits and security of peace. A few years might have found all the warlike establishments of England in irreparable decay. But it was instantly found, that the system of Bonaparte was substantially aggression—conquest in peace, if he could accomplish it by the blackest perfidy—conquest in war, if he must use the sword. His first act was the seizure of Switzerland, and the assumption of its sovereignty, under the title of "Grand Mediator of the Helvetic Republic." This was a direct offence to the spirit of the treaty. The next was an insolent demand of the admission of French spies, as "commercial agents," into the British ports. A multitude of minor violations put the unwilling cabinet at length on its guard. The cession of Malta was justly delayed, on the ground that the treaty had been already impaired. Bonaparte sent for the British Ambassador, Lord Whitworth, and poured out menaces against England. The ambassador still resisted the cession of Malta without a sufficient security, that it would not be seized by France. He left Paris, and, on the 18th of May 1803; that war was declared, which was to change the face of Europe, and extinguish the throne, the dynasty, and the glories of Napoleon.

The original menace of France had been invasion; and the first efforts of her master, were the march of his whole disposable force to her Western coast, and the construction of flotillas



for their debarkation. But he must have felt it ominous, that the first use of his cannon was to line the French shore with batteries against the desperate daring of the British; and that from the borders of his camp only British ships were to be seen. Had his vision extended beyond, he would have seen a still more formidable barrier,—a great people, that, forgetting the casual dissensions of freedom, and animated only by its nobler spirit, covered hill and valley with armed myriads, determined to live or die unchained; and in the heroic remembrance of their fathers, the generous love and homage for their constitution, and the still loftier and more redeeming consciousness, that their cause was the cause of man and God, longing to be led to final battle.

Napoleon, at the head of the government, and commanding in person the army of France, had now reached the moment when the crown hung within his grasp. The "fruit" to use his early phrase, "was ripe;" and he plucked it with a bold hand. The formation of the Legion of Honour, a bribe to the army, and the appointment of a Consular guard of 6000 men, were among the final advances to the seizure of unlimited sovereignty.

Vicious nations are made for tyranny. The natural corruptions of the French character had been deepened and envenomed by the riot of the Revolution. As repeated battles wear away the strength of an army, so repeated changes of government exhaust the principles of a people. The virtuous perish by their resistance, until virtue becomes another name for folly. The vicious prosper by their guilty flexibility, until crime is the acknowledged way to distinction. At length some more daring criminal climbs upon the necks of the rest. He feels the insecurity of a power gained over madmen and traitors, and governs them by the only authority that they can understand,—the sword and the scaffold.

But one crime more was to prepare the way for Despotism. It was of the blackest atrocity, unpalliated by even the tyrant's plea, and less like an act of human policy or passion, than a gloomy pledge to that Tempter, that was yet to exact the full penalty of his bond. The Duc d'Enghien, the

last descendant of the line of Comdé, was seized on the neutral territory of Baden; was dragged to Paris, brought before a military commission at midnight, without counsel, witness, or friend, condemned on a fictitious charge of conspiracy, and at six in the morning shot, and thrown into a hole in the fosse of the castle of Vincennes, which had been dug for him before his trial.

Napoleon's hands were now, as he termed it, "washed in the blood of the Bourbons," and they were but the fitter to grasp the sceptre that was to be dipped in the blood of universal Europe. On the 2d of December, he was crowned by Pope Pius VII., himself laying the crown on his own brow and that of the Empress, in haughty indication that its right and maintenance existed in his own hands. On the 11th of April 1805, he was crowned King of Italy at Milan, and had to thirst only for the crown of the World.

His ambition at length stood revealed, and no prince could feel safe in its presence. The fierce victories of Republicanism had shown the hazards of a conflict with France; but the sudden disruptions of Government, and the divided council of a Democracy, had often checked the storm in its full descent, and left a refuge to the nations. But this hope was to be no more. The public writers, too, increased the general depression by all the language of a timid or traitorous fancy. The elements of ruin were now to be compelled together, guided, and poured down by one fearful hand; the mysterious councils of the Devastation were to be henceforth known only by the terrors of their execution; and the disordered violence, and intemperate rashness of Jacobin fanaticism, cupidity, and revenge, were to be moulded into a mass of force, compact, constant, and irresistible.

The system of the French Emperor was felt to be a declaration of war against mankind. In 1805, a coalition was formed by England, Austria, and Russia. They demanded of France the independence of Holland and Switzerland, the evacuation of Hanover and the North of Germany, the restoration of Piedmont to the King of Sardinia, and the withdrawing of the French armies from Italy. Those terms were haughtily answered by a decree for calling out a conscription of

80,000 men, and the instant movement of the army from the camps of the Channel against Austria. The troops marched thirty miles a-day, while the enemy had calculated their advance at ten. The campaign was thus a surprise, the most decisive in the memory of man. The Austrian van of 80,000 men was surrounded, and forced to lay down its arms at Ulm. Vienna, the reward of the victory, was entered in triumph by Napoleon on the 13th of November. Austria concentrated her last force with the Russians on the plains of Moravia. The Allies and the French were equal in number, each about 75,000 men. Nothing shows more clearly the utter surprise of the Austrian Government by the promptitude of Napoleon, than the fact, that the whole native force in this combat for existence was but 25,000. He attacked the Allies at Austerlitz on the 2d of December, the anniversary of his coronation, broke through their line, which had rashly attempted to outflank him, slew or took prisoners 20,000, and laid Austria at his mercy. The treaty of Presburg deprived her of the Tyrol and Vorarlberg, which were given to Bavaria, and of Venice, which was united to the kingdom of Italy. The Electors of Wirtemberg and Bavaria were made kings. Such was the first evidence of the imperial sword of Napoleon—an empire prostrated in a six months' campaign, and by a single battle.

But it was when the sword was sheathed that the true conquest began. No campaign since that in which Cæsar decided the mastery of the Roman world, was ever followed by results so wide. The Austrian power, with all its faults, was the true defence of the Continent. Antiquated and unwieldy, it had yet stood, a great armed figure of the days of knighthood; the crowned and helmeted champion of the multitude of the German Sovereignities. But the keener weapon of France had reached the heart through the armour, and the whole vassalage fell with the fall of their chieftain. Napoleon saw his victory to the utmost, and he determined that Austria should never again stand in front of the Empire of Charlemagne. The Confederation of the Rhine was formed, and the title of Emperor of Germany finally extinguished.

In the pride of conquest, Napoleon took upon himself almost the name of

an earthly Providence. By a stroke of his pen, he alienated and distributed kingdoms. From the cabinet of the Tuileries, covered like the ancient oracles with laboured mystery, he promulgated commands, to which kings and people listened as to their fate. Diadems were the reward of submission, slaughter and chains the punishment of resistance. Secrecy, terror, and splendour, combined to make the throne of France the most magnificent and fearful seat of imposture that had ever overhung the world.

But power like Napoleon's disdained concealment. He rapidly developed his determination to bind all Europe to the supremacy of France, by surrounding her borders with a circle of dependent kingdoms. As the commencement of this system of imperial ramparts, Holland was given to his brother Louis. Other individuals of his blood were fixed in remoter sovereignties; Naples was given to Joseph; Lucca to his sister Eliza; Guastalla to his sister Pauline; the Grand Duchy of Berg to Murat, his sister Caroline's husband; his stepson, Eugene Beauharnois, was appointed Viceroy of Italy, and married to the daughter of the King of Bavaria; Stephanie Beauharnois, Eugene's sister, was married to the Hereditary Prince of Baden. Among all the extraordinary workings of Napoleon's power, this sudden exaltation of nameless individuals to pre-eminence, struck Europe with the strangest surprise. The French Revolution had, from the beginning, the character of a great theatric illusion. But now, with the rapidity of an enchanter's wand, all life was reversed before the eye. The cottage was changed into the palace; the costumes of ordinary and obscure life were touched into robes of gold and jewels; the stage was crowded with sudden wielders of the sceptre, glittering and powerful dividers of the destinies of mankind!—With what scenic rapidity the pageant was to pass, and the curtain to fall!

From this time, the French Emperor distinctly formed the plan of a sovereignty which had no limits but the globe. He had found the strength of England pressing against him as his war-system extended, and acknowledged in words, and more expressive actions, that while she remained to rally the broken fortunes of Europe,

all his victories were in vain. But her ruin would be more than the removal of his most formidable enemy.

England held the gate to the high-road of the Western and Eastern worlds. "With my armies and your fleets we must divide the kingdom of the earth," was his language to the English Government in peace. "England and France cannot survive together," was his more sincere language, on the declaration of hostilities.

But he had found direct attack impossible. He had twice threatened England with invasion; and the threat had only recoiled in shame upon the utterer, and displayed in the broadest splendour the valour and giant strength of the Land of Freemen. To conquer her by peace became once more his policy, but to urge her to pacification, she must be first stripped of the hope of restoring Europe. Russia, the only untouched power of the Continent, alone stood in the way, and her mutilation was resolved on. But Prussia, that lay like the fortress of the North of Germany, on the flank of the march, must not be left behind to take advantage of the chances of this colossal warfare. It was attacked and overpowered in a single assault. The whole stately fabric of the science and fortunes of the Great Frederick came to the ground in a moment under the fire of the French cannon; and the battle of Jena, on the 13th of October, 1806, with a deeper vengeance than that of Austerlitz, drove the King to take refuge among strangers, and turned his kingdom into a garrison of Napoleon.

The way was cleared for his march to the north, and the declaration was now issued, by which the ruin of England was proclaimed as the grand object of war. The Berlin Decrees commanded an abjuration of all intercourse with her by the Continent. The measure was impotent; it was baffled by the vigorous commerce of the British Empire; it was hated and evaded by all the commercial powers that were still undegraded by the actual presence of the French bayonets; and it was violated in even the recesses of Napoleon's palace. But even its partial operation laid a load of misery to the account of his crimes against mankind.

The first Russian war began. Napoleon advanced into Poland. The Russians, under Benninguen, retreated before his superiority of force. The

dreadful severities of a Northern winter could not impede the fierce ambition that had sworn to separate Russia from Europe, and drive back the Empire to its fountain head in the desert. Three desperate encounters, Pultusk, fought in November, with partial discomfiture to the French; Eylau, fought in February 1807, a drawn battle; and Friedland, fought in June, with great loss to the Russians, produced the treaty of Tilsit, which publicly stipulated for the seizure of Finland, and privately for that of Constantinople. The conditions claimed by France were, the revival of the Armed Neutrality, the seizure of Spain, and the shutting of the Russian ports against English commerce, an exclusion which was followed by Austria and Prussia.

Napoleon was now to begin a new period of his violent and reckless career. He had poured the strength of France over the North and East of Europe, with the consuming rapidity of the stream from a volcano, but he was now to encounter another species of resistance; to plunge his torrents of living fire into a new and mighty element, in which they were to be extinguished and buried for ever. He had warred with kings, he was now to war with the people.

Pursuing the cruel and illusory scheme of destroying England by the destruction of commerce, a measure which embittered even the military slavery of the Continent, he had succeeded to the extent of a public exclusion of British trade in the immense line of coast from the Baltic to the Bay of Biscay. But Spain and Portugal, connected with England by those old ties of habit which are stronger than treaties, and even by those necessities which neither king nor victor can control, still carried on an intercourse too valuable to themselves to be broken up by a paper blockade. It was decreed in councils prolific of the subversion of kingdoms, that Spain and Portugal should become provinces of France.

As if with the predestined design of showing to the world the baseness of which ambition might be made, the progress of Napoleon to this seizure was marked with the true character of the man. Hitherto he had conquered by the natural weapons of a soldier, or if art had mingled with them, it was scarcely of a more degraded kind

them that which belongs to the lax morality of war. But his art now sank below stratagem. It was falsehood, meanness, systematic perfidy, a mass of black abomination. And this baseness was, if possible, deepened by its want of all that could be termed necessity. The Spanish throne was filled by a man of weak intellect. The Spanish Cabinet was filled by a compound of fools and traitors. Both would have been a voluntary prey. Neither could have required that serpentine winding, that long convolution of loathsome and abhorrent subtlety, that reptile approach and fatal venom, by which they were entangled and undone. This was Napoleon himself. The project and the policy were exclusively his own. His habitual agents, shorn of their honours as they have been since by the common indignation of mankind, have yet exonerated themselves from all share in a transaction by which Napoleon established his title to the first rank of treachery.

He was yet to feel the retribution, and feel it with a miserable consciousness of his crime. "That wretched war," were his words in his last exile, "That wretched war, it was my ruin. It divided my forces—it multiplied the necessity of my efforts—it injured my character for MORALITY." It was in this injury, more than in the loss of battles, in the wasted hundreds of thousands, that left their bones to whiten the rocks of Spain, or in the military humiliation of his name by the naked hands of the mountain and the forest, that the retributive blow was dealt. It stamped him with indelible personal baseness before the world,—it proved him "a liar traced,"—it showed the utter futility of looking for honour in his nature, or relying on any pledge for his word but his chains. If he could have looked forward but a few years, he would have seen that, in the very hour of his keenest triumph at Bayonne, with the dynasty of Spain bound hand and foot before him, he was building his dungeon, and in that dungeon digging his grave.

His military discomfitures, in the early campaigns of the Spanish war, compelled him to another desperate struggle for Germany. The Austrian Empire, mutilated and insulted, longed for revenge, and the opportunity was taken in the absence of Napoleon

in the Peninsula. But his star was not yet to fail. With characteristic rapidity he flew to the hostile frontier, fought the great battles of Eckmühl, Asperne, and Wagram, and again took possession of the capital, reducing Austria to solicit the peace of Schoenbrunn, in October 1809, by which she gave up 45,000 square miles of territory, and a population of nearly four millions. A scarcely less remarkable event was the arrest of Pope Pius VII. and the annexation of his states to France, by the entrance of the French into Rome, February 2d, and the decree of the 17th of May.

But the time hastened on when the career of this man of power and evil was to close. His triumphs were already turning into his misfortunes. The successful seizure of the Spanish royal family had been followed by the most ruinous of his wars. His conquest of Austria was followed by an event, which, while it gave a new dye to his personal baseness, probably gave the most fatal impulse to his fall. The giddy policy, perhaps the empty ambition of a lofty alliance, and the chance of an heir to the French throne, prompted him to demand a daughter of Austria in marriage. To divorce Josephine cost his native heartlessness nothing. Her early connexion with his fortunes, her long attachment, and the personal merits of a character,—which, if fidelity, benevolence, and an unblamed course of years, can redeem early error, should have made the feelings of this graceful and accomplished woman sacred to him,—were but as dust in the balance. She was divorced without a cause; and Napoleon, by a marriage, which was an adultery, became the husband of Maria Louisa of Austria.

It is cheering to our common scorn of ingratitude—the basest of the vices—to trace its punishment. This marriage was among the immediate causes of Napoleon's ruin. It deprived him of the counsel of an intelligent and disinterested friend, who had often restrained the violences of his impetuous nature. It disgusted all the principled classes of France—it gave the agitators an easy opportunity of throwing suspicion on his policy, and quoting the old evils of an Austrian alliance—it finally awoke the determination of Russia to resist, at all hazards. The combination of France with Austria menaced the Czar with utter

overthrow. "The next step," said Alexander, on the announcement of the marriage, "will be to drive me back to my forests." A more solemn and fearful result of this contempt of human obligation may have been the work of that invisible justice, which suffers the long career of guilt, only to make its punishment more decisive. Napoleon now touched the limit of all his glories.

It has been justly said of wealth and rank, that their true unimportance is shown by the worthlessness of the hands to which they are often confided. In the eyes of the Supreme Wisdom, they perhaps are but as baubles scattered among children. The maxim may be extended to power. A possession so often given to the keeping of the vicious, the heartless, and the weak, cannot be among the treasures of Providence. Partially intended for a trial, or in rare instances for a reward, its general purpose may be the maintenance of the course of things, without relation to the merits or even an intended influence on the happiness of its depositary. To the eyes of private life, the steps that tread upon the high places of society are the objects of such envy as belongs to ignorance and the native discontent of man. But the peasant of the valley who envies the peasant of the mountain, must be content to exchange quiet and shelter for the doubtful indulgences of the loftier exposure, and purchase the more cloudless sunshine and more extended vision, by a lonelier retirement from human feelings, and perhaps a life of more anxious and capricious danger. If opulence, rank, name, and power of the highest elevation, were intrinsic blessings, they could not have been intrusted to the hands of Napoleon.

But this supremacy, that looked down full-orbed on the broken and prostrate nations of the Continent, was on the verge of eclipse; and within a period almost too brief for the contemplation of history, yet full of events that may be felt in every future age, it was finally overshadowed. One year of haughty and unshaken domination was still interposed between Napoleon and the first approach of his undoing. Determined on the sub-

version of the Russian empire, he summoned the vassal kings to Dresden, to overawe his last antagonist by the display of his power—to give Germany his parting menace against breach of allegiance, and perhaps, in the vanity of a tyrant's triumph, to feed his eye with the spectacle of a circle of crowned slaves. He could not restrain this ungenerous exultation: "Come," he wrote to Talma. "At Dresden, you shall play to a pitiful of kings." The Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, a crowd of Electors and Potentates, surrounded the dispenser of thrones. Eleven sovereign princes attended his commands, thus to humiliate their diadems and people before the feet of an usurper. All history offers no example of an assemblage so superb and so humiliated,—so hopeless of restoration, yet so swiftly and nobly restored.

What but the arm of Providence could have scattered, with the suddenness of the fall of a billow, the power of the French empire? Past and gone as it is, even its memory is appalling. Its actual limits were scarcely defined by a line drawn from the Baltic round the shores of the Continent, along the Pyrenees, and from the Pyrenees round Italy, to the dominions of the Porte, Naples alone excepted, as under the nominal sovereignty of Murat. But the virtual Empire also comprehended Switzerland, the Confederation of the Rhine, and a crowd of minor principedoms; thus constituting a dominion of 800,000 square miles, and 85 millions of people; the fifth of Europe in territory, the half in population; and in site, fertility, and military means, immeasurably overmatching all that remained. The actual population of France, and the provinces united to its territory, was 42 millions, in the centre of Europe.

As the origin of this stupendous dominion had been conquest, it was still ruled by the sword. The prime mover of, the great machine was an army, unexampled in numbers, still more unexampled in equipment, discipline, and habits of war, and deriving yet higher distinction from the fame and talent of its leaders, and, above all, of him who was the master and soul of all, Napoleon.

The list of this vast accumulation of force, is a document that belongs to the history of its founder.

The total amount of the French army was	850,000 men
The army of Italy, under Eugene	50,000
— of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and other Poles	60,000
— of Bavaria	40,000
— of Saxony	30,000
— of Westphalia	30,000
— of Wirtemberg	15,000
— of Baden	9,000
— of the Confederation of the Rhine	23,000
— Prussian Auxiliaries	20,000
— Austrian Auxiliaries	30,000
— The army of Naples	30,000
	<hr/>
	1,187,000
Deducting from these for sickness, furlough, &c.	387,000

There remains the overwhelming multitude of eight hundred thousand soldiers, in the highest state of preparation for war.

At the head of this host, the wildest vanity might be almost forgiven. But Napoleon's was the iron tongue of merciless and insulting tyranny. He declared himself "forced to assume the Dictatorship of the World." To Fouché, who had ventured to remonstrate against the Russian war, his sullen answer was,—"My destiny is not yet accomplished.—There must be one Universal European Code, one Court of Appeal;—the same money, the same weights and measures, the same laws, must have currency through Europe. I must make one nation out of all the European States, and Paris must be the capital of the world!"—He had climbed to his height of power—if his eye could have then reverted to the long ascent behind him, what a vision lay there—what mingled scenes of victory and ruin—of armies overwhelmed, and thrones cast down—of baffled heroism and magnificence soiled and scattered—Europe at his feet. But a sterner strength than that of man was now upon him. He must advance, and his next step was from a precipice.

Napoleon, at the head of three armies amounting to 470,000 men, assailed Russia on a frontier of six hundred miles. The Russian troops, commanded by Barclay de Tolly, were 260,000. The narrative of this campaign is imperishable. It displayed in the noblest light the gallantry of the Russian troops, and the patriotism of the Emperor and his people. The

burning of Moscow was a sacrifice to which history has no rival. But it was rewarded. The capital in flames was the funeral pile of Napoleon's empire. The retreat through the wilderness inflicted the last horrors upon the invading army. What the sword could not reach, the storm, in its rage, extinguished. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Napoleon's death-blow was now given. The campaign of the following year was only a despairing effort to recover Germany. The great battle of Leipsic in 1813, crushed invasion for ever, and drove the French behind the Rhine. In 1814 France at length felt the horrors of war. The vassal sovereigns threw off their reluctant allegiance, and joined the Allies. A succession of sanguinary battles led the invaders to Paris; and Napoleon, dethroned and exiled, was the prize of the war. His return in 1815—the sudden gathering of armed Europe to crush him—the fate which reserved him to sink at Waterloo, and to be dragged in triumph at the chariot wheels of England—his final exile—his abject love of life, and his obscure end, are among the most striking remembrances of a history, that is less the narrative of human action than the unveiling of the march of Heaven. The result of this long series of vicissitude was to place the universal crown, torn from the brow of France, on the brow of England. The defence of the true principles of the great Com-

monwealth of Nations, Liberty, Justice, and Religion—the display of a political firmness that nothing could corrupt or shake—seconded by a heroism that nothing could overcome, made her the fitting depository of an influence to which all nations pay open or implied homage. On the grave of Napoleon, Rebellion seems to have died; the energies of nations have returned to the cultivation of peace; the moral, like the physical soil of Europe, no longer encumbered with crime and blood, is beginning to yield the products of a wise and tranquil industry. To the general eye all is full of the promise of perpetual calm.

Yet there are mysterious threatenings, that may well keep the eye of the Philosopher and the Christian strongly turned to that loftier region in which the changes of human things are born. A moment may cover the earth with clouds, and break up the slumbers of mankind with a visitation, to which all the past was peace; a tempestuous developement of power, in which the strength of man will be withered and scattered like forest leaves before the blast, and the final ends of punishment and mercy be wrought upon the world.

## CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### *Broad Summerford.*

THE history of one day at the Rectory was an epitome of all; and yet there was no monotony—no dullness—no gloom—no heavy flight of time, in that dear mansion. I never knew a tedious hour, during my long sojourn of a full twelvemonth, within its hospitable walls; and yet I had no companions of my own age—nor any indeed, except my two venerable relations, and the four-footed and feathered creatures, with whom I was always sure to contract speedy and familiar intimacy.

In the morning, I generally attended Mrs Seale in all her home avocations, and, when they were dispatched, not unfrequently accompanied her on a round of charitable visits in the adjoining village. Those early hours were usually passed by Mr Seale in his study, and, notwithstanding my vagabond propensities, I would not have forfeited the privilege of being allowed to read with him one daily hour in that pleasant, quiet room, (made deliciously sombre by the shade of a huge old jessamine which embowered the large bay window,) for all the temptations which lay in wait for me in garden, copse, or meadow. I have ever since delighted in the smell of jessamine and Russia leather, (strange association!) because it immediately brings that dear, old-fashioned room, and its revered occupant, vividly before my mind's eye.

We dined at two o'clock, and, after a short nap in his great, high-backed armed-chair, Mr Seale generally sallied forth on what he was wont to term his evening rounds through the hamlet, and among the more scattered and remote dwellings of his large parish—in every one of which he was a visitor, not less frequent than welcome and respected. He had a word in season for all: Of comfort—of encouragement—of advice—of consolation—of remonstrance—of rebuke also, when occasion called for it; and never did the good man (whatever pain it cost him) shrink behind motives of false humanity, from the strict performance of that imperative duty. Nor were the severe truths he uttered less awfully impressive, because it was well known and felt, by every individual of his flock, that their benevolent pastor loved far better to dwell on the promises of the gospel, than on its terrible denunciations.

But Mr Seale administered not only to the spiritual wants of his parishioners; he also cared tenderly for their temporal necessities; and having considerable knowledge of medicine, and being “intrusted,” as he termed it, with a competent income, his means of doing good were manifold, and they were improved to the uttermost. Happy and proud was I, when the good old man, refreshed by his short siesta, entered the drawing-room with his

hat on, his staff in hand, (just such a one, methinks, as Bishop Jewel's \* trusty steed,) and a small basket containing medicines and cordials, which, with a smile of invitation, he invited his "little apprentice," as he called me, to carry for the old Doctor.

Happy and proud was I to obey that cheerful summons; and powerful as were the attractions of meadow rambles, swinging upon gates, and scrambling over hedges and ditches, I was not to be lured abroad by any of those refined pastimes, while a chance existed, that by sitting quietly beside Mrs Helen's embroidery frame, I should be called upon to accompany the Rector in his pastoral progress. Dear Mrs Helen never walked farther than that part of the scattered hamlet immediately adjoining the rectory domain. I cannot fancy *she* could ever have taken a *good long walk*, as it is called. That small fine frame of hers, though perfectly organised, was surely composed of materials too delicate for robust exercise. 'Those little, little feet, looked as if they had never moved but on Persian carpets, or velvet grass-plats. They would hardly have disgraced a Chinese lady; and among the curiosities contained in the India cabinet, was an embroidered Chinese shoe, that did not match amiss with her little black-velvet slipper. I used to call her the "Fairy Graciosa."

Our tea-time was six o'clock. In summer, the after-hours of day-light

were commonly spent in a large, pleasant alcove, terminating the broad garden-walk, to which Mrs Helen's foot-stool, her carpet-work, or tambour-frame, were duly conveyed by John Somers. Then Mr Seale busied himself about his flower-borders, and I assisted him in the agreeable task, so much to his satisfaction, that he was wont to call me his "neat-handed Phillis;" and after some apprenticeship in the initiatory care of sweet williams, clove pinks, and some such second-rate beauties, I was preferred to the high responsibility of securing the full buds of the rarest carnations, against the danger of premature and irregular bursting, and of tending and even watering the delicate auriculas, more sedulously guarded from every caprice of the elements, than ever was Eastern princess, "the light of the Harem." If any weeds of vanity lurked in the good man's heart, they sprang surely from his passion for those favourite flowers; and I have seen him stand for ten minutes at a time, entranced in admiration of a "Lovely Helen," or a "Powdered Beau!"

Those were verily right pleasant hours, when I followed my dear master from flower to flower, with the small green watering-pot, the slender sticks, and nicely shredded strings of fine wet bass. To this day, when busied in my own garden, I have occasion to use the latter material; its peculiar smell gives me a strange, inde-

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\* "As soon as he (Mr Hooker) was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied by a countryman, and companion of his own college, and both on foot, which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility, made it so: But on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good Bishop (Jewel), who made Mr Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table; which Mr Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and his friends. And at the Bishop's parting with him, the Bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the Bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him; and at Richard's return, the Bishop said to him, 'Richard, I sent for you back, to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease;' and presently delivered to him a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, 'Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: Be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her, I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me: And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college. And so God bless you, good Richard.' "



scribable pleasures, as strongly and invariably does it bring to my recollection that sweet garden of Broad Summerford Rectory, and my two dear and indulgent companions.

John Somers and twilight came together. The former to re-convey to the house Mrs Helen's foot-stool and working apparatus; the latter gently intimating to the venerable pair, that it was time for aged heads to seek shelter from the falling dews. It was very pleasing to observe the old-fashioned politeness and tender caution, with which Mr Seale supported on his own feeble arm the more infirm frame of his beloved companion, as they slowly retraced the flower-bordered walk towards their quiet dwelling, holding "sweet converse" by the way, and lingering often—now in mutual admiration of some half-opened, dew-glittering rose—or to watch the antic circles of the bat—or to gaze upon the evening star—or to catch the last mellow notes of the blackbird's vesper hymn—or the deeper tone of the curfew from the neighbouring steeple. And if it was a moonlight evening, candles were not soon called for, on their re-entering the parlour. The old couple dearly loved to sit together at that beautiful bay-window, in meditative and social—yes—social silence, contemplating the glorious uprising of the broad full moon, or the silvery brightness of her growing crescent, emerging from behind the dark mass of the old church tower, and "its embowering elms." Solemn and pleasant, doubtless, at such seasons, were the thoughts of those kindred hearts. Theirs, whose earthly race was so nearly run—whose hopes tended to the same goal—whose innocent lives had flowed on in the same peaceful channel—and who trusted not to be divided in their deaths. Surely, though "speech nor language" were at such times interchanged, their hearts communed with each other, and with good spirits, ascending and descending from those starry heavens, whereunto their aged eyes were so devoutly uplifted. Young and volatile as I was, I should have felt it little less than sacrilegious to interrupt that sacred silence. I too loved well to sit silent and unobserved in my dark corner, contemplating with affectionate reverence that beautiful picture of happy old age.

As the days shortened, we had some reading in the evening.—History, sacred and profane.—Voyages.—Travels.—Biography.—and Sir Charles Grandison.—And Mr Seale and Mrs Helen often played a match at backgammon before supper. That was brought in at half past nine precisely; and soon after ten, the Christian household once more re-assembled round their reverend and revered master, to conclude the day as they had commenced it, with thanksgiving, prayer, and adoration.

Such was the history of one day at Broad Summerford. And I have already told you, that one was the epitome of all, with very slight variations—such as the occasional calls of friends or neighbours; for though the aged lady of the Rectory paid no visits herself, many courted and sought her society, ever sure of a kind and cordial welcome. And Mr Seale now and then brought home a dinner guest, unceremoniously invited, in his morning ramble; and once or twice in the year, Mrs Helen collected together a rather numerous evening assembly, formally convened at a fortnight's notice, by regular invitation cards, to obtain which there was as much emulation (though certainly less intriguing,) as if the dear old lady had been a distinguished leader of *Haut-ton*, and her party the first opening of a fashionable campaign. And in the surrounding neighbourhood of Broad Summerford, there was no lack of the great, the gay, and the fashionable, and yet none but thought themselves honoured by an invitation to the Rectory.—Perhaps, too, the mere charm of novelty had its full share of attraction for some of those modish guests, whose habitual listlessness might have found a temporary interest and excitement in the strong contrast, opposed by the warm-hearted simplicity within those quiet walls, to the artificial heartlessness which characterized their own circles.

Be that as it may, it rarely happened that any answer but a ready acceptance was returned for one of Mrs Helen's invitation cards; and, the party once invited and arranged, then sounded great note of preparation. And, then was Mrs Betty in her glory! to say nothing of her less bustling and important, though not less active lady. Then began such com-

pounding of seed-cakes, and pound-cakes, and plain-cakes, and wafers, and crumpets, and all sorts of indescribable accompaniments, as might have set out half-a-dozen confectioners' shops. And then—for those were the good old times of suppers, and hot suppers—there was such stuffing of turkey poulters—such larding of capons—such collaring of eels—such potting of savoury meats—such whipping of syllabubs—such spinning of sugar—such powdering with comfits—such devices, and surprises, and “subtleties,” (almond hedgehogs, and floating islands included,) as Mrs Glass herself might have been proud to have had a hand in. During that whole week of preparation, the approach to the Rectory was like that to one of the Spice islands. All round the house, the perfume of lilacs and seringas (if they were in flower) was fairly overpowered by the exotic odours of mace and cinnamon; and I used to conceit—*dans mon petit moi-même*—that the persons of Mrs Helen and her faithful Betty must have been half embalmed, by the time their labours were over in that nest of spicery. You are not, however, to infer that the quiet and elegant routine of domestic regulations was at all infringing upon by these extraneous proceedings, that anything like vulgar bustle, or *parvenu* anxiety, marked the grand reception-day, or that Mrs Helen's serene self-possession was in any way affected by the expectation, or arrival, of her guests. She was too perfectly the gentlewoman to feel any such underbred trepidations; and her true politeness—the courtesy of the heart—gave to her whole deportment such natural gracefulness, as could never have been imparted by the finest artificial polish. Besides, everything was in good taste, and in perfect keeping throughout the whole modest establishment. No attempt—no pretension—no display—no cold best rooms to be thrown open for its one grand day of annual exhibition—no sumptuous carpets to be uncovered—no cold glazy cushions to be unceased—no costly gilding to be unpapered—no swathed-up curtains to be unswathed—no ornamental trumpery to be arranged with elaborate carelessness—no unusual decoration to be remarked in the large, comfortable, constantly-used drawing-room, except that the green dragon bean-pots were

filled with some of Mr Seale's choicest flowers, never cut by the dear old man but on such special occasions,—ostensibly as an offering to Mrs Helen; but having hinted as his besetting sin—his floral vanity—I may just venture the surmise, that his liberality was not purely disinterested, and that a cynical eye might have detected original sin in the delight which beamed in his mild countenance, when the beautiful bouquets, near which he was sure to post himself, drew forth admiring exclamations from the courteous by-standers, and humble petitions for slips and cuttings at the proper season.

Nothing could exceed the tone of elegant propriety, of perfect respectability, which pervaded the whole establishment. Old John Somers, with his silvery hair, and suit of sober grey, followed by his attendant page in the same livery, moved about with all the conscious dignity of long and faithful servitude, bearing round the circle such tea and coffee in such china as was not often to be met with, on a noble silver salver, richly chased and emblazoned, like all the family plate, of which there was abundance in common use;—and the smooth-headed, rosy-cheeked lad, who trod closely behind with his tray of cates, was remarked by many a smiling observer, to copy, with very successful mimicry, his great-uncle's gravity of deportment,—for the aged domestic and his youthful assistant stood in that near relation to each other.

No parade of farther attendance was ever made on these company occasions. There was no conscription—no forced levy from the farm-yard and stable. The gardener and cow-boy were not stuffed into spare liveries made to fit all sizes, and stuck up like scare-crows in the entrance-hall, or shoved into the drawing-room to poke forward refreshments, with great red hands like lobsters' claws, and bony wrists, protruding half a yard beyond the livery cuffs, to slide scalding coffee into ladies' laps, overset the candles, whisk their coat-flaps in the fire, and tread upon the tail of the old tortoise-shell; who, for her part, dear old Matty! occupied her wonted place on the hearth-rug in undisturbed serenity, evincing no emotion at the presence of company, or indeed any notice of the assembled guests, except by un-

buttoning her eyes a very little wider, and purring a note or two louder, when either of them stooped down to court Mrs Helen's favourite, by smoothing her velvet coat.

On one of those gala days, just before the arrival of the expected guests, I was the unlucky means of ruffling the composure of my dear old friend and protectress, more than I had ever seen it affected by any outward circumstance. I have hinted to you that my toilet duties, and the concerns of my wardrobe, were not always attended to with the scrupulous neatness I ought to have observed in those matters. I had been the companion and playmate of boys—of my brothers only—and the association had, naturally enough, moulded my tastes and habits more in conformity with theirs, than was quite consonant with feminine propriety. Hence those uncouth pastimes to which I have confessed myself addicted; and the natural result of such exploits was the dilapidated state of a wardrobe, from which it would have been difficult to select an upper garment in perfect preservation. And as the requisite repairs ostensibly devolved on me, and I abominated needle-work, the general condition of the whole may be more easily conceived than described. On this especial evening I had been tenderly admonished to take timely care that my dress was *whole* and neat, not distinguished by appalling rents or disgraceful tuckings up; that it should be put on *properly*, that is, in good time, so as to be drawn equally over both shoulders, not to be dragged on in such hurry and bustle as to send me forth into the drawing-room all flushed and fluttered, and “frightened out of that fair propriety” which Mrs Helen so justly deemed indispensable to the carriage of a gentleman. Mrs Betty had, moreover, received private injunctions to superintend my toilet, and send me down “fit to be seen.” But, alas! it so happened that about the time that respectable personage sought me, in pursuance of her lady's directions, I had rambled away into the adjoining hazel copse, and was too busily engaged in hooking down the bright brown clusters of ripe nuts, to remember Mrs Helen's solemn injunctions; and when at last they started into my mind, and I scrambled and scampered back into

the house, and up to my own chamber, Mrs Betty's attention had been attracted to other weighty concerns, and I performed the ceremony of the toilet, uncontrolled by her judicious censorship; and a pretty toilet I made of it!—a brief one, certainly—and I also reached the drawing-room in excellent good time, long before the arrival of company. Lucky was it that I did so—lucky for my own credit, and the restoration of Mrs Helen's elegant composure, which received an indescribable shock at my first awful appearance, still panting and breathless with my race home, and the bustle of changing my dress—arms, neck, and face crimsoned over, and shining to boot from the effects of a rough and hasty ablution in soap and water, which elegant cosmetic had by no means, however, contributed to efface or disguise sundry marks and scratches, (one happily conspicuous across the bridge of my nose,) inflicted by certain intercepting boughs and branches, with which I had too rashly encountered, in my reckless return through the hazel copse. Then the best frock was dragged on, to be sure—but not over both shoulders. And its clear texture too plainly revealed certain ghastly rents and fractures in the under-garment, the tucks of which being all unripped on one side, lowered it to the very ground in careless festoons. I had considered the tedious operation of changing stockings quite a work of supererogation, and that I did very handsomely, in cramming my thick cotton ones, mud and all, into a pretty little pair of black satin slippers, the becomingness of which I was by no means insensible to. Such was the apparition which presented itself to Mrs Helen's delicate perceptions, as I entered her presence, dragging on, or rather pulling up, a pair of *once* white gloves, the size of jack-boots, through the thumbs and fingers of which, all gaping and curling back like the capsules of over-blown flowers, my red thumbs and fingers protruded like ripe capsicums. Mrs Helen's first instinctive act was to pull the bell as she had never pulled it but *once* before, when her own cap had taken fire. Now, as then, the whole household came running at the unaccustomed summons, but respectfully drew back, and made way for Mrs Betty's approach. When once

aware that their lady was neither on fire nor in a fit, and only unusually vehement in requiring the attendance of her faithful handmaiden.

"Oh! my good heavens, Betty!" ejaculated the dear old lady in her imperfect English, (she was not a native of this island.) "Look at this child! Look what she has done with herself—Bon Dieu! quelle horreur! But quick—quick—we must make something with her before the company come—*La pauvre enfant!*"

And they did try their best to "make something" of me. I was hurried into Mrs Helen's dressing-room, and there she and the dismayed Betty set to work to rectify the incongruities of my dress at least. The scratched and scarlet face and neck, were past mending for one while; and truth to tell, only glowed and glistened the more fiercely for Mrs Helen's tender application of rose-water and milk of roses. But the muslin frock was properly arranged over a whole under-garment. The muddy cotton stockings were exchanged for silk ones, (an exchange which, once effected, I entirely approved of.) A drawer of beautiful perfumed French gloves was pulled open, and a delicate pair nicely fitted to my unworthy hands, the form and size of which, however, did not absolutely disgrace them; and as to the colour, that was of my own acquiring, and I was solemnly enjoined not to unglove till it had subsided to a more lady-like complexion. The face and neck were not to be concealed or mended, and when we were once more in the drawing-room, my dear good cousin could not help reviewing me, with looks, in which a little vexation was still discernible, as she once or twice softly murmured to herself, "*La pauvre enfant!*"

Even that gentle ejaculation was thought too severe a rebuke by Mr Seale, who comforted me under the infliction, and pledged himself to Mrs Helen, that I should be quite fit to be seen in ten minutes, and that I would never again transgress in like manner. That night, while I was preparing for bed, thinking over my late inattention to Mrs Helen's injunctions, and her indulgent gentleness, I could not help asking her ancient Abigail, who was assisting me to undress, whether in the whole course of her long service of five-and-forty years, she ever remem-

bered to have seen her lady really out of temper. I could not ask if she had ever seen her in a passion. That was as much out of the scale of possibilities, as it would have been for a lamb to roar like a lion, or a 'turtle-dove' to exchange natures with a hawk. But Mrs Betty quite astounded me with her prompt reply. "Oh yes, Miss! my mistress did *once* put herself into a fearful passion, at least, my master said so, though, for my part, I should never have found it out; and except *that once*, I never saw her so much vexed and disturbed, as she was with you this evening, and you know, Miss——"

"Oh, Mrs Betty, I know well enough how much I deserved a hearty scolding, and yet my dear cousin could not summon up so much as a frown to testify her displeasure. She in a passion! Dear Mrs Betty, tell me all about it, I beseech you."

"Why, Miss, you must know then, if there is one thing my mistress takes more pride in than another, it is that fine old rare china on the top of the commode in her dressing-room, but the finest piece of all is gone now, a large green jar that had belonged to her mother, and my mistress prized it dearly for that reason, and was so careful of it, that she never suffered any one—not me even—to dust or touch it, or anything else on that commode. Cicely is a good, steady, careful girl now, (you know Cicely, Miss,) but she came to us a sad giddy, careless, tearing young thing at first, about twenty years ago, and my mistress soon saw what a desperate hand she was at whisking and flicking about her duster; so she gave her double charges never so much as to go near any of the china, particularly that on the commode. Well, the careless wench must needs meddle with it, for all my mistress's warning; and one unlucky day, sure enough, down she whisked that beautiful green jar, and it was smashed all to pieces. My mistress heard the crash, and up stairs she was in a minute, and there stood Cicely, looking sheepish enough to be sure, and the jar all to particles at her feet. Well, Miss, if you'll believe it, the tears came into my mistress's eyes, and, 'Oh!' says she, 'my dear mother's jar!' And then to be sure she did colour up over her very forehead, and spoke quicker than I have ever

heard her before or since. 'Upon my word,' says she, 'this is too bad, after all my biddings. Go, go, you naughty, careless girl, and don't let

"She was going on, speaking very quick, but my master, who had followed her up into the room, came and took her hand, and motioning Cicely to go down stairs, (she did not wait for second orders, the careless hussy,) he led my dear mistress to the settee, and then, for all he kissed her kindly, and comforted her for the loss of their mother's favourite jar, he read her such a lecture about the sinfulness of giving way to such violent passions, as soon set her a-crying in good earnest, a dear sweet soul! and me, too, to keep her company, though for my life I could not see any such great wickedness, in the few words she had spoken, and that hussy's carelessness was enough to provoke a saint. But my dear mistress did not for a long time give over reproaching herself, for having, as she said, given way to such unchristian violence of temper, and she went so far as to demean herself to that idle wench, that had done all the mischief, and told her she was very sorry to have spoken so hastily, 'however blameable it was in you, Cicely,' says she, 'to disobey my orders; but I hope it will be a warning to you to be more careful in future; and, above all, to avoid the fault of which I have been so unfortunate as to set you an example.' Lord bless her! we should all be angels upon earth, if we could but follow the example she sets us; and I believe, o' my conscience, Cicely has been a steadier and a better girl from that very day, for she said, to be sure she minded my dear mistress's mild words more than a hundred scoldings."

I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry at Mrs Betty's fragment of secret history; but I felt that everything I heard about my dear excellent relations increased my love and respect for them. Another little discovery, illustrative of Mrs Helen's character, affected me far more seriously—almost painfully—soon after my arrival at the Rectory. In the bed-chamber assigned to me, which, as I told you, communicated with Mrs Seale's dressing-room, besides the wardrobe and drawers allotted to my use, stood a second chest, containing, as Mrs Betty

notified to me, table and bed-linen, and sundry other things, which she would remove if I required additional room. I had much more than sufficient to contain all my possessions, but disorder requires perpetually expanding elbow-room, and it reigned paramount over my wardrobe, till at last, all my own drawers being in a chaotic state of repletion, I resorted to those over which my right extended not, to lay by some article of dress on which I was disposed to bestow more than common care. I pulled open the first drawer of that same chest, then, and there lay before me, not the smooth, flat folded damask, or glossy bed-linen, on which I expected to have found room to deposit my own dress, but *one* long, white, glazy garment, all frilled, and trimmed, and pinked, and scalloped about, in a strange uncouth fashion, such as I had never seen before, and yet in a moment—almost at the first glance—I had an instinctive, shuddering consciousness of its destined appropriation—and I was standing motionless before the open drawer, gazing on its contents with eyes half blinded by tears, but from which no tears fell—when Mrs Betty entered the room, and startled me by her hasty exclamation. "Oh, Miss! what are you looking at?" she cried. "I thought *that* drawer was locked. My mistress desired I would take particular care it was while you slept in the room—but I suppose I took out the key without turning it—and you see what *she* has made ready, and laid there with her own dear hands."

I asked no question at that minute—indeed there was nothing to ask. That visible proof of solemn preparation was all eloquent, and I continued gazing upon it with such heart-struck awe, as if the dear and venerable form it was one day to attire, had been already shrouded in its chilly folds. Language has no words to express that exquisitely painful sensation, that agony of intense feeling, which seems to contract and compress the heart, and arrest its pulsation, under the sudden operation of some distressful cause—and then the frightful violence of its restored action!—its seemingly audible throbs!—the abrupt sob that bursts forth—saving it as it were from breaking;—the hysterical choking!—the inarticulate attempt to speak!—I

remember how I struggled with it all on that occasion, which was not (as some might hastily conceive,) an inadequate cause for such painful excitement. It was the first time that death had been brought home to me; that his insignia had appalled my sight; that his reality had impressed upon my heart its ever afterwards indelible signet. And now the certainty of the inevitable doom burst on me, as if it were immediately to fall on those I loved so dearly—and I wondered at my past security, and thought with a cold shudder of the great ages of those beloved friends—of the advanced years of my own dear parents—and then I longed, with an agony of tender impatience, to draw them all close round me together; or rather, that I could encircle them all in one close embrace, never more to lose sight of them for one single minute, of those poor numbered few, yet remaining, of their stay upon earth. The anticipation of my own equally irreversible doom had no share in that painful tumult of feeling. It is seldom, I believe, that the awful conviction of our own mortality impresses itself forcibly on the heart, while we are still buoyant with youth and health, and unbroken spirits, and unclashed expectations, and untarnished hopes. The paroxysms of youthful grief resemble the hail-storm, or the thunder-shower, which does not saturate the earth, though it defaces its fair surface for a season, beating down the delicate flowers and the tender herbage. Deeper—far deeper penetrates the small continued rain—palsying (if ungenially cold) the very heart of vegetation; and so do the cares, and doubts, and disappointments, and troubles of advancing life, sink deep and deeper into the human heart, till its fine springs are broken, its beautiful illusions destroyed, its enthusiastic warmth extinguished; and then indeed comes the *sensible* conviction of our own mortality, and that we are hastening down a perceptibly rapid declivity, to “the house appointed for all living.”

How wisely and mercifully is it ordained that we should acquire thus gradually this solemn conviction! In early life, while all is well with us, we generally connect too inseparably the images of Death and the Grave; but

as we approach nearer that final earthly home, a further prospect opens more distinctly on the Christian's eye; and though the destroying angel stands in the narrow passage, and we behold him even in all his revealed terrors, his dark pinions cannot intercept from our steady gaze that effulgence of glory, which overpowers, with the brightness of its promise, our natural shrinking from the fearful things which intervene—from the array of Dissolution—The Shroud—The Coffin—and the Grave.

Besides, the weary traveller is content to lie down and be at rest. He whose journey is all before him, scarce heeding the sage warnings of experienced pilgrims, fancies that he at least shall be more fortunate—that he shall discover wells of water and pleasant places, which they missed in their way over the desert, or rather he fancies that “the land is a good land”—that they have misnamed it a wilderness; and at all events, that there is much time before him, (though they call it brief,)—that the end is far distant—and he has not learnt to contemplate, much less to covet the repose of the grave. He believes in, but he does not *feel*, his *own* mortality—no, not even when that of his dearest friends is pressed home upon his heart with that startling force and evidence of truth which so painfully affected me, when I chanced on the discovery of Mrs Helen's solemn preparations. I could not recover myself that whole day, nor look at my dear cousin, without a strange choking sensation, and my eyes filling with tears; and at last, when the dear old lady noticed my unusual quietness, and questioned me with kind anxiousness in her gentle voice, whether I was ailing or fatigued—the pent-up sorrow fairly got the better of me, and I clasped her round the neck, sobbing as if my heart would break, to my own unspeakable relief and proportionate surprise and alarm on her part. But after much tender inquiry, and many soothing caresses, my hysterical affection, as Mrs Helen termed it, was set down to the effects of over-fatigue and exhausted spirits, and a restorative cordial was prescribed for me, (not the infallible Plague-water,) and a comfortable posset was prepared for my supper, and I was dismissed early to bed, with many a

tender kiss and affectionate injunction to sleep well, and not exhaust myself in future with over activity and violent exercise.

On entering my chamber, I looked as fearfully askance towards the chest of drawers, as if I had expected that some ghastly phantom would occupy its place; and before I began to undress, satisfied myself that Mrs Betty had been true to her promise of locking fast that terrible repository, and taking away the key, as if by so securing the object which had caused me such an unexpected shock, I could also exclude from my mind the images that shock had awakened. But the phantom was not laid so easily. That chest of drawers was to me like the mysterious box, immovably fixed in a corner of the merchant Abudah's chamber. I never looked towards it without something of distressful feeling; and I never became so familiarized with the idea of its contents, as to place on it, as I had been accustomed to do, my work-box, my flower-glass, or any other of my goods and chattels.

There was no assumption of singularity or of superior strength of mind in Mrs Helen's funeral preparations.

She would have concealed them, had it been possible, even from her faithful attendant; and when the latter tenderly remonstrated with her on the subject, she observed, with a cheerful and cheering smile, "It will not kill me one minute the sooner, my good Betty; and when the time comes, all will be ready, without much trouble for anybody." Besides, the custom of providing burial clothes was still very prevalent in Mrs Seale's time, among the many primitive customs of her native land. Of these, all that would bear transplanting, she had imported to Broad Summerford some fifty years before, when she had accompanied her brother thither on his taking possession of the Rectory. Yes—for full fifty years that brother and sister had "dwelt together in unity," in that same quiet mansion—"Lovely and inseparable in their lives," indeed, but in their deaths not to be united. Not in the grave, at least. Who can doubt that they are so, and for eternity, in their Father's kingdom?—But this has been a long gossip, and I reserve for another day my remaining store of reminiscences from this fragment of the family chronicle.

A.

THE PERILS OF WFMYG.

*Ane moste wocful Tragedye. Compilt be Maister Hougre.*

I WILL tell you of ane wonderous taille  
Als cuir was tolde be maune,  
Or cuir wals sung by mynstrel meete  
Sin' this baisse world begaune:—

It is of ane May, and ane lovelye May.  
That dwellit in the Moril Glenne,  
The fayrest flower of mortyl fraime,  
But ane deuil amangis the menne;

For nine of them styckit themsellis for lofe  
And tenne louped in the maine,  
And seuin-and-threttye brakke their hertis,  
And neuir lofit womyn againe;

For ilk ane trowit sho wals in lofe,  
And ranne wodde for ane whyle—  
There wals sickan language in every looke,  
And ane speire in every synle.

And sho had scuinty skoris of yowis,  
That blette o'er daille and downe,  
On the bouny braide landes of the Moril Glenne,  
And these beine all hir owne,

And sho had stottis and sturdy steris,  
 And blythisome kyddis enewe,  
 That dancit als lychte als glomyng flecis  
 Out through the fallyng dewe ;

And this May sho hald ane snow-whyte bulle,  
 The dreidde of the haille countrie,  
 And three-and-threttye goode mylke kie,  
 To beire him companye ;

And sho had geese and gezlyngis too,  
 And gaineris of muckil dynne,  
 And peacockis, with their gawdye trainis,  
 And hertis of prydde withinne ;

And sho had cockis with curlit kaimis,  
 And hennis full crousse and glaidde,  
 That chanted in her own stacke-yairde,  
 And cockillit and laidde lyke madde :

But quhaire hir minnye gat all that geare,  
 And all that lordlye trimme,  
 The Lorde in heuin he kennit full weille,  
 But nachodye kennit but humme ;

For sho neuir yeildit to mortyl manne,  
 To prynce, nor yet to kyng—  
 Sho neuir wals given in holye church,  
 Nor wedded with ane ryng.

So all men wiste, and all men sayde ;  
 But the taille wals in sor mistyme,  
 For ane mayden sho colde hardly bee,  
 With ane doughter in beautye's pryme.

But this bounye May, sho never knewe  
 Ane faderis kindlye claime ;  
 She nevir wals blessit in holye church,  
 Nor chrystenit in holye naine.

But there sho leevit ane yirdlye flowir  
 Of beautye so supreme,  
 Some fearit sho wals of the mermaidis broode,  
 Comit out of the sault sea-faeme.

Some sayit sho wals founde in ane fairye ryng,  
 And born of the fairye queene ;  
 For there wals ane rainbowe ahynde the mone  
 That nychte sho first wals seene.

Some sayit her moder wals ane wytche,  
 Comit from a farre countrie ;  
 Or ane princesse lofit be ane weirde warlocke  
 In a lande beyond the se !

Och, there are doyngis here belowe  
 That mortyl nefer sholde kenne ;  
 For there are thyngis in this fayre world  
 Beyond the reche of mennis.

Ane thinge mooste sure and certainne wals—  
 For the bedisman tolde it mee—  
 That the knychte who coft the Moril Glenne  
 Nefer spok ane worde but three.



And the maisonis who biggit that wyld ha' housse  
 Nefer spoke worde goode nor ill ;  
 They came lyke ane dreime, and passit awaye  
 Lyke shaddowis ower the hill.

They came lyke ane dreime, and passit awaye  
 Whidder no manne colde telle ;  
 But they eated their brede lyke Chrystyan menne,  
 And dranke of the krystil welle.

And whenever manne sayit worde to them,  
 They stayit their speche full sone ;  
 For they shoke their heddis, and raisit their handis,  
 And lokit to Hefen abone.

And the ladye came—and there she baide  
 For mony a lauelye daye ;  
 But whodder sho bred hir bairn to Gode—  
 To reade but and to praye—

There wals no man wist, thof all men guessit,  
 And guessit with feire and dreide ;  
 But O sho grewe ane vyrgin roz,  
 To seinlye womanheide :

And no manne colde loke on hir face.  
 And cyne, that bemit so cleire ;  
 But feelit ane stang gang throu his herte,  
 Far sharper than ane speire.

It wals not lyke ane prodde or pang  
 That strength colde overwinne,  
 But lyke ane reide hett gaad of erne  
 Reekyng his herte withinne.

So that arounde the Moril Glenne  
 Our braife yong manne did lye,  
 With limbis als lydder, and als lythe,  
 Als duddis lung oute to drye.

And aye the teris ranne down in streim  
 Ower chekis rychte woe-begone ;  
 And aye they gaspit, and they gratte,  
 And thus maide pyteous moane :—

“ Alake that I had ever beene borne,  
 Or dandelit on the knee ;  
 Or rockit in ane creddil-bedde,  
 Benethe ane moderis e !

“ Och ! had I dyit before myne cheike  
 To woman's breste had layne,  
 Then had I ne'er for womanis lofe  
 Endurit this burning payne !

“ For lofe is lyke the fyerie flaim  
 That quiveris throu the rayne,  
 And lofe is lyke the pawng of dethe  
 That spleitis the herte in twayne.

“ If I had lovit yirdlye thyng,  
 Of yirdlye blithesomnesse,  
 I mochte haif bene belovit agayne,  
 And bathit in yirdlye blisse.

" But I haif lovit ane frekyshe fayre  
Of frowardnesse and synne,  
With hefenlye beautye on the falce,  
And herte of ston withynne.

" O, for the glomyng calme of dethe  
To close my mortyl daye—  
The last benightyng heave of brethe,  
'That rendis the soule awaye!"

But wordis gone eiste, and wordis gone weste,  
'Mong high and low degre,  
Quhille it wente to the Kyng upon the throne,  
And ane wrothfulle manne wals hee,—

" What !" said the Kyng, " and shall wec sitte  
In sackclothe murnyng saddle,  
Quhille all myne leigis of the londe  
For ane yong queine run madde ?

" Go raddil mee myne mylke-whyte stede,  
Of true Megaira brode ;  
I will goe and se this wonderous dame,  
And prof hir by the Rode

" And gif I finde hir elfyne queine,  
Or thyng of fairye kynde,  
I will byrne hir into ashes smalle,  
And syfte them on the wynde !"

The Kyng hethe chosen four-score knyghtis,  
All buskit gallantlye,  
And hee is awaye to the Moril Glenne,  
Als faste als hee can dre.

And quhan hee came to the Moril Glenne,  
Ane mornynge fayre and cleire,  
This lovely May on horsbakke rode,  
To hunte the fallowe deire.

Her palfrey wals of snawve hue,  
Ane paille wanyrdlye thyng,  
That revellit ower hille and daille  
Lyke birde upon the wyng.

Hir skrene wals lyke ane nette of golde,  
That dazlit als it flew ;  
Hir mantil wals of the raynbowis reide,  
Hir raille of its bonnye blue.

Ane goldene kembe with dymindis brychte,  
Hir semelye vyrgin crowne,  
Shone lyke the newe monis laidyche lychte  
Ower cludde of awmber browne.

The lychtening that shotte from hir cync,  
Flyckerit lyke elfin brande ;  
It wals sherper nor the sherpest speire  
In all North Humber Lande.

The hawke that on hir brydel arme  
Outspredde his pinyans blue,  
To keipe him steddlye on the patche  
Als his lovit mystresse flowe.

Although his cyne shone lyke the gleime  
 Upon ane saible se,  
 Yet to the twaine that ower them bemit,  
 Comparit they colde not be.

Lyke carrye ower the mornyng sone  
 That shyimmeris to the wynde,  
 So flewe her lockis upon the gaille,  
 And stremit afar behynde.

The Kyng he whelkit him rounde aboute.  
 And calleth to his menne,  
 "Yonder sho comis, this weirdlye wytche,  
 This spyrit of the glenne !

"Come ranke your mayster up behynde,  
 This serpente to belaye ;  
 I'll let you heire me put her downe  
 In grand polemyck waye."

Swyfte came the mayde ower strath and stron—  
 Ne dantonit came wals shee—  
 Until the Kyng hir pathe withstode,  
 In mychte and majestye.

The vyrgin caste on him ane loke,  
 With gaye and gracefulle ayre,  
 Als on some thyng belowe hir notte.  
 That oughte not to haif bene there.

The Kyng, whose belte wals lyke to byrste  
 With spechis most dyvine,  
 Now felit ane throbbing of the herte,  
 And quakyng of the spyne.

And aye he gasped for his brethe,  
 And gaped in dyre dismaye,  
 And wavit his arm, and smotte his breste,  
 But worde he colde not saye.

The spankye grewis they scowrit the daille,  
 The dunne deire to restrayne ;  
 The vyrgin gait hir stede the reyne,  
 And followit, mychte and mayne.

"Go brynge hir backe," the Kyng he cryit ;  
 "This reiferye moste not bee.  
 Though you sholde bynde hir handis and feite,  
 Go brynge hir backe to mee."

The deire sho flewe, the garf and grewe  
 They followit harde behynde ;  
 The mylk-whyte palfreye brushit the dewe  
 Far fleeter nor the wynde.

But woe betyde the lordis and knyghtis,  
 That taiglit in the delle !  
 For thof with whip and spurte theye plyit,  
 Full far behynde theye felle.

They lokit outowre their left shoulderis,  
 To se quhat they mocht se,  
 And there the Kyng, in fitte of losc,  
 Lay spurring on the le.

And aye he batterit with his feite,  
 And rowted with dispayre,  
 And pullit the gerse' up be the rotis,  
 And flang it on the ayre.

" Qubat ailis, quhat ailis myne royale liege ?  
 Soche grieffe I doo deplore."

" Och I'm bewytechit," the Kynge replyit,  
 " And gone for evermore !

" Go brynge hir backe—go brynge hir backe—  
 Go brynge hir backe to mee ;  
 For I moste either die of lofe,  
 Or owne that deire ladye !

" That godde of lofe out through myne soule  
 Hath shotte his arrowes keine ;  
 And I am enchanted through the herte,  
 The lyvir, and the spleine."

The deire wals slayne ; the royale trayne  
 Then closit the vyrgyn rounde,  
 And then hir fayre and lyllie handis  
 Behynde hir backe were bounde.

But who sholde bynde hir wynsome feite ?  
 That bredde soche stryffe and payne,  
 That sixteen braif and belted knychtis  
 Lay gaspyng on the playne.

And quhan sho came before the Kynge,  
 Ane yreful caryl wals hee ;  
 Saythe hee, " Dame, you moste be myne lofe,  
 Or byne benethe ane tre.

" For I am so sore in lofe with thee,  
 I cannot goe nor stande ;  
 And thinks thou nothyng to put downe  
 The Kynge of fayre Scotlande ?"

" No, I can ne'er be lofe to thee,  
 Nor any lorde thou haste ;  
 For you are married menne eche one,  
 And I ane mayden chaste.

" But here I promiss, and I vow  
 By Scotlandis Kynge and Crowne,  
 Who first a widower shall profie,  
 Shall clayme mee als his owne."

The Kynge hath mounted his mylk-whyte stede,—  
 One worde he sayde not more,—  
 And he is awaye from the Moril Glenne,  
 Als ne'er rode kynge before.

He sanke his rowillis to the naife,  
 And scourit the muire and daille,  
 He helde his bonnette to his heide,  
 And louted to the gale,

Till wisis ranne skreighynge to the doo,  
 Holdynge their handis on highe ;  
 Theye nefer saw kynge in lofe befor.  
 In soche extrcimitye.

And every lorde and every knychte  
 Maide off his several waye,  
 All gallopyng als they had bene madde,  
 Withouthen stop or staie.

But there wals nefer soche dole and payne  
 In any lande befelle ;  
 For there is wyckednesse in manne,  
 That griefeth mee to telle.

There wals one eye, and one alone,  
 Behelde the dedis were done ;  
 But the lovelye Queene of fayre Scotlande  
 Ne'er sawe the mornyng sone ;

And seuintye-seuin wedded demis,  
 Als fayre as e'er were borne,  
 The very pryde of all the lande,  
 Were corpis befor the morne.

'Then there wals noughte but murnyng wedis,  
 And sorrowe, and dismaye ;  
 While buryal met with buryal stille,  
 And jostled by the waye.

And graffis were howkyt in grene kyrkyardis,  
 And howkyt deipe and wyde ;  
 Qululle bedlaris swairfit for verry toyle,  
 The cumlye corpis to hyde.

The graffis, with their unseimlye jawis,  
 Stode gaipying daye and nychte  
 To swallye up the fayre and yonge ;—  
 It wals ane grevous sychte !

And the bonny May of the Moril Glenne  
 Is weipynge in dispayre,  
 For sho saw the hillis of fayre Scotlande  
 Colde bee hir home no mayre.

'Then there wals chariotis came owernychte,  
 Als sylente and als sone  
 As shaddowe of ane littil cludde  
 In the wan lychte of the mone.

Some sayde theye came out of the rocke,  
 And some out of the se ;  
 And some sayde theye were sent from helle,  
 To bryng that fayre ladye.

When the day skye beganne to fraime  
 The grizelye eistren felle,  
 And the littil wee batte wals bounde to seike  
 His darke and eirye celle,

The fayrest flowir of mortal fraime  
 Passit from the Moril Glenne ;  
 And ne'er maye soche ane deidlie eye  
 Shyne amongis Chrystyan menne !

In seuin chariotis gildit brychte,  
 The trayne went owre the felle,  
 All wrappit withynne ane shower of haille ;  
 Whudder no manne colde telle ;

But there was ane shippe in the Firth of Forthe,  
 The lyke ne'er sailit the faeme,  
 For no manne of hir country knew,  
 Hir coloris, or hir naime. .

Hir maste wals maide of beaten golde,  
 Hir sailis of the sylken twyne,  
 And a thousande pennonis streimyt behynde,  
 And tremblit owre the bryne.

Als sho laye mirrorit in the mayne,  
 It wals ane comelye viewe,  
 So manye raynbowis rounde hir playit.  
 With euery brecze that blewe.

And the hailstone shroude it rattled loude,  
 Rychte over forde and fenne,  
 And swathit the flower of the Moril Glenne  
 From eyes of sinfulle menne.

And the hailstone shroude it quhelit and rowei,  
 Als wan as dethe unshriven,  
 Lyke deideloth of ane angelle grymme,  
 Or wynding sheete of hevin.

It wals ane feirsome sychte to se  
 Toylle through the mornyn graye,  
 And whenever it reachit the comelye shippe,  
 Sho set saille and awaye.

Sho set hir saille before the gaille,  
 Als it beganne to syng,  
 And sho hevit and rockit doune the tyde,  
 Unlyke ane yirthlye thyng.

The dolfinis fledde oute of hir waye  
 Into the creekis of Fyffe,  
 And the blackgaird seelis they yowlit for dredde,  
 And swanane for dethe and lyft.

And the pellochis snyfterit, puffit, and rowed,  
 In dreddour saddle to se,  
 And lyke the rain-drop from the cloude,  
 Theye shotte alangis the sea ;

And they bullerit into the bayis of Fyffe,  
 Als if through terrour blynde,  
 And tossit and tombilit on the strande,  
 In greate dismaye of mynde.

But ay the shyppe, the bonnye shyppe,  
 Outowre the greene waive flewe.  
 Swyffte als the solan on the wyng,  
 Or terrifyit sea-mewe.

No billowe breisted on her prow,  
 Nor leuellit on the lee ;  
 Sho semit to sayle upon the ayre,  
 And neuer touche the sea.

And awaye, and awaye went the bonnye shyppe,  
 Whiche manne never more did se ;  
 But whedder sho wente to hefen or helle.  
 Wals nefer maide knowne to mee.

*Mount Benger, July 5th, 1827.*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

**ARTHUR**, Duke of Wellington, entered the service of his country on the 25th of December 1787, as an ensign in the 41st regiment of foot. He was then in his eighteenth year, and had received an excellent military education under the celebrated Figneroi, President of the Academy of Angers. His rise was rapid, though certainly not more rapid than the situation of his family, and the customs of the army at the period, might lead us to expect; for, after a series of exchanges and promotions, he was, on the 30th Sept. 1793, gazetted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, by purchase, in the 33d infantry. As England enjoyed, during the whole of his early career, a profound peace, no opportunity was furnished him of applying to practical uses the lessons which he had learned at Angers, till after his appointment to the command of a regiment. But the 33d will long remember, that, to the Great Captain, it is indebted for a system of internal arrangement, to which no corps in his Majesty's service can boast of any superior. Of this a very convincing proof was furnished, no longer ago than during the temporary exile of Napoleon at Elba, and the occupation of Belgium by a British army, under the command of the Prince of Orange. To indulge some caprice or another of those at the head of the Paymaster's department, one uniform method of paying the troops, and making up their accounts, was chalked out for the whole army. It was tried, and, as a matter of course, it failed; upon which the 33d returned to the original plan invented by the Duke, which was not only permitted without a remonstrance, but even adopted with success by other regiments.

Colonel Wellesley's active military life began with the expedition to Brittany in 1794, under Lord Moira. From thence he accompanied his lordship to Ostend; followed him in his perilous and well-conducted march to join the Duke of York, and shared, with his Royal Highness' army, the disastrous retreat through Holland. Colonel Wellesley's eminent services throughout this melancholy business have been so completely obscured by the great deeds of his after life, that

the fact of his having performed the campaign of 1794-5, seems not to be generally known. Yet it was he, who, at the head of three battalions, covered all the great movements of the army, giving evidence, even then, of that extraordinary coolness and presence of mind, which have since rendered him so illustrious throughout Europe.

On the return of the troops to England, Colonel Wellesley's regiment was one of those ordered to hold themselves in readiness for an immediate expedition to the West Indies. The regiment was actually embarked, but as if fate had determined to preserve from the ravages of a noxious climate, one whose life has proved of so much importance to his country, a series of heavy gales came on, and continued for so extended a space to baffle every attempt on the part of Admiral Christian to put to sea, that all attempts were finally abandoned. The 33d disembarked, and proceeded to Ireland, whither Colonel Wellesley accompanied it.

Colonel Wellesley was not doomed to a very protracted period of idleness, and the next field in which he was called upon to display his talents, was one not unworthy of them. His brother, Lord Mornington, being appointed Governor-General of India in 1797, the 33d regiment was commanded to form part of the force allotted for the protection of the Company's territories. Of the political condition in which the new Governor found his province, it falls not in with the plan of the present sketch to offer any particular account. Tippoo Sultan, the most inveterate enemy whom England has ever had in the East, was then deeply engaged in a series of plots and negotiations for the overthrow of the British power, and the consequent emancipation of India from European influence. He was already bringing to an issue, alliances with the Maharrattas, with Zemaum Shah in Candahar, with the French in the Isle of France, and with Bonaparte in Egypt, when Lord Mornington, having obtained accurate information of the state in which affairs stood, hastened to crush him. An army of 36,000 men, under the command of General

Harris, was directed to enter the Mysore territory, and to that army Colonel Wellesley was attached. It is worthy of remark, that General Harris was on the present occasion *assisted* in his command by a military council—a measure quite unprecedented in the annals of modern warfare—and that of the members who composed that council, without whose sanction no important matter could be undertaken, Colonel Wellesley was one.

During the progress of the British army, only one battle was fought,—that of Mallavilly, in which Colonel Wellesley with the 33d regiment greatly distinguished himself. To this followed the celebrated siege and capture of Seringapatam,—of which the details are too generally known to require any repetition here. It may be worth while, however, to place in its true light a circumstance, which, partly perhaps from inadvertence, and partly from malevolence, has more than once been brought up as derogatory to the high character, and unimpeachable courage, of our great General.

It is well known, that for the purpose of completing the investment of the city, it was necessary to drive in certain detachments of the enemy's force, which occupied very strong and uneven ground about the Sultaun pitta Tohe, and the aqueduct. The command of the little corps appointed to this service was intrusted to Colonel Wellesley, and the service itself being undertaken at night, succeeded only in part. One division, under Colonel Shaw, took possession of a ruined villa, about forty yards from the aqueduct, but was unable to advance farther, whilst the other division, under Colonel Wellesley in person, falling, in the dark, among obstacles wholly unexpected, became broken, and in some degree dispersed. The Colonel himself, with a small part of his corps, after walking about from place to place, fell back at last upon the ruined village, and seeing that all chance of victory was gone, withdrew from thence into the camp. Now, from these materials it has been attempted to get up a tale injurious to the military reputation of Colonel Wellesley. Nothing can be more absurd or more wicked. Colonel Shaw, upon whose detachment Colonel Wel-

lesley came in, has already borne testimony, that hearing people in motion in his front, he was on the point of commanding his men to apply the matches to their cannon, when the voice of his companion, in the act of animating his followers to a charge, arrested him. The fact was, that each party mistook that before it for the enemy, and Colonel Shaw was not a little astonished when he found that the body about to rush upon a battery, supported, as all the Mussulman's batteries were known to be supported, by infantry, amounted to no more than seventy men. These were all which the darkness and confusion had left around their Colonel, and with these he had determined to conquer or die. Were there any proofs of timidity here? The attack failed, it is true, as all attacks are liable to fail, if hazarded during the night upon positions of whose peculiar localities the attacking party is ignorant; but the failure cannot be attributed to any want of skill, far less of courage, on the part of him who headed it.

Next morning the same points were assailed, and under the same guidance, at nine o'clock. They were both carried in the finest style, and the investment was completed.

When Seringapatam fell, Colonel Wellesley was nominated to the high and important office of Governor, and General Administrator of the newly-acquired province. He conducted himself here with an union of vigour and urbanity, which at once overawed and won the affections of the people committed to his charge; and he enjoyed one fresh opportunity more, for the exercise of his military talent, in the pursuit and overthrow of a freebooter, named Dhondia Waugh. This man, who had plundered and laid waste the surrounding country, was intercepted, at the head of 5000 horse, by Colonel Wellesley, with four weak regiments. No delay was made in attacking; and though the British force was unavoidably drawn up in a single line, yet such was the vigour of its charge, that the enemy were completely routed, and their leader slain.

In the meanwhile, Lord Mornington was busily preparing to meet the fresh dangers which from every quarter menaced British India. One army, under the guidance of General Baird,



began its march to Egypt, whilst others were collected at different points in each of the Presidencies, for the purpose of watching the movements of Mons. Perron, of Holkar, of Scindiah, and the Peishwah. The latter, indeed, being driven at last to take refuge in Bombay, became the ally of the English, whilst Scindiah was known to fear his rival, more than he dreaded our countrymen; but Mons. Perron and Holkar were both inveterate enemies to Great Britain, and it was deemed prudent to anticipate their attacks.

By the treaty of Passein, the English undertook to restore the Peishwah to his throne, from which Holkar had expelled him. For this purpose, the main body of the Madras army, under General Stuart, assembled at Hurryhur, while a detachment, consisting of 9700 men, was at the same time dispatched, under General Wellesley, into the Mahratta territory. General Wellesley received this appointment, not only because his military talents were estimated as they deserved, but because the knowledge which he had acquired of the Mahratta habits, and the degree of influence which he had contrived to obtain among that singular race of men, peculiarly fitted him for filling so important a situation. The wisdom of the selection was amply exhibited in its results. During a season of the year, peculiarly unfavourable to military movements, he performed a long march through the Mahratta territory, without any loss, or even distress, to his troops. so judicious were his arrangements for the supply of everything requisite in such cases; and though his route lay through the heart of a hostile population, so complete was his discipline in preventing every species of plunder and excess, that wherever he appeared he was hailed as a protector and preserver.

Having arrived at Akloors, General Wellesley was joined by Colonel Stevenson, at the head of the Nizam's subsidiary force. Learning, however, that Holkar had quitted Poonah, and that Amnut Rao, father of the puppet whom the usurper had placed upon the throne, had determined to plunder and set fire to the place upon the approach of the British army, the general deemed it advisable to push forward with only a part of his force. He was additionally induced to adopt

this course, because the country through which it became necessary to pass, was perfectly exhausted; and besides that the whole could not move with the rapidity of a part, a part only could hope to find subsistence on its journey. Colonel Stevenson was accordingly left behind, when there were yet sixty miles between him and the Mahratta capital; and General Wellesley, at the head of the cavalry only, pushed on. These sixty miles were performed in the almost incredibly short space of thirty-two hours, though the last forty led through the rugged pass of the little Bhoorghaut, and were traversed by night. But the movement was attended with complete success,—the city was saved, and Amnut Rao with difficulty escaped.

Though Scindiah feared, and had just cause to fear Holkar, not less than he feared the growing power of the Company, it was not possible for him, especially whilst Mons. Perron remained in his service, to experience any degree of cordiality towards the British Government. No sooner had the interference of the British troops delivered him from his terror in one quarter, than jealousy and suspicion of those to whom that deliverance was owing, overcame him. He entered into a secret treaty with the Rajah of Berar, for the purpose of subverting the Rajah of Bassem. This measure could not be, and was not long concealed. Remonstrances were made, and explanations demanded; and, finally, when to prevencations and falsehoods a language of open defiance succeeded, it was determined to bring him to his senses by force of arms. A campaign was in consequence planned, upon a scale infinitely wider than any European had heretofore ventured to contemplate in the East. It comprehended almost the whole of Hindostan, from Calcutta and Madras on the eastern, to Bombay on the western side, and from Delhi on the north to Poonah on the south. Amidst other arrangements, General Wellesley was appointed to oppose the confederated force under Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, in the Deekaw; to protect the Nizam and the Peishwah; and to deliver the Company's possessions from danger. To enable him to effect these objects the better, and to assist him in rightly employing his established influence among the Mahratta chiefs, he

was invested with a distinct local authority, subject only to the Governor-General in Council, and gifted with full powers to conclude upon the spot all such arrangements as he should judge necessary, either for the final adjustment of peace, or the successful conduct of the war.

The two great obstacles which a British general in India is called upon to overcome—are the zeal and diligence with which the native princes endeavour to amuse and over-reach him by proposals to treat, and the celerity and prudence with which native armies avoid bringing matters to the issue of a battle. To harass Europeans by long and incessant marches, cut off their supplies, and interrupt their convoys, constitutes the chief excellence of Indian tactics, and forms, in truth, the most effectual means by which any native leader can hope to triumph. Upon this system Scindiah and his ally pertinaciously acted. The united army, amounting in all to 50 or 60,000 men, including 10,500 regular infantry, and 100 guns, fell back from position to position, before the British troops. Nor was it till the 21st of September that the faintest hope could be entertained that they would be deceived into a battle. On that day, however, being arrived at Bidnapoor, General Wellesley resolved to separate his own division from that of Colonel Stevenson, and gave orders that each should move at the same time by a different road, under the impression that one or other, if not both, might certainly come up with the enemy.

He himself began his march on the 22d, taking the eastern route, and reaching Naulnair on the 23d, he found that the enemy were encamped about six miles off, on the very ground where he had himself determined to halt. Though there were with him hardly 6000 men, and though the troops had already travelled fourteen miles under a burning sun, he made up his mind at once that the opportunity which fortune had thus thrown in his way, was not to be neglected. He left a sufficient guard to protect the baggage and stores, and with the rest, amounting to less than 5000, pushed forward. The enemy's army was drawn up between the Kartna and the Juah, their line extending east and west along the north bank of the

former river, which, being steep and rocky, was inaccessible to guns, except at one or two places. The right, which consisted wholly of cavalry, took post in communication with the infantry, which occupied the fortified village of Assaye, destined to give a name to the battle; whilst their left was strengthened by keeping there the mass of their artillery. They mustered in all upwards of 40,000 men, and showed a front of great boldness and uncommon regularity.

We are not willing to waste our own or our readers' time by a minute recapitulation of the events of this glorious battle. Perhaps the Duke of Wellington never filled a situation more hazardous, nor was ever called upon to exert a greater degree of resolution and coolness, than were required at his hands that day. In the first place, the plan of attack on which he had determined was rendered void by the mistaken intrepidity of the officer in command of a picket, who hurried the British right into action, while it was intended merely to demonstrate, and brought on a conflict on the enemy's left, which the General had resolved to avoid. In the next place, when every other disposition had been made, it was found that the artillery could not be brought into play. Almost any other man would have paused under such circumstances, till Colonel Stevenson, who was hourly expected, should arrive. But General Wellesley, prompt as the falcon in its course, effected at the instant that which is allowed to be by far the most difficult object to be effected in war. He changed his plan of attack after the battle had begun, and carried everything before him. The victory was complete. The whole of the enemy's artillery, twice won with the bayonet, fell into the hands of the victors; 1200 dead were counted on the field; the villages and country round were crowded with wounded fugitives; and the entire material, stores, bullocks, tents, and camp-equipage, became the prey of the British soldiers. Yet was the conquest won with desperate loss; nearly one-third of the victorious army being placed *hors de combat*.

The immediate results of the success [was an attempt, on the part of Scindiah, to amuse his conqueror with empty negotiations. General Wel-

Wellesley, however, was far too sagacious, as well as too deeply versed in Oriental duplicity, to be cheated by such proceedings. He saw at once that the Almes sought only to gain time, and he resolved that their temporizing policy should avail them nothing. He once more put his troops in motion, and having destroyed Scindiah's Persian cavalry, as well as defeated the greater part of the Berar infantry on the plains of Argaum, he stormed the hill-fort of Gawalgur, and compelled the Rajah to purchase a separate peace, by ceding the provinces of Autach and Halisore. The subjection of the Rajah was soon followed by that of Scindiah. In a fortnight after the former came to terms, the latter gladly sued for them; and peace was granted him on such conditions as the British General saw fit to name. It is unnecessary for us to add, that the campaign was conducted in other quarters, if not with the brilliancy which distinguished the war in the Deccan, at all events with perfect success. Mons. Perron, with his disciplined corps, was annihilated; the blind and oppressed Mogul was set at liberty, and tranquillity was everywhere restored throughout the Peninsula.

The consequences, to General Wellesley, of his distinguished conduct in this war, were the commencement of those honours and that popularity which have since fallen in showers upon him. The thanks of both Houses of Parliament were voted to him, and he was created a Knight of the Bath. A monument was erected at Calcutta to commemorate the battle of Assaye. He was presented by the inhabitants of that city with a splendid sword; by the officers of his own army with a golden vase; nor was it, perhaps, the least gratifying testimony to his merit, that the people of Seringapatam, a town which he had assisted to subdue, and had long governed, voted him an address of congratulation and affection. In a word, he returned to England in 1805, an object of sincere esteem to all who personally knew him, and of respect and admiration to his countrymen in general.

We may be allowed to record here a striking instance of the just estimation in which Sir Arthur Wellesley's talents were then held by one who was, and is, well qualified to speak

out on such subjects. We have seen a letter from one of the most distinguished soldiers and statesmen in the Company's service, of which the following is an extract. His correspondent, it appeared, had been writing despondingly to him of the state of the army at home, and especially of the absence of genius displayed by its chiefs in all the various expeditions in which they had engaged.—“There is a young man here,” says the writer, whose name we abstain from giving, because we have no authority to give it, “who, if I mistake not greatly, will, one day or another, amply redeem the British army from disgrace. If the rules of the service would only permit Wellesley to be advanced at once to the highest station, the government could not do a wiser thing than place him at the head of any army which it may see proper to employ on the continent of Europe.” How has this great and good man's prophecy been accomplished!

From 1805 to 1807, Sir Arthur's life was principally passed in England. He proceeded, indeed, in command of a brigade, with the army under Lord Cathcart, which landed on the continent only in time to hear of the defeat of the Austrians at Austerlitz; but the army did nothing; and he returned along with it. He next took his seat in the House of Commons, in 1806, as member for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight; and the same year married his present Duchess, the Honourable Catherine Pakenham. In 1807, he removed to Ireland as chief secretary under the Duke of Richmond. Of the mode in which he spent his time whilst filling that high civil station, several curious stories are afloat. That he was not inattentive to his duties, the fact that Dublin owes to him its effective police, is alone sufficient to prove; but Sir Arthur was then, as he is now, at heart a soldier. It is stated, that the chief amusement of his leisure hours consisted in manœuvring upon his table masses of wooden men, and studying the theory of that art which he has since carried so far in practice. On more than one occasion, when some police-magistrate, or other civic functionary, has gained admission to his presence, he has found the secre-

tary seated with a map of Europe before him, and holding a pair of compasses in his hand. One leg of the compass was kept rivetted to a particular spot, whilst the secretary, looking up, would hear all that the intruder had to say, give his orders, or offer his opinion; and before the man of peace had fairly quitted the office, the soldier's eye, in undivided attention, was again upon the map. Nor was the gallant General by any means averse to the ordinary intercourses of civil society. On the contrary, he entered into them with so much spirit, and with such apparent zest, that not a few short-sighted mortals ventured to record it as their opinion, that Sir Arthur Wellesley had been aided in India by a combination of fortunate circumstances; and that there really was nothing in this frivolous *lady's-man* which could at all justify an expectation of future greatness.

There are few persons, circumstanced as Sir Arthur then was, who would have chosen to resign the ease, emoluments, and dignity of a political life, for the subaltern command of a brigade in the army of a superior officer. Perhaps there are not many individuals who, with a slender patrimony, and the prospect of a family to provide for, would not have virtually quitted the military profession altogether, and followed up the prospects which we have reason to believe were at that time spread out before the Irish Secretary. Sir Arthur Wellesley, however, entertained very different views of things. In his eyes, a life of inaction was a life of misery; and the highest honours which the Minister could heap upon him, would have possessed no value had his own conscience assured him that they were not deserved. Above all, his heart and affections lay in the glorious profession which he had chosen; and he embraced the very first opportunity which offered of returning to the discharge of its duties. He no sooner heard of the intended expedition to Copenhagen, than he relinquished his seat at the Council Board of Dublin, and solicited and obtained a brigade in the corps which was destined to act against the Danish capital.

In the course of the operations which followed, one battle only was fought; and in that battle, Sir Arthur

Wellesley commanded. It took place near the little town of Keoge, on the banks of a stream which runs in its front. The circumstances attending it were these:—Whilst Lord Cathcart was vigorously pressing the investment of the city, intelligence reached him of the formation of a considerable force of regular troops, and the enrolment of the male inhabitants in the interior. He instantly dispatched Sir Arthur Wellesley, supported by the Swedish General Linsingen, to disperse the armament. Sir Arthur, moving with his usual rapidity, found, on his arrival in front of the enemy, that General Linsingen's cavalry and horse-artillery were too far in the rear to be of any service. He hesitated not, however, to commence the action with his own division; and he made his dispositions with so much judgment and ability, as to put the Danish troops, in the space of two hours, entirely to the rout. Sixty officers and one thousand men, with ten pieces of cannon, were the immediate fruits of this victory; whilst its more remote effects were to hasten the fall of the capital, and so to contribute, in no slight degree, to the ultimate success of the undertaking. Copenhagen, as our readers must all remember, capitulated. On the evening of the 5th of September, General Puman, the governor, sent out a flag of truce to propose terms. A negotiation was accordingly entered into, and before the morning of the 7th, every point was settled. In conducting this important treaty, Sir Arthur exhibited the same prompt and decisive system which had characterized his proceedings in war.

The outline which we have just given of the earlier public life of the Duke of Wellington, exhibits nothing more than the faint dawnings of that renown which has since shed so bright a lustre over the history of the nation, as well as the career of the individual. The passage of time and the progress of events gradually opened out to him nobler opportunities than had yet been afforded for the exercise of his talents. Hitherto he had entered the lists only against the undisciplined valour of eastern warriors, or as the follower of some chief superior to himself,—not, certainly, in the qualities which constitute the great man, but in age and military rank. The period

was fast approaching when he should be called upon to pit himself against the veteran soldiers and most skilful marshals of France; and when his sole resource must be upon his own genius, aided and supported by the stubborn valour of British troops. We will not waste time by entering into a particular relation of the causes which led to the appearance of a British army on the great field of continental warfare, but proceed at once to follow the dazzling career of that army and its illustrious leader, through Portugal and Spain, into France.

Though the attempts which had from time to time been made upon the Spanish possessions in South America were for the most part shamefully defeated, both the government and people of England justly attributed their defeats not to the absence of courage in the troops employed, nor to any insurmountable difficulties offered by the country invaded, but to the incapacity of the generals placed at the heads of the expeditions. Early in the spring of 1808, another and more extensive armament was set on foot, for the purpose of once more making a descent upon the shores of the river Plate. The regiments destined for this service collected at Cork; and the command of the army, which amounted in all to ten thousand men, was conferred upon Sir Arthur Wellesley.

While this formidable corps was waiting for a fair wind to prosecute its voyage, the announcement of the Spanish Revolution, and of the vast changes which it had produced upon the political condition of Europe, reached London. Orders were immediately dispatched to suspend the sailing of the expedition; or rather, to direct it towards a different point, and on a different object. Instead of carrying fire and sword against any part of the Spanish colonies, Sir Arthur was commanded to proceed to the assistance of the mother country; and he put to sea about the middle of June for that purpose.

It was the intention of Ministers that the British army should form a junction with the corps of Cuesta and Blake, in the north of Spain. Coruña was accordingly named as the port of disembarkation; but on arriving there, the disastrous issues of the battle of Medina del Rio Seco were communicated; and, above all, the autho-

rities of the country refused to permit the troops to land. A hint was at the same time thrown out, that the British General would materially forward the great cause, were he to transport his army to Portugal, and there act against Junot, whose force was represented as not exceeding 15,000 men; but whose presence was said to overawe the Portuguese nation, ripe for revolt.

Sir Arthur, though not very deeply impressed with the wisdom or patriotism of his new allies, lost no time in endeavouring to aid them, by the only means which they would permit him to employ. He put to sea again, and arriving off Porto, was desirous of landing there, and acting at once against the enemy. But something of the same spirit which pervaded the Junta of Galicia, animated the self-appointed heads of the government of Porto, and the proffered assistance was peremptorily declined. Neither disheartened, nor needlessly irritated by these checks, the General left his corps off the city, and proceeding forward to the mouth of the Tagus, held a conference there with Admiral Cotton. It was then agreed that the troops should be disembarked on the shores of Mondego Bay; and the landing took place during the 1st, 2d, and 3d of August.

Having been joined here by General Spencer's division from Gibraltar, Sir Arthur Wellesley found himself at the head of 15,300 men. In spite of a most deplorable deficiency in cavalry, he judged himself sufficiently strong to attempt a decisive blow against Junot, without waiting for the farther reinforcements which were stated to be on their way. As soon, therefore, as the necessary arrangements were complete, he moved forward. On the 12th, his advanced guard reached Leiria; on the 15th, a sharp skirmish took place near Oberdos; and on the 17th the battle of Rolica was fought. For an accurate and graphic account of that affair, we cannot refer the reader to a better source than to the pages of Cyril Thornton. Let him only substitute the name of Colonel Lake for that of the officer represented as commanding Cyril's regiment, and the fictitious narrative will become a true tale. It ended, as all the world knows, in the defeat of the French, with a severe loss in men and cannon; and though it cost the assailants dear, it

was a most important action, because it crowned with victory the first struggles of the British army in this new theatre of war.

Sir Arthur's next movement was towards the coast, for the purpose of protecting the disembarkation of the brigades of Generals Ackland and Anstruther. With this view he took up a position at Vimeira, from whence he opened a communication both with Sir Henry Burrard and Sir John Moore. He strongly urged these officers to effect their landing at Mondego, march upon Santarém, and cut off the enemy's retreat; but the apprehension that he might not be in sufficient force to resist the French, in case they should endeavour to cut their way through him, hindered the former from adopting this advice. Even Sir John Moore, who had actually begun to land his division, was prohibited from continuing it, and the mouth of the Maceira was named as a fit place for a disembarkation.

Whilst Sir Henry Burrard was thus frittering away the precious time, Sir Arthur was again enabled to overthrow the French in a general action. Informed of the near approach of the British reinforcements, Junot assembled the whole of his army, including 1300 cavalry, and advanced to attack the English. How the battle of Vimeira ended, the youngest of our readers must know; and to what great and glorious consequences it would have led the way, had the earnest entreaty of the man who won it been attended to, it is not necessary for us to specify. But Sir Harry's dread of responsibility rendered even the success obtained nugatory. He would not pursue a beaten enemy, because his own reinforcements had not arrived, and he permitted the chiefs whom his soldiers had overthrown in the field to outwit him in the cabinet. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. In the melancholy, because disgraceful, Convention of Cintra, the chief share of blame must attach to him who enjoyed the chief share of power. It is to Sir Hew Dalrymple, doubtless, that the annals of our country owe that curious page; yet it is undeniable, that had Sir Harry possessed firmness enough to pursue, as he was advised, no opportunity of inscribing such a page would have been given. On the whole, however, we are not sure, that

the impotent conclusion to the victory of Vimeira is a thing to be regretted. It may, at all events, serve to convince the Government, that a system which bestows power only upon men whose age and bodily infirmities render them incapable of rightly using it—which permits a general to be superseded in the middle of a campaign, and the command to be given to others, ignorant alike of what has been done, and what was intended—is the very best possible system for rendering all expeditions abortive, and holding up the troops engaged in them to the ridicule and contempt of the world.

On the conclusion of this short campaign, Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Harry Burrard were both recalled; Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to England on leave of absence; and the charge of the troops rested with Sir John Moore.

From that period till the beginning of April 1809, Sir Arthur remained at home, occupied in part by the discharge of his parliamentary duties, and in part making preparations against the arrival of the moment when he should be placed in the situation which nature had intended him to fill, at the head of a great and independent army. The moment came at length. The disastrous issues of Sir John Moore's campaign, as contrasted with the success of Sir Arthur's operations in Portugal, not unnaturally induced the world to draw a comparison between the two, very little favourable to the former. Not that Sir John's merits were under-rated. Very far from it. He was allowed on all hands, to be as zealous and accomplished a soldier as ever served his King; but it was easy to perceive, that he was wanting in that moral courage—which more, perhaps, than any other quality, contributes to render a man capable of commanding an army; and that dread of responsibility never failed to stand in the way of all his more brilliant imaginings. From this species of fear, as well as physical timidity, there never lived a man more perfectly free than Sir Arthur; and it is that which—under circumstances more trying than the world knows anything about—more distressing than the world ever will or can know, till he shall himself think fit to publish his *Memoirs*—alone carried him through. We are not at liberty to state every thing that

we know ; but this much we will state, that no man in the British army, except the Duke of Wellington, would have borne up under the annoyances to which, at some of the most critical moments in his life, he has been subjected.

On the 22d of April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley, to the boundless delight of the troops, and the inexpressible satisfaction of the Portuguese nation, arrived in Lisbon to assume the guidance of the allied armies. He found matters in a state of some confusion, but on the whole, more prosperous than might have been expected. Great exertions had been made on the part of General Beresford and the Portuguese authorities, to introduce something like discipline into the Lusitanian levies ; and the British corps, though somewhat disheartened from a state of continued inaction, were prepared to follow the leader of their affections to the world's end. With respect to the enemy again, Soult, with a corps of 18 or 20,000 men, occupied Oporto, whilst Victor, who was in Estremadura, manœuvred to support him, and threatened Lisbon by way of Castello Branco. Sir Arthur lost no time in bringing his troops into the field. He reviewed the combined armies on the 6th of May, having been nominated Marshal General of that of Portugal ; on the 2d, and on the 7th, he began his march towards Oporto. His progress was, as usual, both rapid and brilliant. On the 11th the advanced guard of the enemy, consisting of 4000 men, was attacked on the woody heights, above Grijó. It was defeated with considerable loss ; and falling back with precipitation upon the Douro, crossed the river, and destroyed the bridge of boats in its rear. But the impediment thus thrown in the way of the victor, was speedily overcome. Boats being procured, by the assistance of the country-people, the British army made its way across that broad and rapid stream, in the very face of the whole of Soult's corps,—the French were driven from the town, and Sir Arthur sat down to the very dinner which Soult had provided for his own entertainment. We cannot pause to speak, as it deserves, of this splendid affair,—we can only record our opinion, that not one of all his future triumphs, exhibited the

Duke in a brighter light, than this passage of the Douro. It is not to be wondered at, that the favourite title by which he was afterwards designated by his followers, was Douro.

There is hardly any matter connected with the operations of the British army in the Peninsula, upon which greater mistakes are apt to be hazarded, than in the estimate of the force with which particular enterprises have been undertaken. We have, for example, been accustomed to hear that Sir Arthur Wellesley opened this campaign with 25,000 men ; and that the advantage of numbers over the French was decidedly in his favour. Of the real strength of the French army, we, of course, know no more than common report has told us,—it was estimated then, and probably with truth, at twenty thousand men ; but of the force which crossed the Douro to dislodge them, we can speak with tolerable accuracy, because the official details happen to lie before us. There were in Portugal at the time, of troops, English and German, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers, exactly 21,584 ; and of these, only 18,108 marched with headquarters. Allowing for casualties on the journey, sickness, servants, batmen, &c. not more than 16,000 crossed the Douro. Thus, the advantage of numbers, if it existed on either side, as well as a decided advantage in position, lay with the French. But we must proceed with our outline.

Having followed Soult, till the French Marshal, by taking to the mountains, and sacrificing all the materiel, besides a third part of the men, in his army, rendered farther pursuit impracticable, Sir Arthur wheeled about, and turned his face towards Victor. That officer, who had sustained several skirmishes with the Portuguese, General Silveira, and part of Sir Robert Wilson's legion, under Colonel Mayne, no sooner ascertained his object, than he prudently retreated beyond the bridge of Almaray, whilst the British proceeded to form a junction with the Spanish army, under Cuesta.

Sir Arthur Wellesley was not then ignorant of the materials which unite to compose an aged Spanish General. He expected to find Cuesta proud, fiery, bigoted, and obstinate ; but he did not, and could not, expect to find

even in him a perversity of intellect but a few degrees removed from insanity. Victor, though at the head of 25,000 men, was still in the toils of the allies;—and Sir Arthur did his best to have these toils gathered round him; but he utterly failed. No persuasions could prevail upon Cuesta to attack him. Though Sebastiani was known to be in motion for his support, and though it was not to be hoped that he would delay another day in the position which he had taken up among some olive gardens near Talavera, there were a thousand reasons to prevent the old man from molesting him. Will it be credited, that one, and not the least influential among them, was, that the day on which the British General desired to fight, was Sunday! These reasons prevailed; Victor made good his retreat in the night, and an opportunity of annihilating a French corps, such as had not offered before, and could not be expected to offer again during the war, was lost. But the old man, who could not be prevailed upon to fight, was all anxiety to pursue. He, in his turn, became the advocate of active operations; and when Sir Arthur refused to go along with him, assigning, as his reasons, the absence of all means of transport for his stores, the Spaniard set off in pursuit alone. The consequences were such as might have been expected. Victor, having been joined by Sebastiani and Joseph, suddenly turned round, and the Spaniards were driven back, in great disorder, upon their allies. The hostile armies took up positions opposite to each other,—and the field which ought to have witnessed a signal triumph a few days before, became, in spite of Cuesta's obstinacy, the scene of as hard-fought an action as either French or British soldiers have frequently beheld.

The victory of Talavera was very far from delivering Lord Wellington from the difficulties which the want of adequate support from home, and the total absence of all cordial co-operation on the part of the Spaniards, had involved him. On the contrary, he saw himself exposed to an attack in flanks and rear from Soult, who was moving upon Placentia with 30,000; whilst Victor's army, which was well situated to be rallied and reinforced, would advance once more upon Tala-

vera. Lord Wellington did what he could to reap a rich harvest from his past success. Requesting Cuesta to remain in position near the town, for the purpose of watching Victor, and covering his rear, he himself set off to meet Soult; and had Cuesta done his duty, Soult would, in all probability, have sustained a defeat. But the British army had hardly begun its march, when Cuesta set off to join it, leaving the sick and wounded to the mercy of the enemy. With flanks and rear thus exposed, only one course was left for the British General to pursue; he fell back upon the Tagus, crossed it at the Puente del Arzobispo, and took up a position which enabled him to defend the passage at Almaraz, and keep open the defiles of Dilutosa and Xaracijo. Thus was his own retreat into Portugal secured, at the same time that a road was opened for the removal of such of the sick and wounded, as the scanty means possessed for that purpose enabled him to remove. Unfortunately, 1500 were of necessity left to the mercy of the French. But they were not misused; on the contrary, they received the kindest attention, and were in every respect treated as brave men ought to treat the brave.

If our limits would permit, we could draw here such a picture of the distresses and privations of the British army,—distresses and privations occasioned wholly by the blind and selfish policy of the people whose battles it was fighting, as would astonish those to whom such subjects are not familiar. We are quite convinced that any other British general, except the one whom the army had then the good fortune to obey, would have sunk under them. At a moment when Cuesta's divisions were absolutely encumbered with cars and waggons, that old Spaniard would not spare one for the transport of British soldiers, wounded or debilitated by sickness, or the conveyance of ammunition or stores for the army. Of provisions, though the Juntas were lavish with their promises and assurances, not a morsel appeared, till Lord Wellington, in order to preserve his troops from perishing of hunger in a friendly country, felt himself compelled to leave Spain to its fate, and withdraw into Portugal. He accordingly broke up from his encamp-



ment, and, directing his steps by way of Badajoz and Elvas, took up a position on the eastern frontier.

From the beginning of September, 1809, up to a late date in 1810, the British army remained inactive. The truth is, that the severity of the late campaign had completely crippled it, whilst the government at home, instead of pouring every disposable battalion and squadron into the Peninsula, chose to dissipate the strength of the nation, by directing as fine a force as ever left the English shores, against the unhealthy and unprofitable island of Walcheren. What might not—indeed, what would not—Lord Wellington have done, had the 40,000 men which were transported to the mouths of the Scheldt, that they might there perish of disease, reached him in the autumn of 1809! That he could have raised his own fame to a loftier pitch than that which it has attained, we feel to be impossible; but that he would have shortened the duration of the Spanish war by at least a couple of years, we are perfectly satisfied. As it was, he could only employ himself, as he sedulously did, in training and organising fresh Portuguese levies, and in restoring to his own little band that order and consistency, which long marches, bloody battles, and the ravages of sickness, had contributed to impair. During this interval, moreover, the stupendous lines of Torres Vedras were begun, and in part completed. This was, perhaps, the most judicious measure in which he embarked during the whole war. Its accomplishment gave him at all moments, and under all circumstances, the assurance, that there was one impregnable fortress in his rear, to which, in case of reverse, he could fall back; and even if its utility had not been practically proved, this conviction alone, from the confidence which it was calculated to inspire, would have amply rewarded the care which produced it.

In the meanwhile hostilities were carried on in different parts of Spain, with that languor on the part of the Spaniards, which uniformly distinguished their later military operations, as often as they were left to themselves. The defeat of the Austrians, and the marriage of Napoleon with a daughter of the Imperial family, equally affected the invaders with confi-

dence, and the patriots with despondence. Fresh troops, likewise, daily crossed the Pyrenees,—nor was it now, as it had been at first, a matter of conscience and feeling,—even among the peasantry,—to oppose them. The fact is, that the Spanish nation was at this time weary of the contest. A few spirited individuals here and there might be, and probably were, disposed to continue it to absolute extinction; but we speak from the very best authority, when we affirm, that among the people at large only one wish,—and that for peace and quiet under any king, or form of government,—was entertained. The effect of this supineness on the one hand, and of the increased and increasing exertions on the other, was, that one after another almost all the strong-holds of Spain fell into the hands of the enemy,—the Spanish armies were defeated and broken up into bands; and Massena, at the head of nearly 70,000, was enabled, in the summer of 1810, to commence his march towards Portugal. It was an awful moment that—when the fate, not of Portugal or the Peninsula only, but of Europe and mankind in general, may be said to have depended upon the genius of one man.

Massena advanced by way of Ciudad Rodrigo, to which place he laid siege. It held out gallantly; for though the trenches were opened on the 15th of June, it was the 1st of July before the place surrendered. His next attempt was upon Almeida. Lord Wellington fully expected, that the defence of Almeida would be at least as obstinate as had been that of Rodrigo; because it was provided with an ample garrison, and under the orders of an English officer. But an unlucky accident—the blowing up of the principal powder-magazine, and the destruction, by the force of the explosion, of a large portion of the wall, caused the governor to accept a capitulation on the third day of the siege. It is not surprising that an event so little anticipated, should have, in some degree, deranged the plans of the British General. Instead of moving, as he had intended, to the support of the beleaguered fortress, he found himself under the necessity of falling back upon the Sierra de Busaco; and he effected his retreat thither with a degree of order and regularity, not often found in a British force when retiring

We had almost forgotten to mention, that, during the stay of the army upon the eastern frontier of Portugal, its gallant leader was compelled to struggle, not only against the want of adequate support from home, but against a severe illness which affected himself, and, what was far more annoying to him, a spirit of murmuring and discontent which arose among his own officers. We have seen many private letters written during that and other periods, from gentlemen serving with the army, to their relatives in England; and the expressions of dissatisfaction, and even despondency, with which they abound, are very far from being creditable to their authors. Of these, not a few found their way, at the time, into the English newspapers, by which means the enemy were made acquainted with a great deal more than it was at all desirable they should know—whilst the commander of the forces had the mortification to discover, that all his movements were criticised and condemned by persons whose sole business it was to act in obedience to orders received, and to keep up a good spirit among the men whom they had been nominated to command.

Lord Wellington assembled the greater part of his divisions on the mountain of Busaco, on the 25th and 26th of September. He had been closely followed by Massena, some of whose corps had been more than once engaged with the rear-guard, and with detached bodies of the allies; and on the 27th, he was attacked in his position, by almost the whole of the French army. The battle was sanguinary; but the issue was never for an instant doubtful. Massena, repulsed in every attack, drew off his columns in the evening, and attempted to turn on the left those heights which he had not succeeded in storming. Lord Wellington never intended to remain long in that Sierra. He accordingly retrograded leisurely, covered by a strong rear-guard; and finally established himself in the citadel of his own creation, the lines of Torres Vedras.

But it was not by a skilful management of his own troops alone, that Lord Wellington contrived to render the labours of the French in this campaign profitless. Proclamations were issued, and everywhere obeyed, requiring the peasantry, and the natives in

general, to flee before the invaders. As the tide of the British troops rolled back, it carried in its course whole families—nay, entire villages—men, women, children, cattle, sheep, corn, provisions of every kind; whilst all that could not be removed, was destroyed. It was a desperate measure, but, like the burning of Moscow, it tended more, perhaps, than any other, to the ultimate success of the struggle. The French, as they advanced, found nothing but a desert around them,—fields laid waste and bare—houses in ruins—wells choked up—all living substances removed—everything, in short, which could, in the most distant degree, contribute to the nourishment and maintenance of an army, carried away and consumed. We are told that the picture of devastation thus spread out before them, affected the enemy very deeply. But it was for themselves that they felt; for they at once anticipated that famine and misery which so soon afterwards was their lot.

Were we called upon to name the moment in his glorious career when the Duke of Wellington appeared even greater than himself, we should point to this retreat, and to his subsequent sojourn in the lines of Torres Vedras. At Salamanca, splendid as the victory was, he appeared only as a successful warrior; at Vittoria, he fought with the strength of three nations by his side; and at Waterloo, the whole world was banded in his favour; but at Torres Vedras, he stood alone—absolutely single-handed, against the entire power of the French empire. Nor was it against the open enemy alone that he was condemned to struggle. The reproofs, the sneers, the ridicule of his own countrymen, in Parliament and out of it, reached him every day through the medium of the press. Why was he inactive—why waste precious time, till the 70,000 men now opposed to him, should be increased to twice seventy? Nay, it is more than possible, that the very Minister of the day—iron-minded, as in moments of peril he usually was, shrunk back from lending him all that countenance and support of which he stood in need. Any man except the Duke would have succumbed under such accumulated difficulties; but he bore all the taunts and revilings which were heaped upon him with

equanimity—well knowing that they were groundless. He was perfectly aware, that any increase of numerical force to the enemy, would but add to the difficulties of their situation, without at all seriously increasing his danger; and he sat still in his stronghold, like the eagle in its eyrie, till the fitting moment should arrive for pouncing on his prey. That moment came at last. Famine and disease had wrought more evil in the French lines than three battles could have occasioned; and, without wasting one precious British life, he had the satisfaction to behold Massena begin a ruinous and disheartening retreat in the very depth of winter. It was conducted with great military adroitness; but the fury of the flying enemy at being thus foiled, was abundantly manifested by the cruelty which they everywhere perpetrated upon such of the inhabitants as fell into their hands. Fortunately the mass of these had followed the counsels given to them by Lord Wellington; but the bodies of murdered women and children, found here and there by our soldiery, bore witness, that all had not acted so prudently, and that they who were wanting in prudence, had been terribly punished.

The French, who were still greatly superior in numbers to the allies, retired no farther than the frontier; and Lord Wellington having resumed his old position, set about reducing the towns of Almeida, Rodrigo, and Badajos, to the British arms. We need not enter very fully into the particulars of the severe campaign conducted throughout both summer and winter. With the hope of delivering Almeida from blockade, the enemy fought and lost the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. They raised the siege of Badajos, by the action of Albuhera, —an affair which, though it terminated in favour of the British, was to them too expensive to be renewed; and they compelled, at great inconvenience to themselves, Lord Wellington to intermit the investment of Rodrigo, already much distressed. But these temporary successes, if such they deserve to be called, availed them nothing. Almeida was evacuated; Rodrigo was reinvaded on the 8th of January 1812, and taken by storm on the 19th; whilst Badajos, after sustaining a siege of twenty days only.

shared the same fate. These operations, it is worthy of note, were undertaken, and successfully performed, by an army of less than 50,000 English, Portuguese, and Spanish, in the face of 80,000 French troops.

In describing Lord Wellington's victories during this year—particularly the capture of Rodrigo and Badajos—we have not paused to remind the reader, that they were accomplished in spite of those most serious inconveniences, which an exceedingly deficient establishment of besieging apparatus produced. At that period our engineers were, perhaps, the least scientific in Europe. We possessed no corps of sappers, nor any body of men instructed in the difficult and hazardous details of a siege;—our very battering train was incomplete, and our officers who had charge of it, knew no more than the officers of infantry, where it might be most judiciously disposed. There was not in the army a man competent to conduct a sap; yet by sheer dint of valour was that done, which skill and address ought to have accomplished, and British courage performed in ten days, what French science had hardly effected in thirty.

On the opening of the campaign of 1812, Lord Wellington found himself formally invested with the chief command of the Spanish armies; a species of dignity more sonorous than real. He did not even attempt, at that moment, to exercise the authority committed to him; but at the head of the troops whom he had himself taught to conquer, prepared to meet a new enemy in the person of Marshal Marmont. There was a good deal of marching and countermarching on both sides, before the hostile armies assumed an attitude of defiance. Marmont, for example, cut off from communicating with Soult, by the capture of the bridge of Almaraz, retired to the Douro; whilst Lord Wellington advanced upon Salamanca, and reduced the forts which the French had constructed in that city. Whilst he was thus employed, Marmont concentrated his divisions upon Pollos and Tordesillas, where he was joined by Bonnet's corps from Asturias; and then feeling himself to be superior in number to the allies, he advanced. Lord Wellington retired as he came on; moving not directly rearward, but rather in a line

of march parallel with the French,—in which style the armies manœuvred some days. It would be extremely difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any correct idea of the situation and feelings of the British troops at this time. The columns were defiling in an open country, full in the view of each other. At times they were distant from each other not more than half-musket shot; whilst an aide-de-camp would from time to time ride along the flank, and warn the men to be steady, for that they would be engaged in a moment. All arms, infantry, cavalry, and artillery were so far similarly circumstanced. Yet not a shot was fired, till the eventful hour, when the “Master Mind” (if we may employ that prostituted expression in such a case,) perceived his opportunity. How the battle was fought and won, we cannot pause to relate,—but it must be in the recollection of all, that a more complete or more splendid victory never crowned the exertions of British valour. Its consequences were, the advance of the allied army through Valladolid to Madrid, and the expulsion, for the second time, of King Joseph from his capi-

At this eventful moment, when a series of triumphs more brilliant and more substantial than any which he had hitherto obtained, was beginning, as it were, to open before Lord Wellington, he had the mortification to find himself thwarted and opposed by the haughty obstinacy of a Spanish general. Appointed by the Government Captain-General of all their armies, Lord Wellington only now ventured to exert his power, by directing Ballasteros to intercept Soult. Had that officer obeyed his orders, there would have been, in all probability, no need for the retreat from Burgos, nor, consequently, any necessity to permit the fall of the capital into French hands. But Ballasteros refused to act as he was ordered. “He would be unworthy of the name of an Arragonese, were he so far to tarnish the honour of a Spanish army.” The consequence was, that Soult made good his retreat from Andalusia, and that Lord Wellington, who, with means wholly inadequate, had been compelled to commence the siege of Burgos, was necessitated to abandon the undertaking. He retired again

upon the Tormes, followed by fully 80,000 men, and late in the year took up his winter line, with head-quarters at Alba.

We must hurry over the remainder of our hero's glorious career in the Peninsula. The government and people of England appearing to awake at last to a full consciousness of their own strength, and their own best interests, the most strenuous exertions were made to supply him with such a force, both in men and means, as would enable him to take the field in the ensuing spring, with a moral certainty of success. Up to this moment, Lord Wellington's force of British troops never exceeded 27,000 or 28,000 men; when the summer of 1813 arrived, he had full 40,000 under his orders. To these were added various corps of Portuguese, well-disciplined and ably led,—so that the army which broke up from the Tormes cannot, including Spaniards, be computed at less than 100,000 or 120,000 men. With this magnificent army, he carried every thing before him. The spring of the year saw him on the borders of Portugal; before the year closed, he was in cantonments in France. Vittoria, St Sebastians, the Pyrenees, and the Bidassoa, all bound fresh laurels round his brow; and the Nive and the Nivelle were likewise immortalised by his successes. Then followed Orthes, and last of all Toulouse; till the nation became sick with its triumphs. Who has forgotten, or who ever can forget those times,—when, day after day, the roar of artillery was heard, and men almost ceased to ask why it sounded; when the announcement of a fresh victory came upon us, almost without exciting a sensation, so thoroughly had our great General accustomed us to conquest?

And who was like the Duke of Wellington then? The favourite and friend of his Sovereign, the idol of the people, the object of praise and almost of adoration to the public press,—there was no epithet too grandiloquent to be heaped upon him, no applause too great for him to receive. The youngest boy who had the good fortune to be present, will never forget that day of days, when, covered with well-earned orders, and modestly conscious of his own merits, he came to receive in person the thanks of the House of Commons. We know not

which are most to be admired,—the collected representatives of the nation, when, on the entrance of the great warrior, they made the old walls of St Stephen's ring with their shouts,—or the gallant soldier, collected as in the battle-hour, standing, with the flush of proud satisfaction on his cheek, to receive the thanks and plaudits of his fellow-citizens. Can it be, that these same walls have since listened to the voice of calumny and insult, directed against the man who was all that a nation could desire her son to be, and mightier than monarchs on their thrones!

England was now at peace, and that peace she owed, and confessed that she owed, chiefly to the sword and genius of one man. But the peace was more nobly won than prudently preserved. Napoleon retired from the stage like a player between the acts of a tragedy, and appeared again, to bring his part to a close. Then too it was, that not England only, but all Europe, looked to the Duke of Wellington for protection. The Duke was not backward in returning to his post. Though the army intrusted to him came not up, by many degrees, either in numbers or composition, to that which he had led so frequently to glory in Spain, he hastened to put himself at its head. We need not repeat the results. Waterloo is fresh, and will long continue to be fresh, in the memory of mankind. It placed England in security; and it added this last and greatest triumph to the glories of Wellington, that he who had overthrown the most skilful of Napoleon's lieutenants, found an opportunity of overthrowing Napoleon himself.

The Duke of Wellington has on all occasions shown himself to be the friend of order, and the real lover of his country. A Tory by principle,—a genuine, upright, honest-hearted Tory,—he has stood by the throne when it seemed most in danger; and disdained to flinch from his duty, though that duty was far from being an easy one. When that unfortunate woman, Caroline of Brunswick, arrived to trouble the nation, who bore with a better grace the hootings and insults of a mob, or more fearlessly and tenaciously kept the road which honour and loyalty pointed out to him? Our sentiments of veneration and love for George IV. are well known;—but

we must be permitted to say plainly, that the Prince who can forget that time, or be cajoled into an estrangement from the man who then so stoutly befriended him, is not what we have believed, and still believe our beloved Monarch to be. But we are treading upon painful ground, and must tread lightly.

It is hardly necessary for us to state, that the very name of the Duke of Wellington carries with it, and must carry with it, more weight, in all the cabinets of Europe, than the names of the whole of his Majesty's present ministers put together. The calling into existence of the New World, wonderful as that act of individual creation was, appears, we will venture to assert, at Vienna, Petersburg, and Paris, as a mere drop in the bucket, when compared with the deliverance from thralldom of the Old.

Even the spirited occupation of Portugal by full five thousand men, must attach to the reputation of him who caused it, infinitely less of the terrible, than attaches to the reputation of the warrior who won the same Portugal from the legions of Buonaparte. And if we look elsewhere, it may at least admit of a doubt, whether the people of Paris are likely to stand so much in awe of a man, whom they recollect to have seen mingling in the Jacobinical clubs of the Palais Royal, as they do of him who hurled the usurper from his throne, and conferred upon them once more the blessings of social order, and a regular government. Yet is this man excluded from the councils of his Sovereign, that those may enjoy power, whose principles, if they have any principles, are all opposed to the private feelings of the King, and the welfare of the country.

The Duke of Wellington has been accused of base ingratitude, in resigning not only his seat in the Cabinet, but his situation as Commander-in-chief. This singular charge has been met in so many quarters already, that we will not pause to refute it at length; but we would simply ask, wherein his guilt of ingratitude lies? Has his Grace received one reward from his King or country, which he has not fully merited? We answer, No! Had it been possible to heap upon him honours tenfold greater in number and dignity than any which he now enjoys, the services which he has rendered to

the nation would not have been repaid. But granting, for argument's sake, that he had been rewarded above his deserts, does this furnish any reason why he should hold an office, which must unavoidably bring him into continual contact with a Minister whose political principles he abhors? Is any man, in any station, bound in honour, or by his allegiance, to fill office whether he will or no? If the case be so, we are in a worse plight than the people of Algiers or Constantinople; for there, though men may be arbitrarily deprived of their appointments, they cannot be made arbitrarily to hold them. But the accusation is as groundless as it is contemptible. The Duke of Wellington behaved, in this instance, as he has behaved in every other, with the nicest and most sensitive honour. He would not compromise about the person of the Sovereign, because he would not have it supposed that he was capable of seek-

ing that by indirect means, which could not be obtained directly. Besides all which, the voluntary surrender of £30,000 a-year, is not an act which a bad man is likely to perform.

We have said nothing of the Duke's services as Ambassador at Paris and Petersburg, nor of the wisdom of his general proceedings as long as he had a seat in his Majesty's council. It is not necessary that we should. All who are so placed as to obtain a peep behind the curtain, know, that as a statesman, the Duke stands second to no man in England. He may be without the eloquence of a Canning, or the plausibility of a Huskisson,—but in clearness of judgment, comprehensiveness of intellect, and soundness of reasoning, he stands alone. The country has lost one of its ablest guides, in losing him from the helm.

We now lay aside our paper without one word of remark.—Let our readers make remarks for themselves.

#### WHY IS NOT IRELAND WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE?

*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*

SIR,

You have called the attention of the people of Great Britain to the state of Ireland, a subject of the utmost importance to the welfare of the United Kingdom.

That Ireland is not what it ought to be is admitted by every one; and the question is then put by every one, "Why is not Ireland what it ought to be?"

The principal cause of the present unfortunate state of Ireland is, *that Ireland has never been made obedient to law.* Whatever may have been the earlier state of that country, it is clear, that at the time of the English invasion the whole island was in a state of great disorder; and that the partial conquest made by Henry the Second did not tend to reduce even the parts acquired by the English, to any settled rule of government. And now, after the lapse of above six hundred years, Ireland is not yet duly obedient to law. A country not obedient to law cannot be a prosperous or a happy country, especially with an abundant population; and the first step to its improvement must be to render Ireland obedient to law.

For this purpose, it is necessary to give energy to the Government of the country in every part of its administration, and especially in its administration of justice. That energy has always been wanting in Ireland. The Government has been always weak in all its parts, from the Lord Lieutenant and his council, to the petty constable; from the chief judges of the land to the lowest magistrate. *All* are blameable, and therefore blame cannot justly be imputed to any one. The people are as much obnoxious to this charge as their governors; or, at least, the dispositions of the people form an excuse for the misconduct which may be imputed to their governors of the present day.

Two things, therefore, are necessary. First, To give to the Government that spirit of exertion which ought to belong to governors; and, secondly, to give to the people that character which shall render them readily obedient to Government for their own advantage. For this purpose, the people must be made sensible that such obedience is for their advantage.

If a body of Irish adventurers should transport themselves to New South

Wales, their first object would be the cultivation of the soil ; and they would be sensible that their prosperity depended on the enjoyment of the fruits of that cultivation ; that, for this purpose, all must submit to the control of some government ; and an Irish colony settled in New South Wales would probably be, generally, obedient to law, because all would be employed, all would enjoy the fruits of their industry, and all would be conscious that the protection of the Government was necessary to that enjoyment.

But is not the state of many parts of Ireland the reverse of this ? A soil not cultivated as it ought to be ; an abundant population not enjoying the full fruits of industry, and therefore not industrious ; and a Government not affording to person or property that protection which it ought to afford.

Is not, then, encouragement to the cultivation of the soil of Ireland the first step to improvement ? Independent of the imperfect management of the land now cultivated, are there not three or four millions of acres of bog and mountain land capable of cultivation ? Are there not valuable minerals to be found ? But who will exert themselves to render these lands, and these minerals, productive of profit, without assurance of enjoying that profit ? Who will expend capital on such improvements, unless confident of obtaining ample reward ? and can that reward be insured in a country not obedient to law ?

To improve the condition of Ireland, its Government must be active in two ways ; in a rigid, but just, execution of the law ; and in active encouragement to industry, and particularly to that industry which is employed in the cultivation of land. For this purpose capital is necessary. In the present miserable state of the finances of the United Empire, to advance money from the public purse for this purpose, may be deemed impracticable. But would not such an advance be, in every sense of the word, just economy ? If Ireland were reduced to just obedience to law, would not the expense now incurred to maintain imperfect order be reduced in full proportion to the interest to be paid on any sum of money advanced for such improvement ? Would not the

profit arising from improvement soon repay the interest, and gradually the capital of a sum so advanced ? If the country were once rendered perfectly obedient to law, would not English capital flow there instead of being employed in the cultivation and improvement of other countries ? It is the apprehension of insecurity which deters English and Scotch farmers from migrating to Ireland, and prevents British capital generally from flowing to Ireland, where, if security were certain, it would meet with ample reward.

There are, however, unfortunate circumstances, independent of Government, which retard the advance of Ireland in prosperity. The Catholic religion, as it is found in Ireland, has divided the people of the country into adverse parties ; and is injurious to industry. Without adverting to other circumstances, the number of holidays takes from the industry of Ireland many days of labour. The same effect may be observed in other countries. A traveller passing through Switzerland, from a Protestant to a Catholic canton, was surprised to find the good road in the first, changed to a very bad road in the other ; and the whole appearance of the country changed. How does this happen ? he said to the postilion. The man replied, " *C'est un pays fêré,*" " It is a country of holidays."

Another cause of the unimproved state of many parts of Ireland, is the embarrassed condition of the proprietors, whose estates are generally burdened with debts, and who make their condition worse by dishonest attempts to avoid the payment of those debts. The administration of law for the recovery of debts is prevented ; sometimes by fraud, sometimes by force, sometimes by favour. The process by outlawry, and grants *in custodiam*, unavoidably lead to gross mismanagement of the land. The occupier has no certainty of tenure, and the owner of the land is not his landlord. Under such management the property must fall into decay.

Many of the proprietors are absent from the country ; some willingly ; others from necessity, to avoid payment of their debts. Of the latter, half the income of their lands is taken by creditors in possession ; and the expense of keeping other creditors out of

possession, exhausts the greater part of the income of the other half. Under such circumstances, improvement of land can scarcely be expected; and internal order must suffer for want of the residence of those most interested to maintain order. When the landlord is absent, the agent is lord of the soil, and the tenants feel the difference.

The manner in which lands have been let in Ireland has in many parts been very injurious to the country. At least one third of Ireland has been granted by leases for lives, renewable for ever. The lessees have granted like leases under them; and there are many instances of four or five such grants, from lessee to lessee, so that the occupying tenant may have four, five, or six, landlords over him, each of whom may distrain the goods of the occupying tenant for the rents due to him, which may be a hundred times more than the rent due from the occupying tenant, whose immediate landlord is generally in arrear to his superiors, and too poor to make any improvement. Leases for long terms of years, of lands which are under-let in various parcels, and those parcels again under-let in smaller parcels, the occupying tenant being thus made subject to the demands of many superior lords, have produced similar inconvenience. The extinction of such superior and subordinate tenures would tend to the improvement of Ireland, by rendering the immediate lord of the occupying tenant rich instead of poor, enabling him to assist in improving, and relieving the occupying tenant from any injury arising from the demands of superior lords.

Economy is not the characteristic of

an Irish landlord. If he determines on improvement, he often has not the means. If he has means, he generally sets out on a plan far beyond his means, involves himself in distress, and leaves his work imperfect. If an Irish gentleman builds a mansion-house, it is generally on a plan far beyond his means; he becomes distressed, and the house is never finished. His tenants suffer, because their landlord has spent too much money. The Irish gentry are generally extravagant, seldom economical; but sometimes the spendthrift in youth becomes penurious in age; and in the next generation, the son dissipates in a moment, what the father has employed years to accumulate.

But the great grievance of Ireland is, that the law is not sovereign. High and low, rich and poor, all are disposed to be above the law, or to evade its provisions. The errors of above six hundred years cannot be remedied in a moment; and they have stamped, generally, such an impression on the character of the people of Ireland, that reform is a very difficult task. And yet it is not a hopeless task. An Irishman in Ireland, and an Irishman out of Ireland, are different characters. There is nothing in the soil or climate to produce this difference. The feeble administration of the Government, which has pervaded every part of the country, and rendered the powers of the law everywhere weak and inefficacious, is the evil spirit which has thrown its baneful influence over the whole.

You are welcome to use these rude hints as you please, or to throw them into the fire, if you should so please.

Z.



## THE REJECTED CORN LAW.

THERE may yet be found people in the world who do not resort to abstract doctrines, or party interests, or popular delusion, for opinion: their sturdy faith is not to be won by the assertions of this public man, or that party; by newspaper declamation, or the shouts of national clamour. They form their judgment from the dictates of impartial justice, plain truth, and sober common reason; and they are not the less satisfied with it, because it is unfashionable and unpopular. Such people must have found in the conduct of the Government and the country, for the last two years, respecting the Corn Laws, a spectacle alike extraordinary, afflictive, and portentous.

It is a fact which no man living will question, that if the agriculturists cannot obtain a price for their corn sufficient to pay the costs of its production, it must no longer be grown. With respect to wheat, Ministers themselves say that this price ought to be 60s. per quarter\*, and most people—including the intelligent part of the manufacturers—agree with them. A higher price is not asked for by the agriculturists. Putting out of sight the ignorant multitude, the crack-brained economists, and a few unprincipled newspapers, a general unanimity exists amidst the agriculturists, the manufacturers, and the traders, as to what the price of wheat ought to be. Some respectable people indeed say, that 55s. or 54s. would protect the agriculturist from loss; but none assert that 60s. would leave him more than moderate profit; and this difference of 5s. or 6s. is not insisted on in any quarter as one of material moment. If any man can be found to say that the price ought to be lower—that it ought not to be more than 50s. or 40s.—they do not venture to argue that such a price would cover the cost of production, and therefore they in effect admit that it would ruin half the community. They are, of course, not entitled to the least notice. When the clashing of interests, and the trifling difference which

5s. or 6s. make in a price of 60s. are looked at, it may be fairly said that the agriculturists, manufacturers, and traders, are generally unanimous, in respect of what the price of wheat ought to be.

It is another fact, which no man living will question, that it is utterly impossible to keep wheat at exactly the same price in every week throughout the year. Its price must generally be some shillings per quarter lower just after harvest, when the whole crop is unconsumed, and much of it is in the hands of needy farmers, who are compelled to sell; than for some time previously to harvest, when but little of the crop is left, and that little is held by wealthy people. The expectation of an abundant crop will depress it: unpromising weather will raise it considerably. Speculation will cause it to fluctuate; public prosperity, or adversity, will exercise large influence over it. Neither the absence of all Corn Laws, nor any Corn Law that human ingenuity could invent, could keep the price of wheat from varying in the course of the year to the extent of several shillings per quarter.

Taking it for granted that the agriculturist ought to obtain 60s. per quarter for all the wheat he sells, it necessarily follows that, if he sell half at 55s., he ought to sell the other half for 65s. If he sell two-thirds at 55s., he ought to sell the remaining one-third for 70s. As this will only make the average price to him 60s., so it will only make the average cost the same to the consumer. The latter will gain as much from the low price, as he will lose from the high one; and, for the year round, he will practically buy his wheat at 60s. the quarter.

It is from all this demonstrable, that a law, having for its object, to prevent the agriculturist from obtaining more on the average of what he sells than 60s., ought to permit him to obtain at times considerably more than this price. If it prevent him from ever obtaining more, it must necessarily prevent him from ever obtaining on

\* We mean the quarter according to the old bushel; our readers must understand this to be our meaning throughout the article.

the average so much. The fluctuations will compel him to sell much of his crop for several shillings less, while he will never be able to obtain a few shillings more, to counterbalance it. If the law prevent him from ever obtaining more, by admitting foreign wheat as soon as his price rises to 60s., he will not often obtain more than from 50s. to 55s.: putting bad harvests out of sight, it will admit as much foreign wheat as will keep the price down at 50s. or 55s., except during short and distant intervals.

It will be denied by no man, who attaches any value to truth and reason, that if the law be partial at all, it ought to be so to the agriculturist. If it occasionally make corn for a few weeks 3s., or even 5s. per quarter dearer than it ought to be, the evils of this endure but for a moment, and they are so slight as to be scarcely felt by the community. But if it open the ports at too low a price, it may easily plunge the whole of the agriculturists, that is, half the community, into bitter distress, which may last for years. If our production of corn were considerably below our consumption, there would always be a demand for foreign corn in our market, and its import might only keep prices stationary. But we produce about as much as we consume: consequently if the ports be opened in ordinary years, as much foreign corn is admitted, as produces a large and immediate reduction of prices.

So long therefore as we grow as much, or nearly as much wheat as we can consume, it is wholly above question, that foreign wheat ought not to be admitted until the price reach, at the lowest, about 70s., if the agriculturist be to obtain, on the average, 60s. We of course put out of sight bad harvests. If the law admit foreign wheat at 64s. or 66s., the average price to the agriculturist must always be considerably below 60s.

Our late Corn Laws excluded foreign wheat until the price rose to 70s. It must be obvious to every one, that if they had been kept in existence, they would have kept the average price of wheat far below such a price. On opening the ports, they would always have admitted far more foreign wheat than the deficiency of the time required; and this would have produced a large reduction of price. Putting out

of the question bad harvests, they would only have suffered wheat to rise to 70s. once, for a few weeks, in two or three years, and this would have been counterpoised by the fall produced by the opening of the ports; they would never have suffered the agriculturist to obtain an average price of more than from 58s. to 63s. or 65s.; and of course they would never have suffered the cost to be more to the consumer.

By the government, as well as by the ignorant and deluded multitude, these laws have been stigmatized as the parents of general high prices, and as being almost ruinous to the country. They have been declared to be so bad as to be incapable of amendment. Ministers have never spoken of bettering the mode of taking the averages—of opening the ports whenever the six weeks' average should reach 70s. instead of merely opening them at four periods in the year—of "improvement" of any kind upon the main principle of prohibition up to 70s. They have spoken of nothing save the utter abolition of these laws, and the enactments of a new one, the reverse in principle.

Now, on what grounds have they proceeded?—Have they proved that under the Corn Laws, wheat, in ordinary years, has been dearer than it ought to have been?—No,—official documents prove that it has been cheaper. Have they proved that it is possible for these laws to give the agriculturist in ordinary years a higher average price than from 58s. to 65s.?—No. This is a manifest impossibility. Have they proved that these laws were incapable of amendment, reserving the main principle of prohibition up to 70s.?—No. They have not attempted it. They have not furnished, or endeavoured to furnish, a single title of that proof, which alone could justify so gigantic and perilous a change of established law.

On what grounds, then, have they proceeded?—One of the leading arguments of themselves and their supporters has been, that the Corn Laws would not admit Foreign wheat until the price should rise to 80s. The fact is this:—The law of 1822 was not to come into operation until wheat should rise to 80s.; but it was for ever after to open the ports when the price should rise to 70s. In other words, this law, from the moment of its coming into

effect, was constantly to take 70s. as the price for opening the ports. The provision that it should not have operation until the price should rise to 80s., was in reality no part of the permanent law; it was merely to fix the time when the law should have effect; and the first moment of the law's operation would have annulled it for ever. It might have been expunged, without altering in the least the permanent law. Yet this provision was trumpeted forth and reasoned from, as though the Corn Laws would *always* have taken 80s. as the price for opening the ports. That was insisted on to be a valid reason for the utter abolition of the laws, which in truth had nothing to do with them, beyond fixing the time when one of them should have operation.

Another argument has been, that the laws admitted too much wheat in 1819, before they closed the ports. The fact here is, that one of the laws was not then framed; one of its objects was to prevent excessive importation, and it has never been tried.

A third argument has been, that the laws did not admit oats when they ought to have done it in August last. If a remedy were here necessary, it might have been found in this—the average price of the preceding six or eight weeks, might have weekly opened or closed the ports, instead of the quarterly regulation. This would not have altered the essential principle of the laws.

Another argument has been, that Ministers admitted Foreign wheat in 1825 and 1826, when the laws would not admit it. Has it been proved that this was necessary?—No. When they admitted the wheat in the first year, they said they did it, not because the price was too high, but to prevent the laws from admitting it, and thereby producing too low a price. Their admission of it in the second year was proved, by the fall of price it produced, to be a very unnecessary and mischievous measure.

Another argument has been, that the laws produced frequent and violent fluctuations in price; this is refuted by official documents.

But the great argument has been, that the laws were prohibitory. The protecting-duty on cottens, in reality, prohibits the import of them so long as they are below a certain price: the Corn Laws merely did the same in re-

spect of corn. Separating the prohibition from the remainder of the laws, nothing has ever been urged against it save senseless declamation. Mr Huskisson's horror of prohibition in trading regulations could not properly apply to it; the latter prohibition is complete and unvarying, it excludes an article at all times, and under all circumstances. But though one of the Corn Laws did not do this, it was not so prohibitory in its nature as a constant high duty; it gave at all times full admission to Foreign Corn when it was necessary. Ministers intend their new law to be as much a prohibition, up to a certain price, as the old ones were.

The Corn Laws have been abolished, in the teeth of everything necessary to justify it. They have been charged with producing what they did not, and could not, produce; they have been represented to be what they demonstrably were not; a clamour has been raised against them, ignorant and wicked in its origin, and self-evidently false in its assertions and deductions; and these have formed the grounds on which they have been abolished. When we look at this, and then turn to the fact, that if the abolition have been made on erroneous grounds, it will plunge half the community into ruin and misery; we are constrained to say, that a measure so thoroughly indefensible scarcely ever before disgraced any government, or any country.

And now, what is the new law of Ministers?—this last and most finished specimen of the new science and philosophy?

In this law, the principles of free trade are almost wholly thrown overboard; this is admitted by its parents and supporters. Mr Canning, on introducing it, stated that it was neither a free-trade measure nor a prohibitory one—that it was both—that it was in truth a hermaphrodite law. Mr Brougham, after being hugely puzzled, discovered, or thought he discovered, that it combined the principle of free trade with that of prohibition. When our legislators have got thus far in producing love and union amidst opposites and antipathies, it will surprise no one, if Mr Canning unfold some discovery for roasting meat by immersing it in the Thames; or if Mr Brougham give birth to some magnificent invention for combining life

and death, and enabling the same human being to be eternally dead and eternally alive.

Ministers say, that the agriculturists ought to obtain 60s. per quarter for wheat. Whether they be sincere or not, is known to God and themselves, but not to us; and whatever we may suspect, we must speak on the assumption that they are sincere. Now, according to the old bushel, the new law is to subject Foreign wheat to a duty of 20s. whenever the Gazette price is 60s. This gazette-price under the old mode of taking the averages—and the law in its origin was bottomed on this mode—did not enable a large portion of the agriculturists to obtain more than 55s. If, however, we assume the Gazette price to be the one received by the agriculturists, it is abundantly manifest, that when it is 60s. Foreign wheat ought to be rigidly excluded, if its admission would cause a reduction of price.

Corn, in our market, is in perfectly different circumstances from most other important articles of trade. We draw our supplies of cotton and sugar wholly from abroad; therefore large and regular importations are necessary for keeping prices stationary. We produce a vast quantity of fallow, and some other things, but not sufficient for our consumption, therefore a constant import to a certain extent is necessary for keeping prices stationary. But we produce about as much corn as we can consume, and when this is the case, the admission of Foreign corn must inevitably lower prices. Such admission would only keep them stationary, when it should merely supply a deficiency in our production.

When, therefore, the Agriculturists can barely obtain a remunerating price, it is a decisive proof that the market is plentifully supplied; and that the admission of Foreign corn would depress prices. Of course, such corn should be rigidly excluded whenever prices are not above remunerating ones.

Now, how would the new law operate? The best qualities of wheat are in the London market 8s. or 10s. per quarter higher than the Gazette price; this difference will be greater, if the new mode of taking the averages cause them to be lower than they were under the old one. We will, however, assume the difference to be 7s., and

then the case will stand thus. When the Gazette price is 60s., and the Agriculturists are obtaining the same, the best Foreign wheat will sell in London for 67s., and it will be subject to a duty of 20s. If to this duty we add 12s. as the expenses and profit of the importer, we then have 35s. as the price of the Foreign grower. The average price of the London market is 3s. or 4s. above the Gazette price, consequently the good qualities of Foreign wheat will fetch in London what would leave about 30s. to the grower.

It is admitted, that these prices would remunerate the grower of Foreign wheat. When, therefore, the Gazette price should be 60s., and the agriculturists should be only obtaining the price which Ministers themselves say is necessary to save them from loss, the new law would admit into the London market, wheat from most parts of the world at a good profit to both the Foreign grower and the importer.

It must be observed, that in our large places generally, the price of the better qualities of wheat is some shillings per quarter above the Gazette price. The difference, however, is not received by the Agriculturists; it is swallowed up by the costs of transit, and the profits of the corn-dealers.

What would be the consequence in ordinary years? A very large import, of which the whole, or nearly the whole, would be excess of supply over consumption. It would cause an accumulation which would soon bring down prices. Prices would fall abroad, as they would fall here. If the Gazette price should sink to 55s., the price of the best wheat in the London market would be 62s., and the duty would be raised to 30s. When the duty is deducted from the London price, it leaves 32s. for the importer and Foreign grower. In late years wheat has been bought abroad on such terms, that the importers could afford to sell it at 32s. It is idle to tell us that this was caused by glut; no matter what the cause was, it proves that wheat may be imported and sold in our market at such a price for years in succession. A glut in our market would produce a glut in the Foreign one, and we should import at glut prices.

When, therefore, the agriculturists should be only obtaining 55s., should be selling at a losing price—the import of Foreign wheat would be large. The

effect would be an accumulation which would bring down the price below 50s., which would probably bring it for a time to 40s.

Ministers and their friends have argued in this manner—You cannot import, annually, above one-twelfth of what you consume, and such a quantity can do no mischief. Nothing could be more erroneous than this. Only that corn should be looked at, which is actually bought and sold;—what the agriculturists consume, never enters or affects the market, and it ought to be put wholly out of the question. The market of London, and a small number of other large places, governs prices, and the quantity of corn sufficient to glut it, is sufficient to render prices ruinous throughout the country. London is estimated to import 5000 quarters of wheat weekly, for its consumption. Were it to import, weekly, this quantity of British, and a like quantity of Foreign wheat, accumulation would follow, and the price would sink until the ports should be wholly closed.

But the mischief would only flow in part from regular importation. In the summer months wheat is, and ought to be, some shillings per quarter higher, than it is in the winter months. In summer, the import would chiefly take place. If British new wheat, which is commonly the case, should come to market in bad condition until Christmas, it would fetch, perhaps, 10s. per quarter less than the best Foreign; and it would be scarcely saleable. The Foreign would thus be consumed, and the British be kept in the hands of the grower. The consequence would be a ruinous glut of British wheat. As we grow about as much corn as we consume, when a glut takes place, it is pretty sure to continue, with average crops, for some years.

Then the new law would afford no protection against groundless fears and speculation. If at the eve of harvest there be a few weeks of unfavourable weather, it is sure to set the speculators to work, and to raise corn considerably. In such a case, an enormous quantity of Foreign corn would be brought into the market, and, probably, our own crop would not suffer in the least from the weather.

The new law would therefore have admitted Foreign wheat to a greater or less extent, until the Gazette price

should have fallen below 55s. Importation would soon have created a glut, which would have sunk the price much below 55s. In ordinary years, the mass of our farmers—those who need protection the most—would have obtained no more than from 45s. to 50s. From harvest until May, the Gazette price would generally have fluctuated between these sums, whatever it might have been in the rest of the year.

What we have said respecting wheat, is applicable to other kinds of grain.

How Ministers, in introducing a law like this, could say that the agriculturists ought to obtain 60s., we cannot tell. If we give them credit for sincerity, it fixes upon them the imputation of gross ignorance and incapacity.

This law, after passing the Commons, was sent to the Lords as a money bill. It was intimated by Ministers, that the Commons would stand upon their privileges—that they would not suffer the Peers to make any alteration—and that if such alteration were made, it would insure the rejection of the law. We wonder, that even in these times anything so unconstitutional and shameful could be ventured on.

Putting aside its name, the law did not possess a single characteristic of a money bill, so far as concerns privilege. Ministers had always declared, that the duties were imposed for purposes wholly different from those of revenue, and this was notoriously the fact. Every one knew that the duties, in their intention, had nothing to do with taxation; and that they were imposed solely to regulate the import of corn. Every one knew, that if the Peers should make any alteration, it would be from motives having nothing to do with a desire to interfere with the granting, or appropriating, of public money. As to the name of money bill, the law had not the least right to it; it was called by this name nowhere, save in the House of Lords, and it might, with equal propriety, have been called a turnpike bill.

The question brought before the Upper House of Parliament by this pretended money bill, vitally affected the interests of at least half the population of the United Kingdom. The experience of the years which followed 1818, decisively proved, that an enormous decision would involve not only the great landowners, but the

middling and small ones, the farmers, and the husbandry labourers, in beggary and distress, and that, in addition to this, it would have the most baleful effects on trade and manufactures. A question more complex and important, and affecting more comprehensively the fortunes and bread of the community, and all the best interests of the empire, could not be named or imagined. Of course, a question calling more imperiously for all the caution, knowledge, talent, wisdom, examination, and discussion, which both Houses of Parliament could supply, could not be named, or imagined. With regard to practical knowledge, the Lords were necessarily much better qualified to decide than the Commons. Yet, by calling the law a money bill, the Upper House was precluded from all examination with a view to improvement; if it had been friendly to the general principle, but hostile to some of the details, it was prohibited from making any alteration; it was restricted to a wholesale acceptance or rejection touching the essential parts of the measure.

If we look for evidence to prove that human wisdom could not have fixed the duties more correctly than the House of Commons had fixed them, we find only evidence of a contrary character. No one having a little practical knowledge, and having considered the subject, can read the speeches of Mr Canning, Mr Brougham, and their supporters, without being convinced that they did not understand what they were doing; and that there never was a great question more ignorantly, superficially, and wretchedly debated in the House of Commons, than this was, so far as regards the advocates of the change. If we give Ministers credit for good intentions, every one knows that they were led to a great extent by abstract doctrines and closet visionaries; that they were largely under the influence of party spirit; and that they acted much more from the impulses of sectarian enthusiasm, than from the impartial dictates of truth and experience. Their supporters consisted in the main of those who were compelled to support them, and of those who deemed it to be their personal or party interest to support them. Everything conspired to render it impossible for the House of Commons to make the

law perfect, or to make it other than exceedingly erroneous. The public weal imperiously demanded that the House of Peers should have full liberty to subject it to the most severe revision, and to make any change in the duties that it might deem necessary. If the vanity of Ministers had been less, and their regard for duty had been greater—if they had cared less for their own interests, and more for those of the country—they would have used privilege, not to restrict the Peers from investigation and improvement, but to enable them to carry both to the farthest point possible.

A large body of Peers met the Law with a direct negative, and they were defeated. The Duke of Wellington then proposed an amendment, and defeated Ministers. The latter next, in a mighty pet, kicked the Law out of Parliament.

The Duke of Wellington has, of course, been bitterly abused for his conduct, and he has had something more showered upon him than hard names. Falschoods—rank, base, malignant falsehoods—are the missiles of the pretended liberals and philosophers, and with these they have pelted his Grace most profusely. They have asserted that he was actuated by factious motives, and that from such motives he opposed a measure in Parliament which he had sanctioned in the Cabinet. The vile assertion has been made by other people than the Cockney press-gang; it has been made in the House of Commons; the very Mr Baring—the individual who, according to report, was, not many years ago, saved from utter ruin by the Duke of Wellington—has been capable of repeating it. Poor Mr Baring!—To think that a man who has even more than once shared in *our* cautions and niggardly panegyrics, should have thus disgraced himself. The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo—the day on which the Duke's name ought never to be breathed by the Englishman, save with sentiments of enthusiastic gratitude and veneration—was the day on which this atrocious attack was made upon his fair fame in the House of Commons.

Was the measure which came before the Peers precisely the same which the Duke sanctioned in the Cabinet? No such thing. Mr Canning, Mr Huskisson, and others who sanctioned

it in the Cabinet, made great alterations in it afterwards in the House of Commons; they made greater alterations in it, than that would have been which was proposed by the Duke. His Grace might with perfect propriety have said—This is not the measure which I agreed to in the Cabinet; you have altered the mode of taking the averages, &c. I dissent from your alterations, and if you persist in them, I will oppose the whole measure. He had, in consistency and honour, just as much right to suggest changes and improvements while the Bill was in progress through the Lords, as Ministers had to do so while it was in progress through the Commons. This, however, would not do for the liberal and enlightened Philosophers. Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson, after agreeing to the measure in the Cabinet, were to have full liberty to make any change in it whatever; but the Duke was not only to be bound from suggesting the smallest change, but he was to be bound likewise to support it, no matter what changes might be made in it by Ministers.

Now, what was the amendment proposed by the Duke of Wellington? At the time, there were between six and seven hundred thousand quarters of Foreign wheat, including flour, in bond; the weekly importations were large; and there was almost a certainty that the quantity would be raised by harvest to nearly a million of quarters. There was a prospect of an abundant crop—of a crop sufficient for our consumption. There was not a man in the Cabinet who did not know that if nearly a million of quarters of Foreign wheat were brought upon the market at harvest, to meet an abundant crop of our own, it would produce a large and ruinous depression of prices, especially when the market was to be constantly open to further importations. To guard against this, Ministers had not deigned to make the slightest provision.

The Duke, as a member of a Committee, had been convinced that the corn-dealers, by means of fictitious sales, could raise the averages, and bring the bonded corn into the market almost at pleasure. He therefore proposed that the bonded wheat should not be released until the Gazette price should rise to 66s. This applied solely to bonded wheat; it did not touch other grain, or wheat, not bonded; it

did not affect the principle of the law, according to what this principle was represented to be; it left the market constantly open for Foreign wheat at the duty fixed by the law, provided it should not be bonded; and it made no change whatever in respect of other kinds of corn.

Previously to proposing his amendment to Parliament, the Duke solicited the opinion of Mr Huskisson. The reply of the latter was so vague and ambiguous in its meaning, that the Duke expected his amendment would be wholly or partially adopted by Ministers. After he had carried it, he offered to withdraw it, provided they would remedy that defect in the law, which they practically admitted to exist. Conduct like this, forsooth, was called factious. An attempt to improve the law, by removing an admitted defect, and applying a preventive to that which was likely to plunge half the community into distress, was, forsooth, to oppose the whole law from party and factious motives. Those who invented the dirty slander were the factious; they were the men who destroyed the law from party and factious motives. If every Member of Parliament would always act as the Duke of Wellington acted on this occasion—would look at fact, experience, reason, and public good, without earing for party and personal interests—the country would suffer far less than it does from party and faction.

But this amendment was ruinous to the law, because it altered the duty; and to this the Commons could not consent on the score of privilege. No matter then how necessary it might be. Although it might be essential for saving the whole community from distress, it was still to be rejected solely on account of privilege. Those who argue thus, are the enemies of both privilege and the constitution.

The amendment was carried, and in consequence Ministers abandoned the bill. Then began the war of slander and falsehood. Mr Canning, according to the newspapers, charged the Peers, in his place in Parliament, with being determined to reject any change whatever that the Commons might devise respecting the Corn Laws. He stated that this was clear to all; and that the people who walked the streets protested that such was the fact. What the street-walkers, who did this were, in sex and calling, the

Right Honourable Gentleman did not describe; and it is possible enough that there may be a class capable of doing it. But no matter whether the charge was made by the Prime Minister, or by street-walkers, or by both; it was grossly untrue—it was made in the teeth of decisive evidence to the contrary. Previously to its being made, the Peers, in their collective capacity, had proved themselves to be willing to pass the law sent to them from the Commons, with this exception only—they raised the duty on bonded wheat. This alteration sanctioned the principle of the law, and involved the abolition of the existing Corn Laws. Mr Canning's charge was much worse than calumnious; it constituted as abominable an attack upon the rights and independence of Parliament, as ever was made. It in reality asserted, that the Upper House had no right in the constitution to be a deliberative body, or anything but the instrument of the Lower one. If one of the Estates of the Realm is to be thus dealt with, we may easily divine what is to be done with another. The object evidently was, to fill the country with delusion and distraction—to cover the Peers with popular indignation—and to obtain that majority amidst them by intimidation, which could not be obtained by constitutional means.

Mr Canning's attack was met by several of the Peers as it deserved to be. Lord Grey's eloquent and constitutional reply to it deserves the highest praise.

After the Premier had acted in this manner, it was very natural for his newspapers to run round the whole circle of falsehood and iniquity. They immediately proclaimed that the Peers wished to keep corn at "famine-prices," and to starve the population; they addressed the most atrocious incitements to the bad passions of the multitude. If what these newspapers have published from first to last respecting the Corn question, was collected into a whole, it would exhibit such a mass of base, premeditated misrepresentations, and wilful, cool-blooded, diabolical falsehoods, as human depravity could scarcely be thought capable of producing.

We will examine, first, how far the Duke of Wellington's amendment was calculated to produce famine-prices and starvation.

This amendment admitted all kinds of grain, save wheat, at the duties fixed by the House of Commons; it admitted unbonded wheat at the duty fixed by the House of Commons; and it would have admitted bonded wheat whenever the price should have risen to 66s. Now, what was there here to produce high prices? Under it a large and constant import of Foreign wheat would have taken place, and that this would have kept the price below 60s. can be doubted by no one. This amendment would have constantly admitted all the wheat and flour that Foreign nations could send us, at the duty fixed by the House of Commons, provided the duty were paid on their being landed.

If the law was abandoned because the amendment was carried, this was not the fault of his Grace. He did not intend it to destroy the law. On this point, it was the Ministers who laboured to produce famine-prices and starvation.

We will now speak of Lord Malmesbury and his friends. While they voted—and in our judgment most wisely and righteously voted—against the whole law, they declared themselves to be willing to give the law of 1822 immediate operation: in other words, they were willing that Foreign wheat should be admitted whenever our price should reach 70s. They were likewise willing to make improvements in the existing laws. Mr Western, whose sound and able speeches were never answered, although they were disregarded, made an effort in the House of Commons to give the law of 1822 immediate effect. With regard to the admission of Foreign wheat whenever our price should be 70s. the Peers, barring the Ministerial part of them, were unanimously in favour of it.

Every merchant, every manufacturer, every man living who is entitled to open his lips on the Corn question, knows that if Foreign wheat were admitted at 70s., the effect would be, that the price would be generally considerably below 70s. The price could not rise to this without admitting as much Foreign wheat as would almost immediately reduce it greatly. Under such a regulation, the price in ordinary years could not be more on the average of the year than from 60s. to 63s. or 65s. Would such a price be a famine one, and starve the popula-



tion? Not one of Mr Canning's newspapers will dare to reply in the affirmative. It is matter of demonstration, that what Lord Malmesbury and his friends advocated, could not possibly cause wheat to be, on the average, more than a shilling or two per quarter dearer than it is when we now write; and yet not a false sycophant can be found in the land to assert that its price is at present unreasonable.

And now we will ask, what possible public benefit of any kind can be produced by these detestable misrepresentations and falsehoods? No man can deny, that if the law make the price of corn too low, it will plunge half the population into beggary and misery, and bring the most fearful evils upon the whole. This is wholly above question. It is alike unquestionable, that if the law make the price too high, this will produce comparatively but little evil, and it can be easily and immediately remedied. It is of course very clear, that on public grounds, and for the sake of the manufacturers and traders, as well as of that of the agriculturists, too low a price ought to be guarded against even more vigilantly than too high a one. It necessarily follows, that the arguments of those who urge that the law will fix the price too low, should be truly stated, and dispassionately examined. Such people may be overwhelmed with falsehood and scurrility—they may be replied to by mob-clamour—they may be made the objects of popular hatred and vengeance—and what can be gained from this? Public ruin. The Upper House of Parliament may be stripped of its functions—it may be involved in war with the Lower One—it may be made the object of national animosity—and what will follow? The destruction of the Constitution.

If there be any man who is in danger of being misled by the cant of the age respecting the march of intellect, and the abounding of knowledge, science, and philosophy, who is in danger of believing the bombastic egotism, and silly swaggering of Ministers and their worshippers—we pray that man to examine impartially the history and consequences of this war in the Corn question.

That corn ought to fetch a price sufficient to cover the costs of its production, is admitted on all sides. The first step, therefore, to be taken was, to discover what price would do this

This step has practically been taken, and there is no material difference of opinion touching what the costs of the production of corn are, and what price is necessary to cover them.

The next thing to be done, manifestly, was—to enact a law that would, as far as possible, always keep corn at this price. Now, what has been done here? The law attempted to be enacted, only sought to prevent the price from being too high: It is manifest that it would have rendered the price considerably lower than it ought to be, according to the professions of all sides. While Ministers declared that the agriculturists ought to have a certain price, they proposed a law which would have bound them to one much lower; while the manufacturers and traders declared their willingness to give a certain price, they clamoured for a law that would enable them to buy far more cheaply. On the nature of such conduct we need not enlarge.

It is demonstrable that the Corn Laws, if the one of 1822 had been rendered operative, could not possibly have given the agriculturists a higher average price for wheat than from 60s. to 65s. If there be any truth in the professions of Ministers and the trading part of the population, the sole matter in dispute, consists, of course, solely of from 3s. to 5s. per quarter. Now, what is the real practical worth of this to the consumer? Every labouring man in the country has been again and again told by experience, that a variation of from 3s. to 5s. in the quarter of wheat, very frequently makes no variation in the price of bread. The matter in dispute is compromised in these questions—Shall a reduction of from five to ten per cent be made in the price of wheat? And shall the price of bread be from a half-penny to a penny per week cheaper to each member of the community than it is at present? For this the country has been filled with strife and distraction—the most serious injury has been done to agriculture—half the population are to be brought into danger of ruin—and the empire is to be threatened with fearful evils. The reduction cannot be made without placing agriculture, and, of course, the best interests of the empire, in jeopardy. All this may be called knowledge, science, and philosophy; but it shall never be called so by us. Its parents may boast that these are the greatest and wisest

men—that ever existed, but our panegyrics they shall never receive.

And now what does all the nonsense touching fluctuations really amount to? An advance of 6s. upon 60s. is 10 per cent; one of 10s. is nearly 17 per cent; and one of 15s. is 25 per cent. In ordinary years, under the Corn Laws, the fluctuations would not have been greater than from 5 to 16 per cent; and the occasional and extreme fluctuations would not have exceeded 20 or 25 per cent. Such fluctuations cannot be prevented; they take place in every article, and they produce no mischief. Yet the men of knowledge, science, and philosophy, protest, that if wheat be raised for a moment from 10 to 20 per cent above what it costs in the production, this will produce famine and starvation!

Do the newspaper clamours for cheap corn, prove that corn can be produced for the price to which they wish to sink it? They do not attempt it. Do they ask what effects their cheap corn would produce amidst the agricultural population? No, the matter is below their notice. Do they inquire what the consequences would be to trade, manufactures, revenue, and all the best interests of the empire, should half the community be plunged into beggary and distress? No. Their cry in reality amounts to this—cheap corn, though it ruin ten or twelve millions of people!—Cheap corn, though it ruin the empire!—Their leaders dive still deeper into criminal ignorance and absurdity. In plain English, the doctrine of M'Culloch and his brethren is—sink the price of corn below the cost of production, and by this you will enrich the producer—ruin your landowners, farmers, and husbandry labourers, and by this you will benefit them mightily.

Is the age, in which a question of such stupendous and perilous importance is thus argued—in which it is attempted to decide such a question by delusion and falsehood, by party madness, and the brute passions of the populace—the age of knowledge, science, and philosophy? No! it is the age of ignorance, folly, and wickedness.

We have opposed free trade, chiefly with reference to its application to agriculture. It could not be made to have any material direct operation on the leading manufactures; and the interests which it has so grievously

injured do not employ, comparatively, a very large portion of the population. But when applied to agriculture, half the community would be exposed to its destructive direct operation. Its progress has been for the moment arrested, and we have yet only had its comparatively trifling beginnings. Agriculture, however, has only received its year's respite through a heavy sacrifice. If the coming crop be, what it promises to be, the bonded wheat will have very mischievous effects in the market.

It would be unpardonable in us to withhold our praise from those Peers by whom the country was saved from the evils comprehended in the rejected law. When public men are audaciously making a boast of apostasy, trampling upon principle, and proclaiming, by their conduct, that they have a right to do anything to serve their personal and party interests, it is refreshing to find such an example of consistency, patriotism, and independence, as has been furnished by Lords Grey, Fitzwilliam, and the other Whig Peers who voted with the Duke of Wellington. When men of their station thus nobly cast from them the bonds and interests of party, for the sake of their country, they shall never, no matter what their party name may be, be without our honest panegyric.

The Duke of Wellington needs no further praise than we have given him, however highly he may deserve it.

But it is to Lords Malmesbury, Lauderdale, Redesdale, Stanhope, and the Peers who voted with them, that the gratitude of the country is especially due. The excellent resolutions of Lord Redesdale deserve warm commendation. Lord Malmesbury's unremitting search for facts, his patient investigation, his accurate deductions, and clear and solid reasoning, his steady boldness in grasping any topic, no matter how unpopular, cannot be eulogised sufficiently. It is men like him—men who care not for party, who care not for unpopularity, who cannot be swayed by national delusion, and who courageously assert the dictates of truth, reason, experience, and patriotism, regardless of the consequences—whom England ought to venerate and follow. To such men she owes all she possesses; and, through such men only, can she retain what she possesses.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

Mr James Montgomery has a new volume of Poems in the press. The principal Poem is to be entitled, "The Pelican Island."

The seventh volume of the Personal Narrative of Travels in Colombia, by Baron de Humboldt; from the original French, by Helen Maria Williams, is on the eve of publication.

Dr Moseley is preparing for publication a Dictionary of Latin Quantities; or, Prosodian's Guide to the different Quantities of every Syllable in the Latin Language, alphabetically arranged, with authorities from the best poets. To which will be prefixed, a Treatise on Prosody.

The Fourth volume of the English Flora, by Sir James E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society, &c. &c. is about to appear.

Mr T. Hood, the author of "Whims and Oddities, National Tales," &c. &c. is preparing a work for the press, to be entitled, "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies;" Hero and Leander, Lycus, the Centaur, and other Poems.

Mr J. R. Young, author of an Elementary Treatise on Algebra, will shortly publish Elements of Geometry, containing a New and Universal Treatise on the Doctrine of Proportion, together with Notes, in which are pointed out and corrected some important errors that have hitherto remained unnoticed in the writings of Geometers; also an examination of the various Theories of Parallel Lines that have been proposed by Legendre, Bertrand, Ivory, &c.

An Historical Narrative of Dr Francia's Reign in Paraguay, is about to be published, in one volume.

The Rev. George Tolley's Explanatory View of the Doctrine of the Trinity, as it is delivered in the Scriptures, is nearly ready.

In the press, Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the late War in Spain and Portugal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military Establishment, announces for early publication, Researches into the Origin and Affinity of the Principal Languages of Asia and Europe.

A new edition, considerably enlarged, of The Butterfly Collector's Vade Mecum, will soon appear.

A new edition of Mr Gent's Poems, with many additions, is announced.

Mr Arrowsmith announces a Map illustrating the Travels of the Apostle Paul, as recorded in the New Testament,

and adapted to the Theories of the most eminent Critics; whereon will be likewise seen, at one view, the Journeys during which the Apostle wrote his Epistles, together with their dates, and the places whence they were sent.

Mr Strutt is preparing for publication a work entitled, *Deliciæ Sylvarum*; or, Select Views of Romantic Forest Scenery, drawn from Nature, and etched by himself. The work will be printed in imperial folio, uniformly with *The Sylva Britannica*, or Portraits of Forest Trees. By the same author.

The Visions of Patmos, a Prophetic Poem, illustrative of the Apocalypse; with an Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, M.A. Rector of Shirland, Derbyshire.

Some Account of Llangollen and Its Vicinity, including a circuit of about seven miles. The whole will be comprised in a pamphlet, the price of which, it is hoped, will not exceed Three Shillings, and will form a Guide Book for the Tourist wishing to examine the most remarkable places in this highly romantic and interesting neighbourhood.

Elements of Biblical Criticism and Interpretations, with special reference to the New Testament. Translated from the Latin of Ernesti, &c. By Moses Stuart. A new edition, with additions, by Dr Henderson, Theological Tutor of the Mission College, Hoxton, and author of *Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia*, &c.

The Rev. Henry March, of Mill Hill, has a new work in the press for young people, entitled, *The Early Life of Christ*, an Example to Youth.

A new and copious General Index to the Edition of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, in 5 vols. 4to, edited by the late C. Taylor.

A Vocabulary to the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, with the Derivation and Composition of the Words. With References and Explanations. By George Hughes, M.A.

A Series of Views in the Isle of Wight, illustrative of its Picturesque Scenery, Castles, Fortresses, and Seats of Nobility and Gentry, is on the eve of Publication, from Drawings made during the last summer by Mr F. Calvert, under whose superintendence the Plates will be coloured, so as to have the effect of well-finished Drawings. It will be printed in Quarto, and comprise Views of the Coast, as well as of the Interior, accom-

panied with Descriptions. The size of the Plates will admit of very comprehensive pictorial representation.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in One Vol. 8vo, price 10s. 6d. in boards, the Reasons of the Laws of Moses, from the "More Nevochin" of Maimonides. With Notes, Dissertations, and a Life of the Author. By James Townley, D.D.

The first Number of a series of Lithographic Views in the Brazils, together with Scenes of the Manners, Customs, and Costume of the Inhabitants, from Drawings by Maurice Ragendas, a German artist, is on the eve of publication. It will be accompanied by Letter-press Description, under the superintendence of Baron Humboldt.

A selection of Architectural and other Ornaments,—Greek, Roman, and Italian, drawn on stone, from the originals in various Museums and Buildings in

Italy, by Messrs Jenkins and Hoskings, architects, is announced to be published in Eight Parts,—the first of which will appear in a few days.

A new work of the celebrated Le Brun, on Comparative Physiognomy, is about to be offered to the public. It is highly curious and interesting, and consists of Thirty-seven large Designs in Lithography, by Engelman & Co., developing the relation between the Human Physiognomy and that of the Brute Creation; with a Dissertation on the System.

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Will be published in October, in two large volumes octavo, a new edition of Dr Cullen's First Lines of the Practice of Physic, together with his Physiology and Nosology. In this edition will be introduced numerous Extracts from Dr Cullen's M.S. Lectures, hitherto unpublished, and from his printed Treatise on the Materia Medica. Edited by John Thomson, M.D. F.R.S.E. & L., Lecturer on the Practice of Physic, and late Regius Professor of Military Surgery in the University of Edinburgh.

Will be published in September, in one volume octavo, a Treatise on the Election Laws in Scotland. To which will be added, a Historical Inquiry concerning the Municipal Constitution of Towns and Boroughs. By Arthur Connell, Esq. Advocate.

Nearly ready, in 12mo, Exercises in Homeric and Attic Greek, for the use of the Second and Senior Greek Classes in the University of Glasgow. By Daniel Vol. XXII.

Sandford, Esq. A.M. Oxon., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.

Will be published in September, the Planter's Guide, or a Practical Essay on the best method of giving immediate Effect to Wood, by the removal of large Trees and Underwood; being an attempt to place the Art on fixed principles, and to apply it to general purposes, useful and ornamental; chiefly intended for the climate of Scotland. By Sir Henry Stewart, Bart. LL.D. F.R.S.E. &c.

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OIL, Whale, . . tun, L.	25	—	25 10	25 10	26	27	28	—
Cod, . . .	—	—	21 10	—	24	25 10	30	—
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	6d	6½	6	—	—	—	0 5½	0 6
Middling, . . .	5½	5½	4½	5	3½	4½	0 0	—
Inferior, . . .	4	4½	—	4½	5	—	0 2½	0 3
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 5½	0 6½
Sea Island, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
New Orleans, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 6	0 8½
Bahia, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 8	0 9
Demerara and Berbice	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 7	0 10
Grenada, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 8	0 9
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	0 8½	0 9
Maranham, . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

**METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.**

**N.B.**—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, after-noon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

*April.*

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
<b>April</b>	M.36	29.725	M.46	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.	<b>April 16</b>	M.38	29.852	M.50	N.	Frost morn. day fair.
	A.45	.770	A.51				A.46	.85	A.50		
<b>2</b>	M.44	.618	M.53	W.	Dull, flying shrs. rain.	<b>17</b>	M.35	.876	M.52	NE.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.
	A.51	.618	A.51				A.45	.796	A.50		Morn. cold, day sunsh.
<b>3</b>	M.41	.475	M.52	W.	Ditto.	<b>18</b>	M.35	.796	M.48	E.	Morn. cold, day sunsh.
	A.52	.444	A.49				A.43	.620	A.49		Frost morn. rain aftern.
<b>4</b>	M.36	.752	M.50	W.	Dull, show-ers rain.	<b>19</b>	M.32	.540	M.50	E.	Cold, but fair, dull.
	A.48	.619	A.50				A.45	.465	A.49		Itam morn. day fair.
<b>5</b>	M.42	.552	M.51	SW.	Morn. frost.	<b>20</b>	M.39	.539	M.45	NE.	Fair, sunsh. cold.
	A.50	.555	A.52				A.45	.625	A.45		Snow and sleet, heavy.
<b>6</b>	M.47	.484	M.53	W.	day sunsh.	<b>21</b>		.556	M.44	NE.	Heavy fall snow.
	A.47	.694	A.49				40	.537	A.41		Day thaw, frost night.
<b>7</b>	M.35	.456	M.48	SW.	Cold, with shrs. rain.	<b>22</b>		.639	M.41	NE.	Heavy shrs. sleet aftern.
	A.44	.899	A.47				3	.601	A.41		Sunsh. and mild.
<b>8</b>	M.34	.986	M.49	SW.	Fair, but cold, sun. h.	<b>23</b>		.410	M.42	NE.	Sunsh. and very warm.
	A.45	.913	A.46				34	.361	A.37		Foren. dull, h. r. aftern.
<b>9</b>	M.34	.516	A.51	SW.	Ditto.	<b>24</b>		.240	M.37	NE.	Foren. sun. aftern. shrs.
	A.50	.375	M.49				35	.272	A.36		
<b>10</b>	M.30	.605	A.49	Cble.	Morn. frost, day fair	<b>25</b>		.151	M.42	Cble.	
	A.41	.722	M.49				37	.156	A.43		
<b>11</b>	M.30	.628	A.48	Cble.	Sharp frost, fair.	<b>26</b>		.641	M.46	SW.	
	A.42	.628	M.48				42	.960	A.44		
<b>12</b>	M.38	.514	A.48	SW.	H. rain morn. day showery.	<b>27</b>		.909	M.44	SW.	
	A.48	.375	M.57				44	.909	A.45		
<b>13</b>	M.37	.602	A.50	E.	Fair, very cold.	<b>28</b>		.864	M.53	E.	
	A.48	.819	M.49				53	.764	A.55		
<b>14</b>	M.39	.748	M.49	W.	Day fair, rain even.	<b>29</b>		.761	M.56	Cble.	
	A.49	.880	A.50				50	.704	A.58		
<b>15</b>	M.38	.760	M.49	SW.	Fair, cold, sunshine.	<b>30</b>		.763	M.66	Cble.	
	A.48	.850	A.50				57	.710	A.58		

Average of rain, 2.321.

*May.*

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
<b>May 1</b>	M.47	29.860	M.56	Cble.	Heavy fog.	<b>May 17</b>	M.48	29.230	M.51	E.	Rain morn and aftern.
		.869	A.53					.461	A.52		Morn. fog, rain aftern.
<b>2</b>		.662	M.55	Cble.	Flying shrs. rain.	<b>18</b>		.485	M.51	E.	
	50	.380	A.55				45	.404	A.52		
<b>3</b>		.526	M.57	E.	Fair with sunsh.	<b>19</b>		.596	M.55	Cble.	Fair, sunsh.
	51	.480	A.55				52	.722	A.57		
<b>4</b>		.302	M.56	E.	Ditto, but cold.	<b>20</b>		.846	M.61	E.	Ditto.
	52	.108	A.55				55	.775	A.62		
<b>5</b>		25.999	M.56	Cble.	Ditto.	<b>21</b>		.860	M.63	N.	Ditto.
	52	.999	A.54				58	.792	A.61		
<b>6</b>		29.210	M.58	NE.	Ditto.	<b>22</b>		.552	M.65	S.	Morn. fair, day rain
	48	.221	A.50				56	.656	A.60		
<b>7</b>		.540	M.55	NE.	Dull, but fair, cold.	<b>23</b>		.150	M.60	S.	Ditto.
	44	.360	A.50				55	28.295	A.58		
<b>8</b>		.704	M.51	SW.	Foren. shrs. aftern. fair.	<b>24</b>		.550	M.58	W.	Dull, cold, flying shrs.
	49	.596	A.51				52	.590	A.57		
<b>9</b>		.640	M.50	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.	<b>25</b>		.536	M.57	S.	Heavy shrs. rain aftern.
	46	.572	A.51				52	.556	A.54		
<b>10</b>		.512	M.56	SE.	Rain forenoon cold.	<b>26</b>		.999	M.58	E.	Dull, with shrs. rain.
	41	.620	A.57				52	29.146	A.54		
<b>11</b>		.714	M.50	E.	Morn. snow, day cold.	<b>27</b>		.172	M.56	E.	Thun. light. rain, aftern.
	42	.727	A.50				53	.202	A.54		
<b>12</b>		.866	M.55	E.	Morn. frost, day sun. cold.	<b>28</b>		.175	M.56	W.	Rain most of day.
	51	.750	A.52				54	.110	A.57		
<b>13</b>		.728	M.57	W.	Ditto.	<b>29</b>		.110	M.60	SW.	Dull, fair, cold, eveng.
	52	.702	A.56				57	.156	A.54		
<b>14</b>		M.55		E.	Ditto.	<b>30</b>		.459	M.50	SW.	Fair, sunsh.
	46	A.54					57	.470	A.56		
<b>15</b>		.444	M.50	SE.	Rain morn. day fair.	<b>31</b>		28.999	M.60	W.	Morn. shrs. day fair.
	43	.415	A.54				59	.999	A.55		
<b>16</b>		.586	M.52	E.	Rain foren. fair aftern.						
	49	.551	A.50								

Average of rain, 1.571.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &amp;c.

## June.

Brevet.	Capt. Hall, 14 F. Aide-de-Camp to Brig. Gen. Edwards, to be Major in the Army	19 Jan. 1826	30
1 Life Gds.	Capt. Wyatt, Maj. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Earl of Uxbridge, prom.	21 May, 1827	31
	Lt. Fletcher, Capt.	do.	
	Cor. and Sub. Lt. Baring, Lt.	do.	33
4 Dr. Gds.	Cor. and Riding Mast. Lloyd, to have rank of Lt.	17 do.	34
7	T. Le Marchant, Cor. by purch. vice Crouyer, ret.	14 June	
7 Dr.	L. H. Paget, Cor. by purch. vice Tower, prom.	7 do.	35
	Lt. Tower, adj. vice Jeffs, res. Adj. only	14 do.	
11	W. Phibbs, Cor. by purch. vice Bolton, 13 Dr.	26 do.	
13	Capt. Sir A. T. C. Campbell, Bt. from Cape Corps, Capt. vice Thornton, ret. h. p. Cape Corps Cav. rec. diff. 14 do.	26 do.	
	Cor. Bolton, from 11 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Dalzell, prom.	26 do.	
17	Serj. Maj. D. Hanson, Cor. by purch. vice Reed, prom.	30 May	
	Cor. Hanson, Adj. vice Barrow, res. Adj. only	31 May	
R. Wag. Tr. Lt.	Dean, from Ret. List, 1 Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Morrison, prom.	19 June	38
Gren. Gds.	Lt. and Capt. Home, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Thornton, ret. 10 May	10 May	
	Ens. and Lt. Clinton, Lt. and Capt. by purch.	do.	
	Lord J. D. M. D. Scott, Ens. and Lt.	do.	
5 F. Gds.	Capt. Stanley, Adj. vice Home	do.	
	Ens. and Lt. Robinson, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Crewe, prom.	5 June	
	C. J. J. Hamilton, Ens. and Lt.	do.	
2 F.	Lt. Jesse, from 59 F. Lt. vice Smith, prom.	10 May	
5	Lt. Douglass, from h. p. Lt. vice Ridd, prom.	16 do.	
	Ens. Rouse, from 20 F. Lt. by purch. vice Grant, prom.	17 do.	
	A. Kennedy, Ens. by purch. vice Darling, 37 F.	24 do.	
	Ens. Malcolm, from 6 F. Lt. by purch. vice Morshead, prom.	7 June	
9	Ens. Woolls, Lt. by purch. vice Lowth, prom.	17 May	
	J. Donnelly, Ens.	do.	
10	J. G. Paley, Ens. by purch. vice Cates, prom.	26 June	
12	Lt. Dunn, from 44 F. Lt. vice Wadson, ret. h. p. 1 F.	10 May	
	D. D. Kennedy, Ens. by purch. vice Teddie, prom.	5 June	
14	Ens. Watson, Lt. by purch. vice Mackenzie, prom.	17 May	
	J. Lloyd, Ens. by purch. vice Chambers, 44 F.	23 do.	
	M. C. Wilder, Ens. by purch. vice Watson, prom.	24 May, 1827	
	W. S. Rose, Ens. by purch. vice Elphinstone, R. Horse Gds.	14 June	
15	Capt. Davis, from 75 F. Capt. vice Bennett, ret. h. p. rec. diff.	31 May	
19	Lt. Ralph, from 30 F. Capt. by purch. vice Slade, prom.	5 June	
20	J. Rodgers, Ens. by purch. vice Rouse, 3 F.	17 May	
23	Hon. H. T. Stanley, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Strotton, prom.	3 June	
24	J. Chetwode, Ens. by purch. vice Rowley, prom.	do.	
25	Hosp. Assist. Stuart, Assist. Surg. vice Reid, 35 F.	31 May	
	Lt. Osborn, from h. p. Lt. vice Keens, prom.	14 June	
27	Lt. Vereker, from h. p. Lt. vice Christian, prom.	24 May	
	H. Butler, Ens. by purch. vice Creagh, prom.	15 do.	
Hosp. Assist. Poolo, Assist. Surgeon	Mullarky, h. p.	14 June	
Ens. Barrow, Lt. vice Lewis, dead		15 Dec. 1826	
H. W. Magee, Ens.		do.	
J. Whittam, Ens. by purch. vice Pearson, 47 F.		14 June 1827	
Lt. Caldwell, from 13 F. Lt. vice O'Neill, prom.		5 do.	
G. Harford, Ens. by purch. vice Broderick, prom.		21 May	
Surg. Ayton, from 91 F. Surg. vice Orton, ret. h. p. I R. Vet. Bn. 31 do.		31 do.	
Lt. Jackson, from h. p. Lt. vice Emerson, prom.		17 do.	
— O'Hara, from 47 F. Lt. vice Macpherson, prom.		31 do.	
— Teddie, from h. p. Lt. vice O'Keefe, prom.		6 June	
Assist. Surg. Reid, from 25 F. Surg. vice Prosser, dead		do.	
Lt. Davis, from h. p. Lt. vice O'Keefe, prom.		27 do.	
J. Gordon, Ens. by purch. vice Ross, ens.		14 do.	
J. E. Le Blanc, Ens. vice Gosselin, 45 F.		10 May	
Ens. Irvine, from 96 F. Lt. by purch. vice Bernard, ret.		17 do.	
Lt. Matthew, Capt. vice Seymour, dead		5 Jan.	
Ens. Evans, Lt.		do.	
Lt. Dudley, from 87 F. Lt. vice Stewart, prom.		14 June	
Lt. Crowther, from h. p. 1 F. Lt. vice Dunn, 12 F.		10 May	
Ens. Young, Lt. by purch. vice Evans, ret.		7 Jan.	
— Lowther, Lt. by purch. vice O'Halloran, 49 F.		31 May	
E. Stuart, Ens. by purch. vice Young		7 Jan.	
R. A. Danell, Ens. by purch. vice Lowther		31 May	
Ens. Clarke, Lt. by purch. vice Deane, prom.		7 June	
— Bennett, from 69 F. Ens.		do.	
Ens. Yonge, Lt. by purch. vice Campbell, prom.		17 May	
W. Gosselin, Ens. by purch. vice Yonge, prom.		14 June	
Ens. Pearson, from 31 F. Lt. by purch. vice Stewart, prom.		7 do.	
Lt. Willes, Qua. Mast. vice Baxter, dead		31 May	
Capt. Lord C. J. F. Russell, from 56 F. Capt. vice Berkeley, ret. h. p. rec. diff.		do.	
C. E. D. Warren, Ens. by purch. vice Western, prom.		5 June	
Maj. Peel, from 69 F. Lt. Col. by purch. vice Manuel, ret.		7 do.	
Capt. Eden, from h. p. Capt. pav. diff. vice Lord C. F. J. Russell, 52 F.		31 May	
J. Farmer, Ens. by purch. vice Jesse, prom.		10 do.	
Lt. Carmichael, Capt. vice Stevenson, dead		5 Dec. 1826	
Serj. Maj. Calder, Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Carmichael, prom.		do.	
Lt. Spearman, from h. p. Royal Art. Lt. vice Evans, prom.		21 May, 1827	
Assist. Sur. Hutchinson, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Assist. Surg. vice Fawcett, dead		14 June.	
Serj. J. Montgomery, Adj. and Ens. vice M'Fadden, 85 F.		7 do.	
M. Maxwell, Ens. by purch. vice O'Reilly, prom.		26 do.	
T. Colman, Ens. by purch. vice Douglas, 44 F.		17 May	
J. Johnson, Ens. by purch. vice Jackson, prom.		24 do.	

- 36 G. J. B. Hankey, Ens. by purch. vice Bennett, 45 F. 14 June
- 70 Gent. Cadet J. G. Corry, from 1. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Shean, 87 F. 11 May
- 72 Ens. Raymond, Lt. by purch. vice Godfrey, ret. 17 do.
- Knox, from 95 F. Ens. do.
- 75 W. Sutton, Ens. by purch. vice Jarvis, prom. 5 June
- Capt. Hunt, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff. vice Davis, 10 F. 31 May
- 76 — Hotham, from h. p. do. pay. diff. to h. p. Fund, vice Loring, prom. 21 do.
- Lt. Norton, from h. p. Lt. vice Bere, prom. 19 June
- 80 — Kellet, from h. p. do. vice Penny, prom. do.
- Ens. Black, Adj. vice Penny, prom. do.
- 84 J. Egan, Ens. by purch. vice Laird, prom. 5 do.
- 85 Ens. M'Fadden, from 65 F. Adj. and Ens. vice M'Gillewie, dead 7 do.
- 86 H. Heron, Ens. by purch. vice Davis, prom. 19 do.
- Lt. Creagh, from h. p. Lt. vice Kearney, prom. 14 do.
- 87 — Baylee, Capt. vice Bell, 41 F. 10 May
- Ens. Dudley, Lt. vice Baylee do.
- Shean, from 70 F. vice Kennedy, prom. 11 do.
- F. Dunbar, Ens. vice Dudley 10 do.
- 91 Surg. Lamert, from h. p. 1 R. Vet. Dr. Surg. vice Ytton, 54 F. 31 do.
- 94 Ens. Carter, Lt. by purch. vice Finbrell, ret. 21 do.
- 95 Lt. Clayton, from h. p. Lt. vice Tweed, prom. 5 June
- J. Wardle, Ens. by purch. vice Knox, 72 F. 17 May
- 96 J. Clyde, Ens. by purch. vice Bush, prom. 5 June
- 97 Capt. Mittlebury, from h. p. Capt. vice Morris, prom. 17 May
- Rifle Bri. M. Fitzgerald, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Mackinnon, prom. 5 June
- 1 W. I. R. Capt. Deekner, from h. p. 60 F. Capt. vice Winkler, prom. 10 May
- 2 Ens. Collins, from h. p. Pavin, vice Fraser, dead 21 March
- Ceylon R. Lt. Rogers, Capt. by purch. vice Tarce, ret. 7 June

#### Ordinance Department.

- Roy. Art. 2d Lt. Gore, 1st Lt. vice Douglas, dead 8 June
- 1st As. Surg. Halahan, M.D. Surg. 5 do.
- 2d As. Surg. Tuthill, 1st As. Surg. do.
- Nixon, do. vice Halahan do.
- J. Goldsworthy, 2d As. Surg. 12 do.
- H. J. Lucas, M.D. do. vice Tuthill do.
- Staff.
- Maj. Fraser, Ceylon R. Dep. Qua. Mas. Gen. in Ceylon, with rank of Lt. Col. vice Hardy, res. 24 May, 1827
- Medical Department.
- G. Gulliver, Hosp. As. to Forces, vice Goodwin, 1 F. 17 May, 1827
- J. Inghs, do. vice Adams, 30 F. 7 June

*The undermentioned Cadets of the Hon. the East India Company's Service, to have Temporary Rank as Ensigns during the period of their being placed under the Command of Lieut.-Col. Fusley, of the Royal Engineers, at Chatham, for Field Instructions in the Art of Sapping and Mining.*

- Gent. Cadet F. Ditmas 7 June, 1827
- H. Fraser do.
- W. Garrard do.
- H. A. Lake do.
- R. Napier do.

#### Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Col. of Infantry by purchase.  
Lt. and Capt. Crewe, from 5 F. Gds. 5 June, 1827

To be Major of Infantry by purchase.  
Capt. Slade, from 19 F. 5 June, 1827

Capt. Hon. W. L. L. F. de Roos, from 1 Life Gds. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Lloyd, from 45 F. vice Amherst, cancelled 31 May, 1827

Hon. A. A. Dalzell, from 13 Dr. 26 June

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Bush, from 96 F. 5 June, 1827

— Western, from 55 F. do.

2d Lt. Stretton, from 25 F. do.

Ens. Howley, from 24 F. do.

— Osborne, from 25 F. do.

Con. Tower, from 7 Dr. do.

Ens. Jarvis, from 75 F. do.

2d Lt. Mackinnon, from Rifle Brig. do.

Ens. Laird, from 84 F. do.

— Teddie, from 12 F. 19 do.

— Davis, from 86 F. do.

— O'Reilly, from 65 F. do.

— Gates, from 10 F. do.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

Hon. A. G. Percy 26 June 1827.

*The undermentioned Lieutenants actually serving upon Full Pay, whose Commissions are dated in or previous to the year 1811, have accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of 27th December, 1826.*

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lt. Jauncey, from 10 F. 5 June, 1827

— Finney, from 15 F. do.

— O'Neill, from 55 F. do.

— Tweed, from 3 F. do.

— O'Keefe, from 5 F. do.

— Keens, from 25 F. do.

— Beere, from 70 F. 19 do.

— Penas, from 80 F. do.

— Morrison, from R. Wagg. T. do.

— Hammill, from 40 F. 26 do.

— Barrett, from 95 F. do.

#### Exchanges.

Br. Col. Thornton, 10 F. with Lt. Col. Valiant 82 F.

Lt. Col. Brotherton, 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Stawell, h. p.

Lt. Col. Vigoreus, 30 F. with Lt. Col. Stapoole, 45 F.

Major Atkins, 75 F. rec. diff. with Major Brown h. p.

Capt. Smith, 69 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Ogilvy, h. p.

Capt. Heyman, 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Cross, h. p.

Capt. Franchini, 60 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Marshall, h. p.

Capt. Ellis, 80 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Blayney h. p.

Lieut. Stapleton, 15 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bucker, h. p.

Lieut. Pittold, 67 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. R. Grant, h. p.

Lieut. Clarke, 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Beville, h. p.

Lieut. Fered, 15 Dr. with Lieut. Neville, 30 F.

Lieut. Blackhall, 30 F. with Lieut. Andrews, 18 F.

Lieut. School, 30 F. with Lieut. Tobin, 54 F.

Lieut. Elliott, 45 F. with Lieut. Courtenay, 87 F.

Lieut. Jeffs, 7 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Tower, h. p.

Lieut. Belford, 2 F. with Lieut. Dowglass, h. p.

Lieut. Scott, 55 F. with Lieut. Butler, h. p. 1 F.

Vet. Bu.

#### Resignations and Retirements

Lieutenant General.

Skinner.

Lieutenant Colonels.

Mansel, 55 F.

Thoroton, Gren. Gds.

Majors

Gilland, h. p. Unatt.

Gall, h. p. Unatt.

Captains.

Tarce, Ceylon Regt.

Lieutenants

Bernard, 35 F.

Godfrey, 72 F.

Tunbrell, 24 F.

Colthurst, h. p. 100 F.

Fennell, h. p. 87 F.

Steward, h. p. 10 F.

West, h. p. 99 F.  
Garrett, h. p. 98 F.  
Steele, h. p. 60 F.  
Macdonnell, h. p. 84 F.  
Stewart, late 1 R. Vet. Bn.  
Heatley, h. p. 103 F.  
Evans, 44 F.  
Quin, h. p. R. W. I. Rangers.  
Jones, h. p. 4 W. I. Regt.

*Ensign.*

Buchanan, h. p. 95 F.

*Cornet.*

Cronyn, 7 Dr. Gds.

*Paymaster.*

Atkinson, h. p. 20 Dr.

*Hospital Assistants.*

Pitfield.

Fletcher.

*Deaths.**Major General.*

Wilson, East India Company's Serv. on passage from India 1 April, 1827

*Lt. Colonel.*

Martin, late Invalids, Severn Stoke, Worcester-shire 23 March, 1827

*Major.*

Turner, late R. Art. Drivers, Petworth, Sussex 29 Jan. 1827

*Captains.*

The Duke of Gordon, h. p. 85 F. London

17 June, 1827

Farquharson, h. p. 81 F. Montrose, N.B. 3 Mar.

Connolly, h. p. 4 W. I. R. 1 June

Coolahan, h. p. 98 F. 22 March

*Lieutenants.*

E. A. D. Maxwell, 11 Dr. on passage from India to the Cape of Good Hope 20 Nov. 1826.—  
McGillivie, Adjutant to 85 F. Gibraltar

12 April, 1827

Courtney, 97 F. Kornegalle, Colombo 20 Jan.

J. Hill, R. Art. London 25 May

Cha. Douglas, R. Art. Cheltenham 7 June

Davey, h. p. 13 F. Bristol 19 do.

Ryan, h. p. 21 F. Alderney 2 May

O'Donnell, h. p. 81 F. Weston, near Bath 6 do.

Hartshorn, late 2 R. Vet. Bn. 9 do.

Turner, late 1 do. 5 May

*Cornets and Ensigns.*

Dobson, 2 Dr. Gds. Dublin 21 June, 1827

Meyrick, h. p. 4 F. Hemmingham, St Omer, France 7 do.

Stacpoole, h. p. 49 F. 21 May

Dingley, h. p. Cape Corps, Canterbury 14 do.

Robinson, h. p. French's Levy, Roan, Co. Ar-nagh 7 do.

Wilkinson, h. p. 17 F. Dublin 21 Jan. 1825

*Paymaster.*

Patullo, 93 F. Antigua 18 April, 1827

*Qua. Masters.*

Thompson, h. p. 2 Dr. Pier-shill 11 May, 1827

Spawforth, h. p. 28 Dr. London 27 Jan.

Adkins, h. p. Essex Pen. Inf. Rathcoote 11 Feb.

*Medical Department.*

Surg. Chomley, So. Cork Mil. Rathcoomack 5 June, 1827

Apoth. Rob. Glasgow, at Glasgow 19 April

Staff Assist. Surg. Booty, h. p. London 5 June

Assist. Surg. Fawcett, 62 F. Ireland 29 May

Assist. Surg. Taberna, h. p. Sicilian Regt.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, from 21st May to 21st June, 1827.

Banks, C. Lathebrook, Staffordshire, dealer.  
Bracewell, J. Liverpool, coal merchant.  
Bailey, J. late of Horncastle, Lincolnshire, iron-monger.  
Berthon, J. late of Liverpool, merchant.  
Bretton, H. Oxford-street, woollen-draper.  
Brimmell, J. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, rope-manufacturer.  
Brookbank, J. junior, Whitehaven, Cumberland, spirit-dealer.  
Burrage, R. Chenev-street, Bedford-sq., builder.  
Barnes, T. Wittersham, Isle of Oxney, Kent, linen-draper.  
Burgess, R. late of Rainham, Kent, brick-maker.  
Beswick, G. and L. Beckley, Dover-street, Piccadilly, hotel-keepers.  
Barham, J. T. Bread-st., Cheapside, lace-dealer.  
Bathnall, R. Leek, Staffordshire, banker.  
Bellechaumbers, E. Gloucester, printer.  
Baynard, E. Deptford, wine-merchant.  
Bolmead, W. Cheltenham, plasterer.  
Cook, W. Exeter, saddler.  
Crompton, J. Safford, rope-maker.  
Coserat, J. N. P. Torquay, Devonshire, money-servicer.  
Collis, G. Romford, Essex, ironmonger.  
Cross, G. Chalcraft-terrace, Lambeth, coin-chandler.  
Clarke, F. alias Clerk, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, butcher.  
Cousins, S. W. Norton-Falgate, linen-draper.  
Campion, J. Gainsborough, Yorkshire, grocer.  
Cole, T. East Stonehouse, Plymouth, plumber.  
Croft, R. and S. Cheapside, lacemen.  
Demaine, J. Preston, draper.  
Daniel, G. jun., Birmingham, merchant.  
Davis, F. and P. Woodworth, Whitehaven, earthen-ware-manufacturers.  
Edwards, H. Cheltenham, brickmaker.  
English, F. Birmingham, draper.  
Emmey, C. Derby, cabinetmaker.  
Ford, G. Reading, Berkshire, bricklayer.  
Fox, G. R. Blackheath, merchant.  
Fenwick, T. Gateshead, Durham, woollen-draper.  
Fernhough, J. Frognet, Staffordshire, lumber-merchant.  
Fisher, J. Birmingham, draper.

Fairbotham, J. otherwise J. Fairbothams, Nafferton, Yorkshire, coal-merchant.  
Graves, W. H. New-court, Crutched-friars, druggist.  
Gregory, J. Sun-street, Bishopgate-street, grocer.  
Goldard, J. and A. F. Cope, Walworth, sugar-refiners.  
Gimson, R. Bucklersbury, warehouseman.  
Gares, D. Hackney-road, merchant.  
Graves, J. Richmond-place, East-street, Walworth, sugar-refiner.  
Haldy, F. Craven-street, Strand, wine-merchant.  
Hedges, C. Aldermanbury, warehouseman.  
Howell, T. and L. Howell, junior, Bath, upholsters.  
Hetherington, H. King-gate-street, Holborn, printer.  
Hiller, F. L. Dover, Kent, builder.  
Haslam, J. Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire, tripe-dresser.  
Hunt, —, Blackenhams Parva, Suffolk, lime-burner.  
Holling, J. Nether Knutsford, Chester, dealer.  
Hay, E. W. Oxford-street, tobacconist.  
Jeffries, I. Lambeth, ironmonger.  
Jeffreys, I. St Philip and Jacob, Gloucestershire, victualler.  
Jones, E. Compton-street, Soho, grocer.  
Joyce, L. and L. Housman, Smith-street, Northampton-square, colour-manufacturers.  
Jennings, J. W. Birmingham, factor.  
Jackson, J. St Swithin's-lane, shipowner.  
Jones, E. W. Tewkesbury, scrivener.  
Kenyon, J. Blackburn, glass-dealer.  
Kieran, W. Great George-street, Bermondsey, butter-merchant.  
Leaker, G. F. Bristol, earthenware dealer.  
Latham, J. Liverpool, wine and spirit-merchant.  
Loveland, W. Bermondsey, shipwright.  
Lee, J. Leicester, corn-dealer.  
Lowax, J. Stockport, bookseller.  
Lloyd, A. Dolgelly, Merionethshire, grocer.  
Mera, J. L. Market-row, Oxford-market, victualler.  
Miller, W. late of Rochampton, Surrey, butcher.  
Morton, W. Great Carter-lane, Doctor's Commons, plumber.  
McIntyre, — Stockwell-park, Surrey, schoolmaster.

Manington, T. Hastings, ironmonger.  
 Nightingale, E. Manchester, porter-dealer.  
 Nightingale, E. and G. Worthy, Manchester, porter-dealers.  
 Nathan, I. Wellington-place, Shepherd's-bush, music-seller.  
 Pellan, S. P. Knareborough, Yorkshire, money-scrivener.  
 Plunkett, W. and I. Whitechapel-road, iron-mongers.  
 Pearson, T. Mitre-court, Fleet-street, wine-merchant.  
 Parsons, W. Melksham, Wiltshire, rope-maker.  
 Price, T. St Clement's-lane, victualler.  
 Pinnington, W. and W. Pinnington, junior, Calne, Wiltshire, clothiers.  
 Phillips, H. Stepney-house, Yorkshire, merchant.  
 Phillips, G. Brightelmstone, confectioner.  
 Pinnington, D. Queen-head-yard, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Pasheller, C. and I. Huntingdon, bankers.  
 Parks, J. Regent-street, oilman.  
 Paragon, J. Francis-street, Tottenham-court-road, baker.  
 Robinson, R. Hastings, Sussex, grocer.  
 Robson, E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, saddler.  
 Stuthford, T. Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, merchant.  
 Richards, G. Argoed, Monmouthshire, grocer.  
 Ross, G. and W. Flammend, Strand, wine-merchants.  
 Reguardin, A. Great Winchester-street, wine-merchant.

Reynolds, H. Cheltenham, saddler.  
 Rose, W. Strand, music-seller.  
 Ralph, T. Crutched-friars, surgeon.  
 Rich, J. Lime-street, merchant.  
 Redpath, C. Greenwich, Kent, builder.  
 Smith, S. Hastings, Sussex, innkeeper.  
 Stratford, D. W. Ripley, Derbyshire, grocer.  
 Spooner, C. Chelsea, linen-draper.  
 Strubell, R. East Moulsey, Surrey, carpenter.  
 Smithers, I. H. Liverpool, provision-merchant.  
 Sadler, J. Jernyn-street, wine-merchant.  
 Salmon, W. Eltham, Kent, victualler.  
 Stockall, I. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, wool-len-draper.  
 Scholefield, W. Wardleworth, Rochdale, shop-keeper.  
 Smith, M. H. Little Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, stone-mason.  
 Tilton, T., Tilton, T., and I. Jones, Mold, Flintshire, ironfounders.  
 Tarralst, T. Bath, haberdasher.  
 Watlin, J. Leicester-place, Leicester-square, piano-forte maker.  
 Walke, A. and J. Sanders, King-street, Cheap-side, victuallers.  
 Waters, W. Luton, Bedfordshire, baker.  
 Wren, T. Preston, Lancashire, ironmonger.  
 Webb, J. Stroud, Gloucestershire, draper.  
 Woffall, W. C. Worcestershire, glove-manufacturer.  
 Wortley, N. W. Uppingham, Rutlandshire, dealer.  
 Worral, T. 11. St John's-street, West Smithfield, wine-merchant.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTTISH BANKRUPTS, from 1st May to 30th June, 1827.

Aitken, James, farmer in Kilmarnock.  
 Allan, David Cruden, iron-monger, Aberdeen.  
 Arthur, Charles, cattle-dealer, grain and coal-merchant, residing in Raith Mill, parish of Croyton.  
 Blincoe and Co. silk-warehousemen, Edinburgh.  
 Brown and Crag, builders in Edinburgh.  
 Callender, Richard, of Fankerton, acid manufacturer, Halmah.  
 Campbell, Macindoe, and Co. upholsterers in Glasgow.  
 Cleghorn, James, sometime paper-maker at Kinleith, and farmer and cattle-dealer at Pentlands Jamhead.  
 Cuning, James, and Co. potter, Borrowstonness.  
 Davie and Christie, merchants, South Bridge, Edinburgh.  
 Dickson, Grier, baker in Edinburgh.  
 Duncan, Archibald and John, slate-merchants or slaters, in Johnston.  
 Fletcher, William, print-seller, and carver and gilder, Edinburgh.  
 Forfar and Stalker, merchants and manufacturers, Glasgow.  
 Forrester, John, merchant, Alloa.  
 Glass, John, printer and dyer at Farnicton, near Glasgow.  
 Gow, Nathaniel, and Son, music-sellers, Edinburgh.  
 Grierson, David, dung-merchant, Leith.  
 Halley, John, and Co. distillers and grain-dealers in Crieff, and David Halley and John Halley, residing there, the individual partners of said company.  
 Harris, James, jun. and Co. merchants in Dumbarton.  
 Harrison, John David, jeweller, Edinburgh.  
 Innes, William, and Co. spirit-merchants, Glasgow.  
 Johnston, James and John, carrying on business in Glasgow as writers, under the firm of James Johnston.

Lang, Walter, manufacturer in Paisley.  
 Leith and M'Nee, coach-proprietors, and traders in Glasgow.  
 Maclean, Alexander Walker, stationer, Edinburgh.  
 M'Leish, John, coach-proprietor, and trader in Perth.  
 M'Leod, Joseph, senior, builder, Paisley.  
 M'Leod, Joseph, jun. druggist and vendor of medicines in Paisley.  
 Meikle, Thomas, cattle-dealer, Fort Hopetoun, Edinburgh.  
 Monro, Colin and Co., printers and publishers in Serling.  
 Paterson, William, cloth-merchant in Cairne.  
 Ritchie, John, iron-monger in Edinburgh.  
 Robertson, John and Co., grocers and spirit-dealers, Bridgeton, near Glasgow.  
 Ruthven, John, mechanic and iron-founder in Edinburgh.  
 Scott, William, builder, Stockbridge, Edinburgh.  
 Smelie, William, spirit-dealer, Bridgeton, near Glasgow.  
 Steele and Walker, builders, Edinburgh.  
 Thomson, James and Co. carpet-merchants, Edinburgh.  
 Thomson, John, merchant in Dumfries.  
 Thomson, Walter, general agent, auctioneer and appraiser, Dundee.  
 Walker, William Cunningham, of Sunnybank, quarrier, limeburner, and builder, residing at Inverkeithing.  
 Wardrop, Douglas, manufacturer in Glasgow.  
 Watson and Allan, ironmongers in Edinburgh.  
 Whitelaw, Robert, coach-proprietor, horse setter, and spirit-dealer in Glasgow.  
 Wright, John and Co. ship chandlers, Broomielaw, Glasgow.  
 Young, Thomas, merchant, Glasgow.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

Dec. 28, 1826. At Colombo, in Ceylon, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, C.B. 78th Highlanders, of a daughter.

Jan. 15, 1827. At Bombay, Mrs Forbes, wife of Captain John Forbes, of the 20th regiment Native Infantry, Bombay, of a daughter.

April 25. At Woolwich Common, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Buchanan, Royal Engineers, of a daughter.

24. At his house, Euston Square, London, the Lady of Hugh Ferguson, Esq. of Calcutta, of a son.

28. At Broom Hall, the Countess of Elgin, of a still-born son.

29. At 5, Hope Street, Mrs Turner of Turners-hall, of a daughter.

30. At Loehbuy House, the Lady of Murdoch M'Laine, Esq. of a son.

— At 22, Castle Street, Mrs M'Farlan, of a son.  
— At Queen Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Alexander Norman Macleod, Esq. of Harris, of a daughter.

— At Penchise, Mrs Pott, of a daughter.  
May 2. At Newington, Mrs M'Cauldsh, of a daughter.

5. At Darnhall, the Lady of Captain F.E. Loch, of a son.

— At Longford, the Lady of J. Shedden, Esq. 91st regiment, of a son.

6. At Taplow Court, Bucks, the Viscountess Kirkwall, of a son and heir.

— At Walleyford, near Musselburgh, the wife of James Whitson, gardener, of a son, and on the 8th, of two daughters; one of the latter died on the 11th.

8. At No. 6, Howe Street, Mrs Thos. C. Smith, of a daughter.

9. Mrs Edward West, Cumberland Street, of a daughter.

10. At No. 7, Elder Street, Mrs Spence, of a daughter.

11. At Fettes Row, Mrs Robt. Dunlop, of a son.

— At Kilbagio, Mrs Steen, of a daughter.  
12. At Logic, Mrs Fyfe, of a son.

13. At 8, Shandwick Place, the Hon. Mrs Ramsay, of a daughter.

15. At Foxhall, Mrs Cameron, of a son.

16. At Crawfordsdyke, Greecock, Mrs John Crawford, of a daughter.

— At Hope Park, Coldstream, the Lady of Capt. A. D. M'Laren, Berwickshire Militia, of a daughter.

18. At Cahir, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Grey, Royal Scots Greys, of a daughter.

19. At Catherine Bank House, Mrs Ireland, of a son.

— At No. 5, St Vincent Street, Mrs Dickson, of a son.

— At Aberdeen House, Fifeshire, Mrs Robert Lindsay, of a son.

20. At Barrogill Castle, the Countess of Cathness, of a son.

— At Usan, the Lady of George Keith, Esq. of Usan, of a daughter.

— At No. 2, South Castle Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Colonel Foulis, Madras Cavalry, and of Carney Lodge, Fifehire, of a son.

22. At No. 8, North St David street, Mrs Dr Macaulay, of a son.

24. At Ayr, the Hon. Mrs Hamilton, of a son.

— At Sea-side Place, Aberdeen, Mrs Philp, of a daughter.

— At Saxe Colourg Place, the Lady of Colonel Fyres, royal artillery, of a daughter.

— At London, the Lady of Major-General Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B. of a son.

The Lady of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, of a son.

— At Cockairney house, Fife, Lady Moubray, of a daughter.

— At No. 30, Abercromby Place, Mrs Henderson, of a still-born child.

26. At Well-bourne, the Lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drummelzier, of a son.

27. At Aberdeen, Mrs Lumsden of Tulwhilly, of a daughter.

28. At Inverinate House, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Cameron, C. B. of a son.

29. At Balgowrie, Mrs Forbes, of a daughter.

— At Northumberland Street, Mrs George Brodie, of a daughter.

— At 67, Great King street, Mrs L. Mackintosh, of a son.

— At Trinity Green, Mrs Menzies, of a son.

— At Dunkirk, the Lady of Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of a son.

30. At 17, Royal Circus, Mrs Pearson, of a son.

31. In Coates Crescent, Mrs Abercromby of Birkenbog, of a daughter.

— At Naples, the Lady of John Sutherland Sinclair, Esq. (late Lieut.-Col. Royal Artillery,) of a son.

June 4. At Cold-blow House, near Dublin, the Lady of Captain W. Childers, 42d Royal Highlanders, of a daughter.

— At Minto House, Edinburgh, the Lady of S. R. Bernard, Esq. late of Porto del Principe, of a son.

5. Mrs William Cullen, of a daughter.

6. At Beaufort Castle, the Hon. Mrs Fraser of Lovat, of a daughter.

8. At London Street, Mrs Richardson, of a daughter.

10. At 9, Bellevue Crescent, the Lady of Major Brown, of a daughter.

— At Dalchousie, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel M'Donald of a daughter.

16. At 10, Charlotte Street, Mrs Morison, of a son, who died the same day.

19. At Castle Fraser, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Fraser, of a son.

21. At 47, George Square, Mrs Forrest of Comiston, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of Wil. L. White, Esq. advocate, of a son.

25. At Brighton, the Lady of Captain Hort, 8th Hussars, of a son.

26. Mrs Buchanan of Auchintorlie, of a daughter.

27. At 4, Ainslie Place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Mr Macwhirter, of a daughter.

29. At 11b, George Street, Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Charles Hope, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

July 2. At Myres, Mrs John Kidd, of a daughter.

3. At 78, George Street, Mrs Robert Naysmyth, of a son.

6. At Charlotte Square, Lady Gordon of Earls-ton, of a daughter.

— At 2, Buccleuch Place, Mrs Carphun, of a daughter.

7. The Lady of James Hotchkiss, Esq. of a daughter.

Lately, At Bainfield House, near Edinburgh, Mrs Alexander Watt, of a son.

— At 5, St John Street, Mrs Alexander of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES

Dec. 12, 1826. At Calcutta, John Dempster, M.D. of his Majesty's 56th regiment, to Agnes, fourth daughter of the late A. Colquhoun, Esq.

Jan. 2, 1827. At Kingston, Jamaica, Major Winchester, 92d Highlanders, to Rachel, eldest daughter of the late D. Walsh, Esq. parish of St George.

10. At Calcutta, Alexander Kyd Lindsay, Esq. of Balmungie, Fifehire, Assistant-Surgeon Hon. East India Company's service, to Mary, daughter of William Keir, Esq. of Rennieston, Roxburghshire.

April 16. At Naples, the Chevalier de Dupont, inspector-general of the customs and revenue departments of his Sicilian Majesty, to Miss Douglas, second daughter of the late Sir A. S. Douglas, knight, captain in the royal navy.

22. At Barnes, John Forbes, Esq. son of General Gordon Forbes, of Hans, Surrey, to Elizabeth Mary, second daughter of the Rev. John Jeffrey, rector of Hanes.

— At Mill Brae, Mr George Drummond, merchant, Glasgow, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Alex. Crawford, Esq. Mill Brae.



30. Mr William Dobbie, watchmaker and Jeweller, Falkirk, to Isabella, daughter of the late William Mungall, Esq. merchant, Falkirk.

May 1. At Cheltenham, H. B. Maxwell, Esq. to Mary Anne, only surviving daughter of the late John Hunter, Esq. of the county of Down, Ireland.

2. At Traprain, Dr E. D. Friedlander, Professor of Political Sciences in the University of Königsberg, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Rev. George Goline, Athelstanford.

8. At Athol Crescent, George Dempster, Esq. of Skibo, to Joanna Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Robert Dundas of Arncliffe, Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer.

15. At Banff, John Cumine, Esq. younger of Auchry, to Jane, second daughter of Archibald Young, Esq. solicitor, Banff.

18. At 15, George Square, John C. Ralston, Esq. of the East India Company's service, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late James Home of Plushouse, Esq. clerk to the signet.

25. At Lude, Captain J. K. Ross, 12d regiment, to Margaret, daughter of the late James M'Inroy, Esq. of Lude.

31. William Younger, jun. Esq. of Craigston, to Isabella, daughter of Henry Johnston, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

20. At Backhill of Countesswells, the Rev. John Stirling, Peterculter, to Helen, second daughter of the late Mr Andrew Fowler, merchant, Broadhach, Skene.

June 1. At Edinburgh, Alex. Tovey, Esq. 21th regiment, to Miss Irvine, daughter of the late William Irvine, Esq. physician to the forces.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Halliwell, teacher, to Margaret Clapham, second daughter of James Burn, Esq. M.D.

— At Trinity Church, York, Charles Hale Monro, Esq. of Bigdon House, Devonshire, to Mary Jane, daughter of the late Patrick M'Dougall of M'Dougall, Esq.

2. At 45, George Street, Mr Jones, of the Theatre Royal, to Caroline, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Rae, Esq. of London.

4. At Fishermuir, Peter Watt, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh, to Catherine, eldest daughter of James Heriot, Esq.

— At Hawthoribank, Archibald Dunlop, Esq. distiller, Haddington, to Anne Hardma, second daughter of Robert Vetch, Esq. of Caponlat.

— At Knocknall, the Rev. Gavin Cullen, A.M. minister of Balmacellan, to Mary, youngest daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Knocknall.

— At Bridgeton, near Montrose, George Hull, Esq. M.D. Montrose, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Patrick Orr, Esq. of Bridgeton.

5. At 23, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, Frederick Lewis Roy, Esq. W.S. to Margaret Louisa, second daughter of the late Charles Mattiand, Esq. of Rankelton.

— Mr James Forsyth, of his Majesty's Customs, Leith, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Mr Thomas Handyside, Fishcross.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr William Gregory, Prince's Street, to Agnes, daughter of the late Lieut. John Ferguson, Royal Lanarkshire Militia.

7. At Dunfermline, Mr David Alkister, manufacturer, to Mary, second daughter of the late Mr David Christie, manufacturer there.

— At 2, Meadow Place, the Rev. John MacIntyre, Wishatoun, to Miss Catherine Meggat.

12. At Barnston House, Archibald Dunbar, Esq. eldest son of Sir Archibald Dunbar of Northfield, Bart. to Keith Alicia, daughter of the late George Ramsay of Barnston, Esq.

— At Broomlands, James Spittal, jun. Esq. Edinburgh, to Jane, daughter of James Innes, Esq. Broomlands.

— At Dunse, Mr James Murray of Ninewar, to Jane, second daughter of Mr James Brown, bookseller.

— At Trinity Lodge, Dunse, Mr Francis Howden Whiteaw, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late David Brown, Esq. of Penang.

15. At Edinburgh, James Wilson, Esq. of Otterburn, to Janet, eldest daughter of Nicol Milne, Esq. of Faldonside.

14. At London, the Hon. Capt. Arthur Legge, brother to the Earl of Dartmouth, to the Right Hon. Lady Anne Catherine Holroyd, sister to the Earl of Sheffield.

15. At Auchtermairnie, the Rev. Robt. Brown, minister of Largo, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Christopher Lundin, Esq. of Auchtermairnie.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thos. Drysdale, watchmaker and jeweller, to Christian Margaret, only daughter of J. Smellie, Esq. Quebec.

16. At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, Edward Berkeley Portman, Esq. M.P. to Lady Emma Lascelles, third daughter of the Earl of Harewood.

— At Stratton Street, Piccadilly, London, by special license, his Grace the Duke of St. Alban's, to Harriet, widow of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq. At Cheltenham, Capt. Colin Campbell, R.N. daughter of James Roys, Esq. of Mount Falinge, Lancashire.

18. At Cupar, George Gray, Esq. writer, Perth, to Sophia Margaret, only daughter of Andrew Jameson, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Fife.

19. At Kelso, Mr John Henderson, merchant, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Captain John Carrs, of his Majesty's 3d Regiment of Foot.

20. At Milrig, James Dennistoun, Esq. son of James Dennistoun, Esq. of Golf Hill, to Miss Gordon, daughter of W. Gordon, Esq. of Milrig.

22. At Edinburgh, Mr Charles Howden, merchant, North Bridge Street, to Joan, daughter of the late Mr Ebenezer Anderson, merchant, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Robertson, merchant, to Christiana, eldest daughter of Mr George Simpson, coachmaker, Abbey Hill.

23. At Carnegy Park, Renfrewshire, John Spence, Esq. 58, Great King Street, Edinburgh, to Charlotte Dick Carnegy, daughter of the late James Carnegy, Esq. of Prince of Wales Island.

— At Inverclyde, Thomas Mason, Esq. of Capt Hewick, county of York, to Margaret, daughter of the late William Paterson, Esq. of Brachead, county of Ayr.

— At London, Gibbs Crispford Antrobus, Esq. of Lion Hall, Cheshire, M.P. to Jane, second daughter of Sir Court. Trotter, Bart.

— At 1, Lauriston Lane, Mr Robert B. McCull, merchant, Edinburgh, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Captain Brown.

— At Bankfoot, John Williamson, Esq. West Houses, to Frances, second daughter of Robert Gordon, Esq. of Bankfoot.

2. At 1, Hankey, John Symers, Esq. banker, to Mary, second daughter of David Jobson, Esq. of Haughhead.

14th. At London, Thomas Welsh, Esq. of Duchess Street, Portland Place, to Miss Wilson, formerly of Drury-Lane Theatre.

#### DEATHS.

July 1820. At Beharhar, Bengal, Alexander Falconer, Esq. second son of the late Rev. Alexander Falconer, minister of Edinaburgh, Sutherlandshire.

Sept. 27. At Penang, Captain John James Gamble, of the Madras Horse Artillery.

Oct. 30. At Calcutta, Mr Robert C. Freeman, Esq. eldest son of James C. Esq. comptroller of his Majesty's Customs, Leith.

Nov. 25. At Madras, George Alex. Brodie, of the 3d Madras Cavalry.

Dec. 7. At Madras, Captain Donald McQueen of Corrobbrough, of the 2d Madras Light Cavalry.

26. Lost, while bathing in the river Sandoway, near Aracan, Ensign Richard D. Lockhart, of the 63d Bengal Regiment, fifth son of the Rev. Dr Lockhart, minister of Blackfriars Church, Glasgow.

28. At Poonah, Bombay, William Campbell, Esq. of Lochdochart, paymaster, his Majesty's 20th Foot.

Jan. 1, 1827. At Oporto, Mr Robert Marshall, surgeon of his Majesty's brig Plumper.

13. At the Isle of France, Mrs Irwin, wife of H. Irwin, Esq. paymaster of his Majesty's 99th regiment.

17. At Calcutta, Lieutenant Walter Mackay, 52d regiment Bengal Native Infantry, second son of Mr Mackay, 15 Clyde Street, Edinburgh.

21. A. Cuttack, William Forrester, Esq. Judge

and Magistrate in the service of the Hon. East India Company, son of the late Robert Forrester, Esq., Treasurer to the Bank of Scotland.

Feb. 1. At Kingston, Jamaica, Mr John Auchterlonie, second son of the late Mr John Auchterlonie, Infirmary street, Edinburgh.

7. On board the *Palmyra*, on his passage to England, Captain John Forbes Paton, Hon. East India Company's Engineer service, Bengal Establishment.

March 11. At Perth, Upper Canada, Lieut. John Alston, second son of John Alston of Westertown, Esq., Dumfriesshire.

21. At Greenpond, Jamaica, Thomas W. Sill, Esq. of Greenpond.

April 1. On board the *Upton Castle*, approaching St Helena, Major-General Samuel Wilson, the Hon. East India Company's service, on the Bombay Establishment.

1. At Bellmont, Jamaica, James Macdowall, Esq., second son of the late Day Hott Macdowall, Esq. of Castlesemple.

6. At Falkirk, at an advanced age, Mrs Margaret Smith, widow of James Walker, Esq., banker.

10. At Stranraer, Mrs Ross, wife of James H. Ross, Esq., W.S.

18. At Antigua, Thomas Pattullo, Esq., paymaster of the 95th foot.

— At Curoquibic, Mrs Paterson, wife of George Paterson, Esq. of Curoquibic.

2. At Biddington, Mr John Hislop, copper-smith.

22. At Woolf, Richard John Umacke Scott, youngest son of the late William Scott, Esq. of Woolf.

23. At Lockerbie, Mr Andrew Duff, student of divinity.

24. At Nairn, Mrs Helen Grant, relict of Captain James Carmichael, Invernesshire Militia.

25. At E. house, Buccleuch street, Captain Adam Darling, late of the Aberdeenshire Fencibles.

— At Stamfordham, Northumberland, Alena Swanson, wife of the Rev. James Bryce, minister there.

27. At Snaddhyke, near Glasgow, Mrs John Buchanan.

28. At Northfield, near Annan, Thomas Dickson, Esq., late of London.

— At Meggenie Castle, Stewart Menzies, Esq. of Culbren.

29. At Peebles, Mr John Munn, late iron-monger in Edinburgh.

30. At No. 5, James's Place, Leith, Miss Isabella Fogo.

— At 41, Drummond Place, Miss Jane Napier Campbell, daughter of the late Robert Campbell, Esq. of Down.

May 1. At his house, No. 21, Young street, William Ballantine, Esq. of Shiraz, writer to the signet.

5. At Glasgow, Captain A. C. Macdowall, late of the 10th Liners.

— At Cupar, Miss Henrietta Wroughton Stan, only daughter of the late Henry Stan, Esq. of Teasdale.

— At Glasgow, Robert, seventh Earl Ferrers. His Lordship was 18th in the line, descent from Prince Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III.

5. At Naples, after a few hour's illness, Anne, Marchioness of Abruzzi, and sister of the Earl of Argyll.

— At Flora Bank, Haddington, Adam Scouler, aged 69, and on the 7th, Agnes, his sister, aged 67.

— At 54, Dublin street, Miss Margaret Spence, second daughter of the late John Spence, Esq., Tynnot Row.

4. Suddenly at sea, on his passage from Jamaica, Ebenezer Taylor, Esq., a gentleman who, during a long residence in that island, enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

— At Greenmount, Agnes Katherine, eldest daughter of Henry Sabbath, Esq.

7. At Northfield, near Newhaven, Mr Thomas Williamson.

— At Burrow Loeb, Andrew James, eldest son of James Anderson, Esq., brewer.

— At Pennywell, Mr James Smith, late merchant, in the 34th year of his age.

7. At her house, Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Catherine Banks, relict of Mr Henry Tod, Canon gate.

8. At No. 7, Albany Place, James, the infant son of James Grant Duff, Esq. of Eden, Aberdeenshire.

— At Turvey Rectory, Bedfordshire, the Rev. Leigh Richmond.

9. At Edinburgh, Mrs Selby, widow of Edward Selby, Esq. of South Earle, Northumberland.

10. At Stonehaven, John Innes, Esq.

11. At Allow, Fanny, second daughter of the Rev. John Maxton. Her death was occasioned by her clothes taking fire.

— Joanna, daughter of Mr Napier, 23 Albany Street.

12. At Malta, Lieut. Charles Heard Beugue, Royal Engineers.

— At 23, Pitt Street, Ninian Richmond Chayne, Esq.

15. At Burrowmuirhead, aged 88, Mr John Robertson, formerly farmer at Plewlands.

— At Rothesay, Lieut. Charles Stewart, Royal Navy, surveyor of taxes for the southern division of Argyllshire.

— At Wemyss Hall, Colonel James Balfour Wemyss of Wymham.

— At Methyll, Alych, Mrs Elizabeth Ramsay, wife of the Rev. James Hay.

— At Chatham, Major General D'Arcy, late of the Corps of Royal Engineers.

11. At Kinkaidy, Mrs Sarah Campbell, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Campbell of the Escots.

— At the manse of Dunnotar, the Rev. John Glenne, minister of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Barbara Macfarlane, wife of John Wardrop, Esq. of Strathavon, banker in Edinburgh.

— At Richmond Place, Mrs Somerville, daughter of the late William Anderson, late minister of Manon.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs Wallace, relict of Andrew Wallace, late teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh.

— At Stevenson's Bath, Fife-shire, Alexander Thomson, Esq., younger of Stevenson's Bath.

17. At Balnuddy House, James Webster, Esq. of Balnuddy.

— At Montrose, Mr John Smith, bookseller.

— At his brother's house, Babanur, near Dunkeld, Mr James McEush, merchant, Edinburgh.

— The Rev. John King, pastor of the second United Associate Congregation, Montrose.

— At his house in Fort-Charlotte, the Rev. John Menzies, minister of Lerwick.

18. At Portobello, Mrs Mary Boog, widow of the Rev. Robert Boog, first minister of the Abbey Parish, Paisley.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Cunningham, wife of John Alexander, Esq., surgeon.

— At Moray Place, Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Robertson, daughter of the late James Robertson, Esq., Fordyce.

— At Stirling, Miss Mary Brown, relict of Thomas Duncanson, Esq., Falkirk.

— At the residence of Sir George Warrender, Seymour Place, London, the Right Hon. Lady Julia Warrender.

24. At Rievview, near Dublin, Sir James Stewart of East Stewart, county of Donegal, Bart.

— At Drumpellier, David Carriek Buchanan, Esq. of Drumpellier.

— At Rose Bank Cottage, Portobello, Mrs Catherine Lockhart, wife of Mr James Stephen More, Royal Bank.

— At 25, York Place, the infant daughter of Mr William Williamson, writer.

21. At Paris, Catherine, youngest daughter of Robert Spears, Esq. of Kinninmonth.

22. At Netherlieve, Frances, third daughter of George Silver, Esq. of Balaugh.

— At Rock Hall, Mr Charles Grierson, second surviving brother of Sir Robert Grierson of Lage, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Dame Jane Muir MacKenzie, wife of Sir Alexander Muir MacKenzie of Delvin and Cassanuarie, Bart.

— At Coats Crescent, Mr David Falconer, second son of David Falconer, Esq. of Carlwrie.

— At Seafielde Baths, near Edinburgh, Anne

**Julia Blanch**, youngest daughter of the late George Blanch, Esq. Forres.

25. At Haddington Abbey, Mr Alex. Dudgoun, farmer, aged 38.

— At 11, Abercromby Place, Mrs Katherine Porterfield, daughter of the late Boyd Porterfield, Esq. of Porterfield.

26. At 15, Elder-street, Andrew Page, Esq. surgeon.

27. At Edinburgh, Pringle Home Douglas, youngest son of Mr Alexander Douglas, W. S.

— At 5, Buccleuch street, Robert, Coventry, Esq. teller in the bank of Scotland.

28. At Park Place, Edinburgh, the infant son of John Campbell, Esq. M. P.

— At London, Mr James, the able author of the "Naval History," after a painful and distressing illness of several weeks.

— A. Melrose, Mrs Margaret Knox, Leith, eldest daughter of the late Mr George Knox, merchant, Kingston-upon-Hull.

— At Crieff, Mrs Mary Scott, wife of Peter Scott, Esq. agent of the Commercial Bank of Scotland. Her death was occasioned by her dress accidentally taking fire.

30. At 3, Royal Circus, Richard, youngest son of Walter Dickson, Esq. W. S.

— At 39, George Square, Mrs Katharine Willison, relict of William Mitchell, Esq. of Buccleuch Place.

30. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Handasie, relict of Mr D. Buchanan, late printer in Montrose.

31. Mrs Magdalen Wilson, widow of Hugh Smyth Mercer, Esq. W. S.

— At Pau, South of France, James, youngest son of Robert Robertson, Esq. of Prendergust.

— At Mitford, near Morpeth, Mr Henry Walker, aged 22 years, a native of Jamaica. As a proof of the goodness of his heart, he has by will left L.2 and their freedom to each slave on his estate there.

— At Tintockland, near Lanark, Mr James Henderson, in the 97th year of his age.

June 1. At Edinburgh, Isabella Girvan, daughter of the late Mr Girvan, minister of Langton, in Berwickshire.

— At Wickham, Hants, Thomas Pevel Shawers, Esq. Admiral of the Blue.

2. At Edinburgh, Hugh, fourth son of the Rev. Dr Muir.

— At Leith, Alexander Shicis, late of the Leith and Berwick Wharf, London.

— At No. 12, Buccleuch Place, Janet, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Nicol, Hevois Mill.

3. At Edinburgh, aged 85, Christian Catto, spouse of Mr Robert Stevenson, painter.

— At Moss House, near Glasgow, Charlotte, youngest child of Mr R. Paul, secretary to the Commercial Bank of Scotland.

4. In Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, the Countess Dowager of Stamford and Warrington, in her 91st year.

— At Edinburgh, aged 95, Mrs Teckla Hamilton, relict of Mr John Hall, of Banacres, Ayrshire.

— At his house, Blinkbonny, Mr Alexander Cleghorn, aged 77 years.

5. At No. 30, Northumberland Street, Gilberta Lyon, youngest daughter of Mr William Johnston.

6. At Langside House, Alexander Murray Bartram, Esq. writer in Peebles.

— At Stonehaven, Mr Thomas Leslie, son of the deceased Mr William Leslie, W. S.

6. At 117, George Street, Mr Patrick Ballantone, second son of the late Patrick Ballantone, Esq. of Orchard.

— At Dunfermline, Mr William Black, son of John Black, Esq. of the Island of Antigua.

7. At Pithiver House, Fifehire, Robert, the infant son of John James Boswell, Esq. advocate.

— At her residence in Mansfield Street, Lon-

don, the Marchioness of Waterford, widow of the late, and mother to the present Marquis of Waterford.

7. In Cadogan Place, London, Lady Selina Bathurst, sister to Earl Bathurst.

8. At London, Miss Cornelia Colquhoun, daughter of the late Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Clerk Register of Scotland.

9. At 429, Lawnmarket, Mr William Ritchie, merchant.

— At his house, Dumfries, William Laidlaw, Esq. late of Allanton.

10. Her Grace the Duchess of Somerset, sister to the present Duke of Hamilton.

— At Edinburgh, Anthony, youngest son of William Stewart Esq. of Ardvorlieh.

— At Hamilton Place, Stockbridge, Mrs Hamilton, widow of Dr Alexander Hamilton, physician, Edinburgh.

11. At Violet Grove, Mrs Margaret Rae Crawford, of Milton.

12. At Lundin House, Miss Jane Cunningham, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Cunningham, Esq. of Calvingston.

— At 7, Maitland Street, Miss Dalgleish.

13. At Muirtown, William John Duff, third son of H. R. Duff of Muirton, Esq.

— At Velletri, in consequence of an accident, and after lingering many weeks, the Right Hon. George Knox, son of the late Lord Northland.

— At Dundee, John Macdonald, Esq. formerly of Calcutta.

— At Minto street, Newington, Alexander Gall, Esq. surgeon.

14. At Tay Bank, Charles Guthrie, Esq. of Tay Bank.

— At Mayfield, Johanna Gordon, youngest daughter of the late James Robertson, Esq. W. S.

15. At Peebles, James, second son of the Rev. Thomas Adam of Peebles.

16. At his residence in Mount Street, Berkeley Square, London, his Grace the Duke of Gordon. Though in the 84th year of his age, his Grace was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and had been as far as Clapham Common, a few hours before his death. His Grace was for more than half a century in possession of the Gordon estates, and his tenants were often heard to remark, in their unsophisticated style of praise, that "the Duke's word was as good as his bond." He succeeded his father in 1752, and has left George, Marquis of Huntly, now Duke of Gordon, and five daughters, the Duchess Dowager of Richmond, Lady M. Palmer, the Duchess of Manchester, the Marchioness Dowager Cornwallis, and the Duchess of Bedford. His Grace was a Knight of the Thistle, Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland, and Chancellor of the King's College, Aberdeen, and was the only nobleman in Great Britain and Ireland, who had enjoyed a title in the reign of George II.

— At Corstorphine Manse, Marion Young, widow of Mr William Scott, Newbigging Park, and mother of Dr Scott.

17. At Drums House, Angus Darroch, Esq. of Gourroek.

— At Duke street, Leith, Mary Rose, daughter of Mr James Black, merchant, Leith.

18. At Tabley House, Cheshire, the Right Hon. Lord de Tabley.

— Suddenly, at Titchfield, Hants, Rear-Admiral Sir Archibald Colquhoun Dickson, Bart.

— Late, After a long illness, contracted on service in the East Indies, Henry, eldest son of Sir Robert Wilson, M.P.

— At Winchester, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Murray.

— H. Hutton, Esq. Lieut-General of the Forces, aged 66, son of the late Dr C. Hutton, the celebrated mathematician.

— In Lancaster Castle, William Green, aged 80, who had been confined for a debt of L.1100 about eleven years, and is said to have bequeathed property to the amount of L.40,000.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. CXXX.

SEPTEMBER, 1827.

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## INVASION OF INDIA.

MUCH has been said, and a good deal written, on the possibility of our being called upon to defend our Indian possessions against the invasion of a European power; and there is still much question of the practicability of such an expedition.

Napoleon's remarks on this subject betray more ignorance of the natural obstacles which must have obstructed his progress, than is consistent with the belief that he seriously intended to make the attempt. He probably contemplated the enterprise as one worthy of his genius, and allowed his mind to speculate upon it, rather as a problem to be solved, and a consummation to be wished, than as a project to be undertaken. When, in his latter days, he talked of the facility with which Russia might conquer India, he was obviously only venting his spleen, and had never seriously examined the difficulties, or perhaps had never thought of them at all. Many intelligent persons, however, have been misled by the opinions which were carelessly or vindictively flung about, in the moments of caprice or irritation, by a leader so consummately skilled in all that related to military undertakings; and who was believed to have given this question all the consideration requisite to enable him

to come to a conclusion regarding it. Even governments have not escaped the influence of his loose remarks and indigested speculations; but all sober men who have carefully studied the matter, and whose local knowledge enables them to form an accurate judgment regarding it, will be of one opinion as to the impracticability of the scheme, if the course which he proposed had been adopted.

Still the question is one of interest and importance, more particularly at the present moment, and perhaps some of our intelligent and indulgent readers may be inclined to enter on its examination under our guidance.

It is almost unnecessary to say, that Russia is the only European nation at all likely to undertake this enterprise, or, indeed, whose situation puts it in her power to attempt it. She is the only nation who has a frontier in Asia, or who comes in contact with those Asiatic nations, whose remoteness leaves them at the mercy of their neighbours, and permits encroachments on their territories and interference with their governments to pass unnoticed. She is therefore the only nation who has the means of establishing any permanent influence or control over the countries lying towards India, or of extending her fron-

tier in that direction. Other European governments may form alliances with princes of Central Asia, and may even enjoy a certain share of consideration and influence at their courts; but Russia can make her strength be felt and dreaded, and she can threaten with effect, and dictate with the power of enforcing obedience.\* We shall therefore consider this subject solely with reference to the views and means of that power, and thus get rid at once of a number of unavailing discussions on impracticable schemes, which it would be waste of time to examine in detail.

There are many motives which may induce or impel Russia to improve her advantages, and extend her power in Asia.

Independent of the ambition which all nations have to extend their territories, and enlarge the sphere of their influence and authority, and the tendency which all rising nations seem to have to advance their limits, there are some more prudent and judicious considerations which might lead the cabinet of St Petersburg to pursue systematically the course which ambition first prompted it to adopt.

The hope, however distant, that she might one day become mistress of our Eastern possessions, which are so generally believed to be ever-flowing fountains of wealth, and the prospect of improving the commerce of her southern provinces, and indeed of her whole empire, would of themselves be serious, important, and tempting con-

siderations to Russia: but there are others still more immediate and pointed.

The control which Great Britain can exercise over the commerce of Russia, is so powerful a check on the proceedings of her government, that as she cannot otherwise emancipate herself from its trammels, she must be desirous to obtain the means of exerting some countercheck on the government of Britain; and it would be difficult to find any more efficacious than the acquisition of a power and influence in Central Asia, which will enable her to threaten our Indian empire. In the event of a war between England and Russia, there is, in fact, no other point on which she could hope to bring her power to bear upon us. Her force, exclusively military, could avail her to injure us in no other quarter; and there is no portion of the British empire which is considered so vulnerable, and no acquisition so likely to yield an ample reward to the conqueror, as India.

Russia has therefore abundant inducements to pursue her aggrandizing policy in Asia. We do not stop to inquire whether this may be the best policy she could adopt; but we are satisfied that it is what she has determined to persevere in; and that it would require more forbearance than could be expected from a more enlightened cabinet to do otherwise, at least so long as there is no greater obstacle opposed to the prosecution of this system than there is at present.

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\* As it would be impossible to give, within the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves, any intelligible account of the countries which we shall have occasion to mention, we shall refer those who may wish to examine the soundness of our premises, or to study the matter more carefully, to the best and most recent descriptions of these regions, viz. Fraser's *Khorassan*; *Voyage en Tourkomaine*, par M. de Mouravieff; Dr Eversinan's *Account of the Progress of M. de Nigri's Mission to Bokhara*; and two other accounts of the same mission; with Elphinstone's *Account of Cabul*; and Kinier's *Geographical Memoir on Persia*. These contain all that it is necessary to know of the countries of Asia, in reference to the subject before us; and we can assure those who are disposed to take up any of the works we have mentioned, that they will find ample information and amusement to repay them for the time they may bestow upon them. It is to be regretted, that such works, generally, are little noticed in this country, and, as a friend remarked to us the other day, we really believe that "the people of England would take more interest in a question regarding an increased duty of a penny a-pound upon tea, than in one which involved the whole interests, moral, civil, and political, of half the countries in Asia." We may add, that an obscure notice of an insignificant stream in Central Africa, excites more attention than the discovery of a new nation in Central Asia.

But this is not all. We know that Russia has been led to speculate on the possibility of attempting the invasion of India from her present position—an attempt to carry it by a *coup-de-main*, without waiting the result of more tardy measures. We know that it has been pronounced practicable by more than one of her military leaders, and we have already noticed the opinion of Napoleon in its favour. Our own belief, however, is totally at variance with these high authorities; and we shall proceed to put our readers in possession of the grounds of our dissent.

All the plans which have been proposed for the invasion of India, seem to have been built on the belief, that because large armies have been carried over land into that country, by several Asiatic leaders, and some of them may be said to have effected its conquest, there could not, of consequence, be any insurmountable impediment to the success of the enterprise, when undertaken by an European army. But this specious reasoning, however plausible it may appear to be, is in effect extremely fallacious; for, in the first place, there is no European power that at present holds a position, in relation to India, at all resembling that which was held by every one of its successful invaders. They all possessed some of the countries which lie at the base of the Paropamisian range. They had all established a high character as military leaders and conquerors, and had overawed or subdued all the neighbouring countries, and they all sent the fame of their achievements before them into India, to prepare the way for them. They all set out from a position, beyond which there was only one barrier to break through before they entered India, and upon which they could have retired, had they failed in surmounting the first impediment; whereas Russia would now have to traverse more than one country, presenting numerous natural obstacles, and capable of opposing the progress

of her armies, before she could bring them to the point from which any one of the Asiatic invaders commenced his march.

India was at that time governed by weak princes, whose divided cabinets and distracted dependents could never be brought to make any combined exertion for the preservation of their country. The very ministers of the government were on some occasions favourable to the enemy, and the capture of the seat of government decided the contest, and constituted what has been called the conquest of the country.

The troops of the invaders were of the description which in those times was best suited to the enterprise.—A light cavalry that scoured the country in their rapid progress—arrived everywhere before they were expected, and collecting provisions wherever they were to be found, were enabled, from the places in which they found abundance, to carry on their horses enough for their own subsistence for many days; at the same time, they were more than a match for any troops that India could bring to oppose them. Infantry could not have effected in the countries over which they passed, what was done by these armies of horse. The rapidity of their movements, and the facility with which they performed long marches for several successive days, where water or provisions were scanty, gave them a decided superiority in their advance,\* while, on the other hand, the chief part of the armies of India, being also composed of cavalry, could not be attacked with effect by any other description of force than that which was brought against them.

The invading armies were always composed of troops of a character far superior to those whom they encountered, and they were led by men of experience far greater, and talents far higher, than any whom India could produce to oppose them,—in short, by the transcendent military geniuses of

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\* It is hardly known in Europe, that Asiatic cavalry perform marches of sixty or seventy miles a-day, for several successive days, without inconvenience, and that, (in countries where long spaces intervene between the stages at which water or provisions are to be found,) they are thus enabled to pass over tracts totally impracticable for infantry.



their several ages.\* Yet, with all these advantages, what did they accomplish? They all plundered the country. Some of them overturned the most important of its governments; but how many of them can be said to have conquered India?

The progress of these Asiatic hordes across a country, is totally different from the march of a European army. In the former, every individual has been accustomed to provide for his own wants, and he trusts chiefly to his own resources. If he finds what he is in search of within a mile of his camp, he returns, but if not, he goes on. If he cannot obtain it otherwise, he has recourse to force or stratagem. Tribes combine for their mutual support, and their movements are so rapid, that the peasantry cannot escape them, and their strength so considerable as not to be resisted.

There are as many dexterous foragers as there are individuals in the army. The number of followers on such occasions is very inconsiderable, and even they are for the most part armed and mounted. The baggage is no encumbrance, and its total destruction would hardly impair the efficiency of the army. Provisions are collected from great distances; and though no doubt much is wasted where there is more than is immediately required, yet much is collected even where it is most sparingly scattered. The other wants of the army are few, and such as the countries it passes through can at all times supply. Its numbers are occasionally recruited from the tribes through whose territories it passes; and the new levies take their place in its ranks without any previous preparation. Such bands are encumbered on their march by no heavy trains of artillery or warlike stores; for every

man carries his own ammunition behind his saddle. As they are still in their native climate, or in one differing little from it, they require little protection from the weather. They move amongst people of their own habits and their own religion, and they consequently feel at home in the countries through which they march.

But the discipline of a regular European army requires the observance of a course directly opposed to this. There, no man is allowed to provide against his own wants. The burden of doing so is taken off his shoulders, and he is required to take no part in it, however imperfectly it may be accomplished. Foraging parties bear a small proportion to the bulk of the army; and if they are unacquainted with the country, or the manners of its inhabitants, they may frequently be unsuccessful. The country will certainly suffer less, and a smaller quantity of provisions will be wantonly destroyed; but where these are very scanty, a sufficient supply will sometimes not be procurable. Regular distances must be marched at stated periods, and cannot be exceeded. The inhabitants, therefore, have abundant time to remove all they possess. If fifty miles should intervene between two productive places, or two stages where water is to be found, the army cannot pass over it without much previous preparation—a halt of some days to prepare, and a halt of some days again to recruit; and if twice that distance should divide the positions, it may be totally impracticable to cross it at all, whereas it would present no impediment to an Asiatic army. Many of the stores and supplies are of a description which the intermediate countries do not produce, and which must therefore be brought from home at an

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\* Alexander the Great, Timoor-lung, (Tamerlane,) Mahmood of Ghiznee, Mahomed Goree, Baber, Nadir Shah, and Ahmed Shah, are the leaders who are usually referred to as successful invaders of India. Of these, Alexander never reached the territories which now belong to Great Britain, for he never passed the Hyphasis, which forms our northern boundary. Timoor and Nadir captured Delhi, and plundered the country, but cannot, in any acceptance of the term, be said to have conquered India. Mahmood, Mahomed Goree, Ahmed Shah, and even Baber, were sovereigns of a contiguous country, and effected their establishment beyond the Indus by repeated expeditions. Mahmood made as many as twelve, not by a single effort. Some idea may be formed of the state of the Indian governments in those days, from the fact, that Baber took Delhi, and founded the Mogul Empire in India, with an army of ten thousand horsemen.

immense cost, and cause an incalculable encumbrance to the army. The train of baggage would be enormous, and such as in some situations the whole army could hardly protect. Guns must be dragged over countries in which there are no roads. Tents, capable of defending the soldiers against the climate, must be carried through the whole march. Means must be devised for transporting an unusual number of sick over countries in which a waggon cannot move. New languages, new manners, and new diseases, will increase the embarrassment. Those only who have seen it can form any adequate idea of the nature of the field establishments required to secure the efficiency of European troops in tropical climates, or of the expense which must be incurred to maintain them; and certainly those only who have witnessed it, can form any conception of the disastrous consequences of neglecting them.

There is one difference between the movements of regular armies composed of infantry and artillery, and the irregular bands of horsemen that formerly composed the invading force, which alone would be sufficient to destroy any reasoning founded on the analogy of their situations and circumstances. These mounted hordes have usually, when in motion, advanced at the rate of twenty-five, thirty, or thirty-five miles a-day; and where provisions or water was deficient, they never almost marched less than forty miles daily. Now this is more than double the distance that an European army could accomplish; and in the last case, is probably three times as much as any regular army could continue to march for half a dozen days together. In those parts of the country, therefore, where provisions were scarce, the Asiatic invaders required only one-third of the quantity of provisions per man which would be necessary to subsist a European; for they remained only one-third of the time in the ill-supplied districts or provinces. No allowance can be made for forage, because in places where there was no great abundance, only the surplus barley would be given to the cattle, and moreover it is probable that a European force would have in its train as many baggage animals to feed as were required to transport the Asiatic army.

On the other hand, the nature of the government of India is changed. The resistance would now be hearty and well-combined. There is no weak head at which a blow could be aimed, whose fall would involve the fall of the government; and the capture of Delhee, even if that were possible, would no longer be the conquest of India.

There is, therefore, no analogy whatever between the former invasions of India, and that which we have now to consider. The success of Nadir Shah, for instance, is no evidence of the practicability of the Russian project against India. It might as well be argued, that the conquest of the civilized nations of Europe by the barbarians of the north, was evidence of the capability of their successors of the present day to overturn the western governments. The practicability of the enterprise must therefore be examined and determined (without reference to these Asiatic invasions) by a careful survey of the countries through which a Russian force would have to pass, the difficulties it would have to encounter from natural obstacles, as well as from the population, and the probability of its being able to surmount or remove them.

There are three, or perhaps four, routes, by which an army might endeavour to penetrate from the Russian frontier to India. Of these, two lie through the country of the Oozbeks and Toorkomans, and two through the Persian territories. The route which Mr Fraser considers the most practicable, is that through Kharizm, or Khiva, to the Oxus, and thence by that river, past Bokhara to Bulk, from which place it would be necessary to cross the great range of the Pampanian mountains to Cabul. This is the first of the Oozbek routes. The second is from the Russian frontier at Orenburgh through the Steppe of the Kirgis to Bokhara, and thence to Bulk, &c. This, however, appears to be hardly a practicable route, if we may credit the reports of the Russian authors, who have given an account of it. Of the two through Persia, one would carry the army to Astrabad, or some part of the shores of the Caspian in its vicinity, and thence through Khorassan to Herat; and the other from the frontiers of Georgia, through

the heart of Persia to Khroassan, where it would fall into that which leads from Astrabad to Herat.

Of these routes, that through Khiva, and along the Oxus to Kilif, and that across the Caspian to Astrabad, are certainly more practicable—that is, they present fewer difficulties—than the others. If these are found to present obstacles which cannot be surmounted, or, which is the same thing, to offer no calculable chance of success, it will be unnecessary to engage in any detailed examination of the two less passable routes.

Let us first examine that which Mr Fraser considers the most practicable. From Mangushlac on the Caspian, to Khiva, the capital of Kharizm, is (by the lowest calculation) three days' journey for a caravan, and from thence to the Oxus is one day. Then the Oxus is navigable to Kilif, near Bulk; from whence to Cabul, it is only two hundred and fifty miles, over a road which has frequently been passed by armies, and is still much travelled. This does not sound very formidable, but let us examine it a little more narrowly. Ten days' march for a caravan appears to be but a moderate distance; and one imagines that an army could march the distance in the same time; but such is not by any means the fact. The caravans in these wilds, travel from 12 to 15 hours of the 24, and accomplish very considerable distances. These ten days' journey are probably as much as three hundred miles, and would occupy an army about a month. Then the deficiency of water on the route is said to be so great, that the large caravans can only travel in the winter, when the snow is on the ground; but this is the time at which the Oxus is frozen. Again, the banks of the Oxus do not supply timber fit for boat-building, or, at least, not in any great quantity; and the transport of boats from the Caspian, in sufficient numbers to accommodate an army of eighty or a hundred thousand men, with their provisions, stores, artillery, and baggage, would be a hopeless undertaking, even for Russia. To admit of the army marching, and conveying its stores by water, it must be ascertained, that it can at all times march close to the bank of the river, and that its fleet will not at any time be exposed to an attack from the opposite

shore, when the army can offer it no assistance; and the want of sufficient depth of water makes it impossible to bring the boats near enough to the army to be under its protection. It must be shown, that the river is everywhere navigable for boats of a size sufficient to carry heavy stores; that these boats can be navigated against the stream; and that the banks of the river are neither very unhealthy, nor very deficient in provisions; and supposing all these doubts to be solved in the manner most favourable to the advancing army, the most formidable difficulties will still remain to be overcome.

To enable the army to move from Mangushlac towards Khiva, a prodigious number of camels, and other beasts of burden, must be collected; and this could only be done with the assistance of the government of Khiva. But can it be imagined, that this government, which has manifested so great a jealousy of the designs of Russia, and upon which a treacherous attempt was once made by that power, could be induced to submit quietly—far less to lend its aid to the advance of a Russian force of such magnitude to its capital? Could it possibly be induced to consider the march of such an army into its territories as anything else than an invasion? There can be little doubt what course it would adopt in such circumstances. The first appearance of the Russians at Mangushlac would excite the utmost alarm in all those regions, and would speedily produce an arrangement of all internal disputes, if any such existed, to admit of concerting measures for the general safety—the villages would be deserted—the women and children, the old and infirm, would be sent into the Steppes, to the tents of the tribes, who are still dwellers in the desert—and those who are capable of bearing arms would come in successive parties to hover round the enemy. Such is the course which has uniformly been adopted on the approach of danger, by the tribes of Kharizm, and of all extensive tracts, which are inhabited by the unsettled Ouzbeks and Toorkomans.

Russia would, therefore, in the first step, have to encounter a formidable resistance from an almost unassailable enemy in a country which is only accessible at a season when troops can with difficulty keep the field.

We may, therefore, conclude, that the conquest of Khiva would be a necessary preliminary to the invasion of India; and the same may be said of Bokhara, to which the same reasoning is equally applicable. But if Khiva and Bokhara are to be conquered, (as this could not be done in the course of the campaign, and would probably occupy several years,) then the invasion of India is no longer to be attempted by an expedition setting out from the present frontiers of Russia, but is to be made practicable by advancing her frontier towards India.

It would be a waste of time to apply the same arguments to the route through Khorassan. The same difficulties occur, and the same measures, on the part of the invaders, become necessary. The distance from the Russian frontier to India is so great, and the impossibility of securing an open communication in the rear, without previously subduing the country, is so obvious, that it does not admit of argument. Any attempt to negotiate a passage through the country, would be counteracted by the fears of the people, and the jealousies of the petty chiefs, who have all the resources of the country in their hands. But even if a negotiation to this effect was favourably concluded, what prudent general would trust his communication with his own country, to the faith of a knot of turbulent and rebellious Asiatic chiefs?

Choose what route it may, an army, in marching from the frontiers of Russia to those of the British possessions in India, must pass over a space of at least two thousand miles, including all the irregularities of the route; and supposing that it met with no important obstruction beyond the natural impediments, it could not accomplish the distance in less than eight or ten months. With every precaution under the most favourable circumstances, the amount of casualties in the course of a march through every variety of climate, subjected to continual fatigue and exposure, with an irregular diet, and under the necessity of carrying on the sick, without the advantage of commodious conveyance, would necessarily be fearfully great.

But in all human probability the force would have to encounter a description of opposition, than which nothing is more harassing and dis-

heartening to the soldier. It would be surrounded during a great part of its march, perhaps during the whole of it, by clouds of light horsemen, who would never attack, except at manifest advantage, who have already proved themselves a match for the Russian cavalry in equal numbers, and who would not only keep up a constant alarm in the camp, and on the line of march, but day after day, by cutting off stragglers and foragers, and plundering baggage, waste the strength of the army in petty encounters and desultory annoyance. It may be argued, that Russia could purchase the friendship of these tribes, or awe them into forbearance. Of how many tribes would it be possible to purchase the friendship? To how great a distance on each side of the route would it be necessary to go with your bribes? After you had purchased their promise to forbear, what security could you have for their good faith, under any circumstances, and more particularly in case a much wealthier government were to offer them twice as much to attack you? On the other hand, how are you to awe a people, who, with their families and property, can move as fast as you can with your army,—or who have only to remove their families a few miles from the line of your route, to enjoy the most perfect security? What have they to fear from any army, whose existence depends on its moving forward with all practicable rapidity, and which dare not therefore turn to the right or to the left? Then the army must be fed, often in countries scantily supplied with provisions, and where the foragers may have to fight for every pound they collect. Desert tracts must be passed in two, three, four, five, or more divisions, following each other on the same route, with an interval of at least one day between each, because there are only a few wells at long distances, and these, once emptied, require a day or more to replenish them. Water must be provided for the army at every twelve, fifteen, or, at the utmost, twenty miles, in countries where it is so deficient, that caravans are often distressed by the want of it. Moreover, let it not be forgotten, that the least symptom of distress or weakness would be the signal of attack to all those, who, from whatever cause, had been friendly or neutral, and that a retrograde

improvement, after any considerable portion of the distance had been accomplished, would therefore be certain destruction to the whole force.

We could go on multiplying difficulties, which must be admitted to exist, but we have said enough to convince the most sceptical of the impracticability of conveying from the present frontiers of Russia to India, an army, such as could make any impression on our power, or produce any other effect than a confirmation of our authority, by the triumphant result which it would present to the natives. We have long been considered irresistible by any force which they can bring to oppose us; and there is only wanting, to fill up the measure of our authority, an unsuccessful attempt on our territories by some European nation.

In considering the difficulties which Russia would have to encounter, we have scarcely hinted at the means we possess of increasing them. If they are so formidable as to be, to all appearance, insurmountable without our interference, what possible chance of success would be left, when all our influence, and a liberal use of the means we possess, were applied to excite opposition, and to combine and prepare obstacles and embarrassments for the approaching army?

But let it be remembered, that hitherto we have considered only the difficulties which are opposed to the progress of the invading army, *before it arrives at the point where it is to commence its active operations*, and that then it would have to encounter an equal, if not superior force, which had suffered none of the fatigues of a march of many months,—whose stores would be complete,—whose well replenished magazines would be at no great distance, and at all times available,—whose losses would immediately be repaired, and whose retreat even would add to its strength, by bringing it nearer to the sources of its efficiency; whereas, to the invaders, every loss would be irreparable, and every march in advance, would be increasing the embarrassments of its situation.

Let us, however, for the sake of argument, suppose that the first expedition reached the frontiers of India, and was able to maintain itself until another armament should have arrived from the rear, bringing with it fresh

and that the campaign was renewed, or commenced the next season, with a recruited army and improved knowledge of the country. Even then it must not be imagined, that India could be conquered in a single campaign. Why, in one campaign, or in one year, an army unopposed could hardly visit the three seats of government; and opposed as it would be, under the most favourable circumstances, its progress into the country could not be very considerable. The war would be continued without interruption. The one party drawing its reinforcements and supplies from beyond the Caspian, through desert tracts and hostile tribes; and the other party, falling back on its previously prepared magazines, or advancing to no great distance from its supplies. It is impossible that such a contest could be maintained by the wealthiest and most powerful nation that ever existed; and certainly one of the poorest in Europe could hardly have the folly to undertake it. The whole revenues of Russia, which do not exceed twelve or fifteen millions, would scarcely be adequate to the expenses of such a war; and with her revenues reduced, as they would be, in the event of a rupture with England, and the additional charges which, under such circumstances, she would be forced to incur in Europe, the mere outfit of such an expedition as we have been supposing, would be beyond her means. She has never been able to defray the cost of moving large armies to any considerable distance beyond her frontier; and when she put forth all her available power at a moment when her most vital interests were at stake, she never was able to transport beyond her own territories, (without foreign aid) an army at all commensurate to her pretensions, to the power she is generally supposed to possess, or to the capabilities of every kind which would be required by the nation that would undertake the invasion of India.

We may, therefore, safely pronounce this enterprise to be one which Russia will never have the madness to attempt from her present position, and from which, should she make the attempt, we have nothing whatever to apprehend.

But there is another course which

would be much more formidable to us, and which Russia seems to be pursuing with steady perseverance.

The difficulties which make it impossible for her even to threaten our Indian possessions, are chiefly involved in the distance of her frontier from the scene of her intended operations; and the only means by which she can overcome them, are by advancing her frontier towards India, and establishing her authority, or at least a paramount influence, over the countries of Central Asia.

There are two directions in which she may advance her frontier, and only two. It may, therefore, be worth our while to examine the comparative facilities which these present, and their comparative advantages when accomplished. There are also two ways in which she may effect the approach to India. One by actual conquest; the other by a more insidious kind of subjugation, of which we shall speak presently, and which it is most probable will be the course adopted.

The countries lying between Russia and India, are those which we have designated by the general appellation of Central Asia. This extensive region contains four kingdoms; viz. Persia, Khiya or Kharizm, Bokhara, and Cabul, besides numerous principalities, and vast countries, occupied by communities who acknowledge no authority, and some of whom even obey no chief.

Russia might extend her dominions and advance her frontier towards India by the subjugation of Persia, or by the conquest of Kharizm and Bokhara; and the Edinburgh Reviewer of Mr Fraser's work asserts, that the latter would be by much the more eligible course for her to pursue. We think differently, and we shall shortly state our reasons.

To penetrate with a sufficient army into Bokhara by any other route than through Kharizm, would appear to be impracticable, if we may credit the reports which have been published by the members of the Russian Mission to that capital. But to carry an army through Kharizm and maintain an open communication with the Caspian, implies, as we have already shown, the previous conquest of that country. Now this, though certainly it must be within the power of Russia, would be a difficult and tedious undertaking.

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A large army would be starved—A small one could not effect the object, and the country might be traversed in a thousand directions, without any advance having been made towards the subjugation of the people. We hold it to be an incontrovertible position, that the effectual subjugation of these Asiatic tribes, will be more or less difficult as a greater or smaller proportion of the population leads a pastoral and erratic life. A wandering people suffer little from invasion. They move with their flocks out of the course of a great army into wilds accessible only to themselves, and they are safe. They have no property to lose—no grain or crops to be destroyed—no houses or villages to abandon. Their country furnishes almost no provisions. An enemy passes through it without seeing a human habitation; and knows that it is inhabited, only by the continual alarm in which he is kept by flying parties of horsemen, who for ever hover round him, and who come no one knows whence, and go no one knows whither.

The independence of the Arabs is to be attributed solely to their erratic habits, for the tribes who have abandoned these have lost their liberty. The same may be said of Tartars, and the same of many minor portions of the human family. The subjugation of such of these as have been subdued, has almost always been preceded by an attachment to fixed habitations, and the acquirement of fixed property—of something which the superior holds as it were in pledge for their submission. It is true, that the persons who have most to lose, are likely to make the greatest efforts in defence of their country; but where the strength is greatly deficient, no effort of valour can avail, and every unsuccessful attempt at resistance is only a manly approach to submission. When one or two attempts have been made, and have utterly failed, the spirit of independence will be broken, and the hope of preserving his property will reconcile the peasant to a change of masters, and induce him to submit to an enemy whom he cannot resist, and whom the circumstances of his mode of life make it impossible for him to elude. As men in this state of society are everywhere subjected to some form of government, and in Asia, almost uniformly to a despotic prince, the head

of the government becomes an object at which the invader can aim his attacks—a point against which all his efforts are directed, and an individual whose fall involves that of the nation, and, in cases where the means of resistance are inadequate, renders the conquest comparatively easy. The habit of submission to authority, which has been familiar to almost all inhabitants of fixed dwellings, makes the conquest of their country not only easier to effect, but also more easy to be maintained, than that of a corresponding space whose population is composed of wandering tribes, for the same reason that the authority of the native government is more firmly established over the former than over the latter. The same circumstances which have enabled the Arab or the Tartar to protect his liberty against encroachments of the governments in whose territory he often resides, will even more effectually enable him to protect himself against the attempts of a foreign enemy.\*

We may, therefore, conclude, that Russia will rather seek to avoid those tracts in which she must come in contact with a tented people, such as forms three-fourths of the population of Kharizm, and that she will not turn her thoughts immediately to Bokhara, which she can only reach after having effected a very difficult conquest. It should not be forgotten, that Russia has still in the heart of her dominions, tribes that can hardly be said to be subjected to her government, and the very slow progress she has made in the subjugation of the various tribes of the Caucasus, and of the great plains which lie between those mountains and the Terrik and Cuban, though they have now been so many years included in her territories, will sufficiently prove the difficulty, under the most favourable circumstances, of effectually subduing a pastoral people, or any thinly scattered population who have the power of transporting their property.

We therefore assert, that the conquest of Kharizm and Bokhara, and the settlement of the country, so as to make it available for any ultimate object beyond it, could not be effected

by Russia without immense sacrifices in men and money, and that it would, in all probability, occupy at least a century. The religious fanaticism of the population of Bokhara is proverbial, and a moral revolution must be effected in the characters of Oozbeks and Toorkomans, before it would be possible to subject them to European laws, or to a European government. These revolutions are not the work of the sword, nor are they effected in a single generation.

Russia has within her reach a country, which, in its present circumstances, offers fewer obstacles to impede her progress, a nation that has already felt her force, and has been obliged to acknowledge it, a population that has, from time immemorial, been subjected to a rigorous despotic rule, whose subjugation has at all times been involved in the overthrow of the existing government, and whose actual condition, (great as the natural means of defence must be admitted to be,) is such as to promise, that, at a period not very distant, it will fall an easy prey to so powerful a neighbour. In short, so long as Persia is likely, or the death of the present Shah, to see twenty or thirty competitors for her throne, each of them willing rather to reign in subjection than not to reign at all, and ready to sacrifice the independence of his country, that he may enjoy the shadow of regal authority: while Russia thus holds (and is permitted to hold) the crown of Persia, as it were in the hollow of her hand, and can bestow it on whichever of the rival brothers she may select for her vassal, and finally, while the European governments most interested in the fate of that devoted country stand aloof, and allow the storm which is gathering over her to drive her for shelter to the door of her enemy, Russia surely would be most unwise to seek to advance her frontier towards India, by undertaking the conquest of two almost inaccessible kingdoms, whose population could hardly be governed, even were the country overrun.

It is more for the interest of Russia, as it is far more easy, and has an imposing air of greater moderation, to

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\* *W. W.* Alexander conquered the Persian empire almost in a single campaign, but he made little impression on the Scythians.

rule through the native prince whom she may establish on the throne, than to subvert the government and undertake the subjugation of the people. It is a long time before foreign establishments become domesticated, more especially where the conquerors and the conquered are separated by the prejudices of religion; and be it remarked in passing, the Russians are execrably bad managers of conquered countries. But by upholding the natural sovereign of the nation, and making him the medium of communication with the people, a more absolute authority would at once be established, than could be acquired in a series of years without the intervention of the natural ruler. That this is the course which Russia has in contemplation, we cannot doubt.

Besides the greater facility in subduing Persia, there are also greater advantages to be derived from its subjugation. Of the countries of Central Asia, Persia is the most important. She has the largest population; the greatest internal resources; the most matured establishments; the most advantageous and commanding position; and she holds, in the estimation of the natives of Asia, the most exalted rank and dignity. The subjugation of Persia would strike with awe all the governments of Asia; but the conquest of Kharizm and Bokhara would produce a comparatively slight sensation beyond their immediate vicinity; and the facilities which it would afford for pursuing future plans and projects would be far greater than those obtained by the conquest of Bokhara.

Herat is now almost an integral part of Persia, and will probably soon be entirely so; and Herat is, of all points on the northern frontier of the Afghan country, the most favourable at which to prepare for the invasion of India. It holds a central position, at almost an equal distance from the cities of Kerman, Yezd, Tubbus, Toorsheez, Meshed, Bokhara, Bulkh, and Kandahar. It is one of the greatest emporiums of the commerce of Asia, and could draw supplies from all the places we have enumerated, and from many more of minor importance. The city itself is placed in a fertile and well-watered valley, and surrounded by extensive gardens and pastures. It enjoys a fine climate, it is amply stored

with provisions at all times; it could, as we have stated, draw supplies from all the countries around it, and it is capable of furnishing every article which these countries afford. If any place is worthy to be designated "the key to India," it certainly is Herat. There is no point within the territories of Bokhara, or its dependencies, which possesses anything at all approaching to the same advantages. Bokhara itself is, in fact, an oasis in the desert, by which it is everywhere surrounded, and the possession of its territory would leave Russia still insulated, and cut off from the countries to the south. Bulkh, if it were also conquered, is a place of mean capabilities in itself, and it is far from supplies of every kind; while the roads from Bulkh to Cabul are probably impracticable for artillery, and that from Herat to Kandahar presents no obstacle to the transport of guns of every description.

Yet the power of using Herat as a depot, and of preparing there for an expedition into India, would be a small part of the advantage which Russia would gain by the subjugation of Persia. Our own connexion with that country has prepared it to receive readily the military institutions of Europe; and our acquaintance with its capabilities to produce good soldiers, enables us to say, that, regularly disciplined, and led by a competent number of European officers of intelligence and activity, there are few armies that, in a campaign in Asia, could boast of any great superiority over that of Persia. The men are singularly tractable, orderly, and obedient—active, contented, and intelligent—capable of enduring extraordinary fatigue and privations—easily fed, and maintained at a moderate cost—by no means wanting in courage or enterprise, and capable of perfect attachment to their officers. In short, admirable materials for soldiers.—On the contrary, years would not suffice to induce the bigoted and untamed, or rather the unsubdued Ozbeks and Toorkomans of Khiva and Bokhara to submit to European military discipline; and if there were no other superiority possessed by Persia, we think this alone would be a very dangerous distinction.

Suppose that Russia were to take charge of the forty or fifty thousand men whom Persia now maintains in



various parts of the country, under the designation of regular infantry, and were to appoint well-selected officers to discipline and command them; suppose that to these she joined half as many Russian infantry, or even a much smaller proportion; that she re-organized the Persian artillery, and selected a well-appointed body of Persian cavalry, it would then be in her power to undertake the conquest of Bokhara, and nothing could be more easy than to conclude arrangements with its overawed government, which would effectually secure its subservency to the views of Russia. Kharizm, lying between Russia on the one side, and her vassal of Persia and her ally of Bokhara on the other, would soon be brought to terms. Herat, if not already incorporated with Persia, would speedily be annexed to that empire, and the pretensions of its chief would afford a favourable pretext for aiding him in the recovery of his hereditary dominions. All this might be done at the expense, as it no doubt would be to promote the interests, of Persia. In short, the subjugation of Persia would give Russia the means of acquiring a paramount influence in Central Asia.

The situation of Turkey would, in such a state of things, be extremely precarious. Her weakest frontier would be completely laid open in its whole length, from the Caucasus to the Persian Gulf. A subject of quarrel between her and Persia would never be wanting; and between Tabreez and the Bosphorus, there is nothing capable of opposing the army which Persia could there bring into the field. Bagdad, which Persia still considers a part of her dominions, would be conquered, and annexed to them; and, in the event of a rupture between Turkey and Russia, the invasion from the side of Asia would hardly be less formidable than that from Europe. The acquisitions of Persia would, in fact, be the acquisitions of Russia; and every war with Turkey would take something from her strength, while it added something to that of both her enemies. If the jealousies of European powers still preserved Constantinople, nothing would remain of the power and resources of the Ottoman empire.

What effect this might have on the politics of Europe, it might be difficult to determine; but it is hardly

possible that it could fail to be detrimental to Britain, as the subjugation of Persia by Russia would certainly be, in another direction.

After Persia had fallen under the power of Russia, and through her the influence which we have supposed was established in Central India, the question of the practicability of invading India would stand on a totally different footing from what it had done before. Russia would then be in a position which could enable her to move her troops with comparative facility to a point from which she might hope to force her passage to the frontier of India, without destroying the efficiency of her army on its march. She could leisurely, and without any extraordinary exertion, collect stores and supplies at Herat and Furrah, and prepare her magazines, and mature her arrangements at no very formidable distance from the intended seat of war. She could have nothing to fear from the powers of Central Asia, and might even command their assistance. Her name, and her power and policy, would be known in India, and would unsettle men's minds by the prospect of an approaching struggle, in which the discontented might take part with the invaders; and, more than all, she would be able to command the services of a large body of troops eminently qualified for the enterprise, without having to incur the expense of maintaining them. Russia would then meet us upon something approaching to equal terms, and though we think she would be beat back even then, without having been able to make any serious impression on our power, and probably without having even reached our territories; still it must be admitted, that her holding such a position would give her the counter-check upon England which she longs to possess, and would produce a total revolution in the relative positions of England and Russia, and a change in the last degree unfavourable to Britain in their political relations.

The kingdom of Cabul, which would be the only remaining barrier between Russia and the Indus, in the case we have supposed, is now broken into many principalities. Herat is the seat of a petty government, at the head of which is the representative of the royal family of Cabul, who has

lately contracted an alliance with one of the sons of the Shah of Persia, and who pays to that sovereign an annual sum, which, though it is called a present, more resembles a tribute. The citadel of Herat is at present held by Persian troops, under the command of a grandson of the Persian monarch.

Kandahar is held by three of the brothers of Futtch Khan, Barekzie the Wazeer of Mahmood, and the subverter of the legitimate dynasty. Cabul is held by another of these brothers, who has lately taken it from his own nephew; and Peshawer is held by a member of the same family, who it is said purchases exemption from the incursions of the Seiks, by the payment of a yearly sum to Runjeit Sing, the prince who rules over the countries between the Indus and the Hyphasis.

These brothers of Futtch Khan have endless feuds and quarrels, which are perhaps not the less inveterate for their being between brothers; and they are all enemies of the Prince of Herat, whom they consider dangerous, because he is a branch of the legitimate stock.

The population of the country is divided into numerous tribes and clans, who adhere to one or other of the chiefs we have mentioned, as their local circumstances or family attachments may lead them; and the weakness of the governments, their petty wars, and the bickerings of the tribes and clans, have so unsettled the minds of the people, and have made property so insecure, that agriculture is neglected, the country is waste, and the villages dilapidated, and in many places deserted.

The inhabitants are brave and warlike, and have been considered the finest cavalry in Asia. Nadir Shah certainly thought them the best troops in his army; but at present no combined effort could be expected from them under any circumstances, and in opposition they could offer to an invading army would, of necessity, be desultory and irregular. It may be doubted, however, whether this is not the most effectual kind of opposition that could be made by any undisciplined troops to the march of a regular army, and whether the absence of an established authority, which could be overawed, or won to take a share in the enterprise, or to facilitate the pro-

gress of invaders, by causing provisions to be collected, and the inability of the country, in its present condition, to maintain a large army for any considerable time, are not obstacles more serious and more difficult to be overcome, than any which could be opposed by the army of the kingdom, to the advance of a Russian force.

Events now in progress may make it necessary for us to turn our attention to the country of the Afghans, and to endeavour to raise it into a line of defence for India; and in that case we will find cause to regret that Herat is likely to fall into the hands of Persia. If Persia ceases to be to us what she has hitherto been, we may find that it would have been well to have paid more attention to the affairs of the Afghans, distracted and debased as they are; and we may discover, when it is past remedy, that in relinquishing Persia, we have abandoned a strong line of defence, to retire upon one that is untenable.

From Herat to Kandahar, by the way of Furrah, is a distance of about four hundred and fifty miles, over a country for the most part unproductive, and in some parts sparingly supplied with water; but as the road is good, as there are several considerable places on or near the route from which supplies could be drawn, and as Kandahar is a considerable city, incapable of defence in its present condition, but capable of affording provisions, (if we suppose competent preparation to have been made at Herat,) the natural obstacles of this part of the route do not seem to present any insurmountable difficulties to the progress of an army. From Kandahar to Cabul is not more than two hundred and fifty miles; from thence to Peshawer is not above one hundred and fifty, through a strong but practicable country; and from Peshawer to the banks of the Indus, is either two or three marches. The total distance from Herat to the Indus may be estimated at something less than nine hundred miles. This certainly is a very considerable distance, but it contains three principal cities, besides several minor towns, and there do not appear to be any natural impediments which might not, by management and previous arrangement, be either evaded or overcome. It would be necessary to transport more than one month's


provisions with the army, and in some places water would require to be carried or collected. The route, however, is one which we would pronounce to be difficult, but not impossible.

Notwithstanding the practicability of this route, there are still many difficulties to be surmounted by the invader under the most favourable circumstances. His European troops would suffer severely from the climate on first entering the country. The novelty of the situation in which he would be placed could not fail to cause considerable embarrassment. He would commit many mistakes, which might probably be turned to his disadvantage by his opponents. The further he advanced, the greater would be the difficulty and expense of drawing his supplies from the rear. No small convoys could attempt to move in the country, and he would have to force the passage of five great rivers, and make his way through a singularly strong country, in the face of our troops, before he could set a foot on our territories. The passage of the Indus alone, under such circumstances, would be a formidable undertaking, and might be found impracticable. The expenses of the war would necessarily be great, even if Persia were to bear her share in the charges; and if long protracted, Russia would, for want of means, be obliged to abandon it, while, in the event of the failure of the expedition, and the consequent destruction of the European part of the armament, she would most probably be driven once more beyond the Caucasus.

On the other hand, the injury which Britain would sustain, in any event of such an undertaking on the part of Russia, would be very great—greater than it is easy to calculate—even the expenses consequent on the occupation of Persia by a Russian force, and the establishment by that power of an authoritative influence at the court of

Tehraun, which could give her the command of the resources of Persia, would of themselves be large and permanent. It is difficult to determine what number of European troops it would be necessary for us, under such circumstances, to maintain constantly on our northern frontier, or, in the event of a rupture with Russia, what additional number we should be under the necessity of sending to India; but the lowest estimate that could be made in either case, would make a large item in our national expenditure; and the charges which would be incurred in the event of actual invasion, and the necessity of waging a protracted war on our frontier, would be quite enormous.

Let us recapitulate the conclusions at which we have arrived in the course of our discussion.

We say that Russia, from her present position, cannot invade, and cannot even threaten, India;—that she must advance her frontier to enable her to do either;—that it is more advantageous to her to advance her frontier on the side of Persia than on that of Bokhara, and to govern Persia through a native ruler, than to subvert the government, and undertake the subjugation of the people;—that the command of the resources of Persia would give Russia a paramount influence in Central Asia, and would enable her to undertake the invasion of India, without being opposed by any insurmountable obstacles in her progress to the Indus;—that as soon as this shall be the state of affairs, Russia will have got possession of a powerful check upon England, and will have placed her political relations with Great Britain on a very advantageous footing;—that the advantages in a contest would still, however, be considerably greater on the side of the British, but that the expense they must incur would be enormous; and we add, that the result of the struggle must, as in all such cases, be doubtful. 

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A TRIP TO SPA.

BY SENEX.

Looking over some old papers, I happened to stumble on Minutes of a Journey to the German Spa, in the Summer of 1782. The occasion of that journey was the indisposition of a respected and very respectable friend and relation much older than myself, to whom the waters of its celebrated fountains had been recommended by his physicians. The party consisted of four, the invalid, his son, a young man, heir to a title—and what was still better, a good estate—and myself. The honourable Mr S. was a great acquisition, for he had received part of his education in France, and was besides a well-tempered and agreeable companion. Young Mr T. had just left the University, for which he had been prepared at Eton; and being a youth of polished mind and gentle manners, afforded ample assurance both of giving and receiving pleasure on such an excursion. His father had been conversant with the first ranks of society in Ireland, and was besides a man of sound judgment and amiable disposition. Hence you will perceive that I did not, without reason, congratulate myself on such an opportunity of obtaining entertainment and information. I too was very young, though older than two of my companions; but having received a liberal education, was not, or at least did not think myself, altogether ill qualified for making a fourth in such a party. With England, indeed, we had all been previously acquainted; the great object of our views and expectations centred in the gratification of a curiosity to see things unseen before, people to whom we were strangers, and places of no mean celebrity, both in old and modern days, but known to us only by the voice of fame.

“*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,*

*Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.*”—HORACE.

A journal must be dull indeed which fails to excite some interest in the reader. It is a sort of second-hand travelling, and there is something so gratifying in perpetual change of place, that even those catch-penny publica-

tions which give little more than the names of towns, the nature of the roads and vehicles, and the kind of entertainment afforded by inns, together with the edifying conversations of mine host and hostess, seldom fail to obtain circulation that repays the publisher. In truth, we rarely find fault with an honest jog-trot traveller who confines himself within these limits, and tells us in plain language exactly what he saw, and where and how he saw it. It is only where he soars above his pitch, in attempting fine and florid descriptions, in passing crude judgment upon men and manners, neither of which he is capable of appreciating, and in pronouncing dogmatically upon things he does not understand, that we throw down the book in disgust, and consign the frigid effusions of superficial affectation to merited contempt and oblivion.

It is not for me, Sir, to say, which of these tourists I shall most nearly resemble, this being a point reserved for the judgment of the reader;—my own intention is to resemble neither of them. On the plan of the former, I might fill some pages in describing our route from — in the County of Cork, to the famous City of Waterford, where we arrived about the middle of July. On the day after our arrival we proceeded to the harbour six or eight miles below Waterford, and embarked on board one of the cutters then employed in the revenue service, which had been lent for the purpose, as it was reported that some privateers, for we were then at war with France, had been lately seen in the channel. For some hours after we set sail, the coast was clear; nothing to be seen except a few coasting sloops and fishing boats; but about mid-day our mate, who kept a sharp look-out, observed to the Captain that there was something suspicious in the appearance of a sail which had just showed itself to the southward, and seemed to be making great way. “I will go aloft with the glass, Sir,” said he, “and bring a more certain account of her.” He did so, and the report was, that she was a large cutter, French-built, as he thought, steering directly for us, and rapidly approach-

ing. What was to be done? We were not yet half-seas-over; and as the wind happened to blow, to reach Milford or return to Waterford, were alike impracticable. The enemy, if enemy she was, would, from her superior sailing, easily overtake us. It was an anxious moment, not for life, but for liberty—to exchange the gaieties of Spa for the discomforts of a French prison, was a reflection of serious and real alarm; and the worst of it was, that while we were dubious and hesitating, the privateer, for such she really was, advanced with a degree of velocity doubled by our apprehensions. She was now, though not within shot, near enough to display a size and force, with which we had no chance to contend; and as a last resource, the Captain, with the free consent of us all, prepared to steer for the Saltees, two rocky islands not many miles distant on our leeward side; and in case of necessity, should there be no other means to escape, run the vessel ashore. Under this hope we changed our course, and should probably have put the Revenue Board to the expense of a new cutter, had not the wind died away, and a dead calm succeeded. This raised our spirits. Evening was coming on, and under the friendly shelter of night we considered ourselves secure. But our Mate, who still kept a watchful eye on the foe, remarked that, though we did not move, she did; and applying his faithful glass, discovered that she was impelled by several large oars called sweeps. Here was a new embarrassment, and a restoration of the reign of terror. "Out with our sweeps too," said the Captain; "and every man on board, gentle and simple, that values his liberty, and is able to pull, must take his station at an oar—the rest shall not be idle—let them hand about grog to the rowers, who will have no child's play of it—three men to an oar—bear a hand, boys!"

To work we went, and, knowing what we worked for, did not spare our labour. I, being the stoutest of our three youngsters, got great credit for my able assistance; and the other two obtained immortal honour, by their alacrity and adroitness in compounding and handing about the grog. "Boys," said the Captain, "she will hardly fire her bow chase, for that would retard her going; but if she should, when I give the signal, you must all lay

yourselves flat on the deck."—"Captain," said one of my comrades at the oar, "you and the gentlemen as hands the grog may do as you please, but, by St Patrick, we'll stick to our oars—it would be bad to lose any of our ship's-way at this time, and, for my part, I'd as lieve be shot standing as lying down; so hurra, boys—damn the Mounseers—we're a-head of them yet, and by — we'll keep it—Erin-go-brah!" My comrade was in the right—from a random-shot there could be little danger, and in delay there was much. Accordingly we redoubled our exertions, and gained the sound, or strait, which separates the islands, just as night was beginning to set in, the privateer being nearly half-a-mile astern. Here we were saluted by the inhabitants, who had been spectators of the chase, with several cheers, which we most cordially returned, amply repaid for our toil and anxiety by so fortunate an escape. Poor I was the only sufferer, for my hands, unused to such exercise, were severely blistered. At night a breeze sprung up, and, having a good pilot on board, we slipped back into the port of Waterford. On our entering the sound, the privateer stood off to sea, unwilling to brave the nocturnal risks of a rocky shore. *Sic nos servavit Apollo*—not, however, *more poetico*; he befriended us, not by communicating his luminous influence, but by withdrawing it. Two days after, having received certain intelligence that a king's ship had chased the privateer towards the French coast, we ventured out, and, after a pleasant passage of twelve hours, arrived safely in the little harbour of Hubbister, in South Wales. Of the privateer I shall have something to say hereafter.

Suppose us now arrived at Margate, on our way to Ostend. Wales and England I pass over as sufficiently known to your readers, and as traversed by us without any adventure worth relating. London, to say nothing of its heat, had little to invite our stay, having lost all its fashionable company; for it was not then the practice of parliament to advance winter into spring, and extend the latter to the dog-days. The weather, from the time of our crossing the Severn at Chepstow, was remarkably hot, and much wheat cut between Bristol and London. I mention this, in correction

of an error committed by the poet Cowper, who, in a note to his delightful poem "The Task," talks of "a fog that covered both Europe and Asia during the whole summer of 1782." I think I can answer for Ireland, England, and part of the continent of Europe, being exempt from its gloomy mantle during any part of that summer, which, if I remember right, was rather remarkable for sunshine and fertility. I am therefore inclined to believe that he saw it only in poetic vision.\*

Notwithstanding the hostility of France, (and Holland, too, if I mistake not,) as Austria was at peace with all her neighbours, there was no difficulty in procuring a safe passage to Ostend. Vessels under her flag were in readiness to convey passengers to and from Austrian Flanders, and in one of them we embarked, and in about sixteen hours reached the neutral port of Ostend.

Landsmen are always in a hurry to get on shore. For my own part, so disagreeable is the motion of a ship to me, even in the finest weather, and so melancholy are the ideas excited by the monotonous uniformity of an interminable expanse of water, that, without taking sea-sickness into the account, I feel no comfort but in the hope of getting rid of it. The first emotion that has a tendency to exhilarate is the sight of land, to which the eyes of such travellers as I am are always anxiously directed. In such a voyage as ours, that enjoyment is long deferred, by the nature of a coast rising little above the level of high water-mark. A range of sand banks is all that can be seen, which, low as they are, and different from the bold protuberances of our native shore, are high enough to conceal all the country that lies within. In passing from the Irish to the Welch coast, the mountains of one are hardly lost sight of before those of the other make their appearance; and sometimes both can be seen at the same time. Time was, when, after having regaled his eyes with a view of the desired haven,

one might, by a change of wind, be compelled to return to the port he had left; now, thanks to the steam-packet, the passage is as certain and as expeditious as that of a mail-coach.

Though it was midnight when we arrived, we preferred immediate disembarkation to remaining on board, amidst the foul steams of a crowded cabin, and, quitting the packet, proceeded to the gates of the town. There we had to wait until the keys, which are always in the nightly custody of the Governor, could be procured, and, in the interim, consoled ourselves with reflecting on the superior happiness of an insular situation, where no such precautions are needed—where nature has provided the inhabitants with ramparts sufficient for the defence of a free, a brave, and an united people, and where garrisoned towns are unknown. The maritime situation of Ostend does, indeed, imperatively demand the protection of a strong fort; but all the towns of Flanders are environed by moats, ditches, walls, and ramparts. Dearly do the rich and fertile regions of the Continent pay for what they enjoy during a time of peace, in the miseries they suffer during that of war. The general appearance of the people in Flanders differed little from those of Britain; there was even a similarity in the sound of their voices, so that I sometimes almost imagined they were speaking English; but everything there seemed very old-fashioned:—it looked as if no change in their dress or manners had taken place, at least since the time of our Queen Anne; and the memory of Marlborough seemed still fresh in their minds. At Ghent, particularly, where the streets are more than usually spacious, and the houses large, the hotel we sojourned in was decorated with tapestry representing the several great battles of the English hero. One would have thought they had gone to sleep after his campaigns, and had but just awakened, so little appeared they up to the occurrences of the intermediate period, and so small a participation did they seem to

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\* On referring to Cowper's note, I find that he speaks of the summer of 1783; nevertheless I have suffered the passage to stand, because, though I did not travel in that year, yet such a circumstance as an universal fog of three or four months' duration could hardly have escaped my memory. There was no such thing, I am confident, in Ireland, and yet it is not the least among the lands of fogs.

have felt in the ever-varying condition of their neighbours. In one art, indeed, they required no improvement,—that of agriculture. The richness of the soil, its admirable adaptation to the plough, which meets no obstruction from hill or stone, and a climate favourable to the ripening of grain, invited and improved the hand of culture at an early period. To them the English were primarily indebted for a knowledge of the art, in which, if all circumstances be taken into consideration, the learner may now be said to equal, if not exceed, his master. The Baconian maxim, that “Time is the greatest innovator,” might have found an exception in Flanders at the time I visited it; and that it has undergone alteration, as far as that may now be the case, is owing to no internal exertion, but to the compulsory influence of foreign interference.—Mind seemed there to be perfectly stationary. The mendicant monks lived in contented pauperism—the rich ones in sensual torpidity—the same rotation of manual labour followed year after year—provisions were cheap and abundant, and the idea of change seemed as alien from a Fleming as from a Chinese. How could it be otherwise? They were in habitual servitude to a mother church, which only required of her children a total surrender of their understandings.—To have any opinion of their own upon the most important of all topics, the salvation of an immortal soul, seems to be the only offence of unpardonable enormity in her catalogue of sins. Let that be avoided, and indulgence is never withheld from those—who pay for it. Now, nothing is more clear than that the most simple and effective mode of preserving this obedience, is to keep her followers in ignorance of all opinions but her own. Knowledge is with her the root of evil; she has, therefore, always endeavoured to check the propagation of so pernicious a plant,—and in Flanders, she seems to have been a most successful weeder. A very intelligent English gentleman (Mr Steel), with whom we fell into company, and who lived there from prudential motives, assured me that the manners of the better classes were extremely gross, ~~their~~ lives sensual, and their ignorance extreme. I shall be told that for ages that Church was the depository of

knowledge, that she engrossed all the learning of the times, and that to her in a great measure we are indebted for preserving the treasures of ancient literature. It is very true; but the gratitude of succeeding generations would have been greatly enhanced if she had made a more generous use of her literary possessions; if she had not employed them in erecting for herself a dominion alike incompatible with the precepts of the gospel, and the interests of mankind; if she had been as active in extending the rights of conscience, as she has been vigorous in controlling them; and if she had been as friendly to the diffusion of knowledge as she was successful in the preservation of it.

The public buildings of Bruges and Ghent, particularly the churches, are honourable memorials of ancient art and opulence. The latter are on a large scale, and, taken as a whole, exhibit, perhaps, more unequivocal proofs of the power than of the piety of their founders. Pure devotion might have contented itself with less ostentation and magnificence. They seem, like some other structures of the same kind, made more for admiration than for adoration. The inside was sometimes sadly disfigured by the preposterous piety of certain devotees, who, in the construction of an altar to some favourite saint, were permitted, no doubt for valuable considerations, to indulge the whims of a crazy brain. One of these, I remember, was an image of the Virgin, as large as life, with the complexion of an Ethiop, and in a costume bearing no resemblance to anything human, and certainly most repugnant to the idea of anything divine. Yet the only signs of devotion I happened to observe, were at some of those altars, where persons were seen, generally women, telling their beads. The ordinary service of the church was often performed by the priests and their attendants, without a listener—and no wonder;—he that prayed by himself at the altar probably knew what he was saying—the priest's Latin was unintelligible to all his hearers, and sometimes perhaps to himself. On days of High Mass I suppose the crowds were great, for the processions were splendid, and the parade imposing.

Two very opposite descriptions of Monks met our view, with one of

whom, a mendicant, we formed a temporary acquaintance. This poor man's dress was of the coarsest woollen, without a shirt—and he wore neither shoes nor stockings. He came up and addressed us in a courteous manner, speaking, or rather endeavouring to speak, English, which he had taught himself by means of a grammar and dictionary. After a little time, we were able to converse tolerably well; and he seemed much gratified by the credit we gave him for his knowledge of our tongue. At length he invited us to his Convent, saying that he would show us his cellar. So extraordinary an invitation set our wits at work, to conjecture the result of such a visit, or what his cellar could produce worthy of the notice of my L<sup>ors</sup> Anglois, the title by which all such travellers as ourselves are, on the Continent, liberally endowed. Could they, who renounce the decencies of apparel, and have forsworn almost the common necessities of life, have indeed a cellar and a stock of wine? The thing appeared to be impossible. Yet why invite us to a cellar, if it had nothing in it? Could he have anything of the kind to dispose of, for which the munificence of my L<sup>ors</sup> Anglois would give double value? Equally impossible—for I believe they never defile their hands with such vile trash as money, however foul they may be with other dirt. We did, indeed, see monks enough, whose cellars and larders must have been admirably stocked, if the obesity of the proprietors might be deemed a proof; but these poor fellows were the very emblems of penury and mortification. In short, we were completely puzzled, and, like wise philosophers, left the solution to the often slow, but always sure, discoverer of secrets—Time. This soon explained the mystery—showing that the simple mendicant had been much wronged by our vinous suspicions. His cellar was calculated to excite reflections very different from those that were likely to be suggested by a repository of wine-casks—it was a repository of the dead! Instead of being interred in a church or churchyard, the coffins of the deceased monks were here deposited in receptacles, which appeared to be excavations or niches in the walls of a long subterranean vault, and at each side of a narrow passage. Each receptacle has a door, which is only

opened to receive the coffin; and though the space is small, there has as yet been found no want of room—the old mouldering away in sufficient time to give place to the new. “And here is the one,” said the poor monk, with unaffected composure, “in which my bones will be laid.” It was a scene from which human vanity might derive an instructive lesson, and, young as we were, it was by no means unimpressive. The vault was kept clean, which was more than could be said for the masters, and was exempt from any offensive smell. This could not have been the case had it received the pampered bodies of the monks of another establishment, esteemed one of the richest on that part of the Continent. We met a large body of them one day in a sort of procession (not religious), and a more rosy, jolly, and well-fed assemblage I never beheld. One of them was little short of seven feet high, youthful looking, and eminently handsome. Abstinence *a Venere* is not cognizable by the looks; but that they practised no abstinence *a cibo et vino*, any man that had eyes might have sworn without danger of perjury. I ought not to omit stating, that the mendicant above mentioned was led into his error by the dictionary—the word signifying vault in his language was explained by the words “a cellar, a vault,” of which he took the former, because it stood first. He thanked us for correcting him, and said he should be very careful to commit no more such blunders. This, I will venture to say, was a cellar never visited by the fat monks; yet a night spent in it might have been no improper penance for some of their trespasses.

Among the reflections suggested by these contrasted fraternities—one the representative of meanness and mortification, the other of sloth and gluttony—we could not overlook the extraordinary policy of that Church, which can make the most opposite and discordant qualities conducive to her purposes of influence and her schemes of aggrandisement. Everything in her system is so contrived, that, disagree as the materials may among themselves, all the several parts that compose the arch of power are kept together by one keystone—Papal Supremacy. Hatred should seem to be a strange bond of union among people



calling themselves Christians; yet among the component bodies of that establishment, hatred of each other is at least no bar to their union in support of Mother Church; and hatred, early avowed and interminable hatred, of all the disciples of Christ, who do not bow to her supreme authority, is the actual, the unalterable, the universal, and the great connecting principle of Romanism. Like Hannibal, every faithful son of that Church seems to have sworn, upon the earliest altar of his worship, irreconcilable enmity to those who dissent from her communion. Happily for mankind, the natural disposition of man, depraved as he is, is frequently better than his creed, otherwise it would be difficult for society to subsist. How such doctrines should emanate from that gospel, which opens the door of salvation to *all* sincere believers and doers of the word, with express injunction *not* to be the particular followers of Paul, of Apollos, or of Cephas, that is to say, of Peter himself, seems most wonderful—in truth, they have not emanated from the written word, but partly from ignorance of, and partly from abuse of it. Yet even in Great Britain, in the land of light and liberty, is this precious system of Romanism lauded, advocated, defended, and upheld, not by the disciples of that Church only, but by the very persons whom she hates as rivals, and whom she anathematizes as reprobates—by many who would be thought wise, and by more who would be thought patriots. Happily there is now a strong counteraction, which, if truth and reason be not destined to yield to falsehood and to folly, must finally prevail.

But the time was now about to arrive, though unsuspected by themselves, and by others of more enlarged views, when the long sleep of monkish superstition was to be broken, and the tranquillity of the lordly abbot, as well as the sordid mendicant, were to be alike invaded by the rude hand of scoffing infidelity. A popular commotion was at hand, the exterminating fury of which was in an especial manner directed against the very existence of that Church, which deemed herself something more than spiritual mistress of one of the most polished and powerful nations in Europe. She of course considers her *most Christian* sons as cruelly and culpably ungrate-

ful. But were not the seeds of that commotion sowed and watered by herself? Was she not reaping the just fruits of that pernicious doctrine which instigated and applauded the massacre of St Bartholomew, and revoked the edict of Nantz? Had the rights of conscience and freedom of opinion then been suffered to grow and flourish, the blessings of civil liberty would have grown and flourished with them. In the formation of a constitution, founded on the just rights, and becoming the character, of a free people, France might have had perils to encounter, and labours to endure; but judging from the natural course of events, she would have succeeded at last, and, in so doing, have precluded the dreadful necessity of that appeal to the many-headed monster, which, with remorseless vengeance, overthrew the throne, the altar, and the state. Let France beware of recurring to the bigoted influence of her pristine theology. Her royal dynasty has a little leaning that way.

I remember to have heard an intelligent gentleman, who had just returned from the tour of Europe, say to a friend, some five or six years before the time I am writing of, "Take care how you send your son to travel. Unless his religious principles be well fixed indeed, the odds are that he will return an unbeliever. Among the upper orders on the Continent, he will find contemptuous infidelity—among the lower orders, contemptible superstition. Such is the case in the countries called Catholic." There is danger lest the irreligion of the one, and the superstition of the other, may produce evil effects on the volatile minds of youth. A young man should be prepared for what he is to meet, when he goes into a country totally dissimilar from that which he has left. Popish absurdities, offensive to the sober mind of the Protestant believer, are in his own country so checked and subdued by the general ascendancy of the reformed faith,—they are kept so much in the back ground by the fear of ridicule, as well as the restraints of law, that he has no notion of what Popery really is, until he sees it in the land of its establishment. There only it luxuriates in all its extravagancies of pride and prostration, of pomp and pauperism. I have mentioned the preposterous altars to be found deform-

ing the inside of magnificent temples. On the high road, as we passed along, it was not uncommon to see attached to one of the trees that shelter and adorn each side, a bit of board supporting a little rudely carved image, the frequent object of plebeian worship. What it was designed to represent could not easily be ascertained, being often as grotesque and shapeless as those of the most uncivilized paganism. I really am unable to describe the emotions they excited in my breast,—the mixture of pity, of disgust, of sorrow, and shame. And these, thought I, viewing a peasant in the act of adoration, are the pious *élèves* of the soi-disant Vicar of God,—the orthodox children of her who calls herself the pure and infallible Church of Christ! And this is the religion which so many noble, and right honourable, and honourable, British senators, with a bishop at their head, declare to be NOT IDOLATROUS! I cannot, indeed, charge our coachman with paying any obeisance to these images. He, with true Flemish phlegm, in driving us from Ghent to Brussels, at the rate of about three Irish miles an hour, and in a vehicle something like what English hackney coaches might have been two hundred years ago, looking neither to right nor left, sat with his pipe in his mouth, puffing away, sometimes in most oppressive heat under a bright sun, and sometimes in “thunder, lightning, and in rain.” An *orage* of this kind is frequent during the heats of July and August, and often destructive to heavy crops of corn. They are, however, extremely refreshing to everything that has life; the rain, though it does not last long, coming down in a profusion to which we Islanders are strangers, and imparting a delicious coolness to the heated air. We had usually two or three of them every day while the excessive heat continued, in the month of August, and their nature is so different from what I have ever seen here, that I am tempted to describe it. Under a bright and burning sky, and without a breath of wind, a slight darkness is seen in the horizon, to the south, if I remember right, and in less than five minutes, the whole visible atmosphere is clad in black; lightning gleams, thunder roars, and rain tumbles as from a waterspout. To this, in a very short space of time, heat and sunshine succeed. I believe these *orages* are

seldom attended with fatal consequences, which the natives, no doubt, impute to the efficacy of the church bells kept ringing most piously while the storm continues. Under the pent-house of an enormous cloak or great-coat, which he used to keep out heat as well as rain, our coachman sat as imperturbed and immovable as a statue.

All our Flanders journeys, however, were not made in coaches. A spacious barge conveyed us from Ostend to Bruges, and thence to Ghent, the whole distance being about forty English miles, and the canal on which we glided, a perfect level. It was drawn, I think, by a single horse, and nearly as fast as the travelling coaches. The country is so extremely flat, that even from the coach, the eye takes in but a short range of monotonous objects, then chiefly stubble ground, the corn crops having been cut and housed;—from the barge we could see nothing but the sides of the banks inclosing the canal. They, however, who looked only to cheap and easy conveyance, as well as good living at a very moderate expense, had full reason to be satisfied. We had good boiled and roast, fruits, and wine, with plenty of ice to cool it, for about eighteenpence sterling per head, nothing seeming to be wanted but fresh fish, of which I do not remember to have seen much, if any, during the entire of our tour. The common wine is a kind of hock, very cheap, but too acid for our palates, and the usual hour of dining, 12 or 1 o'clock.

I forget whether it was at Bruges or Ghent, (I believe the former,) that we availed ourselves of an opportunity to visit a nunnery, inhabited chiefly, if not entirely, by Roman Catholic females of Great Britain. Whether they sought this retreat as a refuge from heretical contamination,—from motives of deep piety,—from weariness of the vanities of the world, or from those prudential considerations which actuated many other emigrants, we were unable to discover. Probably more than one of those motives might have operated on the minds of some of them. The opportunity was afforded to us by a fellow traveller, a young English clergyman, who had letters to deliver from their English friends. The sanguine temper of youthful minds naturally looked to something of romantic interest in the approaching inter-

view. We expected to see, what we had only contemplated in the visions of fancy, the lovely rose of female beauty, "withering on the virgin thorn," and meekly devoting to heaven those affections which earthly enjoyments had solicited in vain. We looked to behold some child of sorrow, whose early love had been blasted by the cruelty of parents, or the faithlessness of man; or perhaps some Eloise mourning the crimes which she could not forget, and endeavouring to find consolation in penitence and in prayer. These and similar musings engaged our minds only until the curtain was removed which veils the grate of superstition between, I might almost say, the dead and the living. We saw, indeed, but a few of the inmates; and something of what we had meditated upon might have been concealed within, but what we did see was calculated to inspire very different sentiments. None of those that met our eyes were young, or had even the remains of beauty, nor could I trace in their features any unequivocal symptoms of placid contentment, or holy resignation. I hope I was mistaken, but the general expression of their countenance appeared to me indicative of gloom, dissatisfaction, and unhappiness. One, who seemed the superior, conversed for a while on the subject of the letters with the young clergyman, and then withdrew with an air that seemed to discourage any curious inquiries on our part. Indeed, the ardour of curiosity had been sufficiently abated by the undrawing of the curtain.

The environs of Brussels afforded a very agreeable relief from the tedious uniformity of Flandrian flatness. The rising grounds by which it is nearly surrounded, appeared verdant and beautiful, and there, for the first time, we saw flocks and herds at pasture. The general appearance of the city, in which the Archduke held his court, formed a striking contrast with the almost deserted streets of Bruges and Ghent. It had the appearance of being a very gay as well as populous town; but of the manners, morals, or information of the first ranks of society, we had neither time nor means of forming any estimate. That profligacy of one kind was under very little, if any restriction, was sufficiently evinced by one circumstance that occurred. We had

been to the theatre, where, as I believe in all parts of the Continent, the greatest order is preserved during the time of representation. The Archduke honoured it with his presence, and the play (a comedy) was excellently performed by a set of French actors, whose forte, in my opinion, is in that cast of playing. Returning to our lodgings in a hackney-coach, with an English lady, too, in company, we were several times annoyed by striplings jumping up at the coach-windows, to which they clung by their hands, each soliciting our preference for his favourite house of nocturnal debauch and depravity. I am not sure whether some of our party, had they been aware of such an invasion, might not have been prepared with a chopping-knife, to inflict on the juvenile fingers a punishment so richly deserved. I hope, since the Revolution, which has happily brought that country under another domination, that "they order these matters better" at Brussels.

From Brussels we made a detour to visit the celebrated city of Antwerp, which, though long robbed of the commercial advantages of its situation by the Dutch, was majestic even in decay. From the lofty steeple of its magnificent cathedral, we saw the course of the Scheldt for many a league, together with a vast extent of rich and cultivated country in every direction around us. In the Church, as well as in some other places, were many fine paintings, those of Rubens exceeding all the rest in number, variety, and excellence. The best were afterwards transplanted to Paris by Bonaparte, who committed similar robberies in all the countries he overran, less probably from a real love of the arts, than from ostentation, and the desire of ingratiating himself with that vain-glorious and inconstant nation, which he had made the stepping-stone of his insatiable ambition. Their triumph was short, and the mortification of being dispossessed, gratifying as it was to every friend of justice, inflicted on their feelings a measure of anguish far exceeding the pleasure derived from the acquisition of the spoils.

Our visit to the Continent was subsequent, by a short interval, to that which the Emperor of Germany paid to his dominions in the Low Coun-

tries, and from which his subjects in that quarter formed high expectations of future prosperity. Among these, the restoration of trade, by opening to them the navigation of the Scheldt, was the principal. Joseph II. was well-intentioned, mild and condescending in his manners, and appears to have possessed several good qualities. But want of steadiness and judgment, or the unfitness of the times to second his views, rendered all his projects of reformation ultimately unsuccessful. In the Low Countries, so seldom favoured with the presence of their sovereign, his arrival was hailed with every demonstration of gratitude, admiration, and respect. Triumphal arches were yet standing, which had been erected in honour of his approach, and we were at first disposed to regret that we had not been in time to be eye-witnesses of the splendid reception of imperial majesty; but on reflection, the difficulties we, as strangers, should have had to encounter, in finding anything like comfortable accommodation amidst such a crowd, without bringing much philosophy to our aid, easily reconciled us to the disappointment. At Spa, indeed, which he also visited, the case was different. There we might have seen him without state or parade, and almost upon terms of equality, for he travelled, as is the custom with royal visitors, incog, as a private nobleman, and without attendants. He even affected more than usual descension from dignity. He had not been gone more than a week when we arrived, and his presence seemed to have made no difference in the coming or going of the guests. An English gentleman told me that he was sitting one morning at breakfast with some friends in the public room, when the Emperor, whose person was well known, approached their party. "He was," said our informer, "plainly dressed, and unaccompanied. We, with a natural feeling of respectful compliment to such a personage, rose at his coming;—on which he said,—'Sit, gentlemen, pray sit down—I don't like to be incommoded myself, and I am sure I have not the smallest desire to incommode you—I will sit and chat with you a while, if you will allow me that pleasure.' He accordingly sat down, we resumed our seats, and he remained with us half

an hour, in free and familiar conversation. He spoke French, which most of our party also understood."

An event of much more general interest and importance than an imperial visitation, had taken place some time before our arrival,—the suppression of the order of the Jesuits. On this remarkable occurrence, vainly hailed by the general voice of Europe as a symptom of Papal improvement, and the precursor of more liberal sentiments on the part of the Romish Church, it is needless to enlarge. Of the Jesuits, it may certainly be said that they were exempt from the common reproach of monkish vices,—sensuality, ignorance, inactivity, and sloth; and had they confined their labours to the cultivation of learning, Jesuitism would have deserved the highest place among the ecclesiastical establishments of that Church. But the influence arising from talent and knowledge, excellent as it is when employed in defence of truth, becomes proportionally dangerous and reprehensible when devoted to the advocacy of falsehood. This latter task was unfortunately imposed upon the Jesuits, and they did not shrink from performing it. To support themselves, it was necessary that they should uphold their parent; and next to their own elevation, the maintenance of her absurd claims to exclusive power and rectitude, was the unremitting object of their labours. The glory of the Papal throne superseded, with these ecclesiastical Janizaries, the glory of God himself; and the peace, the happiness, and the good of mankind, were as nothing compared with the interests of the church, and the prosperity of her priesthood. With what artifice and ability they pursued these ends *per fas et nefas*, (perhaps I might have left out the former,) is sufficiently known, and will never be forgotten. Still less will posterity be likely to forget the admirable consistency of that unerring Church, which, like the satyr blowing hot and cold with the same mouth, at one time cherishes as innocent, what at another she had condemned as guilty. Her infallibility is, indeed, of a very singular kind.—She may do anything with her ways but mend them.—She may make any change in her system, provided it does not amount to a renunciation of errors or absurdities.—With the

written laws of God she may make as free as she pleases.—They are part of her stock in trade, and may be lawfully turned to her profit.—They are the patrimony of the church, to be managed after long possession, not according to the intention of the testator, but the will and pleasure of the possessor.—She may explain them away by her comments, neutralize them by her indulgences, or give release from them by her authority.—In her own eyes, she is the most merciful of all despots, offering, as she does, plenary forgiveness, on very reasonable terms, for every crime of which human nature can be guilty, one only excepted—departure from her communion! To the School of Philosophy, instituted by such writers as Voltaire and Hume, is unjustly imputed the sole reproach of undermining Revelation, and robbing man of his dearest hopes and consolations. They laboured, indeed, upon the foundation, but did not lay it—that was already done for them by the perverse industry of a proud and persecuting church, refusing to retract her errors, and regulate her doctrines by the standard of evangelical verity. The experience and observation of a long life have convinced me, that the demon of irreligion owes infinitely more of his pestiferous success to the artifice, the ambition, and, may I not add, the lurking infidelity of the Romish Church and Priesthood, than to all the free-thinking philosophy that Europe ever has been, or ever will be, able to produce. To individuals I deny not the praise and commendation so frequently merited. I speak of Popery only as a system in which I certainly discern one thing miraculous—viz. its existing unaltered in the 19th century of the Christian Era!!!

How the French reformers disposed of the monasteries in Flanders, and the astonished inmates of their holy walls, I do not remember to have heard, but can easily conjecture. Their mode, both with respect to civil and ecclesiastical polity was, like Horace's plan of a poem, *Simplex duntaxat et unum!* They undid everything that was done before, applying the hand of extermination alike to all, the good as well as the bad. For the young and well-fed brotherhood, I should, I own, feel little, were they only compelled to exchange a life of sensual

sloth for one of active service. It would have been a just retribution for useless indolence. Our friend the mendicant stood on different ground. There was something about him of pious meekness and quiet resignation, that excited much interest in his fate, and I should be sorry to know that he suffered in the revolutionary storm. As far as worldly circumstances went, he could not well change for the worse, but to a mind like his, abstracted from the world, and piously devoted to what he considered the necessary duties of his humble station, the very idea of irreligious intrusion must have imparted inexpressible anguish. Peace be to his departed spirit, and to those of his bare-footed fraternity, a great portion of whose lives was employed in visiting and comforting the bed of sickness, and the sorrows of misery, and in whose cellar we received a lesson of instruction not unworthy of a sacred temple!

Before I leave the Low Countries, where I hope I have not detained you too long, I must mention a circumstance relative to our escape from the privateer. One of our Irish servants, strolling on the quay at Ostend, happened to fall in with half-a-dozen of his countrymen, easily recognised by their dress and their voices. Hibernians, however discordant at home, meet in foreign lands as friends and brothers. Pat's heart always warms at the sight of a countryman in a strange place, and I don't know that I have ever been so overwhelmed with compliments and caresses—though I have a good number of tenants and dependents, and attached ones too—by Irishmen at home, as I have been by Irishmen in London.

"Well, boys," said our servant, (I will give the conversation in their own words,) "what has brought you to this strange country?"

"Oh, countryman," replied one of them, "we ought rather to ask you; for sailors you know go to every port—but we belong to Captain Kelly—he was once a famous smuggler at Kilrush, and being obliged to fly from prosecution, went to France, where he got the command of a privateer—with her he went cruising—made a fortune—gave up his command, and now is come to the neutral port of Ostend, where he has bought a fine cutter, and will go cruising again on his own

account—he has got a French commission."

"Well, and where were you cruising last?"

"Oh! we were cruising in the Irish Channel, for Captain Kelly knows every creek and corner of it; and we had a famous sailing cutter—went like the wind—nothing could touch us."

"And did you take Irish as well as English prizes?"

"Did we? by my own soul and that we did, and a good many of them too—but devil a harm we done the poor fellows, only burn their vessels, and take their goods—we put them all safe ashore, and gave them some provisions to boot."

"And was it not a shame for you to plunder your countrymen?"

"Blame your own government for that, agra—if they had let us alone we would have let them alone—they declared war against us first—they knocked up our little honest trade of smuggling, and would have punished ourselves into the bargain—so, what else could we do?—but we're all friends here—by St Patrick, we'll have a booze together, and drink success to Old Ireland!"

With these friends of Ireland he repaired to a public-house; and, in the course of conversation, learned that it was this same Captain Kelly's privateer from which we had made the fortunate escape already related. On the day subsequent to that pursuit, the *Stag* frigate appeared in sight, and he made sail for Dunkirk, where he settled accounts with his owner, and found himself possessed of a sufficient sum to set up privateering on his own account. But his subsequent career was unfortunate. After a short and unprofitable cruise, he was taken by that same frigate, his second vessel being an inferior sailer; but his foreign commission saved his life—government feared a retaliation on the part of the French. It was singular enough, that as we happened to fall in with the captain of the vessel which had given us such a fright at Ostend, so we should afterwards meet the owner of that vessel at Spa—hostility converted into friendship by a little change of place. Kelly was a mere sailor, rough and adventurous—his owner was a French merchant, a little gentleman of agreeable conversation and polished manners. We had a good deal of laughing on the subject of our

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narrow escape, and he joked with me for robbing him of so rich a prize as our ransom, by my rowing exertions. "However," said he, "I feel myself bound to make some compensation for the uneasiness you all must have suffered through my means; and if you return through France, (as we then intended to do,) I will give you recommendatory letters to my friends, which you will find of some use." We did not, however, avail ourselves of his kindness, having gone no farther into the French dominions than to the city of Lisle.

After leaving Brussels, Louvaine and Liege were the most considerable cities through which we passed. Louvaine was once eminently distinguished for the magnificence of its public buildings, walls, churches, monasteries, and university; but it had long been in a state of decadence. Liege, situated on the Meuse, a large and navigable river, still presented the noisy and bustling scene of a busy and commercial town. It was peculiarly infested with beggars, whose numbers and importunity were extremely annoying to my L'ors Anglois. How these unfortunates manage when other great folks travel, I am at a loss to know, for foreigners of high and princely rank, in passing through Continental towns, always drive at full gallop, without regard to opposing crowds. Bonaparte's parting advice at Waterloo, *saute qui peut*, is then the order of the day, and it seems quite impossible that any precaution can save the life and limbs of all. But such is the fashion of *les grands hommes*, and who would transgress its rules for the sake of a few plebeian lives? From Liege, where there was nothing very interesting to such travellers, by an easy day's journey, we reached Spa, on the 10th or 12th of August.

This singular and celebrated spot is situate at the foot of hills, too low to be dignified with the title of mountains, but similar in production, and bearing the character of what we call moorland. The higher parts are heathy, and the glens and hollows generally covered with oaks, too frequently cut down for bark and fuel to attain any size. One practice deserves to be mentioned, as affording, perhaps, a useful example to our own country. When a wood is felled, they immediately pare and burn the surface, and spreading the ashes, sow oats, of which

they usually reap a fair crop, though the soil seems to be very poor. It has been found by long experience that this practice, besides giving an immediate and valuable return, greatly promotes the growth of the oak shoots; and I have seen similar effects from accidental fire.

Spa is, or was at that time, a congregation of hotels and lodging-houses, with spacious public-rooms for company to meet in both morning and evening. The real or supposed salubrity of its several fountains first attracted visitors, some of whom being of regal dignity, fashion by degrees lent her powerful co-operation to render it a place of universal resort during the summer months. Those who deemed it necessary to reside near its waters, repaired to the pleasant town of Aix-la-Chapelle in the winter, at which season we were informed that Spa was entirely deserted. Both lodging-houses and hotels were dignified with high-sounding names, and we had to boast, what once seemed the most remote of all expectations, that we were for several weeks in very high request at the Cour de Londres. All the courts and crowned heads in Europe were pressed into the nomination service of Spa, and a little addition to the number of houses must have called in the princes and potentates of the Asiatic quarter. On the morning after our arrival, we were surprised to see our table loaded with complimentary cards, purporting to be visits from the several persons already arrived, to the new comers. By this contrivance, in which the supposed authors of the compliment had no concern, you learned at once the names of all the company in town, together with their several titles, professions, designations, and countries. These were pompously blazoned forth, having, as I suppose, been procured through the medium of servants, who never fail to magnify the importance of their masters, that being a point in which their own honour is materially concerned. There were two of princely rank then at Spa, the Princess of Orange, and Prince Henry of Prussia, brother to the renowned Frederick. These made the least show on these cards of compliment, for they travelled under the feigned names of Contess D'Amelondi, and Count D'Œil, and to these titles no addition was made. All others were garnished with as many flowers of ho-

nour, as the describer could discover or devise. A Russian noble had a string of titles of most inordinate length; one of which, I remember, stated, that he was "*ad général*"—a general born. A friend of ours, who, in his own country, was sometimes called Colonel, by courtesy, because he had been nominated to that rank in a militia regiment which never was embodied, was stated "*Colonel dans les Armées de sa Majesté Britannique*," &c. &c. When a visitor left Spa, his card of taking leave—inscribed P. P. C.—was left at every lodging; and in like manner, every new arrival was notified to all. The description of ourselves which we saw on the tables of some of our acquaintances, amused us not a little. By whom this particular department is managed, I neglected to inquire; but it seems to have been one that required some pains, for it was never intermitted, and, as I think, all these cards were printed. Ludicrous as it sometimes appeared to be, it was in reality a very convenient custom.

The character of these celebrated waters differed from those of Harrogate and Cheltenham, in being considered generally restorative, rather than particularly or immediately efficacious. One of them, esteemed I believe the best, is fetid and sulphureous; all are cold, and none are saline. The two most usually drunk, are about a mile distant from the town, and a quarter of a mile from each other; and it seems probable, that the early visit of the drinkers, being always before breakfast, contributes not a little to the salubrious effect of the fountains. One of these, the Sauvoniere, sparkles like soda water, and is not very unlike it in flavour. It must be taken with caution at first, being apt to affect the head; after a little use, it seems to do neither good nor harm.

When we find the watering places of Great Britain resorted to as much at least by killers of time, as by seekers of health, the rage for visiting a place combining such curious varieties of attraction, as Spa generally exhibited, will not be deemed wonderful. Not the least among its charms was the circumstance of its being an epitome of all the upper classes of Europe's inhabitants. In one group were there collected Russians, Prussians, Danes, Swedes, Italians, Germans, French, British, &c., meeting together every day in the same rooms, and on terms

of apparent equality. This produced an easiness of communication and freedom of manner that banished all the insipid restraints of formality and reserve. Every person wore the costume of his own country, or adopted whatever liked him best; so that none was startled at being singular or outré. You might appear at the great assembly of the evening in the utmost extravagance of foppish dress, or the plainest simplicity of common clothes, in diamonds and feathers, or in boots and great coats. There was no *arbitrator elegantiarum*, no master of the ceremonies; all sought, *ad libitum*, the amusements suited to their age and disposition. The young engaged in the sprightly mazes of the dance, and their seniors amused themselves with conversation, or with cards. By far the most distinguished of the dancers, was Mr Anthony St Leger, brother to the Colonel of that name, so long and so justly a favourite of his present Majesty of England. Mr St Leger's agile exhibitions always drew a crowd of admirers. His figure was not unlike that of the younger Vestris, and his performance little inferior: he was always the best dancer at the English court. Prince Henry usually amused himself with a sober party of half-crown whist, and was in all external respects one of the plainest persons in the room, being low in stature, with large goggleeyes, and an unmeaning countenance. But his mental character was much belied by his exterior appearance. To his great abilities as a General, he added a mind fraught with the stores of knowledge, and a competent power of giving that knowledge utterance. We had the honour of being introduced to his Royal Highness, by our friend Dominick Trant, Esq. a member of the Irish Parliament, and brother-in-law to John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He too was then at Spa, and of course one of our acquaintances; and a most entertaining one he was, when in good humour, which, it is said, was not always the case, though I never saw any reason to charge him with wanting it. Mr Trant was one of the most intelligent and accomplished men I ever met, eminently endowed with conversational powers, and speaking French and English with equal fluency. He was in habits of much intimacy with Prince Henry, and has often assured me, that his Royal Highness was the

cleverest man he ever conversed with. Of Dominick Trant, as Dr Johnson said of a departed friend, let me indulge the remembrance. He had passed the ordeal of European travel, and, fortified by religious principle, escaped the fiery trial without injury. "*Mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*;" and like the bee that visits every flower of the field, extracting the sweet and rejecting the noxious, he had enlarged his understanding without contaminating his mind. He could be playful or serious, amusing or instructive, as the occasion required, and, without assuming or affecting superiority in either, was eminently excellent in both. A firm friend to the British constitution in church and state, he employed his powerful pen in vindicating the characters and defending the rights of the clergy of the Established Church in Ireland, in the memorable year of 1786, when both were rudely assailed under the pretext of grievances occasioned by the exaction of tithes. An expression in his pamphlet, which was supposed to allude to a certain baronet in the county of Cork, more distinguished by his ability than his moderation, drew on him the resentment of the latter, and occasioned a very remarkable duel, in which the Baronet fell. Suffice it to say, that the spirit of determined bravery was exhibited alike by both, that of placability only by my friend Trant. It is, however, but fair to mention, in justice to the memory of his antagonist, that, on the bed of death, he sent a message to Mr Trant, intimating the great change which had been made upon his mind by the hour of awful reflection, and acknowledging, that himself only was to blame in rejecting those fair terms of accommodation which had been offered on the part of Mr Trant.

The mode of passing the day for all whose age or infirmities did not forbid such active exercise, was as follows:—Numbers of small horses were to be hired for about half-a-crown per day, for the most part safe and pleasant movers. Our early ride was to the fountains already mentioned, where we were sure to find a pretty large concourse of company, some of whom were in carriages. The Princess of Orange, preceded by a running footman, and attended by a couple of grooms, frequently joined the party, riding on horseback, and I mention



the circumstance, because she was the first woman, of high or of low rank, that I saw bestride a horse after the manner of men. Her highness was well-formed, and above the common size, with an intelligent, but not handsome countenance. A jolly-looking priest, clad in purple, was a regular morning visitor, but not on horse-back, being a little advanced in years, and almost large enough to act Falstaff without stuffing. His eminence was said to be a Cardinal, and the Pope's Nuncio at Brussels. The portly figure of this ecclesiastic did great honour to the sacred conclave. I often heard him say, smacking his lips, that the Geronstore water, of which he took a copious libation, did him much service. I dare say it did, and probably common spring-water, substituted for the liquors he seemed to have been accustomed to, would have done the same. After some time spent at the fountains, chatting with those we knew, and sometimes (I fear) laughing at those we did not, we returned to town, and took our breakfast at the public rooms. This was a pleasant lounge, for, except a few who brought their families, and lived in private, all who were able resorted there, as well for conversation as for breakfast. Every visitor of princely dignity, and sometimes an imitator of inferior rank, made it a point to give a public breakfast, to which all received cards of invitation through the channel above-mentioned; the inviter, who seldom appeared himself, knowing no more of the matter than that he was to pay the bill. In this case the tables were furnished with the fruits of the season, grapes and peaches,—not more, however, than sufficed for the ladies, who were sure to assemble in great force upon such occasions, and with whose gratification the gentlemen were too polite to interfere. To them it was forbidden fruit, the ladies showing no disposition to share, in this, as in some other respects, being very unlike Mother Eve. Fruit was brought from Liege by women in baskets, shaped like an extinguisher, except that the part slung to their backs was flat. It was, of course, not very cheap, nor, as I thought, very good. After leaving the breakfast-rooms, we took a more extensive ride, and sometimes had the pleasure of escorting a fair horse-woman, though

there were very few equestrian ladies at that time—not more than two or three pretty French women, and as many English. When the weather did not permit such excursions, billiards, a game that employs half the hours of all the idlers on the Continent, were generally resorted to. The *table-d'hôte*, or ordinary, summoned us at three, and that which we frequented being rather one of the most moderate than the most fashionable, we enjoyed the company of several agreeable and intelligent persons. Two of its usual guests had experienced great vicissitudes of fortune, and seen much of the world—one for many years an eminent London merchant, who had been ruined by the faithlessness of a partner, and the other an American Loyalist, who had filled a high station in New York, previous to the Transatlantic revolution. The former told us, that from the wreck of his fortunes he had saved an annuity of two hundred pounds a-year. "With this," said he, "for I have now no family, I can live more comfortably and creditably on the Continent, than I could contrive to do in England, especially as a traveller. The winters I pass in some of the most cheap and pleasant towns of Italy, or the south of France, and in summer I rove about from place to place, independent of public conveyances, for the little two-wheeled vehicle and horse I make use of are my own. For the ease of a wounded mind, many have fled the cheerful haunts of men, and buried themselves in silence and in solitude. More rational relief may be found in temperate sociality, and better subjects for serious contemplation, in the scenes of the world, than the gloom of a cloister. The consolations of religion depend not upon place, and may be experienced by all who seek them in sincerity and in truth. A mind rightly disposed, whatever its own sorrows may have been, while it thus participates in the occasional enjoyments of social intercourse, will not fail to find, in an extensive acquaintance with human affairs, more than enough to reconcile it to its own privations!" This was a philosophic traveller, of which sect England alone perhaps could furnish such a specimen; and, as far as we could see, his theory was confirmed by his practice.

The Assembly-room, which opened

at an early hour in the evening, seldom failed to be filled soon after. Of this I have already spoken, but without mentioning one of its attractions—the gaming tables. These were monopolized by a company who rented them annually from the Prince Bishop of Liege, at a good round sum, and were supposed, *communibus annis*, to bring a profit of from 10 to 20,000*L*. British. The principal games, because admitting so many at a time, were Faro, and Rouge et Noir. The lowest stake was half-a-crown; to the highest there was no limit; but I never saw more than a rouleau (fifty guineas) deposited, and that very seldom. The chances were so much in favour of the tables, that on a long run it seemed almost impossible that they should not be considerable winners. Yet there have been instances to the contrary. My occasional amusement at the gaming-table consisted in noting the lynx-eyed attentiveness of the managers, and the anxious countenances of the surrounding players. I forbear to give a particular description of these and other games, because to some readers it would be unnecessary, and because they that want that knowledge are better without it. The hour of closing the tables and the ball also, was twelve o'clock, (midnight,) and it was done to the moment. As far as I could learn, few individuals suffered loss to any considerable amount by ill-luck at the public tables. To the professed and inveterate gambler, that was but a piddling sort of play. His game was Hazard, where thousands could be lost or won in a few minutes, and the heat and inexperience of some became easy dupes to the coolness and craftiness of others. This, I was told, was resorted to after the chaster hour of the regular company had expired, and I found no difficulty in believing it. Some notorious characters were pointed out to me, whom I did not remark at the public tables, or who only now and then put down a small stake for show.

France, as it seemed to me, did not supply Spa with numbers proportionate to her proximity and her population; and I do not remember to have seen of either sex any of high rank. There were a few young officers of that nation, one of whom sometimes dined at our ordinary, to whom were I to assign a motto for his arms, it

should be, not the *Nil admirari* of Horace, but the *nil admirari*, (*præter Galliam*,) of a Frenchman. Even his politesse could not conceal the disdain with which he regarded everything that did not accord with Parisian taste, and every person who did not bend the knee to the *Grand Monarque*. He little thought how soon *Le Grand Monarque* was to be put down, and a new object of French idolatry erected; but to French minds the difference was as nothing. Vanity still bore sway, and the ruling passion continued to be gratified.

The British Islands contributed largely to the local habitation of this German watering place, both in seekers of health and seekers of pleasure. Scotland does not send her sons abroad for the purpose of spending money, but of making it. I do not recollect any who came for the former purpose, but we were acquainted with one who came for the latter. The chief physician of Spa was of that nation,—Dr Congleton, who often visited us as a friend as well as a doctor of medicine. He told us that the custom of the country did not allow of large fees, and that he never took more than half-a-crown, and this was given at every visit. He thought it more lucrative than the large fees; for, said he, "I am not only paid for every visit, but sent for on the most slight occasions—twenty consult me at half-a-crown, for one who would employ me if the price was a guinea!" He was in great luck while we were there, in consequence of a three weeks' epidemic, which kept him going much more agreeably than it did his patients. It was a dysentery, but of mild character, and fatal only to one invalid, whose infirmities were not likely to outlive the summer. The favourite tailor of the place was an Irishman, who, with very little acquaintance either with London or Paris, professed himself to have graduated in both by a seven years' study and practice in each—He was a sharp fellow, able to make his way anywhere. He made me a fashionable coat of some light silky stuff, which lasted longer than any coat I ever possessed—for why? It was calculated for weather of excessive heat, and I had hardly got it, when the temperament changed to cool and moist, and I never wore it after—but it served for exhibiting as my Spa coat.

Ireland, however, did greater things for Spa than the donation of an expert fisher. The greatest personage there, not in point of rank but of influence and notoriety, was undoubtedly the Rev. Mr Boyce, rector of Newmarket, in the county of Cork, who had for several years been a vibratory resident between Spa and Aix-la-Chapelle, passing all the summers in the former, and the winters in the latter. He was a valetudinarian, to whose existence it was supposed, by himself at least, that the baths of one, and the fountains of the other, were indispensably necessary. Such of my readers as were well acquainted with the late John Philpot Curran, or who have read his history, edited by his son, will be no strangers to the name of Boyce. That celebrated advocate owed his early schooling, and his education in the university of Dublin, almost, if not altogether, to the friendship and liberality of the Rector of Newmarket. This obligation was always gratefully acknowledged by Curran, who endeavoured to requite it, by enabling his patron to reside on the Continent in despite of Episcopal censures and prohibitions. Curran fought for him in the ecclesiastical courts, and with so much success, that I believe Boyce was at length allowed to follow his inclinations unmolested. We, as being from the same country, and partially known to him, were immediately waited on by our countryman; and almost the first question he asked was, "How is Jack Curran?" Boyce knew everything and everybody, and his advice and instruction were extremely advantageous to the new comers. His dress was very plain, not exactly like that of any country, and he always wore an old tie-wig—the last character that would be assigned to him, judging from appearance alone, was that of a parson. But he was a very friendly and obliging man, blunt in his manners and address, and much respected by all the regular inhabitants of Spa, by whom he seemed to have been voluntarily invested with the authority of a legislator. He was always ready to prevent imposition or extortion, and it was not unusual even for foreigners to say, when they thought themselves ill-treated, "I'll complain to Mr Boyce." Hence he acquired the cognomen of King of Spa, a title, which, with a good deal of jest, carried something of earnest in it also. Boyce told us of many

strange characters that had fallen under his cognizance, one of the strangest being the King (I believe, the father of the present Ex-king) of Sweden. "With him," said he, "I went to many places, and among the rest, to a cataract or waterfall, amidst the neighbouring hills. Instead of admiring this romantic exhibition of nature, which, however, after all, is no great things, not being above twenty feet high, and the quantity of water not considerable, (which was true, for we afterwards visited it), his Majesty inquired of the by-standers whether he could purchase a cow? This being answered in the affirmative, he ordered one to be brought, and having paid its price, desired that it might be precipitated from the top of the cataract. I remonstrated, but to no purpose; the deed was done, and several of the poor animal's bones were broken, to the great amusement of his humane Majesty of Sweden! The only excuse I could frame for this royal ruffian, was that he was a madman. I was glad to be rid of him—now the Emperor Joseph was a gentleman!" Thus spoke the King of Spa of his royal brethren, and he seems to have spoken justly.

Eccentricity of character, when unstained with vice, is often very interesting, and almost always very entertaining. To this quality comedy is much indebted for the pleasure it affords, and it is by no means necessary to resort to the theatre for such amusement, all the world, as the great English dramatist says, being a stage, and all the men and women merely players! Such a place as Spa was well calculated to collect originals, and exhibited more than one during our short visit. Few were sufficiently marked, or sufficiently distinguished in life, to merit being recorded. One unfortunate specimen of vicious eccentricity may be mentioned, to show to what a miserable termination folly, vanity, and utter want of religious principle, may lead the being called rational. A certain German baron, born to larger possessions than usually accompany that title, had come to Spa, professedly for the purpose of spending his last shilling, winding up the catastrophe with a pistol, and dying as he had lived—in a blaze. The last of his expensive prodigalities was an evening *fête sub dio*, which he gave in the neighbourhood of Spa, and very near the road that led to the fountains.

An inscription, on a sort of triumphal arch at the entrance, will sufficiently mark the character of the man and the entertainment. It was to this purpose, but more grossly expressed—that refined company and conversation suited him not, his delights being women and wine. Yet did I see ladies who made pretensions to character among the party.—I hope they did not understand French.

That night being intended for his last, in every sense of the word, the festivities were prolonged to a late hour; the “Magnifique,” as this German original was called, appearing to enjoy himself with as much rapture as if he was about beginning his wild course of life, instead of ending it. Early on the morrow, as if curiosity had called them up before the usual hour, persons might be seen roaming the streets, and inquiring of all they met, “Well, what news of the Magnifique?—Has he shot himself yet?” This tragical catastrophe, however, did not close the worse than farcical drama of his extravagant life. His heart failed him; he thought poverty better than a pistol; and he clung to existence, for the better purpose, I hope, of repenting of what he had done, than regretting that he could do so no longer. The opportunity at least was afforded, he being forthwith committed to jail for some little remnant of debt which he was unable to pay, and becoming the jest and scorn of those sycophants who had tasted his bounty or shared in his profusion. All they seemed to feel was disappointment at his not keeping his word. Had he shot himself, they would have spoken with regret of the fine fellow, for whose living comforts they did not care a farthing. For two or three days might be heard from some mouths,—“*Ah le pauvre Magnifique! Il fit beaucoup de bruit sans doute—mais il étoit un grand fou!*” After that, he was as much forgot as if he had never attracted observation.

It was an agreeable surprise to us to find there so many respectable persons from our own country, with many of whom we had been previously acquainted. We also formed an acquaintance with several of the sister country; so that in addition to the peculiar *agré-mens* of the place, we had pleasant private parties, and made many excursions. Of these, the longest, as well

as most agreeable, was to Aix-la-Chapelle, whose environs, consisting of deep valleys, inclosed by verdant hills, the steep sides of which are wooded, while pretty streams meander through the bottom, are extremely beautiful. The latitude, I believe, is nearly the same with that of the county of Cork, yet the disparity between insular and continental situation causes great difference of climate. A pretty large party of us visited the gardens of an old lady, situated on the south side of a hill, where we remained as long as we pleased, feasting on grapes. They were not cultivated as in a vineyard, but grew on espaliers, overarching the walks. At our departure we made her a present of five shillings, which she seemed to consider as a handsome recompense. In our most favourable situations, grapes rarely, if ever, ripen in the open air, nor under glass, without artificial heat, do they often come to maturity so early as the middle or latter end of August.

Aix-la-Chapelle has much to interest the mind of the curious inquirer in matters relating to the various objects of human disquisition. Here have been held councils and conferences on affairs of the highest national importance, civil and ecclesiastical. It derives its date from a remote antiquity, and was the favourite residence of Charlemagne, to whom it owed revival from ruin, and restoration to splendour. Those almost boiling sulphureous fountains, which the invalid only regards for their qualities of refreshment and relief to pained limbs, afford to the philosopher abundant subject of thoughtful contemplation. Ages after ages have rolled away, and these fountains have continued undiminished in produce, and unaltered in temperature. Where and at what depth are placed those wonderful sources of heat that never rise to the excess of volcanic effusion, nor experience abatement or refrigeration even for a single day? These questions may be asked, and the efforts of philosophic ingenuity may be employed in the investigation, but with vain hope of effecting the discovery. They are among those hidden things of the Omnipotent Creator which we must be content to admire and adore, without presuming to comprehend or to fathom. All his ways are mysterious in the natural as well as in the spiritual world; and he who

would exclude mystery from religion, under the futile pretence of adjusting the plans of God by the standard of human reason, however he may exult a while in the foolish pride of his heart, will only find at last that he has added one more to the miserable catalogue of the deluded, the presumptuous, and the lost!

The old constitution of the Germanic Empire possessed many remarkable singularities. What would my readers say of an abbess possessing the power of life and death within a territory of two or three miles circumscription? or a prince whose dominions were exceeded in magnitude by many a private demesne in these Islands, whose revenues were proportionally inconsiderable, and whose contingent of troops, when called upon to contribute to the imperial levies, amounted to half-a-score soldiers? Curiosity led us to visit one of these,—it was the Princedom of Stavelot, (Stablo, in German,) not many miles distant from Spa. To the prince himself we had not the honour of an introduction, for he happened to be absent. But we were admitted to what they called his palace, and to an establishment which seemed to be much more admired by the exhibitors—his stables. These, indeed, *were* more considerable, for they contained near twenty tolerable horses. The *tout ensemble* presented a curious but melancholy picture. To judge from appearances, no sort of change, except possibly for the worse, had taken place in streets, houses, implements, and inhabitants, for the last two, perhaps four hundred years, in the principality of Stavelot. It reminded us of a town brought to light by excavation, after a volcanic immersion of some centuries; the only difference being that here the bodies were living. It was full time, therefore, you will say, for the change of a system so antiquated in its fashions, and so inimical to the progress of improvement—it was ripe for revolution! This I am full willing to admit, but humanity wishes that the remedy had been applied with a more gentle hand. There are abuses in the religious as well as the civil world, that sometimes call for the strong measure of revolution. What else was the reformation? and but for it, in what a state might the greatest of European countries now be? Even that Church

which vainly endeavoured to keep it down by the arm of the flesh, substituting sagots for arguments, and the power of the sword for the powers of persuasion, even that Church owes to it whatever of Christian mildness and tolerance may now be found in her character. He must be a sturdy Romanist indeed, who prefers the religious state of the Peninsula to that of any country into which the reformed doctrines have been fortunately permitted to find their way. One of its kingdoms is endeavouring to introduce something like freedom into her civil government. Unless accompanied by religious liberty, it may well be doubted whether any considerable amendment can possibly take place. It will, I apprehend, be found a matter of insuperable difficulty ever to establish the one, without admitting the other.

This part of the Continent is, it seems, within the precincts of the old Forest of Arden. The observation was made by one of the company, who added, alluding to Shakspeare, that it was classic ground. "True," replied a well-informed and agreeable English gentleman of the party—"true; and Touchstone's answer to Rosalind (in *As You Like It*) will be very apropos, if I mistake not, at present—"Ay, now I am in Arden—the more fool I—when I was at home, I was in a better place—but travellers must be content." The quotation was very apropos, for we were all beginning to get tired, and to wish ourselves at home. Spa was a very pleasant place in which to sojourn for a short time, curious and attractive for a week or two, but with too much frivolity to continue to engage a serious mind, or to detain any intelligent person whose state of health did not require a longer use of its medicinal waters.

Among the most eminent of its English visitors at that time, were the Duke of Richmond and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The present Duke's father, then a very young man, accompanied the former, whose nephew he was, and to whose title and estate he afterwards succeeded. Mr Lenox, with whom I became acquainted, was a fine-looking and animated youth. He seemed to like our little parties much better than his uncle's, who, he said, kept him too closely confined to his books. I believe his Grace was in this respect among the singularities of the Spa

himself; and I doubt if any other person could have been produced there, whose time was much occupied by books, except, indeed, music books. With these, we were ourselves pretty conversant, some of us being amateurs in that art; and as Florio, first flute of the Opera-house in London, and Pachierotti, first singer, frequently joined our parties, we really enjoyed very great gratification in that way. In addition to their Elysian strains, it is but justice to both to say, they were modest, humble, and obliging.

It will of course be supposed, that Spa was not without a theatrical company—it was not; there was a set of French players, singularly remarkable for the uncommon ugliness both of men and women. It has been said, that a play may be entertaining in two ways—when it is very good, or when it is very bad. That the latter may sometimes be the case, I have ample experience, for I never laughed more than at this company's representation of a comedy, founded on Fielding's novel of *Tom Jones*, or *Shones*, as they were pleased to call him. The lovely Sophia was represented by an oldish female, who was the very personification of ugliness. The hero of the piece did equal justice to the person of her lover; but the boots, whip, gold-lace clothes, and hunting accents, of the crooked-legged fellow, who enacted Squire Western, beggar all description. It was probably got up for the particular gratification of my L<sup>ors</sup> Anglois, and I dare say the shouts of laughter it occasioned were considered as high compliments to the merit of the performance.

In returning from this famous watering place, we bent our course to the south, for the purpose of visiting Lisle, where we were fortunate enough to find a most respectable countryman, Mr Sackville Gardiner, whom a more expensive line of fashionable life than his fortune was able to bear, had compelled to become a resident in the Low Countries. He was a most sensible, as well as accomplished gentleman. He was married, and had a large family; but I am not aware that he himself ever returned to his native land. We left him with much regret, and he appeared greatly affected on taking leave of the senior of our party, with whom he had lived in habits of great intimacy, and in the first line of so-

ciety in Dublin, where both had been for many years members of the Lower House of Parliament.

Lisle, standing in a most extensive and fertile plain, with its hundred wind-mills, and its vast fortifications, is sufficiently known to those that know anything of Continental history. Among the minor articles worthy of remark, were carrots four or five feet long, and as thick as a man's leg, and dogs harnessed to little carts, and drawing weights that, in a hilly country, would tax the ability of a small horse. The dogs are large, and are sometimes assisted by the owner from behind. They seemed chiefly employed by butchers, for bringing meat to the shambles. I shall not specify the quantity I saw drawn by one, lest I should pass, like so many tourists, for a bouncer, though perhaps I may be too late to obviate that censure. Let him that is incredulous repair to Lisle. Whatever other changes may have taken place, I think carrots and dogs will still be found there *in statu quo*.

At Lisle we held a council respecting our returning route, and the result was, to come back by Ostend; and here, of course, I take my travelling leave of your readers.

Conscious that there is little in the foregoing tour to merit the attention of the critical reader, it is proper that I should give an answer to the following question.—Why did you give it to the public? I had two motives. One, to give my worthy friend, the Editor of *Maga*, an article, which, however undeserving of single publication, might not be unworthy of occupying a corner in his amusing and instructive periodical; the other, to afford to those who are acquainted with the present state of the places visited, an opportunity of contrasting what now is, with what lately has been, and of meditating on the many unforseen and extraordinary vicissitudes which took place within the compass of a short period. Here, indeed, is ample scope for meditation to minds of every complexion and colour; nor is it possible for any reflecting person, to take a mental survey of the French Revolution and its consequences, without interest, and without edification, because he cannot fail to recognize the wonderful workings of Divine Providence—overruling wickedness, when ap-

parently most secure—confounding ambition when apparently irresistible—showing the utter impotency of human projects, and from Evil itself extracting Good. So just are the words of the great dramatist, whose religious

sentiments have not, I think, been duly appreciated—  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough hew them as we will.

SENEX.

Cork, 30th July 1827.

## HOHE GERMANICE. No. XXIV.

*King Ottokar's Prosperity and Death, by Franz Grillparzer.*

THIS is the latest production of, in our opinion, decidedly the best writer of the New School of German Tragedy. Goethe, it will be remembered, has so long renounced the stage, as to be out of the question. The Germans themselves, indeed, give the preference, we believe, to Adolf Müllner, and it may be deemed arrogance in foreign critics to dispute the opinion of native judges. We must, nevertheless, think Franz Grillparzer superior to his rival in poetic beauty, and powerful, profound, refined conception of character; equal to him in invention and dramatic skill; and inferior only in correct taste. But this last quality, (however essential) is rather regulative than creative, and, as we observed upon a former occasion, is the last ripened either in nations or individuals; and we hope to see our bard, whom we conceive to be in the spring of life as well as of authorship, improve greatly in that indispensable auxiliary to genius—A hope strongly confirmed by the diminution, in the tragedy now before us, of those gross violations of its laws, which shocked us in *DIE AHN-FRAU* and *SAPPHO*. Indeed, we esteem this piece so superior in every dramatic requisite to its predecessors, that we shall look with considerable impatience for its author's next publication. A few words of general comparison must preface our abstract of, and extracts from, *KÖNIG OTTOKAR*.

Grillparzer appears, like Schiller during his latter years, to be seeking, amidst uncertain speculations, for the true principles of Tragic composition, or, with the exuberance of youthful strength and spirits, to be playing with his powers; each of his four works being written in a different style. The two first are known to the readers of this Magazine, and it is only necessary to remind them, that *DIE AHN-FRAU* was one of the class we have

termed Lyrical Tragedies, written in short trochaics, thronged with incidents, perplexities, horrors, and calamities, but by no means harrowing up the soul with sympathy; that *SAPPHO* was almost without incident, but irresistibly interesting and affecting by its developement of character, and portraiture of feeling and passion; and that both were almost overpoweringly poetical. The third was a more extraordinary performance, which we have been withheld from noticing, by its great length, the impossibility of giving any adequate idea of it, without abundant details and extracts, and our reluctance to divide it. It is entitled *DAS GOLDENE FLECE*, the Golden Fleece, and consists of three connected dramas, representing the acquisition of the Golden Fleece in Colchis, by the murder of its lawful proprietor and importer, Phryxus; its recovery by Jason; and lastly, Jason's infidelity and Medea's despair and revenge. The character of Medea is throughout admirably conceived, and for the most part admirably delineated; and we still hope ere long to make her more fully known. *KÖNIG OTTOKAR* is a historical play, fashioned after Schiller's *WALLENSTEIN*, or rather, perhaps, after Schiller's own model, Shakespeare's Historical Plays. In it Grillparzer has restrained the luxuriance of his imagination, adopting a style, usually esteemed more dramatic, and something of the quaint, but energetic, simplicity of the period to which his subject belongs. Indeed, the spirit of the age breathes through the whole Tragedy. The hero is Ottokar, King of Bohemia, one of the unsuccessful candidates for the imperial crown, when it was bestowed upon Rudolf of Habsburg, the great founder of the Austrian dynasty, whose history and character have been rendered familiar to the reading public by Mr Coxé.

Everything relative to Rudolf possesses powerful attraction, especially for his countrymen; the period was full of action, and the recorded opposition of character between the rival heroes, is striking. For such a writer as Grillparzer, all this would be sufficiently captivating; and yet we suspect he was greatly influenced in the selection of his subject, by the opportunity it offered of portraying in Ottokar much of the spirit of Napoleon during his intoxication of success.

The Tragedy opens in the antichamber of Queen Margaret, in the castle of Prague, where we find her friends and attendants in rage and consternation at the intelligence that Ottokar intends to dissolve his marriage. We translate the scene which ensues, upon Bertha of Rosenberg's joining her father and uncle in this antichamber, where Seyfried von Merenberg is upon guard. Although most of the interlocutors are subordinate, one of the personages is boldly conceived, as well as introduced in a striking manner, and the whole very happily elucidates the existing state of affairs.

*Benesch von Rosenberg.* Girl, what seek'st thou? Hence! Get thee to thy chamber!

*Bertha.* I cannot rest. All hurry to and fro,  
And with shy glances whisper horrid things.

Say, father, is it true?

*Ben.* What ask'st thou me?  
Begone from hence!

*Bertha.* Oh God! Where find I men!  
(Hurrying towards Seyfried, starts back.)

You, Merenberg! Oh, you I should avoid,  
Above all others, you! Yet you are man!  
Grievously have I wrong'd you, Merenberg,

But now avenge you not—not now! Behold me

Kneeling before you—Say, is't true?

*Seyf.* What, Bertha?

*Bertha.* Is't true?—The King divorced?

*Seyf.* So says my father.

*Bertha.* And so say others.—And he weds—Late shame!

Now shall I quail with shame?—He weds anew—

With—

*Seyf.* (Compassionately.) Not with Lady Bertha Rosenberg.

(BERTHA, with a shriek, hides her face upon the ground.)

*Ben.* Who told you that? This way!

*Milota von Rosenberg.* Come, niece, with

*Bertha.* Protect me, Seyfried!

*Seyf.* By your favour, sir!

Dare to lay hand upon her, and you feel  
My partisan. (Presenting u.)

*Ben.* If I myself—

*Seyf.* All's one.

*Ben.* Dost thou withhold the daughter  
from her father?

*Seyf.* Had you withheld her erst! She lay not there

So groaning, that my heart's convulsed  
with pity.

*Ben.* Doubtless we should have married her to thee!

*Seyf.* It had been better, sir, than this disgrace.

*Ben.* My child!

*Seyf.* Back! Back! In me she placed  
her trust,

And I will prove it merited.

*Ben.* My sword—

*Seyf.* Forbear!—And thou, fear nought!

ZAWISCH von ROSENBERG comes in, but  
pauses at the entrance, laughing.

*Zaw.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Ben.* Is't thou? Thank God!

*Zaw.* What! fight ye, gallant hunters,  
So hercely for the bear's skin? Bold Sir Bruin

Trots cheerily o'er hill and dale, and yet

Shall show you sport. God save you,  
pretty cousin!

(To SEYFRIED.) And you, Sir Forester,  
straighten your feather,  
Unknot your brow—No game for you  
am I!

*Ben.* But say, relate!

*Mil.* Ay, nephew, speak!

*Zaw.* Relate?

Speak? And what then?

*Ben.* The king —

*Zaw.* At Kroissenbrunn

Has beaten the Hungarians heartily.

Why, uncle, you were there.

*Ben.* Who asks of that?

*Zaw.* And peace is made, for Austria—

*Ben.* Have done!

*Zaw.* For Styria—

*Ben.* Dost thou mock me?

*Zaw.* What then would you?

*Ben.* Ottokar's marriage—

*Zaw.* Ay, that is dissolved!

*Ben.* Finally?

*Zaw.* Signed and sealed. This very  
day

Queen Margaret journeys to Vienna,  
thence—

*Ben.* And is't not said—Damnation!  
—Said with whom—



**Scyf.** *st.* thou?—(To BERTHA.)—With whom the king—

**Zaw.** Oh, weds again?  
Whom should it be, but her, your daughter there?

Deeply you play'd your game! Before his eyes

You ever placed the damsel, so trick'd up!

Nought prettier could be seen! If the poor thing

In wit proved haply wanting, with your own

You eked out hers—And how she then held forth!

The Queen of Sheba talked not better! Lastly—

But what know I, of how 'twas all contrived!

The short on't is, you turn'd his head, and now

He hurries home, a suitor for uer hand!  
**Ber.** (Starting up.) To her! to her!

And at her feet expire!

[Rushes into the Queen's chamber.

**Zaw.** Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**Scyf.** Sir Zawisch!

**Zaw.** Hold you merry!

We'll dance at the King's wedding! Merenberg,

You were her suitor once, ay, and God knows

Once, o'er the evening wine cup, I believe

Her pretty red and white caught even me!

Give me your hand, my brother and ally.  
[SEYFRIED turns away.

**Mil.** Wherefore this nonsense? Tell us, short and plain,

Whom weds the King?

**Zaw.** The answer shall be short

As is the question. Kunigunda, grand-child

Of the Hungarian King.

**Ben.** Poison and plague!

**Zaw.** You wanted a divorce, labour'd for years

Promoting it. He is divorced—and woos King Bela's grand-daughter.

**Ben.** Deceived! betrayed!

Shameful! (Striking his head.)

**Zaw.** At your thought's door knock not so hard—

If bolted long, open not now.

**Ben.** Dost jest?

**Thou,** who thyself approv'dst—

**Zaw.** I? Of such madness?

**Ben.** Thou didst; thou too.

(To MILOTA.)

**Mil.** Thou wast so confident!

**Ben.** Bring here the girl! She must not live, nor I!

**Scyf.** Blame you the damsel? Blame yourselves! Who bade you

Aim for your daughter at a monarch's hand—

Your own liege sovereign's?

**Zaw.** Sir, that might be!

A Merenberg thus dreaming were insane;

But we, from Rome, the world's metropolis,

Who spring from those patricians, the world's

Proud sovereigns, we who, as Orsini stood,

Nearest the throne, whence now St Peter's might

Governs all governors, we may aspire To princely crowns, ay, and a Rosenberg

May boldly marry with the proudest king.

Besides—Ha, ha, ha, ha!

**Mil.** (sitting down.) Curse on his laughter!

**Zaw.** The daughter raves, the father tears his hair,

And we establish old nobility! Though were it older than the angels'

fall,

Let the King wink, and crack! on earth it lies!

**Ben.** But ere I fall, revenge! Brother, revenge!

**Mil.** (rising.) I meditated on't, and think to act.

**Zaw.** Art thou too roused, square-shoulder'd Milota?

Nay, then the King must tremble.

**Ben.** From our cause,

If thou withdraw, thou art no Rosenberg. A villain!—Is't not so?

**Mil.** So 'tis.

**Zaw.** So be't!

What shall we attempt? When next he goes to church,

Press near the King, and stamp upon his toe.

That smarts infernally—So we're revenged.

**Ben.** He mocks us? Oh my head! No Rosenberg

Is he!

**Mil.** Brother, let's go! He who can jest At his name's infamy, deserves—

**Zaw.** Hold, friend!

Who, pray, are you, thus to upbraid me? You,

On the highway who schemes of vengeance shout,

To these deaf walls—and open ears! Conspire

On market places, and rebel in chambers!

Sir Seyfried, these were rare conspirators! Wrath's drunkenness all other drunkenness

Resembles, and fresh air's the only cure.  
Pray you, good gentlemen, walk out of  
doors!

If, when our mansion is on fire, the  
flames

We cannot quench, at least let's warm  
our hands.

The King is my liege lord, and there's  
an end!

*Mil. (Coming close to him.)* Friend, I  
suspect thou think'st more than  
thou speakest—

Of us, how deem'st thou?

*Zaw. (Aloud.)* As good honest people,  
Who guess not what's conceal'd—  
Chanced ye to guess,

Ye knew not to conceal the mystery.

This scene is broken off by the entrance of Queen Margaret, accompanied by Rudolf of Habsburg, and followed by attendants, carrying the fainting Bertha, whom she bids them convey to her chamber, where she will in person visit her. Rudolf remonstrates against such superabundant goodness; and the Queen, first observing that Bertha is only weak, and not so bad as her relations, says, that even whilst insulted by the silly girl during her triumph, she had always purposed to show her kindness in her fall. A long dialogue follows, in which Margaret displays at once her pure, gentle, and generous character, and her unfitness to be Ottokar's wife. We learn that she is older than him, the widow of Henry of Hohenstaufen, the King of the Romans,—‘The cruel Frederic's too soft-hearted son,’—and that her affections and cheerfulness are buried in the same grave with him and the two children she had borne him; that she was herself heiress of Austria and Styria, and that when, during her widowhood, her dominions were ravaged by many foes, she had yielded to the prayers of her people, and, to avert their ruin, had married the young and heroic Ottokar. This second husband, she says, she never loved, but has been to him a kind and careful wife, and has learned to feel for him the pains without the pleasures of love. She submits to the divorce, and will, as Ottokar desires, confirm the cession of her heritage made to him upon their nuptials, but refuses to admit the nullity of their marriage, that the years she has lived with him may not be stained with sin and shame: she laughs at the sudden discovery of near relationship between herself and Ottokar; and concerning a

vow of eternal fidelity to King Henry's memory which she had made, says,—

'Twas not a solemn vow, such as annals  
Ties knit by church rites; yet a vow it  
was,

And I should have observed it.

Of all injustice bid the King beware;  
The smallest calls down fearful retribution!

The next scene presents us with the triumphant arrival of Ottokar; and we shall make large extracts from it, illustrative of the hero's resemblance to Bonaparte, as modified by the circumstances of the age. The presence chamber is full of courtiers, ambassadors, &c. who all shout,—

Long live great Ottokar!

*Ott.* Gentlemen, thanks! (*Pauses before the kneeling Tartarian embassy.*)  
What men are these?

*Chancellor.* Ambassadors, my liege,  
Sent by the Khan of Tartary, with greetings,

And proffers of alliance.

*Ott.* Let them rise!

A marvellous race, and marvellously armed—

Show me that sabre. Far too crooked  
bent! (*Makes a cut with it.*)

Its blow is powerless. That you must  
alter!

A crooked sword may pass, so its strong  
point

Lie higher. A knight of mine, with his  
broad sword,

Would drive ye in scores before him.—

And the armour!

Wherefore that bunch of hair? To serve  
the foe?

He'll seize you by it, pluck you from on  
horseback,

And slaughter you at will. Were I your  
king,

In one night were yeshaven! Let them go!

To-morrow they may come again. (*Exit TARTARS.*) Now, sirs,

Have we contented you? Henceforth  
you'll sleep

Unfrighten'd by Hungarians; we've expelled them.

—What, is there more to do? You! Who  
are you?

(*The Prague Deputation has advanced whilst he speaks.*)

*Mayor of Prague.* The Prague Municipality, my liege.

*Ott.* What would you?—Oh! On with  
your speech, good sirs!

I am a-weary—Take mine armour off.

(*Sits down. Two servants disarm him.*)

*May.* Most mighty, most invincible!  
To us

Thy vict'ry's fame has penetrated, and—

*Out.* Fullenstein!  
*Full.* Here am I, my liege.  
*Out.* How call you  
 The place where the Hungarians were  
   routed?  
*Full.* 'Tis Kroissenbrunn.  
*Out.* Tom Fool! There we encamp'd!  
 Think'st thou I know not where I lay?  
   I mean  
 Where the last charge of cavalry was made  
 That ended all.  
*Full.* 'Tis called Marchegg,\* for there  
 The March in a sharp angle bends.  
*Out.* Marchegg;  
 So shall the town be named, that there  
   I'll build  
 A monument of victory! Marchegg  
 Shall be my Fortune's landmark, whence  
   we'll onward;  
 For who should stay me?—And to latest  
   times  
 Whoever visits it, of Ottokar  
 And his brave warriors shall discourse!  
*(Rise's)* What now?  
 Oh! true, ye want the leg—Good Master  
   Mayor,  
 Help with the boot—That will not do—  
   Away!  
*(He tears off the boot, and flings it among  
 them.)*  
 Upon the hill, beyond the river's bend,  
 King Bela sat on high, beside his chair  
 Stood Henry Preussel, who, I marked it  
   well,  
 Like master of a puppet show, explain'd  
 The field, the battle, told the warriors'  
   names.  
 At first all went on smoothly, but when  
   Habsburg  
 Burst on them with the heavy chivalry,  
 And all fled, all, who in Hungarian curse,  
 And from the March's waters shaggy  
   beards,  
 Like sedge grass in a mill-dam, rose.—  
   Where's Habsburg?  
 Ha! by the living God, but he did well!  
 At other times a quiet man, but when  
 He falls upon the foe, a very devil!  
 Where is Count Habsburg?  
   . . . . .  
 Now, Mayor, is the Wischehrad wall com-  
   pleted?  
*May.* Yes, good my liege.  
*Out.* The Moldau bridge?  
*May.* Last night  
 'Twas finished.  
*Out.* Ay; ye knew I came to-day.  
 The Germans whom I sent, Bavarians,  
   Saxons,  
 Have ye install'd them in the lower sub-  
   urb?

*May.* Forgive—  
*Out.* Is't done?  
*May.* Your Highness—  
*Out.* Yes?  
*May.* Not yet.  
*Out.* Why not? God's fire! Why not?  
*May.* Again we wish'd,  
 Ere we expell'd your Grace's true Bo-  
   hemians—  
*Out.* Expell'd? What means expel?  
   Was that my will?  
 They shall to Chrudim, where good fields  
   and meadows  
 Of treble value are allotted them,  
 And trebly shall they have their journey's  
   cost:  
 But they must clear the suburb! Must  
   and shall!  
 God's thunder! Well I know what you  
   Bohemians  
 Would have! 'Midst centuries' filth ye'd  
   crouching sit,  
 No ray of light through your dim win-  
   dows creeping,  
 Consuming what the bygone day brought  
   in,  
 Earning what may support the morrow;  
   feasting  
 On Sundays, dancing upon holidays;  
 For all else deaf and blind;—So would  
   ye live!  
 So shall't not be! As drowning men by  
   the hair  
 We clutch, I'll clutch ye where it smarts  
   the most;  
 I'll set the Germans on your necks, to  
   pinch you,  
 Till by the smart and the vexation wa-  
   ken'd  
 From your stupidity, ye shall fling out  
 Like the spurr'd steed.—This mantle  
   comes from Augsburg.  
 Look at the satin, gold, embroidery;  
 Can such be in Bohemia wrought! By  
   God!  
 Ye shall make such, I'll teach you! With  
   Cologne,  
 Vienna, Paris, London, shall your Prague  
 Be on a footing. Countries that of old  
 Contemn'd you, with the sword have I  
   subdued;  
 Hungary's routed, peaceful is Bavaria;  
 And Austria, Styria, Carniola,  
 And German Eger, to my realm be-  
   long.  
 To distant lands I've borne Bohemia's  
   name,  
 From distant lands her fame re-echoes  
   back.  
 I might have slept in quiet like my fa-  
   thers,

And like your fathers let you sleep—for whom  
 Have I done all? For you! And you shall follow,  
 I promise you! Instal the Germans straight!

The approach of the Chancellor now reminds the King of his divorce, which, together with his projected re-marriage, he announces as a further sacrifice made by him to the good of the Bohemians, and sets about enumerating the objections to his union with Margaret; but growing impatient, he breaks off, and orders the Queen to be summoned. She appears, rejects the offer of Seyfried's father, old Marenberg, a Styrian knight, to plead her cause, saying, she will speak for herself, and submits to the sentence of divorce, though still denying its justice. Ottokar, delighted at her unexpected non-resistance, imparts to her confidentially the highflying schemes that require their separation; one of which seems to be the acquisition of Hungary by his marriage with Kuni-gunda, between whom and the crown there is only one male heir. He thus ends:—

From the far distant Sound to th' Adriatic,

From the Inn's stream to the cold Vis-tula,

He lives not, who obeys not Ottokar:

The world has, since the days of Charle-magne,

Beheld no realm like mine. Nor even the crown

Of Charlemagne seems for this head too high.

One thing alone is wanting—in that—all.  
 The heir, who may receive it from my hands.

Thus I now set the roof upon my build-ing,

And reckon upon Margaret's indulgence.

*Marg.* Safely you may; beyond mine own, your bliss

I wish! Nor for mine int'rest is't, but yours,

That I would warn you—Please you to withdraw——

*Ott.* Speak here! Only 'mongst kings,  
 King Ottokar

Is not alone—These all obey.

Margaret's warning relates chiefly to the probable dissatisfaction and rebellion of her Austrian and Styrian subjects upon her divorce; which he treats with scorn. The discourse is interrupted by the entrance of a Styrian deputation, bringing the Ducal Hat, in acknowledgment of Ottokar's

recent victories, as had been previously the business of the divorce by a similar Austrian deputation. The Styrian spokesman kneels to Margaret, who says,

No, not to me!

*Ott.* Please you to me! The King  
 Of Queens is the creator! And be silent!  
 I know your errand.—I have won your country

From Hungary, and will 'gainst all defend it;

If need be, 'gainst yourselves. Stand with the rest,

And wait the issue.—But first note me well,

That ye another time may know at once  
 Whom ye should kneel to.

Ottokar now demands from Margaret the signed gift of her inheritance. She goes for the paper herself, because it lies with relics of her first husband and children, which no stranger's eye may violate. During her absence, a deputation of Karinthians bring the Ducal Hat of Karinthia, bequeathed to Ottokar by a lately deceased uncle. King Bela of Hungary and his suite next enter, together with envoys, sent by the Diet, to inquire whether Ottokar will accept of the Imperial dignity, if offered him. The Envoy, who Bela insists shall be first heard, thus ends his address:—

There's an old saying, that the Empire's  
 Eagle

First in the Lion's den shall find repose.  
 Do thou, high-minded Lion, then receive  
 The wandering Eagle, and against all foes  
 Be his defence! (*Taking from the steps of the throne a shield with the impress of a lion.*)

*Ott.* What's that? Who has done that?  
 That shield bears not Bohemia's snow-white lion!

Its lion's red!

*Rudolf of Habsburg.* 'Tis Habsburg's lion, King.

The shield is mine; entering I placed it there.

*2d Envoy.* Are you the Count of Habsburg?

*Rudolf.* I am he.

*2d Envoy.* Here, in Bohemia?

*Rudolf.* Home from the Crusade

Returning—

*Ott.* So; enough—You'll please to wait,  
 My Lords Ambassadors, till you are called. (*Turns to BELA.*)

My noble Prince, to you a double duty  
 Now calls me——

*Bela.* First let me present my child-  
 ren.

This is Prince Ladislaus, my kingdom's heir,

And this another.

Ott. How! have you more grandsons?

Bela. Suspect you nought? Thou art rejected, child!

Kuni. And yet 'twas I who most desired to please.

Will Ottokar receive me 'mongst his warriors?

[Throws off the Hungarian kalpac and cloak, appearing in woman's clothes.

Zaw. Beautiful warrior!

Kuni. Ha! who speaks?

Ott. Who spoke?

Zaw. The sound methought from yonder corner came.

Kuni. You, sir, it—could not be. So impudently

You'd not deny't to me, standing so near.—

Great king, you have forgiven me this surprise?

Without they would have left me: but impatience

Hither impell'd, and therefore I hither came.

Rudolf (aside). Rude inconsiderate precipitation!

QUEEN MARGARET returns with papers.

Ott. No season now—

Marg. (holding by a chair) Oh, God! Take, take me hence.

Meren. (advancing) Help, help the queen!

Ott. Sir, who called you? Who bade you

Desert your place there? You have once before

Been over busy—Back!—(MERENBERG falls back.)

Marg. Will none assist me?

Rud. Illustrious Queen, accept mine arm. In Habsburg

The persecuted never failed of succour.

Ott. And who bade you?

Rud. For bidding does he wait,

Who knows not prohibition?

Ott. That my land

You tread, forget not!

Rud. Only whilst I please.

Your battles as a volunteer I fought,  
Not for reward; even thanks I can excuse.

Your subject I am not.

Ott. Stir not, till he

To whom belongs decision has decided.

Second Envoy. Then I will undertake the queen's defence.

This second envoy proves to be the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Mainz; and all the various services rendered by Rudolf to the clergy, as recorded

by history, are brought forward by the grateful priest, who, conjointly with him, leads off Margaret. The act ends with Ottokar's professing great uncertainty whether he may condescend to accept the imperial crown.

This first act has occupied us so long, that our readers may perhaps apprehend an intention of devoting this whole number to King Ottokar; and, in truth, every character in the play is so clearly discriminated—every speech so teems with meaning—that we could willingly transgress our ordinary limits. But we shall bridle our inclinations, and—an unusual consequence—quicken our pace. The second act opens with Milota's seizing Seyfried von Merenberg, who was bearing to the Diet a letter from his father in behalf of the repudiated queen. Zawisch, ridiculing both captor and captive, forthwith restores the missive to Seyfried, whom he releases. The next scene has considerable originality. Zawisch, instigated at least as much by vindictive as by amorous sentiments, makes love to Kunigunda, after a fashion indicated by his behaviour upon her first appearance. He suffers her to detect him in putting a ditty, addressed to "The most Beautiful," in her way; provokes her by his denials, then confesses the act, but upon her reprobating his presumption, says it was intended for her maid of honour, and retires. We insert part of a subsequent speech of Kunigunda's, to show the character of this half-savage Hungarian princess, upon whom, by equally irritating her pride, and flattering her vanity, Zawisch contrives to acquire a strong hold.

Oh! were I but again out of Bohemia,  
Home, 'mongst my countrymen! There,  
I was honour'd!

There, through the kingdom, far and wide  
I roved

As led my wish—Gladly my hoary grand-  
sire

Waited upon my pleasure; so his kin;  
So all our princes, and whate'er was man  
Within the realm. Oh, there was life and  
fire,

Spirit and valour! Thence, to distant  
Prague

They summon'd me, where reign'd, they  
said, a king,

Wedded in fervid youth to an old woman,  
Who thirsted for a young and fiery mate.

I come, and find—a Greybeard. Yes, a Greybeard!

Is he not grizzled,—beard and hair? With toils

'Tis said of war; all's one!—And he's ill-temper'd,

Authoritative, stern, like other Greybeards.

I came not here in silence to obey!

Kunigunda has now to bestow a prize upon Zawisch, as victor in a tournament, during which ceremony Ottokar is directing the seizure of the Austrians and Styrians in his court, as hostages for the fidelity of their countrymen. When Zawisch is close to Kunigunda, he says to her maid of honour,

Lady, I pray you to restore my billet,  
'Tis not deliver'd right.

*Maid of Honour.* Sir Knight . . .

*Zaw.* I pray you!

*Maid of Honour.* I have't no more.

*Zaw.* No! Then 'tis right deliver'd!

(*Kneels before KUNIGUNDA passionately.*)

Oh Queen, receive ten thousand thousand thanks, (*Silently.*)

Beforehand, for the prize your Grace bestows.

*Ott.* (*looking round.*) Why, Kunigunda, give you not the prize?

*Kun.* (*offended.*) I was about it, ere you gave command.

Sir Knight . . .

*Zaw.* How you enchant me, mistress mine!

(*Softly.*) Oh, hand of snow

So warm that glowest, . . .

*Kun.* (*softly.*) Be silent, or . . .

*Zaw.* (*aloud.*) Attired with this dear pledge

In lieu of armour, and of arms, the world I'll traverse, and your fame, and my

king's fame,  
Ever proclaim, and in close fight maintain.

My life is yours and his.

(*Whispering as she stoops with the scarf.*)

Old men should woo

Old women—Youth alone suits youth.

(*She flings down the scarf.*)

*Ott.* (*looking round.*) Not finished?

*Zaw.* (*whispering.*) My head upon the scaffold, if you please.

*Ott.* What is't?

*Zaw.* The scarf has dropt.

*Kun.* Reach me the scarf!

The most enduring mercy has an end.

So should audacity—There, take the scarf,

And fare you well.

(*As she stoops to place it on his shirt.*)

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*ders, he snatches a ribbon from her sleeve.)*

Dare you? My lord and husband!

*Zaw.* (*turning towards the KING.*) My liege! The Queen—

*Ott.* What wouldst thou, Kunigunda?

*Kun.* (*after a pause.*) Go you this evening to the chase?

So frivolous a question displeases Ottokar, and this singular scene ends in a quarrel between the King and Queen. She withdraws, and refuses to attend the banquet. As they are proceeding to feast without her, the first Imperial Envoy seeks for his answer. Ottokar again slights the imperial dignity, contrasting his own power with the difficulties and distresses threatening the future Emperor. He adds, however, that he may perhaps not reject the crown when brought to Prague and presented to him, and proceeds to speak of his intentions as if already Emperor. When the arrival of the Chancellor—whom he had sent to the Diet—accompanied by a prince of the empire and heralds, is announced, Zawisch exclaims—

Permit us, royal Prince and Emperor,  
First amongst thy new subjects—

(*All advance.*)

*Ott.* Silence! Back!

What, would ye tell the Diet's messenger

He brings unhop'd-for joy? Nor know ye yet

If I accept? (*To the Envoy.*) Whither go you? Have I

Dismiss'd you? Nought has chanced that should disturb us.

Then tell this Mainz archbishop to beware!

If to the Rhine I come, and soon I will,  
To thank him for his crafty opposition,

I'll drive him from his see.

(*The CHANCELLOR has entered during this speech. The Courtiers surround him with inquiring gestures. He remains at the back of the Stage, wringing his hands.*)

Nor my good graces  
Enjoys the Palatine o' the Rhine. I'll give

To the Bavarian his electorate.

And all who 're in this letter designated . . .

*Zaw.* (*behind, breaking out, as involuntarily.*) The Empire's choice not fallen on Ottokar!

(*The CHANCELLOR shakes his head with clasped hands.*)

Who is elected?

**Chen.** Rudolf, Count of Habsburg.

**Ott.** (listening anxiously to what is passing, endeavours with a convulsive effort to go on.) I'll banish—Look you—This, this too . . . shall go!

(The hand with the letter sinks, his knees fail, he stands an instant gazing fixedly—then, starting, strides away to the chamber.)

**Zaw.** Lord Chancellor, can it be true?

**Chan.**

Too true!

Habsburg is Emperor of Germany.

**Zaw.** But how?

**Chan.** All promised well—most suffrages

Were for the King; when suddenly arrived

The Chancellor of Mainz—him you saw here—

With him came Austrians and Styrians, 'complaining . . . But no more! The King returns.

**Ott.** (returning, and striding up and down the stage.)—Go, bid my wife hold her in readiness,

I'll to the chase this evening.

**Chan.** (after a pause.)—Ah, my Liege!

**Ott.** What's that?—(starting.)—You?

Were you here just now?

**Chan.** Too surely.

**Ott.** And spoke?

**Chan.** I did, my Liege.

**Ott.** Curse on't! (Flings his glove in his face, then leads him forward.) What talk'd you,

Of Diet, of election?

**Chan.** Heart's in form.

(Enter the **BURGGRAF** of NÜRNBERG, with his vassals and attendants.)

**Ott.** (striding towards them.)—Sir, who are you?

**Burg.** Friedrich of Zollern, I, **Burggraf** of Nürnberg, and the empire's Envoy.

**Ott.** Much good may't do you! (turns from him and walks away.)

**Burg.** Rudolf, by God's grace, Emperor—

**Ott.** Does the empire mock me, sir? Messengers sent to offer me the crown Yet wait mine answer, and ye choose another?

**Burg.** Sir, from the Chancellor of the Prince Archbishop Of Mainz, the Diet learn'd, with scoffing words,

How you the empire and its crown rejected . . .

**Ott.** Treachery in German barons of the empire!

**Burg.** With treach'ry Germany's Imperial barons

Charge you? Then learn what turn'd the princes' choice!

We sought a sovereign merciful and just; As such we proffered you the crown. Then came

Reports, came witnesses, who loudly told

The princes how you acted towards Queen Margaret,

Your wife, whom you divorced; how on the rights

Of countries, that unjustly from the empire

You still detain, you have encroach'd; no sentence

Pronounced by law awaiting; how with death

Your mere disfavour strikes—To no such deeds

We're used,—in Swabia and upon the Rhine.

A gracious Prince we want, and above all,

A just one.—Moved by these considerations . . .

**Lichtenstein**, (without.)—Treachery!

**Ott.** Who calls?—(Murmurs among the company.)

Many voices.—'Twas **Lichtenstein**!

**Lich.** (rushing in.)—All Austrians,

Be on your guard! The gates are kept by gaulers,

Seizing on whomsoever's not Bohemian!

**Lichtenstein**, (coming up to him with his sword drawn.)—Yield yourself prisoner.

**Ott.** **Lichtenstein**, your sword!

Yours, **Ulrich Lichtenstein**, Count Pfannberg, yours!

He goes on to name several others, and this act of tyranny is urged by the *Burggraf*, as sufficient explanation of the Diet's preference of Rudolf of Habsburg. The *Burggraf* then proceeds to execute his mission, by summoning Ottokar to Nürnberg, there to receive from the Emperor the investiture of Bohemia and Moravia, and to surrender to the Empire the lands he illegally occupies. Ottokar contemptuously refuses; declares, that if he visits Rudolf, it shall be at the head of an army, and goes off to his hunting party, to which Kunigunda will not accompany him. She remains behind, listening to the love-songs *Zawisch* chants under her window, and the curtain falls upon a state of affairs so threatening to Ottokar's honour.

The first scene of the third Act pre-

sents us with the violent seizure of old Merenberg in his own castle, by Ottokar's command. The second transports us to the Bohemian camp, upon one bank of the Danube, the Emperor being encamped upon the other. We find Ottokar angry but confident, examining maps, and half explaining his military projects. The Chancellor talks of famine, desertion, and treachery, urges him to make peace, or at least to accept the Emperor's invitation to a conference, and further exasperates his wrathful master, by expatiating upon all that Rudolf, since his election, has done for his own stability and the happiness of Germany, by exterminating robbers, dissolving confederacies, quelling insurrections, concluding alliances, &c. Zawisch joins them, and he, whilst the Chancellor more than insinuates doubts that the Rosenbergs' resentment for family injuries is stronger than their loyalty, laughs at the old minister's timid prudence, so extravagantly depreciating Rudolf's power and exalting Ottokar's, that this exaggeration of his own opinions strikes the King, and staggers his obstinacy. The Bohemian monarch now begins to find reasons, satisfactory to his own pride, for meeting Rudolf; and finally, despite Zawisch's objections, resolves to accept the invitation, and by the mere force of his immeasurable superiority, to compel his enemy to make peace upon his, Ottokar's, own terms. He closes the discussion by commanding his train to assume attire so magnificent, that every page may a thousand-fold eclipse the German Emperor. The next scene passes in the imperial camp, on an island of the Danube, where, to gratify Ottokar, by meeting him half way, the interview had been appointed. Citizens and peasants throng the stage, eager to look at their Emperor, who is discovered in his tent, busily hammering the bruises out of his helmet. Having completed his job, he comes forth, and speaks, friendly rather than affably, to various individuals. He receives compliments, promises to examine into complaints and redress grievances, reasons with his Swiss soldiers upon his want of money to pay them, threatens severe punishment to such as dare plunder the peasantry, and presents a gold chain from his own neck to an

Austrian poet. In the midst of this, Ottokar is announced, and Rudolf sits down to receive him. Ottokar, splendidly arrayed, appears and says,

In vain I look around to right and left;  
Where, noble lords, have you your Emperor?

Sir Seyfried Merenberg! Is't here you're found?

I trust elsewhere to meet you! Now, where's Rudolf?

Oh!—God be with you, Habsburg!

Rudolf. (rising.) Wherefore stand ye  
With heads uncover'd? If 'tis Ottokar  
Who comes to Habsburg, man to man,  
his hat

May John and Thomas wear; he is their equal;

A man. Be cover'd! But to his liege lord,

If comes the vassal, the Bohemian Prince  
To the Emperor of Germany, then woe  
To whomsoever fails in reverence!

(Goes up to him.)

Good morrow, Ottokar; what brings you hither?

Ott. (startled and recollecting a step.) I was invited to a conference.

Rud. Is't so? You come on state affairs? I thought

'Thad been a friendly visit. Then to business!

Prince of Bohemia, say, how has it chanced

That now you first obey my summons?  
Thrice

Have I invited you; to Nürnberg first,  
To Würzburg next, then Augsburg, to receive

Your lands in fief. You came not. In your stead,

On the last summons, came the Lord of Seckau,

Who unbecomingly demean'd himself.  
Ott. Bohemia's fief I from King Richard took.

Rud. From him of Cornwall?—True; there was a time

When for hard cash in Germany was bought

Yet more than fiefs and lands. But that is past!

I've sworn it to my great and gracious God,

Law shall prevail in Germany, and justice!

Lord of Bohemia, as a prince of th' empire,

I'll have you acted towards the Emperor  
And empire. The Archbishopric of Salzburg

Have you invaded hostilely, with robbery



And murder, suffering such atrocities,  
As even for Paynim were too horrible.

*Ott.* First honourably was the feud  
proclaim'd.

*Rud.* But feuds I will not have. Peace  
is required.

Austria, Styria, Carniola,  
Karinthia, Lger, all that from the empire  
You wrongfully detain, you must resign!  
Bring pens and paper. We will sign and  
seal.

*Ott.* Ha! By th' Almighty God, who  
then am I?

Is not this Ottokar? This not his sword?  
Dares living man address him thus? And  
how,

Should I, as my sole answer, measure back  
The Danube's width, and at mine army's  
head

Question you further, sir? How then?

*Rud.* Who doubts

That you are an experienced warlike king,  
Your army wont to conquer, and your  
treasury

With gold and silver stiff? In much am I  
Deficient, much. But, sir, so firm re-  
solved

My purpose, that did all desert me, fled  
The last man from mine army, I alone,  
Sceptre in hand, and crown on head,  
would enter

Your rebel camp, loud saying, Prince,  
restore

What is the empire's! Him you knew of  
old

I am not, am not Habsburg, not even  
Rudolf!

The blood of Germany flows through  
these veins—

Germany's pulse is throbbing at this  
heart.

Whate'er was mortal I've cast off, and  
am

Only the Emperor, who never dies!

Five shillings of light money in my purse,  
Did I at Ulm embark for my campaign;  
Bavaria's Duke defied me; he's subdued.  
Leading a scanty troop, this land I en-  
ter'd;

The land itself sent me its troops—they  
flock'd

From out your ranks to join me; Austria,  
For me has conquered Austria. I've  
sworn,

By the all-seeing, by the Tri-une God,  
Justice and peace to guard. Not a hair's  
breadth,

That is not thine, shalt thou retain! And  
thus,

Standing before Heaven's face, do I ad-  
jure thee;

Give back the Empire's right!

*Ott.* The lands are mine.

*Rud.* Thine they were never!

*Ott.* Margaret, my wife,  
Brought them me.

*Rud.* Where is Margaret now?

*Ott.* No matter!

Her lands she gave me.

*Rud.* Shall I name her judge

Betwixt us? She is in my camp.

*Ott.* Here? She!

*Rud.* (in an altered tone.) She, wrong'd  
by you, she, of all happiness,  
All rights, so harshly robb'd, this morn-  
ing came she,

Meekly to sue for him who spared not  
her.

*Ott.* The labour was superfluous.

Pray'rs are needless

Where Ottokar's concern'd.

*Rud.* (sternly.) Her pray'rs were timely.  
Prince of Bohemia, if I speak the word,  
You're lost!

*Ott.* Lost?

*Rud.* From Bohemia you're cut off.

*Ott.* I'll clear the road whilst you be-  
sieve Vienna.

*Rud.* Vienna's mine.

*Ott.* No!

*Rud.* Master Baltram Vatz!

Where is he? He sought audience—  
Vienna's Mayor,

Attended by the municipality.

The Mayor of Vienna now advances,  
makes a speech, and surrenders the  
city keys. Ottokar exclaims;—

Damnation! Ye inconstant Viennese,  
'Trembled ye for your dainty palates'  
wants?

You shall repent it! I, from Klosterneu-  
burg,

My strongest fort, will cut off your sup-  
plies.

*Rud.* Mine too is Klosterneuburg.

Nothing now

South of the Danube's thine.—Frederic  
Pettau,

Approach.

(PETTAU advances with downcast looks.)

*Ott.* Vile traitor! gav'st thou up my  
castle!

*Ptt.* Not so, dread Lord! But late  
last night, surprised—

*Ott.* Enough! enough! I am betray'd,  
and know it!

But triumph not! I scorn thee still!  
From Styria

A powerful army my tried general,  
Milota, leads; and shall your mercenaries  
I' the rear assail, whilst Ottokar in front  
Crushes the weak stems like a thunder  
cloud.

Escape you shall have none, save in the  
Danube.

*Rud.* Too daring Prince, no more!

*Ott.* Dost thou confess,  
That from the goal thou'rt distant?

*Rud.* Build not hope  
On Milota!

*Ott.* My ground is firm—'Tis thine  
To tremble. Next we meet in arms.—  
Farewell!

*Rud.* Goest thou, the lands unyielding?

*Ott.* I yield lands!

*Rud.* With Milota speak then thyself,  
and learn

What trust to place in him. The Styrian lords,

(*Milota advances in chains.*)

Thus fetter'd, brought him to me, for that  
hardly

Their country he oppress'd. Take off  
his chains.

See here the Styrian banner, here the  
Austrian—

Both countries to the Empire have sub-  
mitted.

(*Deputations of Austrians and Styrians  
advance with their banners.*)

Gallant Bohemian king, stand not thus  
gloomy.

Look round you, scatter'd are the clouds,  
and all

Is clear to sight. Be Austria lost . . .


*Ott.* Not yet.

*Rud.* Do not deceive yourself! Inly  
you feel

The lands usurp'd are lost, and lost for  
ever!

You were a great and powerful king, be-  
fore

The opportunity of acquisition  
Enkindled in your heart ambitious wishes.  
You still remain so, powerful, wealthy,  
great,

Although of what you cannot p de-  
prived:

For God forbid I should outstretch a fin-  
ger

Against your lawful property! Nor could  
I.

A puissant host is yours, well arm'd, well  
train'd

To every form of combat, and uncertain  
Is battle's fortune. But that fortune  
tempt not!

Confess God's hand pointing you out his  
will!

Me, like yourself, did honour's idle  
impulse

In early life seduce. On friend and foe,  
Stranger and kin, the reckless energy  
Of my young arm I tried, as though the  
world

Were but a stage for Rudolf and his  
sword.

Outlaw'd, I join'd you in your Prussian  
war

Against the Heathen, your Hungarian  
wars

Fought by your side, inwardly murmuring  
Against the narrow limits Church and  
State

Set to rash valour, that asks larger field-  
room.

But then, God took me with his mighty  
hand,

And on a throne, raised for a world's be-  
hoof,

On high he placed me. Ev'n as fares  
the Pilgrim,

Who, having climb'd the mountain's brow,  
looks down

Over wide regions, and upon the walls  
That cramp'd him erst; so seem'd as  
from mine eyes

Scales vanish'd, and at once all mine am-  
bition

Was heal'd. The world was form'd that  
all might live,

And none is great but one all-ruling God!  
Earth's dream of youth is dream'd, and  
with his brood

Of giants and of dragons, has the season  
Of heroes, of the mighty, pass'd away.

Nations no longer burst, like snow lawines,  
On nations; fermentations work and part,

And almost I could deem, from signs I've  
noted,

We at the entrance stand of different  
times.

Rudolf describes, at greater length  
than we can, the promise of commerce  
and cultivation. He succeeds in soft-  
ening Ottokar, and prevails upon him  
to do homage for his lawful domi-  
nions, and to restore his usurpations.  
That no eye may behold the proud  
king upon his knees, the emperor re-  
tires with him into his closed tent.  
At this critical moment comes Za-  
wisch, learns what is transacting with-  
in the tent, and exclaims—

Ho, ho! And so conceal'd? That is a  
sight

Should glad the faithful!

(*Cuts the tent cords, the curtain falls,  
and OTTOKAR is seen upon his knees  
before RUDOLF.*)

See! the king is kneeling!

*Mary Bohemians.* The king is kneel-  
ing!

*Ott.* (*starting up, and rushing from the  
tent*) Shamed!

*Rud.* (*following him with the Moravian  
banner.*) Will you not also

Receive Moravia's fief?

Ottokar kneels again, the business  
is concluded; and the Emperor, with

every demonstration of friendship, leaves him, for the purpose of repairing to Vienna, and receiving the homage of that city. But Ottokar remains overwhelmed with a sense of disgrace; and upon being addressed apologetically by Seyfried, flings off crown and mantle, and breaks away.

The fourth Act passes in Prague, upon an open space, before the gates of the royal castle. Füllenstein and Milota first appear; the former is in trouble about Ottokar, who has vanished ever since the scene in Rudolf's tent. Milota is inclined to take advantage of his absence, and setting everything to rights, both in Bohemia, and with the Empire, that Ottokar, when he shall return, may be compelled to govern better. When they withdraw, Ottokar comes on, with a single attendant, whom he sends to call the Chancellor, and then says:—

*I tread thy halls, thou Castle of my fathers?*

*Profane thy threshold with my foot? Of yore,*

*When I, a conqueror, in jocund triumph Approach'd thee through loud echoing streets, presenting,*

*To greet thee, banners I had won in fight, Wide open didst thou fling thy gates in welcome,*

*And from thy battlements my fathers look'd.*

*Thy lofty structure was for heroes raised, And never didst thou harbour man disgraced!*

*Here, mine own porter, will I sit, and ward*

*Infamy from my house.*

He accordingly seats himself upon a stone bench, covering his head with his mantle. Whilst he remains in this position, citizens pass over, speaking of him with dislike, and rejoicing in his shame. Then old Benesch von Rosenberg, in a state between dotage and insanity, leads in Bertha, who having likewise lost her senses, has not, it seems, spoken for months. The wretched father's entreaties to hear the sound of his child's voice once more, were it even in raving frenzy, are very affecting, notwithstanding the speaker's worthlessness. Next comes Kunigunda, accompanied by Zawisch, with whom she appears to be upon a tolerably familiar footing. She speaks upbraidingly of Ottokar's former tyranny, his treatment of Queen

Margaret, and his assumption of superiority over herself, taunting him with his previous arrogant defiance of Rudolf, and present degradation to vassalage, until she has nearly maddened him. She then mentions her intention of returning to Hungary, and withdraws with Zawisch into the castle. She is succeeded by the Chancellor and an Imperial herald, followed by the multitude. The herald comes from the Emperor, to require the punctual execution of the treaty, and the release of the Austrian and Styrian prisoners. The Chancellor makes difficulties on account of the King's absence, when Ottokar discovers himself, and sullenly assents to everything. The herald then, in the Emperor's name, invites to the council-house all who have business with the Empire, and goes out, followed by all but the faithful old Chancellor. Proclamations, in the Emperor's name, answered with loud shouts, resound through the streets, entirely exhausting Ottokar's self-command. He recalls the herald, forbids the proclamation of any name but his own in Prague, and commands the released *Hostages* to be drawn up before him, lest any state prisoner should escape in their company. He then seizes old Merenberg, as a traitor who cannot be pardoned. A long altercation ensues; the herald appeals to the paper signed by Ottokar, and the enraged King replies,

*Curst be the paper! Wilt thou tutor me With papers, words? I still have swords, have troops*

*Unconquer'd—'twas by craft alone ye conquer'd!*

*And that craft's snares I'll burst, even as I tear*

*The paper fraudulently won!—See here! (He snatches the paper from the Herald, but pauses as he is about to tear it.)*

*Chanc. O God, what meditates he? Dear my Liege!*

*Out. Call here my wife, the Queen. Before the world*

*Was Ottokar disgraced, before the world Must he from the foul stain be cleansed!*

*'Twas she*

*Who drove the venom'd sting into my breast;*

*She shall be present when I pluck it out, Or in th' attempt into my life's depths press it.*

*Enter KUNIGUNDA.*

*Kun. What now?*

*Out. You late upbraided me, for I.*

Yielding, to spare the waste of human blood,  
To th' Emperor some provinces surren-  
der'd.

*Kuni.* And I upbraid you still!

*Ott.* See in my hand

The treaty to the Emperor that binds me.  
If I destroy it, I destroy the bonds  
That shackle me, am free as heretofore.  
Shall I destroy it?

*Kuni.* No brave man could doubt!

*Ott.* Yet think! Anew the devil war  
must rage,

With blood and smoke the land must reek  
anew;

And some fair morning, eas'ly may it  
chance

That on his bier your consort is brought  
home.

*Kuni.* Over your coffin rather may I  
bend,

Than lie beside you curtain'd in with  
shame!

*Ott.* So strong? One drop of mildness  
had been soothing!

*Kuni.* Till from di-grace you're puri-  
fied, approach not

My chamber as a husband. (*Going.*)

*Ott.* Stay! Behold!

The paper is destroy'd, mine honour  
whole,

The future's door thrown open! What  
ensues

We'll jointly bear. God grant to you a  
portion

Of what here wakens, and to me your  
strength!

*Kuni.* Now will I welcome you!

*Ott.* Not so! Not so!

Blood is on thy white fingers, future  
blood!

I charge thee, touch me not! Woman  
God made

Of softer clay, and named her Gentleness.  
What then art thou?—My memory

awakes,  
Telling how thou received'st a King, a  
husband

Returning home.—Away! I feel my sight  
Grow dim—A sign 'tis time to go—

Away!

The Queen retires; Ottokar orders  
Merenberg to a dungeon, dismisses  
the herald with the other prisoners,  
and calls upon the Bohemians to renew  
their oaths to him, as he does his to  
them. But as they are kneeling down  
for that purpose, he suddenly says,

Kneel not! Arise!—I cannot see men  
kneel—

And swear not! Ofttimes those who kneel  
and swear

Keep not the oath they plighted. I will  
trust ye  
So, without oaths.

The King then proceeds to issue  
orders, expresses some distrust of Za-  
wisch, who, upon being questioned,  
coldly enough says, he will do as his  
fellows do; observes that he has more  
confidence in Milota, who may hate,  
but cannot betray him,—then, grow-  
ing confused in his directions, re-  
marks, that for two nights he has nei-  
ther slept nor eaten, and, refusing to  
enter the Castle, lies down upon the  
stone bench. He sends for the Queen  
to take his head upon her lap, seem-  
ing to repent both of his harsh dis-  
missal of her, and his cruelty to Me-  
renberg, whom he now commands to  
be well used in his prison. The Queen  
refuses to come, and Ottokar substi-  
tutes his trusty minister in her place.  
As he drops asleep, Füllenstein brings  
word that old Merenberg had been  
flung so roughly into his dungeon,  
that he is not expected to survive.  
Ottokar at this moment starts up with  
the words,—

Ha! Merenberg, is't thou?

*Chanc.* He is not here.

*Ott.* Methought he stood before me—

So! Sleep! Sleep!

He sinks down again, the Chan-  
celor lays his finger upon his lips, and  
the curtain falls.

The fifth Act opens in the church-  
yard of Gützensdorf, where Ottokar's  
*bivouac* is established. The warriors  
are murmuring amongst themselves at  
their King's unwonted caution, and at  
his ill humour, which, since the flight  
of his Queen with Zawisch, has be-  
come intolerable. Ottokar joins them,  
—says that he has drawn Rudolf into  
a snare, and will fight in the morning;  
he is confident of success. Intelligence  
is brought that a village in the rear is  
on fire. Milota, whose troops form  
the rear, disbelieves the news; and  
Ottokar resolves to ascend the belfry,  
whence he may view the surrounding  
country. The entrance to the belfry  
is through the house of the Sacristan,  
who refuses to open his door, because  
ladies are sheltered beneath his roof.  
Upon inquiry, the ladies are said to  
be the suite of the Queen of Bohemia,  
and Ottokar bursts in to glut his re-  
venge upon Kunigunda and Zawisch.  
Milota makes arrangements for his

nephew's rescue, and follows. Ottokar, rushing furiously from room to room, tears down a curtain, behind which he supposes the guilty pair concealed, and discovers Queen Margaret in her coffin!—He stands confounded, murmuring,—

That's not Bohemia's Queen !

*Lady.* Living she was so.

*Ott.* 'Tis Margaret of Austria, once my wife ;

But for we were too near a kin, divorced  
By Church's sentence—Heav'n's repose  
be hers !

*Lady.* Amen !

*Ott.* When died she ?

*Lady.* Yesterday, my liege.

*Ott.* How came she hither ?

*Lady.* From her home at Krems,  
Driven by your troops, she journey'd  
tow'rd's Marchegg,

To seek the Emperor.—Death here o'er-  
took her.

*Ott.* What sought she of the Emperor ?

*Lady.* That she said not ;

But, as I think, she went to mediate  
peace.

*Ott.* She was a mediatrix—Whereof  
died she ?

*Lady.* Of what is called a broken heart.  
By night,

By day, in tears—

*Ott.* Enough. Now, whither go you ?

*Lady.* Here would we stay, till, one  
way or the other,

The war be over.

*Ott.* One way or the other !

*Lady.* To Lilienfeld then bear her, and  
inter

Her in th' ancestral sepulchre, where rest  
Duke Leopold her father, and her brother,

The last male Babenberg, Fred'ric the  
warlike fighter.

*Ott.* Do so, and take this ring—

*Mil. (entering.)* The foe advances !

*Ott.* I come.—Now leave me. (*Exit*  
*MILOTA.*) Lay this ring from me  
Beside the sainted one i' th' grave.

*Lady.* Oh King !

*Ott.* And when the war is over, if I  
live,

Come thou to Prague, that I may recom-  
pense

Thy truth. Now, I must go.

*Lady, (opening the door.)* Blessings go  
with you !

*Ott. (pausing at the door.)* Marg'ret,  
thou'rt dead, and hast not par-  
don'd me !

(*Returning.*) Faithful and pious being,  
thou went'st hence,

Impress'd with sense of injury. And  
now,

Haply, thou stand'st before God's judg-  
ment-seat,

Of me complaining, and imploring ven-  
geance.

Oh, not so, Margaret!—do not so!—  
avenged

Thou art. That power for which I sa-  
crificed

Thee, and all else, from me, like autumn  
leaves,

Has fallen ; what I had garner'd, winds  
dispersed ;

The blessing lost that fostering came  
from Heaven,

I stand here solitary, bow'd by grief,  
And none console, none even hear me !

Marg'ret, (*goes up to the coffin.*)

Unkindly have they dealt with me!—Her  
head

Bitter Ingratitude has rear'd against me.  
Those who were nearest have betray'd  
me ; those

Whom I exalted, hurl me down. The  
woman

For whom I sacrificed thine excellence,  
My heart has cloven in my breast—has  
sold

Mine honour to my slave ; and when I  
homewards

Came bleeding from the battle, in my  
wounds

For balm pour'd venom. So with taunts  
she stung me,

That blindly into that death-snare I rush'd,  
Where now I lie entangled. (*Knocking by*  
*the coffin.*) O! didst thou

Console ! O now console me ! Thine icy  
hand

Put forth, and bless me ; for one thing I  
know,

Death's hour is come—this day may seal  
my ruin.

Then bless me, Margaret, as thou art  
bless'd !

The scene closes upon him in this  
frame of mind. Without, all is tur-  
mult ; the battle is begun, and the  
King wanted. Milota receives from  
Zawisch, who is in the Emperor's  
camp, an enigmatical exhortation to  
revenge, which he answers as enigma-  
tically. Ottokar comes forth, and all  
hurry off to the combat. The scene  
then changes to the Emperor's army ;  
but we have already given extracts  
sufficient to illustrate the character of  
Rudolf, and shall now only say, that  
he makes his dispositions with his ac-  
customed judgment and benevolence ;  
receives Kunigunda, who seeks re-

fuge in his camp, as coldly as courtesy may allow, and her companion Zawisch contemptuously; forbids the execution of a compact formed by those whom Ottokar had individually wronged, to single him out in the field and slay him; and being suddenly assailed by a troop of Bohemians, goes out fighting manfully.

We are next transported to another part of the field, where Ottokar, who has lost his horse, and severely hurt his leg and foot, is waiting to be remounted. He sends Milota up a hill to observe how the day goes, and falls into a train of moral, philosophical, and devout contemplation. He repents of his violence, ambition, and recklessness of human life, as well as of two unjust deeds knowingly committed; these he does not specify, but we conclude the divorce of Margaret is one, and either the seduction of Bertha, or the detention of Merenberg, the other. Ere long he is surprised by Seyfried, who endavours, by reproaches and taunts, to provoke Ottokar to fall upon him, that he may be enabled to allege to the Emperor that he killed him in self-defence. Ottokar shrinks from attacking the son of the ill-used Merenberg, and Seyfried's friends keep off assistance. Ottokar calls Milota, whom Seyfried thus questions.

Or friend or foe?

*Mil.* No foe of yours, brave man.  
Lends this road to Moravia?

*Ott.* Milota!

*Mil.* My brother Benesch greets your Grace; he died

A maniac, and about his coffin raves  
My frenzied niece—Gentlemen, let me pass;

Good fortune to you! I disturb you not.

[*Exit.*]

*Ott.* Forsakest thou me, and can I not upbraid?

Yet was I thy liege-lord; thence, villain, thou,

Eternally.

*Seyf.* Yield! yield!

*Ott.* Think'st thou to capture

King Ottokar? Address thee to the fight!

(*Stamping on his wounded foot.*)

Bear, foot! Not this pain's season—You give way!

*Emerberg* (an Austrian.) Thou'rt lost!  
Behold thy warriors fly!

*Ott.* 'Tis false!

Not a Bohemian flies! Away! I'll to them!

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*Seyf. and Emer.* Remain!

*Enter* LICHTENSTEIN bearing the Austrian banner, and Soldiers.

*Lich.* They fly! Cry, Austria! Austria!

(*Pursues the flying Bohemians.*)

*Ott.* Stand, cowards, stand! and you give way!

*Seyf.* I'the grave!

Not else!

*Ott.* (*attacking him.*) Bohemia, here!

*Seyf.* (*attacking him.*) Here, Austria!

*Ott.* (*fighting*) Here, Ottokar!

*Seyf.* Here, Merenberg and God!

(*Cuts him down—After a struggle OTTOKAR dies.*)

*Emer.* What hast thou done? Transgress'd the Emperor's orders!

(*SEYFRIED stands immovable.*)

*Lich.* (*returning.*) They're routed!

Victory! Austria for ever!

*Enter* RUDOLF and his Train.

*Rud.* Stay your death-dealing hands!  
The vanquish'd spare!

What's here? Art changed to ice? Ha! Ottokar!

Upon the ground, bleeding and dead!  
This act

Is thine! Like the first murderer, fly, and never

Let me again behold thee! (*Seyfried flies.*)  
The Bohemians

Shall home return—Assure them he is dead

For whom they battled.

*Queen Margaret's Lady* (*without.*) Mercy!  
Help! Help! Help!

*Rud.* Who calls?

*Lady.* (*rushing in, and falling at his feet.*)  
Oh, gracious Emperor, they plunder!

They set the house on fire, even to the dead

Denying rest! Protect us, mighty prince!

*Rud.* Haste to assist! Who art thou?

*Lady.* Good Queen Margaret  
Of Austria's faithful bower maiden—

There

My mistress's corse is borne.

*Rud.* See there thy King's!

*Lady.* Merciful God! Died he as he  
to pity

Was softening! Thou, unhappy prince!  
There place

Our corse beside him—be they join'd in death!

(*The coffin is placed upon a bank, at the foot of which OTTOKAR lies.—KUNIGUNDA enters, followed by ZAWISCH and BERTHA.*)

*Kuni.* 'Tis said the King is taken prisoner.

*Rud.* Woman, there lies thy husband!

(*KUNIGUNDA, with a shriek, falls.*)

upon her knees. ZAWISCH stands with bent head.)

At the feet

Of his true wife, whose death approved her such.

Bertha. (*tapping the coffin.*)—Open, Queen Margaret; see, thy consort waits.

[THE CHANCELLOR is brought in with other prisoners.

Chan. Alas, my king! mine erring, gallant king! (*Takes his head upon his bosom.*)

Rud. Liest thou so naked, so despoiled, great king,

Resting thy head upon thy servant's breast,

Of all thy splendour—all thine opulence, Not one poor covering left, that, as a shroud,

May wrap thy corse! See the Imperial mantle

Thou sought'st, I here strip off, spreading it o'er thee, (*Does so.*)

That as an Emperor thou may'st be interr'd,

A beggar who hast died. Bear him to Laa;

In princely state there let him lie, until To his forefathers' place of rest convey'd.

[*He uncovers his head, and prays silently, imitated by the rest.* KUNIGUNDA veils herself; ZAWISCH stands gazing fixedly.

This very solemn state of the *Dramatis Personæ*, somewhat too solemn indeed for the taste of a British audience, is interrupted by the insane Bertha, in a way which, upon the stage, we should esteem actual impiety. She recites the portion of the Lord's Prayer, most applicable to the criminal Ottokar and to herself, and the Emperor echoes the words of the lunatic. We do not charge our author with irreligion. Devotion, even enthusiastic devotion, appears to be so usual, we might almost say, so essential a feature in the German character, that we consider this anomalous theatrical procedure, merely as one of those marks of deficient taste, from which few German works are altogether exempt, although OTTOKAR is far the least blemished thereby of Grillparzer's writings. But as we, not being German, do not choose to turn into blank verse, a form of supplication consecrated by the Divine Author of our religion, we shall here close our extracts; and briefly state, that the Emperor, when he has finished his orisons, informs his eldest son with the Duchy of Austria, and ends the Tragedy with a very judicious and amiable speech upon the duties which, by the gift, he imposes upon the new sovereign.

#### A SUBALTERN IN AMERICA.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

AN early hour in the morning of the 25th produced a change, both in the hopes and prospects of the army in general, and in the situation of Charlton and myself, in particular. Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs unexpectedly made their appearance in the camp, and the former immediately took upon himself the command of the expedition. His first measure was to alter, in a great degree, the distribution of the forces which General Kean had made. The advance was dissolved; and the entire army was divided into two brigades or columns. This arrangement separated us from the light troops, with whom we had so long acted; and we found ourselves appointed to compose part of the right column, whose line of operations lay beside the wood.

During the 25th and 26th, nothing

of importance occurred, which has not been detailed with sufficient accuracy elsewhere. Of the continual approaches and incursions of the enemy's mounted riflemen, blowing up of the schooner, and the consequent retreat of the ships which had anchored near her, you cannot be ignorant. I need not, therefore, speak of them at length, especially as it was not my fortune to come into personal contact with the one, or to be a very close observer of the other. On the 27th, an event did take place, in which I was deeply interested. At an early hour on the morning of that day, the troops being ordered under arms, dispositions were made for an immediate advance. On this occasion our company formed part of a detached party, which being placed under the command of Colonel Rennie of the 21st regiment, was

appointed to cover the movement of the column; and extended in skirmishing order, partly across the plain, and partly into the wood. My own section happened to be thrown among the trees, but taking post myself, chiefly on the most exposed flank, I enjoyed an ample opportunity of observing the whole course of the operations; and of the spectacle, as it presented itself, I must endeavour to give you something like a distinct account.

It was not the custom of the Americans, you must know, to protect the front of the army, either by day or night, by a regular chain of outposts. Every morning, indeed, as soon as it was light, a corps of some five or six hundred mounted riflemen came down; which, spreading themselves over the plain, watched our movements in a very irregular and unsoldier-like manner. The head-quarters of this corps invariably established itself in a house distant about long musket-shot from our sentries, and close to the main road; whilst the rest wandered here and there, as inclination or caprice seemed to direct. Regularly as night closed in, again these mounted men withdrew, and then began that system of irritation in which General Jackson appeared to take so much delight; and which, without in any essential degree influencing the issues of the campaign, served to harass and annoy our troops severely. Why no attempt was made on our part, during either of the days above mentioned, to drive back these stragglers, and to obtain a view of the enemy's position, I know not. All that I do know is, that nothing of the kind was thought of; and that even on the 27th, when the whole army was put in motion, our progress was for a while as slow, and as circumspect, as if a thousand ambuscades had been on all sides of us. The right column, for example, which skirted the wood, after moving forward about three or four hundred paces, was commanded to halt. The house, it appeared, which the enemy usually occupied, had not been examined, and it was not deemed prudent to pass it by without examination. Instead, however, of leaving this to be effected by the light troops, a couple of pieces of cannon were ordered to the front; and the empty mansion had the honour of being several times perforated with round-shot. This being done, and

no troops seen to evacuate it, the columns again pressed forward. The day was clear and bright, there was just enough of frost in the air to be agreeable, and we were all in the highest spirits. On we went, therefore, for about three miles, without any halt or hindrance, either from man or inanimate nature, coming in our way. But all at once a spectacle was presented to us, such, indeed, as we ought to have looked for, but such as manifestly took our leaders by surprise. The enemy's army became visible. It was posted about forty yards in rear of a canal, and covered, though most imperfectly, by an unfinished breastwork. The outlines of several batteries had been traced, a ditch was marked out and partly begun—in a word, the rudiments of an entrenched position were before us. We who were on the right, felt neither astonishment nor regret at the prospect. We saw that the works were contemptible, and we made no doubt of carrying them as soon as we should fairly attempt it—above all, we met with no interruption to our progress. But the case was otherwise on the left. The head of that column had no sooner arrived within range of the lines, than a tremendous cannonade, not only from the guns in position, but from the ship and a flotilla of armed boats, opened upon it. We could perceive plainly enough, that the fire was not harmless; for the column instantly deployed into lines of battalions, and the lines, after pushing forward some little way, halted, and lay down. On our side, however, an opposite course was pursued. Though the column paused, for what purpose is, I confess, a mystery to me, our skirmishers dashed in increased force into the wood, and became immediately engaged with a body of riflemen, who were posted there for the purpose of covering the right of the enemy's centre. For an instant the firing was tolerably sharp; but we drove them before us in gallant style, and had penetrated as far as their outer defences, when an order arrived that we should proceed no farther. Whilst I live, I shall never cease to regret that such an order was issued. Contrary to all expectation, we found the bog within the cypress wood perfectly passable; whilst the entrenchments which it behoved us to carry, consisted then of nothing more than a few abattis, with a few



mo<sup>und</sup> of earth thrown up in the rear. One spirited dart, such as we were preparing to make, must have carried us through them. But our ardour was repressed; we were even directed to fall back, and we spent full four hours standing or sitting idly under cover of the trees, and listening to the sound of the enemy's guns, which played incessantly upon our comrades. To complete the business, we were informed, about three o'clock in the afternoon, that the main body was retiring, and a little before dark we followed the example. Thus, without so much as one effort to force through them, was a British army baffled and repulsed by a horde of raw militiamen, ranged in line behind a mud-wall, which could have hardly protected them from musketry, far less from round-shot;—there was not a man among us who failed to experience both shame and indignation, when he found himself retreating before a force for which he entertained the most sovereign contempt.

I have said, or I ought to have said, that the retrograde movement, of which I am now speaking, was conducted in the most disorderly manner. To save the men as much as possible from the cannonade, which still continued, the different regiments were directed to break off in files and small parties from the right. This was done, and to the Americans it doubtless conveyed the idea that we were not retiring, but flying, for they rent the air with shouts, and plied us more and more briskly with grape, round-shot, and shells. It was impossible that so many missiles could be thrown without causing some loss; about thirty men out of our column fell, and at least as many out of the other. One unfortunate fellow, who was walking before me, received a nine-pound shot on the knapsack, and it literally dashed him to pieces; but we were, on the whole, fortunate to escape so well, more fortunate, perhaps, than our want of resolution deserved.

We did not fall back to our original encampment, but having accomplished as much space as was deemed sufficient to protect us against the enemy's fire, we halted. The ground now occupied resembled, in almost every particular, that left behind. It was an unbroken flat, without trees, hedges, or any other species of natural cover; and, except on the very left of the

line, totally void of buildings. The troops had brought with them no tents, and of materials for the construction of huts there was a lamentable scarcity; by far the greatest number were accordingly compelled to bivouac. But continued exposure to this variable climate soon began to affect us very sensibly; and the bad quality, as well as insufficient supply, of food, was sorely felt. For all these grievances, however, no remedy existed; so we digested them as we best could, in the hope that better fortune might even yet be in store for us.

During the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st, strong detachments from the different corps were employed in bringing up a train of heavy ordnance from the boats, with ample supplies of powder and ball. It was not my fate to be employed on this service, so I can speak of it only from hearsay; but the labour and difficulty of accomplishing it were, I am told, beyond all calculation. Nor was it the only irksome duty in which we were engaged. The picquets never mounted without suffering, sooner or later, an attack. Sometimes the enemy contented themselves with cannonading the outposts, sometimes they advanced large corps in the day, who amused themselves and us with long and unprofitable skirmishes. But their more usual system was to steal forward in sections after dark, and to harass us with a desultory and troublesome fire of musketry till morning. That you may the better understand how these affairs were conducted, I will detail to you, at length, the circumstances which attended a tour of duty, in which I myself was engaged.

It chanced that, on the morning of the 30th, I was put in command of a picquet. My post was abundantly exposed; it was a shallow dry ditch, distant about half way between our own and the enemy's lines. Having paraded my men an hour before dawn, I marched forward, and being conducted by the officer whom I was about to relieve and the sentinels, and instructed as far as he was able to instruct me, in the manner in which it behoved me to act, I set him at liberty, by assuming the station which he abandoned. For some time, all remained quiet; the day gradually dawned, and, as its light exhibited no manifestations of hostile design on the part of the enemy, we began to flatter ourselves

that we should escape with fewer dangers and hardships than had annoyed our predecessors. But we were speedily convinced that our calculations had been formed on erroneous grounds. As yet, neither I nor the men had ventured to light a fire; we found the party whom we came to relieve without one, and we so far followed their advice, as to act for some hours by the pattern which they had set us. But the day was piercingly cold. A heavy shower fell from time to time, and the absolute discomfort of our situation proved too much for the whispers of prudence. Two fires were made to blaze up, one for the men, the other for myself and my companion. It seemed as if the American artillerymen had waited for some such object to direct their aim, for the smoke had hardly begun to ascend, when there played upon us, from a battery of five guns, as perfect a storm of grape-shot as ever whistled past the ears of men so situated; and in five minutes the fires were abandoned. But with this the enemy were not contented; under cover of the cannonade, a body of some two or three hundred infantry advanced, in extended order, from the lines. They came on with loud shouts, and even before they had arrived within anything like moderate range, commenced a running fire of musketry upon the sentries. The orders which I had received were peremptory, that not an inch of ground should be given up, as long as I was in a condition to maintain it; so, instead of desiring the videttes to fall back, I advanced with the body of the picquet to support them. At length, a most uninteresting skirmish ensued. The Americans, it was perfectly manifest, were raw troops; they made no determined efforts, probably it was not intended that they should make any effort to drive us in; but they pressed forward, from time to time, creeping along the ground, and running from ditch to ditch, and retreating again, as soon as they had discharged their pieces. On our side, no movement whatever was made. The men lay down, as I directed, behind a row of bushes, which served, at least, to conceal them from their opponents, and each file regularly shifted its ground a pace or two to the right or left as soon as it had fired. By this means many lives were saved; for the Americans regularly returned our fire, and they never failed to di-

rect their aim towards the spots from whence our smoke ascended.

The affair having lasted about four or five hours, the enemy at length saw fit to withdraw, and we returned to our ditch, with the trifling loss of only two men wounded. Nor did they renew their amusement during the remainder of the day. Their cannon, however, continued to annoy us to the last, inasmuch that the very sentinels were under the necessity of hiding themselves. Not another musket was fired; and we were content to put up with the one as being, at all events, less disagreeable than the other. But as darkness set in, causes of disturbance multiplied upon us; of which not the least alarming arose from the culpable negligence of some of our own people.

It was customary at this time to cover the army during the day with a line of posts, which were considered too weak to guard it effectually at night. The consequence was, that just before dusk every evening, a reinforcement was sent up; which, instead of being scattered among the different picquets already established, formed a distinct picquet of itself. The post attached to it lay between my party and a party of the light brigade; in other words, it was accustomed to occupy the centre of a line, of which we formed the flanks. To-night, by some accident or another, the additional picquet was late of arriving. Our orders—I mean the orders of the out-posts on the right and left—were to contract their sentries at sun-set, that room might be left for the sentries from the assisting guard to plant themselves. We obeyed them this evening as usual. But the state of our feelings may be more easily imagined than described, when hour after hour stole on, and no force appeared to fill up the gap which we had made. How the officer in charge of the other post behaved, I know not; but for me, having waited as long as a sense of duty would allow, I set out, attended by my sergeant, to ascertain the cause of this unaccountable delay. As I trudged along, a thousand uneasy thoughts rose into my mind. Sometimes I was apprehensive that the division might have been cut off; at other times, the hazard which not we only, but the entire army ran, of a surprisal, occurred to me; and I could not, with such suspicions in my

mind, quit the post of danger. On the contrary, I patrolled backwards and forwards, from the extreme left of our own line, to the extreme right of the other, listening from time to time, in the greatest anxiety, and finally I made up my mind to throw out some extra sentries. But as I was preparing to carry the resolution into practice, my attention was suddenly called off to other objects. A heavy trampling of feet became audible. There was a sound, too, directly in front, as of horses galloping, and first one vidette, then another, challenged. I ran to the spot, and reached it just as the men fired. The report was followed by a burst, as if a squadron of cavalry had broken, and was retreating. But whilst I was watching here, the same sound of troops marching, caught my ear, and on hurrying back to the void space, it became every moment more and more distinct. I called aloud, but no one answered. This was alarming enough; and what made it more so was, that the corps, whatever it might be, seemed to approach in echelon from the front. One man only was with me; but determined neither to suffer a surprise, nor needlessly to disturb the camp, I pushed forward, pistol in hand, towards the road. We challenged again and again—no one heeded us. My finger already pressed the trigger, as a body of men became perceptible, and I refrained from firing only, till I should have challenged the third time. It was well that I had been thus prudent, for the corps proved to be no other than the long-looked-for detachment, which had by some means or another contrived to lose its way, and was now wandering back from the very brink of the enemy's canal, to which it had proceeded. Relieved as I could not but feel, at this discovery, my indignation was nevertheless too great not to burst forth in words. I rated the unfortunate officer in command roundly, and leaving my sergeant to assist him in placing his sentinels, returned to my own picquet.

It was now about midnight, and the darkness had become almost, without a metaphor, such as might be felt. Instead of a frost, a thick mist hung in the air, which not only annoyed by the cold moisture which it threw around us, but effectually hindered the stars from casting even their feeble glimmer over the scene. Worn

out with fatigue, I had returned to the ditch,—not to seat myself beside a comfortable blaze,—for no fire was lighted, and it would have been madness to think of lighting one,—but to rest my limbs a little by lying down, and to smoke a cigar. I was thus employed, when a heavy rolling noise, like the movement of artillery, caught my ear. It proceeded from the enemy's lines, and its direction was plainly enough towards our camp, though greatly to the left of my most remote sentinels. I sprang to my feet, and once more hurried to the front. I had traversed about half the space which divided the picquet from the videttes, when the rolling sound ceased; and the reader will not doubt, that I turned my eyes anxiously to the spot where it did so. I paused, too, for a moment; and before I could resume my progress, three distinct flashes, followed by a similar number of reports, sufficiently informed me of the cause of my disturbance. The enemy, finding that their heavy artillery hardly reached our camp, had moved two field-pieces and a mortar without their lines, and advancing them as near to the sentries as a regard to their own safety would allow, were now cannonading, not the out-posts, but the main body of the British army. It was easy to perceive that the balls fell not short of their mark. Looking back towards the position, I saw that the fires were hastily covered up; and the murmur of voices which arose, gave testimony, that they were not thus stifled before it was necessary.

No directions had been given to us how we should act, in case of such an emergency,—because, in truth, the emergency had never been contemplated; yet both my companion, and myself felt strongly tempted to try, whether or not we might, by a forward dash, make ourselves masters of their guns. We had even resolved upon hazarding the attempt, and were in the act of arranging our men for the purpose, when the firing suddenly ceased, and the sound of artillery retreating became audible. To have followed them in their retreat would have been madness—even when we thought of attacking, we hoped for success only by coming unexpectedly upon them, for we were by no means strong enough, nor was it at all in accordance with our duty to hazard an action with the whole American army. We, therefore, per-

mitted them to depart unmolested, and contented ourselves with patrolling forward, about half an hour after, to see that all was right.

From that time, till towards morning, we were left, in a great measure, undisturbed. The enemy, it appeared, satisfied with what they had done, gave themselves up to repose, whilst we continued vigilant as before, though without meeting with any serious cause of alarm. About two hours before day-break, however, a general stir took place in the American lines. It was their mustering time; they were then getting under arms—not for the purpose of attacking us, but to oppose any attack which we might hazard, and they did so to the sound of drums and trumpets, and other martial instruments. The effect of this warlike tumult, as it broke in all at once upon the silence of night, was remarkably fine. Nor did the matter end there. The reveille having ceased, and the different regiments having taken their

ground, two or three tolerably full bands began to play, which continued to entertain both their own people and us till broad day-light came in. Being fond of music,—particularly of the music of a military band, I crept forward beyond the sentries, for the purpose of listening to it. The airs which they played were, some of them, spiritless enough,—the Yankees are not famous for their good taste in anything;—but one or two of the waltzes struck me as being peculiarly beautiful; the tune, however, which seemed to please themselves the most, was their national air known among us by the title of “Yankee Doodle;” for they repeated it at least six times in the course of their practice.

Dawn was beginning to appear, when the party destined to relieve us came up. Having communicated to the officer in command as much information as I myself possessed, I very gladly called in my sentinels, mustered my people, and marched to the rear.

## CHAPTER XX.

HAVING hitherto said but little of the positions of the hostile armies, or of the effect which a glance from the one to the other was calculated to produce, I shall not, perhaps, be regarded as stepping greatly out of my way, if I endeavour here to make up for my former omissions.

It has been already hinted, that the field of operations consisted of a narrow plain, hemmed in on one hand by the Mississippi, and on the other by the woody morass. The open space between these extremities could not exceed one thousand yards, whilst the distance of the British from the American camp may be calculated at about two miles and a half. As there was nothing to interrupt the vision, the disposition of our force could as easily be noted from the enemy's lines, as their lines could be seen from our bivouac; but the point from which to obtain the most satisfactory view of both, was the line of our advanced posts. He who stood there saw, in his front, a long parapet, composed entirely of earth which was riveted with thin planks, and supported by stakes. About thirty or forty yards in advance of it, ran a bayo, or canal, measuring, to all appearance, from ten to fifteen feet in width. This, however, ended

considerably to the left of the river; indeed it can hardly be said to have covered more than two-thirds of the front of the entrenchment, whilst upon the high road, and somewhat out of the line, was again erected a flanking redoubt; there was a semicircular battery about the middle, and a third, called, in the language of the profession, an inverted Ridau, protected the extremity which joined the wood. On the summit of the central work, a lofty flag-staff was erected, from which a large American ensign constantly waved; whilst in rear of the breast-work, a crowd of white tents showed themselves, not a few of which bore flags at the top of their poles. The American camp, in short, exhibited at least as much of the pomp and circumstance of war as modern camps are accustomed to exhibit; and the spirits of its inmates were kept continually in a state of excitation by the bands of martial music.

How different was the spectacle to which a glance towards the rear introduced the spectator, presenting exactly the same extent of front; the British army lay there without tents, without works, without show, without parade, upon the ground. Throughout the whole line not more than a dozen huts

were erected, and these, which consisted only of pieces of plank, torn from the houses and fences near, furnished but an inefficient protection against the inclemency of the weather. Our men might accordingly be observed, some of them, walking backwards and forwards, collected in groups round their fires, others stretched at length in the sun-beams, apparently rejoicing in the warmth which they conveyed. No band played among them, nor did a bugle give its sound, except to warn the hearers of danger, and put them on the alert; on the contrary, the routine of duty was conducted in as much silence as if there had been no musical instruments in the camp. It was impossible not to be struck with the contrast which the conditions, and apparent comforts, of the invading and defending hosts, presented.

But if there was so much to interest and excite during the day, at night the scene assumed a thousand degrees of more excitement and attraction. Then an hundred fires, from the one encampment as well as from the other, threw up a bright red light into the air, round which groups could be seen, moving or sitting, in attitudes the most varied and picturesque. With the Americans, indeed, the light falling strongly upon a thousand tall marquees, produced an effect as beautiful as can well be imagined; while even the rude huts and blanket tents of the British troops, exhibited, when begirt with flames, an appearance far more imposing than they ever assumed when the sun's rays smote them. Then again, the few solitary fires which marked the stations of some of the outposts, were not without their effect in heightening the sublimity of the panorama; while a cannon or mortar discharged, from time to time, by the enemy, gave to the whole an appearance of warlike grandeur, than which nothing almost can be conceived more imposing. In short, in spite of all the drawbacks which attended the guidance of a picquet, I am not sure that I spent any portion of my time in a state of higher enjoyment, than when, during the silence of night, I was perambulating from sentry to sentry, and feasting my eyes on the different objects which I have here so inadequately succeeded in describing.

I have said, that during the last three or four days, the troops were bu-

sily employed in bringing up heavy cannon, with large stores of ammunition, from the fleet. The object of this, as we afterwards learned, was to enable the artillery and engineer officers to try the effect of a scheme which they had suggested. They proposed to the General, regularly to breach the enemy's lines, and they undertook, provided proper dispositions were made, to silence their batteries in the course of three hours. At an early hour on the 31st, about twenty long eighteens, and ten twenty-four pounders being ready, besides powder and ball enough for six hours continued cannonading, it was determined to throw up, in the course of the night, four redoubts, from behind which our gunners might take aim with increased security and effect. With this view, detachments from each brigade got under arms soon after dark, and moved to the front. Having advanced, in profound silence, about a couple of hundred yards beyond the videttes, the working parties were commanded to halt—and protected by the two battalions of the light infantry, the 85th and 95th rifle-corps, they pitched their arms and began operations. All was conducted with the most perfect order. Not a man spoke, but digging sedulously at the spot pointed out to him, each strove to execute his task, more steadily and more quietly than another. Nor were the officers backward in affording them assistance. There were no idle hands here; every one wielded a spade or a pick-axe, and knowing, as we all knew, that we worked for life and death, wielded it at once cautiously and zealously. The consequence was, that long before the first streaks of dawn appeared, three solid demitoons were completed, and thirty pieces of heavy ordnance placed in readiness to open the fire, as soon as there should be light enough to direct it.

Never was any failure more remarkable or unlooked for than this. The infantry, having accomplished their task, fell back; and took ground some hundred yards or two, in rear of the batteries. There we lay, anxiously expecting the sun to rise, and confidently anticipated, that long before his setting, we should be snugly housed in the city of New Orleans. But the sun, as if ashamed to shine upon our disgrace, was slow of making his appearance; a heavy mist obscured him; and the morning was far advanced before it cleared

away. At last, however, the enemy's lines were visible, and then began a fire from our batteries, so brisk, and so steadily kept up, that we, who were behind, made not the smallest doubt of its effect. It was answered for a while faintly, and with seeming difficulty. By and by, however, the enemy's salutation became more spirited, till it gradually surpassed our own, both in rapidity and precision. We were a good deal alarmed at this, and the more that a rumour soon got abroad, that our batteries were not proof against the amazing force of the American shot. We had, it may be stated, imprudently rolled into the parapets barrels filled with sugar, under the impression that sugar would prove as effectual as sand in checking the progress of cannon balls. But the event showed that we had been completely mistaken. The enemy's shot penetrated these sugar-hogsheads as if they had been so many empty casks, dismounting our guns, and killing our artillery-men in the very centre of their works. There could be small doubt, as soon as these facts were established, how the cannonading would end. Our fire slackened every moment, that of the Americans became every moment more terrible, till at length, after not more than two hours and a half of firing, our batteries were all silenced. The American works, on the other hand, remained as little injured as ever, and we were completely foiled.

Whilst our cannon continued to play, the enemy contented themselves by returning their salute; but in proportion as the fire ceased, they began to direct their artillery, not at the batteries only, but at the infantry in rear. Our men were accordingly commanded to lie down; but even thus, all the shot passed not harmless, and about twelve persons of every rank were killed or wounded. As soon as this became known, and it could no longer be concealed, that the promises of the engineer department were not likely to be fulfilled, the army were again commanded to fall back; and it again took up its ground, foiled, irritated, and disheartened, in its former bivouac.

I need hardly observe, that men who had of late undergone so much, and saw before them so little prospect of success, began to feel both their zeal and spirit gradually subside. The

truth, indeed, is, that we were all thoroughly worn out. Every man had been busy, in some way or another, during the past week; not a few had been without sleep or a regular meal for sixty hours;—it is not to be wondered at, if these spoke and thought less of future glory, than of immediate suffering. Yet were our fatigues by no means at an end. The enemy having made no attempt to carry off the heavy guns, which we abandoned to their fate, it was judged advisable to bring them into the camp as soon as circumstances would allow; and for this purpose, working parties were again sent out, as soon as the darkness screened them. It was my fortune to accompany them. The labour of dragging a number of huge ships' guns out of the soft soil into which they had sunk, crippled, too, as most of them were in their carriages, was more extreme by far than any one expected to find it; indeed, it was not till four o'clock in the morning that our task came to a conclusion, and even then it had been very imperfectly performed. Five guns were eventually left behind. These we rendered useless, it is true, by breaking their trunnions; but it cannot be said that in the course of the late operations, the British army came off without the loss of some of its artillery.

I do not recollect to have experienced at any period of my life, a degree of fatigue at all to be compared with that which now oppressed me. During three whole nights and days I had never closed an eye; my food, during that entire space, consisted of a small quantity of salt-beef, a sea-biscuit or two, and a little rum; and even that I could hardly find time or leisure to consume. I was now so completely overcome, that had I been required to perform any duty at the moment, I question whether my bodily strength would have carried me through it. It was not without some difficulty that I contrived to drag my limbs back to the camp; and having done so, all thoughts of further exertion was laid aside,—I threw myself down upon the ground, and in an instant I was asleep, and the evening was beginning to close in, before that deep slumber left me. But it proved, indeed, a refreshment for which I knew not how to be sufficiently thankful. I rose perfectly restored to my

natural vigour of body and mind, and perfectly willing to act or suffer whatever our leaders might think fit to require.

It has been said, that the bad quality, and insufficient quantity of provisions issued out to the troops, in the course of these operations, was sorely felt. The truth is, that the few supplies which the country at first furnished, became exhausted in a day; and we were, of necessity, reduced almost from the first, to depend entirely upon the fleet for our subsistence. That the sailors exerted themselves strenuously to hinder us from experiencing any serious inconvenience on that account, no one can deny,—they were at the oar continually; but sometimes the weather proved such as to retard their progress, and sometimes they neglected to set out, till the Commissaries' store had become wellnigh emptied. On all such occasions, we were compelled to put up with half-allowance. Yet we managed to enjoy luxuries, too, such as they were. The country abounded in sugar—and here and there an orchard of Seville oranges adorned it. It was customary amongst us to substitute burned biscuits for coffee, which there was no difficulty in rendering sweet; and we made out of the oranges and sugar no indifferent marmalade. Nor was this the only use to which we turned the former of these articles. When pork and bread ran short, it was no uncommon thing for both officers and men to appease the cravings of hunger by eating the sugar; not, indeed, as it was found in the casks, but after they had moulded it into cakes. I cannot say that any of us would have selected such food, had a choice been submitted to him; but we were very thankful for it, and in no instance did it prove otherwise than wholesome and nutritious.

In the meanwhile, neither the American general nor our own remained inactive, though, on our part, the confidence of success which once prevailed, had manifestly abated. Not only were fresh troops seen to pour daily into the enemy's camp, but a line of works was begun by them on the opposite side of the river, from which they contrived to enfilade our bivouac, with no fewer than eighteen pieces of cannon. On their main position, likewise, they laboured night

and day. The parapet, which, on the morning of the 27th, any tolerably active man would have overleaped with ease, was now heightened to an ordinary altitude; whilst a ditch, measuring from ten to fifteen feet in width, and from four to eight feet in depth, covered and protected it, from one flank to the other. It was understood, too, that two additional lines, in rear of that before us, were in progress of completion, whilst rafts, boats, and vessels of all sizes and dimensions, crowded the Mississippi, and commanded the whole flat. With respect to the British army again, its time was now powerfully occupied, in digging a canal from the end of the bayo, by which we had effected our landing, up to the river. The object to be attained by this work, could not be concealed; it was intended to bring up boats from the Lake, and to transport a division over the river, so as to capture, and turn against themselves, the whole of the American artillery there planted. Now, though it ill becomes me, especially after the pledge which I have given to the contrary, to hazard any opinion on the measures pursued in this campaign, I must be permitted to observe, that never were men so severely, and so uselessly harassed as in this undertaking. Of the scheme which proposed to carry the batteries on the opposite side, it is impossible to speak in terms too laudatory; it was the only plan which in our circumstances offered any chance of success, and it ought to have been adopted at once. But why break the spirits, and wear out the strength of the troops, by setting men to excavate a trench, full two miles in length, and six feet deep? We had dragged heavy twenty-four pounders over land, from the mouth of the creek; where would have been the difficulty of transporting any number of light boats, in a similar manner? In my humble opinion, time and toil were never so thoroughly wasted as they were then. Had a few rollers been framed, barges, gigs, cutters, and even launches, might have been run through the bog with perfect ease; and all the risks and uncertainty of artificial navigation avoided.

But our Chief thought otherwise, or rather the possibility of moving boats, except through water, never occurred

to him. The consequence was, that the whole army, being divided into four relays, worked incessantly by day and by night, from the morning of the 2d up to the evening of the 6th of January. It was a gigantic undertaking; but we accomplished it, for, at the period last mentioned, an artificial bayo was formed, to all appearance at least, not less navigable than the natural one. All, therefore, was now expectation; nor did many hours elapse before expectation was converted into certainty.

The relay to which Charlton and I belonged had ended their tasks at day-break on the morning of the 7th; we had retired to our hut, for a hut we happened to possess, and having stopt for an hour or two, we were seated at our breakfast, more blessed, if the truth must be told, in the excellence of our appetites, than in the means which we possessed of gratifying them. The colour-sergeant entering at the moment, laid down the regimental orderly book before us. Charlton eagerly grasped it, and having read it in silence, handed it to me. I also read, and, as far as my memory may be trusted, to the following effect:—

“The troops will be under arms two hours before daylight to-morrow morning, when the army will form into two columns in the following order:—The right column, consisting of the 4th, 21st, and 44th regiments, shall take post near the wood, the 44th leading and bearing the gabions and fascines; the left column composed of one company from the 43d regiment, one company from the 7th, the 93d, and 7th West India regiment, shall station itself upon the road. The 95th regiment, in extended order, shall keep up the communication between the head of one column and the head of the other, whilst the 7th and 43d shall remain in reserve.” The orders then went on to state, that a general assault would be made upon the enemy’s lines; that the commander of the forces placed the fullest reliance in the gallantry of his troops, and the skill of his officers; that arrangements were made so as to assure success, and that he confidently trusted that to-morrow would add an additional laurel to the many which already adorned the brows of his brave followers. The order was well expressed. We read it with intense interest, and we determined, that, as far

as we were concerned at least, no exertions should be spared to hinder the general’s hopes from suffering a blight.

When men are made aware, that at the expiration of a few hours, they will be brought into a situation which will require all their energies of mind and body to bear them honourably through, they almost unavoidably congregate together, and indulge in numerous surmises as to the results which are likely to ensue, and the means which to each appears best calculated to render these results favourable. On the present occasion, for example, not many minutes elapsed ere our hut became a place of assembly to the greater proportion of officers attached to the corps. It was then explained, that the measures to which General Pakenham so confidently alluded, consisted in the pushing across of the 85th regiment, a body of marines and seamen, to the other bank of the river, by whom the guns mounted there would be turned, so as to take the American position in reverse. Next came a variety of speculations as to the propriety of intrusting a regiment so miserably commanded as the 44th, with the vitally important office of carrying the ladders and fascines; whilst the chances of success or failure, the probability of individual escapes, and in the event of his escaping, the mode in which each proposed to spend his evening after he had established himself in New Orleans,—these furnished topics of conversation for several hours. At last, however, the petty council broke up, and each betook himself to the occupation which best suited him, in the full assurance that nothing short of extreme misconduct, or the most extraordinary mismanagement, could possibly hinder our obtaining a signal victory on the morrow.

For my own part, I am not ashamed to confess, that I felt this evening more singularly oppressed, not with alarm, but with awe, than I recollect ever to have done under similar circumstances. The society of my brother officers was not agreeable to me, so I walked away alone. Having striven in vain to divert my melancholy by an inspection of the canal, I turned my steps towards the river side, and sat down in a retired corner close to the margin of the stream. The day chanced to be remarkably mild; the sun was bright and warm, and there was not a cloud



in the sky to obscure or diminish his glory. I felt his power, and acknowledged it; and I felt in my inmost soul, the influence of that majestic torrent as it poured past me rapidly, but smoothly, and almost silently. I was not afraid of the morrow, for danger had been too long familiar with me not to have lost most of its terrors; yet I question whether the idea of death ever came across my mind with greater solemnity than it did then. I thought, too, of my home, of my relations, and the friends of my youth, and I could

not at the moment hinder a wish from passing over me, that I had been permitted to lay my bones in the grave of my fathers. But these were enervating images; I knew that they were so, and I therefore determined to resist them; I rose, therefore, from my seat, and, hurrying back to the camp, spent the rest of the day in society. At an early hour, however, both Charlton and myself retired to rest; and though our conversation partook for a minute or two somewhat of the gloomy, we soon closed our eyes, and fell fast asleep.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE reader is probably aware, that, according to the plan originally chalked out, a detachment of some twelve or fourteen hundred men had received orders to embark in the Mississippi immediately after dark, on the evening of the 7th. That corps, under the command of Colonel Thornton, was destined to make good its landing, and to carry the enemy's batteries an hour before dawn on the 8th. On our side, again, nothing offensive was to be attempted till the sound of firing should give notice that our comrades were engaged—we were merely to take our ground as close to the American lines as circumstances would allow. Unhappily, however, a multitude of unexpected disasters served to frustrate the most important of these arrangements. The banks of the canal gave way, the boats were slow in arriving, and the detachment was not in a condition to move till day had actually broken; of these facts we were afterwards too fatally made aware. But at the moment we knew nothing of them; and we arose, as we had been directed, two hours before dawn, and took our stations.

Having been led to believe that the column, as soon as it was formed, would move forward, our surprise may be guessed at, when we found minute after minute stealing away without the advance being commanded. For some time we regarded the delay as accidental merely, but by and by a feeling of apprehension arose lest matters should have gone, in some important point, awry, and we should be doomed to a continuance of that system of vacillation and delay which we had so long endured, and which we all so

keenly reprobated. At length, however, the word was given to push on; but it was given not till the eastern sky had begun to redden, and though we obeyed it immediately, we arrived not within musket-shot of the works till the day had dawned. The consequences were exactly such as might have been expected. The Americans saw us, and then opened upon us from right to left, a fire of musketry, grape, round-shot, and canister, than which I have certainly never witnessed any more murderous.

Before I proceed to offer any description of this affair, it will be necessary to state, somewhat more minutely than I have yet done, the manner in which it was proposed that it should be conducted.

The main attack, on the present occasion, was directed against the left of the American position. It was led on by Major-General Gibbs, to whose prudence the regiments already named, with one black corps, were entrusted. To enable the troops to pass the ditch, a number of fascines, gabions, and scaling-ladders had been constructed, which were all deposited in a sort of rude redoubt, thrown up on the right of our bivouac. These the 44th regiment was appointed to carry; they were desired to pack them up whilst in the act of advancing, and to form, thus armed, the head of the storming party. The 44th regiment disobeyed the orders given to them. They led us, indeed, into the field, but they left all their implements behind them, as if no such implements had been needed. On our left again, General Kean, with his column, was commanded not so much to attempt any thing serious.

as to divert the attention of the enemy by demonstrations. In case, indeed, any unlooked for opportunity should occur, he was expected to avail himself of it; but the great end which he was designed to serve, was that of distracting the enemy's councils, and diverting part of their attention from us.

I have said, that long before we arrived within musket-range, the day had begun to dawn upon us. The same light which exposed us to the view of the enemy, served to inform Sir Edward Pakenham that one of his most important directions had been disregarded, and he instantly dispatched an aide-de-camp with orders to Colonel Mullins to lose no time in remedying the evil. But before the aide-de-camp came up, the enemy had opened their fire, and the 44th, broken and dispersed, had become completely unmanageable. Nothing now remained but to press forward at once, with the regiments which still preserved their order. We advanced at double quick time, under a fire which mowed us down by whole sections, and were approaching the ditch, when suddenly a regular lane was cut from front to rear of the column. There was a thirty-two pounder gun exactly in our front. This the enemy filled up to the very muzzle with musket balls, and laid it with the nicest accuracy. One single discharge served to sweep the centre of the attacking force into eternity. In the whole course of my military career, I recollect no such instance of desperate and immediate slaughter as then. The 21st, which led the way, was broken at once; the corps which followed were not in much better order; but we still pushed forward, and at last, about two or three hundred of us gained the ditch.—It was in vain that we did our best to mount the parapet. The works were not, indeed, very high, nor the ditch deep, and had we been more numerous, without a doubt we should have passed them; but the soft earth gave way with us, and as often as we succeeded in arriving near the summit, we regularly slid down again. Satisfied, at last, that till further support should arrive nothing could be done, we sheltered ourselves as we were best able, and kept quiet.

Whilst thus resting, and as it were comparatively safe, I was enabled, by

looking back, to obtain a tolerably correct view of what was going on. Our column remained where it had at first been checked, and was now a mere mass of confusion. Between it and us, the ground was literally covered with dead; they were so numerous, that to count them seemed impossible; but what astonished me above all things, was to behold General Kean's brigade in full march across the plain, and hurrying to the support of that which had suffered so severely. General Kean is as brave an officer as any in the service; and beyond all doubt, his zeal and bravery tempted him to take this step; but never was any step taken more imprudently, or with less judgment. The advance of his own corps, consisting of the light companies of the 7th and 93d, with one company of the 43d, had already stormed and taken a six-gun battery upon the road. Had General Kean supported them, instead of seeking to support us, there cannot be a doubt that the American lines would have been forced in that quarter. But he did not support them; and these brave men, after having maintained themselves in their conquest, till they had been almost cut to pieces, were compelled to retreat. His arrival, besides, in this part of the field, only added to the general confusion. A desperate attempt was, indeed, made to renew the charge; but Sir Edward Pakenham having fallen, General Gibbs being mortally wounded to the rear, and General Kean himself disabled, the attempt failed of success. Both columns wavered, retired, and at last fled.

In the meanwhile, our little corps, with a few straggling files of the riflemen, continued to occupy the enemy's ditch. Not willing to surrender at once, we endeavoured, in conjunction with the advance of the column, to force our way within the lines; and about 70 men succeeded, I believe, in the attempt; but of the circumstances which attended their capture, for captured they all were, I know nothing. I had clambered to the top of the parapet, and was preparing to spring among the enemy, when a shot struck me in the head; I fell back, and recollect nothing farther. How I was conveyed from the ditch, and escaped utter destruction, I cannot tell; for I became insensible on the instant; but that my comrades did not desert me

was sufficiently proved, by the plight in which I found myself when my senses returned. I was lying on a mattress, in a small room, surrounded by half a dozen officers, all of whom were wounded, and a medical gentleman was in the act of removing a bandage from my brow. He was a stranger to me, and I looked at him with an expression of inquiry in my glance, which he did not misunderstand. But though the case was so, he refused to enter into any conversation with me, assuring me, that my only chance of recovery lay in keeping quiet; and we departed not from that system till a full week had expired. At the end of that time, however, I learned that some of my men, hoping that there might still be life in me, had carried me off on the failure of the last attack, and that I had continued in a state of stupor during six-and-thirty hours after.

From that period, up to the moment of my removal, I knew nothing of the movements or operations of the army, except from hearsay. That it suffered terribly in the late actions, the multitudes of maimed and mutilated creatures who filled the hospital, abundantly testified; and that it continued to suffer hardships and privations as severe as it has often fallen to the lot of men to endure, all agreed in stating. For myself, I regained my strength slowly and painfully, and did so, only to witness the agonies of those who surrounded me. Of the six individuals whom I had seen on first awaking from my trance, two died within the week; and a third, living by some extraordinary vigour of constitution one day beyond them, died also. Than the condition of this last youth, none can be imagined more shocking. A cannon-ball having struck him in the hip, carried away the whole of the quarter, slashing his left hand which rested upon it; yet in this plight, with his bowels fallen or falling out, and the whole system in a state of putrefaction, the poor boy existed eight

days. The remaining three, like myself, recovered; but with one, it was with the loss of both feet; whilst another retained, and probably still retains, a musket-ball in his groin.

In this state I continued, being constantly visited by my friend Charlton, up to the morning of the 17th, when, in company with many others, I was carried down to the canal, and placed in a boat. A considerable flotilla, loaded with stores, light guns, and wounded men, accompanied us; and we set sail, an hour or two before noon, for the fleet. It was a long and tedious voyage, particularly to us, whose frames were so miserably shaken; but at last we reached the anchorage, and were taken on board. There, every possible attention was paid to us. Our food was of the lightest and best quality; our nursing was as gentle as if our mothers or sisters had attended on us, and our strength came again with surprising rapidity; but mine was never such during the remainder of the war, as that I could either join my comrades in their proceedings, or keep an accurate journal of my own.

Under these circumstances, I will not waste yours, or your readers' time, by attempting any narrative of events, which have been already recorded, and of which I could speak only from the report of others. It is enough to remind you, that the army retreated on the 18th; that in the course of its retreat, it underwent innumerable hardships; that it reembarked its last division on the 31st; and once more put to sea on the 4th of March. Steering down the Lakes, the fleet made for the coast of Mobile, and on the 7th again landed the troops on Dauphin Island. In this landing I accompanied them, not as a combatant, for I was still too weak to think of that; but that I might enjoy the blessings of a free atmosphere, and larger space than could be afforded me on board of ship. There, then, I continued, till the intelligence of the peace reached us; and on the 27th, took shipping for Old England.

## THE MINISTER'S BEAT.

I WAS once a sportsman !—The grouse upon a thousand hills have scaled the truth of my assertion with their blood ; and did the ghosts of partridges ever “ revisit the glimpses of the moon,” the air for miles round X—— would be blackened with the shades of my victims. It is true, I am now by way of disdaining (some-what after the manner of the fox who disliked grapes) the rude and boisterous sports of the field ; yet, with autumn, never fails to revive some relic of the slumbering propensity ; “ Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.”

Within these two days I have taken down, examined, and shouldered my two guns, long the envy and admiration of the happy boys for whom, at a ripper age, they are destined, and have satisfied myself that the lightest is a burden which my feeble arm refuses—even were it steady enough to take successful aim at an elephant. I have felt all last week a sensible enlargement and painful acuteness in my organs of destructiveness ; although my ignorant old housekeeper says it is only the ear-ach, and has prescribed a thicker night-cap ; in short, I have internal as well as external evidence that the sporting season has arrived, and I found myself, on waking last Saturday, instinctively whistling,—

“ And a-hunting we will go.”

But where can a valetudinarian on his pony safely take his pastime on a murderous 1st of September ? I could not ride through the fields without spoiling sport for others, nor through hedge-row lanes, without danger of getting a random shot myself ; so the high road became my only resource, and a very sad one it is, as every lover of shade, and hater of dust, can testify.

One advantage, however, it had over more privileged haunts ; it held out hopes of a companion ; and, strange to say, though long habit has made solitude, in every other form, not only tolerable, but delightful, I never could bear riding alone. The man who gallops in pursuit of pleasure or of business, can afford to do so ; he has excitement within to spur him on, and grudges even the casual encounter with a less rapid traveller. But he

who, with nerves unstrung, and limbs enfeebled, finds himself restrained within the precincts of an amble, with no stimulus save duty, and no object save health, (if health his negative state of existence can be called,) is much indebted to the brother pilgrim who beguiles with social chat the tedium of the way.

Last Saturday was just such a cloudless, windless, faultlessly monotonous sort of day as the 1st of September, as it affects the happiness of thousands of his Majesty's subjects, ought to be ; such a day as disposed Dumble to fall asleep on his legs, and as would have made me infallibly follow his example, but for the incessant popping (resembling in more ways than one a regiment atfield practice) which was kept up all around me, and but for my encounter about a mile from home with the worthy minister of the parish, just returned from a six weeks' tour, of very unwonted recreation, in a distant part of the country.

Our meeting was a very joyful and cordial one ; for among the many who, in our privileged land, feed with no hireling measure of zeal and tenderness the flocks whom they love as their own soul, Mr Monteith even shone conspicuous. I never saw simplicity in lovelier union with energy than in his pure and primitive character. The innocence of the dove was in all his own intercourse with the world ; the wisdom and vigilance of the serpent he kept for the concerns of his parishioners, to whom his word was law, and his counsel the voice of inspiration. He preached nothing that he did not practise, as far as consistent endeavours, and higher aid, can carry frail mortality. If his standard of virtue seemed awful in the pulpit, his example made it everywhere else easy and alluring. He taught his people “ how to abound,” by sharing his scanty stipend with all who needed it ; and “ how to suffer loss,” by burying four promising children with the sorrow that is akin to hope.

His mind, imbued with all the higher elements of poetry and romance, would have soared often “ beyond this visible diurnal sphere,” had it not been retained in its humble but more useful

orbit by the practical good sense of his twenty years' helpmate, and the practical duties of his beloved vocation. The latent fire of imagination, tempered as it was by judgment, and sobered by experience, would, however, sometimes break forth; and when, in the very spirit of him who was caught up into the third heaven, Menteith sought to draw his hearers thither, fancy lent him imagery whose fount was evidently not of this world. He spoke of a better world with the familiarity of a denizen, and the longings of an absentee; with all the feelings, in short, of a sojourner, but neither an unwilling nor impatient one, among the passing scenes of earth. In these, indeed, few found such vivid, because few such unalloyed enjoyment. He never expected from them what they could not yield; he never sought for his soul's nurture in the fading flowers of time; but tempered with their perishable produce a fleeting edifice of earthly comfort, which he might store at leisure with the incorruptible manna of the skies. No man was more easily amused—"pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw." And why?—just because he knew and felt them to be straws and feathers all the while. In short, with old and young, with grave and gay, with saint and sinner, Mr Menteith was an universal favourite. His worth was so genuine, his piety so unaffected, his cheerfulness so contagious, and his gravity so interesting, that I never saw him enter a room without a cordial welcome, or leave it without sincere regret.

His bland and delightful smile, at all times peculiarly winning, struck me on our present meeting as unusually irresistible; his pale, serene countenance, was enlivened with the excitement of travel, and the joy of return. "It was really worth while," he said, "to leave you all, that I might know the happiness of coming home. Mary, they say, was like a creature demented when I was away, and I am sure she is little better yet. She sets both elbow-chairs for me instead of one, and sugars my tea twice, out of very exuberance of affection. The children are quite as light-headed as their mother. Johnny brings me his fractions, and asks me how I think he gets on in his Greek; and as for little Jessy, (she has marked her sampler all

over with huge P's for papa,) she came to let me hear her new hymns with such a broad grin on her face, that I was obliged to give her a kiss, and stop her psalmody till a fitter season."

"And the crops, Mr Francis," continued he, "did you ever see such abundance on the face of the earth? a kind compensation, truly, for the drought and scarcity of last year. I asked Mary how she managed to get my harvest down so cleverly; for, though an excellent housewife, she has little skill in husbandry. 'Goodman,' said she, (and the tear filled her eye as she told it me,) 'your corn was no sooner ripe than there came more shearers to your harvest-rig than would have cut down half the parish. They came unbidden and unfed. They cut your corn with songs and shouts of joy; and when I forced upon them the ale they would hardly accept, they drank your health and happy return, till I could scarce find voice to thank them. John Wilson the elder has dressed your turnips, and a' the lasses in the parish hoed your potatoes; and as for fish, Watty Garthine swore if the Provost o' Edinburgh should want haddies, the Manse should aye be weel supplied.' Is it not a blessed thing, Mr Francis," asked the worthy minister, kindling as he spoke, "to have one's poor services thus appreciated, and return thus among one's own people?"

"It is more blessed still to give than to receive," answered I, in his own strain; "and, repay as they may, these good folks must ever remain your debtors."

This, however sincerely and quietly spoken, was enough to bring a blush over his modest countenance. "I am just about," said he, "requiting the courtesy of my friends of all ranks, in the coin they like best, viz. a round of friendly visits; and as far as our roads lie together, you will perhaps go with me. You are a bad visitor, I know, Mr Frank; but most of my calls will be, where forms are unknown, and etiquette dispensed with."

I am indeed a bad visitor, which, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, means no visitor at all; but I own the temptation of seeing my worthy friend's reception, and the hope of coming in for a share at least of the cordial welcome he was sure to call forth, overcame my scruples; especial-

ly as in cottages and farm-steadings there is generally something to be learned even during a morning call; some trait of unsophisticated nature to be smiled at, or some sturdy lesson of practical wisdom to be treasured for future use.

We had not ridden far when my companion, turning up a pretty rough cart-road, leading to a large farmhouse on the right, said, with an arch smile, "I love what our superstitious forefathers would esteem a lucky beginning even to a morning's ride, and am glad ours commences with a wedding visit. Peter Bandster has taken a wife in my absence, and I must go and call him to account, for defrauding me of the ploy. Have you heard anything, Mr Francis, about the bride?"

More than I could wish, thinks I to myself; for my old duenna, who indemnifies herself for my lack of hospitality, by assiduous frequentation of all marriages, christenings, and gossipings abroad, had deaved me for the last three weeks with philippics about this unlucky wedding. The folly of Peter in marrying above his own line; the ignorance of the bride, who scarce knew lint-yarn from tow, or bear from barley; her unpardonable accomplishments of netting purses and playing on the spinnet; above all, her plated candlesticks, flounced gown, and fashionable bonnet, had furnished Hannah with inexhaustible matter for that exercise of the tongue which the Scots call "rhyming," and the English, "ringing the changes;" to which, as to all other noises, custom can alone render one insensible.

I had no mind to damp the minister's benevolent feelings towards the couple, and contented myself with answering, that I heard the bride was both bonnie and braw. The good man shook his head. "We have an old proverb, and a true one," said he,—"a bonnie bride is sune buskit;" but I have known gawdy butterflies cast their painted wings, and become excellent housewives in the end."

"But there stands Peter—no very blithe bridegroom, methinks!" said I, as my eye rested on the tall and usually jolly young farmer, musing disconsolately in his cattle-yard over what appeared to be the body of a dead cow. He started on seeing the minister, as if ashamed of his sorrow or its

cause, and came forward to meet us, struggling to adapt his countenance a little better to his circumstances. "Well, Peter!" said the minister, frankly extending his hand, "and so I am to wish you joy! I thought when I gave you your name, five-and-twenty years ago, if it pleased God to spare me, to have given you your helpmate also; but what signifies it by whom the knot is tied, if true love and the blessing of God go with it? Nay, never hang your head, Peter; but tell me, before we beat up the young gude-wife's quarters, what you were leaning over so wae-like when we rode forward."

"Odd, sir!" cried Peter, reddening up, "it wasna the value o' the beast, though she was the best cow in my mother's byre; but the way I lost her, that pat me a wee out o' tune. My Jessie (for I maunna ca' her gudewife, it seems, nor mistress neither,) is an ill guide o' kye, ay, and what's waur, o' lasses. We had a tea-drinking last night, nae doubt, as new-married folk should; and what for no?—I'se warrant my mither had them too in her daft days. But she didna keep the house asteer the hail night wi' fiddles and dancin', and it neither new-year nor handels-Mononday, nor she didna lie in her bed till aught or nine o'clock, as my Jess does, na, nor yet——"

"But what has all this to do with the loss of your cow, Peter?"

"Ower muckle, sir, ower muckle. The lasses and lads liket reels as weel as their mistress, and whisky a hantle better. They a' sleepit in, and mysel among the lave. Nae mortal ever lookit the airt that puir Blue Bell was in, and her at the very calving; and this morning, when the byre-door was opened, she was lying stiff and stark, wi' a dead calf beside her. It's no the cow, sir, (though it was but the last market I had the offer o' fifteen pund for her,) it's the thought that she was sae sair forworded amang me, and my Jess, and her tawpies o' lasses."

"Come, come, Peter," said the good minister, "you seem to have been as much to blame as the rest; and as for your young town bride, she maun creep, as the auld wives say, before she can gang. Country thrift can no more be learnt in a day than town breeding; and of that your wife, they say, has her share."

"Ower muckle may be," was the

half-muttered reply, as he marshalled us into the house. The *ben* end of the old-fashioned farm-house, which, during the primitive sway of Peter's mother, had exhibited the usual decorations of an *amrie*, a clock, and a pair of press-beds, with a clean swept ingle, and carefully sanded floor, had undergone a metamorphosis not less violent than some of Ovid's or Harlequin's. The *amrie* had given place to a satin-wood work-table, the clock to a mirror, and the press-beds (whose removal no one could regret) to that object of Hannah's direst vituperations, the piano-forte; while the fireplace revelled in all the summer luxury of elaborately twisted shavings, and the once sanded floor was covered with an already soiled and faded carpet, to whose delicate colours, Peter, fresh from the clay furrows, and his two sheep-dogs dripping from the pond, had nearly proved equally fatal.

In this sanctum sanctorum sat the really pretty bride, in all the dignity of outraged feeling which ignorance of life, and a lavish perusal of romances could inspire, on witnessing the first cloud on her usually good-natured husband's brow. She hastily cleared up her ruffled looks, gave the minister a cordial, though somewhat affected welcome, and dropped me a curtsey which twenty years' rustication enabled me very inadequately to return.

The good pastor bent on this new lamb of his fold a benignant yet searching glance, and seemed watching where, amid the fluent small talk which succeeded, he might edge in a word of playful yet serious import to the happiness of the youthful pair. The bride was stretching forth her hand with all the dignity of her new station, to ring the bell for cake and wine, when Peter, (whose spleen was evidently waiting for a vent,) hastily starting up, cried out, "Mistress! if ye're ower grand to serve the minister yourself, there's ane 'll be proud to do it. There shall nae quean fill a glass for him in this house while it ca's me master. My mither wad hae served him on her bended knees, gin he wad hae let her; and ye think it ower muckle to bring ben the bridal bread to him! Oh, Jess, Jess! I canna awa' wi' your town ways and town airs!"

The bride coloured and pouted; but

there gathered a [ and the pastor hailed it as an earnest of future concession. He took her hand kindly, and put it into Peter's not reluctant one.—" 'Spring showers make May flowers,' my dear lassie, says the old proverb, and I trust out o' these little clouds will spring your future happiness. You, Jessy, have chosen an honest, worthy, kind-hearted, country husband, whose love will be well worth the sacrifice of a few second-hand graces—And you, Peter, have taken for better and for worse, a lassie, in whose eye, in spite of foreign airs, I read a heart to be won by kindness. Bear, and forbear, my dear bairns—let each be apter to yield than the other to exact. You are both travelling to a better country—'See that ye fall not out by the way.'"

The bride by this time was sobbing, and Peter's stout heart evidently softened. So leaving the pair to seal their reconciliation in this favourable mood, the good minister and I mounted our horses, and rode off without farther parley.

We were just turning the corner of the loan to regain the high road, when a woman from a cottage in an adjoining field, came running to intercept us. There was in her look a wildness bordering on distraction, but it was evidently of no painful kind. She seemed like one not recovered from the first shock of some delightful surprise, too much for the frail fabric of mortality to bear without tottering to its very foundations. The minister checked his horse, whose bridle she grasped convulsively, panting partly from fatigue, and more from emotion, endeavouring, but vainly, to give utterance to the tidings with which her bosom laboured. Twice she looked up, shook her head, and was silent; then with a strong effort faltered out, "He's come back!—the Lord be praised for it!"—

"Who is come back, Jenny?" said the pastor, in the deepest tone of sympathy,— "Is it little Andrew, ye mean?"

"Andrew!!!" echoed the matron, with an expression of contempt, which at any other time this favourite grandchild would have been very far from calling forth,— "Andrew!!! Andrew's father, I mean my ain first-born son, Jamie, that I wore mournings for till they would wear nae langer. and

thought lying fifty fathoms down in solid ice, in yon wild place Greenland, or torn to pieces wi' savage bears, like the mocking bairns in Scripture—He's yonder!" said she, wildly pointing to the house; "he's yonder living, and living like; and o' gin ye wad come, and maybe speak a word in season to us, we might be better able to praise the Lord, as is his due."

We turned our horses' heads, and followed her, as she ran, or rather flew, towards the cottage with the instinct of some animal long separated from its offspring. The little boy before mentioned, ran out to hold our horses, and whispered as the minister stooped to stroke his head, "Daddy's come hame frae the sea."

The scene within the cottage baffles description. The old mother, exhausted with her exertion, had sunk down beside her son, on the edge of the bed on which he was sitting, where his blind and bed-ridden father lay, and clasped his withered hands in speechless prayer. His lips continued to move, unconscious of our presence, and ever and anon he stretched forth a feeble arm to ascertain the actual vicinity of his long-mourned son. On a low stool, before the once gay and handsome, but now frost-nipt and hunger-worn mariner, sat his young wife, her hand firmly clasped in his, her fixed eye riveted on his countenance, giving no other sign of life than a convulsive pressure of the former, or a big drop descending unwiped from the latter; while her unemployed hand was plucking quite mechanically the badge of widowhood from her duffle cloak, which (having just reached home as her husband knocked at his father's door) was yet lying across her knee.

The poor sailor gazed on all around him with somewhat of a bewildered air, but most of all upon a rosy creature between his knees, of about a year and half old, born just after his departure, and who had only learned the sad word "Daddy," from the childish prattle of his older brother Andrew, and his sisters. Of these, one had been summoned, wild and barelegged, from the herding, the other meek and modest from the village school. The former, idle and intractable, half shrunk in fear of her returned parent's well-remembered strictness; the other, too young not to have

forgotten his person, only wondered whether this was the Father in Heaven, of whom she had heard so often. She did not think it could be so, for there was no grief or trouble there, and this father looked as if he had seen much of both.

Such was the group to whose emotions, almost too much for human nature, our entrance gave a turn.—"Jamie," said the good pastor, (gently pressing the still united hands of the mariner, and his faithful Annie,) "You are welcome back from the gates of death and the perils of the deep. Well is it said, that they who go down to the sea in ships see more of the wonders of the Lord than other men; but it was not from storm and tempests alone that you have been delivered—cold and famine, want and nakedness,—wild beasts to devour, and darkness to dismay,—these have been around your dreary path—but He that was with you, was mightier than all that were against you; and you are returned a living man to tell the wondrous tale. Let us praise the Lord, my friends, for his goodness, and his wonderful works to the children of men."—We all knelt down and joined in the brief but fervent prayer that followed. The stranger's heartfelt sigh of sympathy mingled with the pastor's pious orisons, with the feeble accents of decrepitude, the lisp of wondering childhood, the soul-felt piety of rescued manhood, and the deep, unutterable gratitude of a wife and mother's heart!

For such high-wrought emotions prayer is the only adequate channel. They found vent in it, and were calmed and subdued to the level of ordinary intercourse. The minister kindly addressed Jamie, and drew forth, by his judicious questions, the leading features of that marvellous history of peril and privations, endured by the crew of a Greenland ship detained a winter on the ice, with which all are now familiar, but of which a Parry or a Franklin can perhaps alone appreciate the horrors. They were related with a simplicity that did them ample justice.

"I never despaired, sir," said the hardy Scotsman; "we were young and stout. Providence, aye when at the worst, did us some gude turn, and this kept up our hearts. We had mostly a' wivcs or mithers at hame,



and ken't that prayers wadna be wanting for our safety; and little as men may think o' them on land, or even at sea on a prosperous voyage,—a winter at the Pole makes prayers precious. We had little to do but sleep; and oh, the nights were lang! I was aye a great dreamer; and, ye maunna be angry, sir, (to the minister) the seeing Annie and the bairns amaisit ilka time I lay down, and aye braw and buskit, did mair to keep up my hopes than a' the rest. I never could see wee Jamie, though," said he, smiling, and kissing the child on his knee; "I saw a cradle weel enough, but the face o' the bit creature in't I never could mak' out, and it vexed me; for whiles I thought my babe was dead, and whiles I feared it had never been born; but God be praised he's here, and no that unlike mysell, neither."

"Annie!" said the minister, gently loosening her renewed grasp of Jamie's hand, "you are forgetting your duty as a gudewife—we maun drink to Jamie's health and happiness ere we go—we'll steal a glass or two out of old Andrew's cordial bottle; a drop of this day's joy will be better to him than it a'."

"Atweel, that's true," said the old father, with a distinctness of utterance, and acuteness of hearing, he had not manifested for many months. The bottle was brought, the health of the day went round; I shook the weather-beaten sailor warmly by the hand, and begging leave to come and hear more of his story at a fitter season, followed the minister to the door.

"Andrew," said he, giving the little patient querrier a bright new sixpence; "tell your daddy I gave you this for being a dutiful son to your mother when he was at the sea." The child's eye glistened as he ran in to execute the welcome command, and we rode off, our hearts too full for much communication.

The day was advancing. These two scenes had encroached deeply on the privileged hours for visiting, and the minister, partly to turn the account of our thoughts into a less agitating channel, partly to balance the delights of the last hour with their due counterpoise of alloy, suggested the propriety of going next to pay at the house of his patron, the laird of the parish, the visit of duty and ceremo-

mony, which has late return, and a domestic affliction in the family, rendered indispensable. There were reasons which made my going equally proper and disagreeable; and formal calls being among the many evils which are lightened by participation, I gladly availed myself of the shelter of the minister's name and company.

Mr Morison, of Castle Morison, was one of those spoiled children of fortune, whom in her cruel kindness she renders miserable. He had never known contradiction, and a straw across his path made him chafe like a resisted torrent; he had never known sorrow, and was, consequently, but half acquainted with joy; he was a stranger to compassion, and, consequently, himself an object of pity to all who could allow for the force of early education in searing and hardening the human heart. He had, as a boy, made his mother tremble; it is little to be wondered that in manhood he was the tyrant of his wife and children. Mrs Morison's spirit, originally gentle, was soon broken, and if her heart was not equally so, it was because she learned reluctantly to despise her tyrant, and found compensation in the double portion of affection bestowed on her by her son and daughters. For the latter, Mr Morison manifested only contempt. There was not a horse in his stable, nor a dog in his kennel, which did not engross more of his attention; but like the foxes and hares which it was the business of these favourite animals to hunt down, girls could be made to afford no bad sport in a rainy day. It was no wonder, that with them fear usurped the place of reverence for such a parent. If they did not hate him, they were indebted to their mother's piety and their own sweet dispositions; and if they neither hated nor envied their only brother, it was not the fault of him, who, by injudicious distinctions and blind indulgence, laid the foundation for envy and all uncharitableness in their youthful bosoms. In that of his favourite they had the usual effect of generating self-will and rebellion; and while Jane and Agnes, well knowing nothing they did would be thought right, rarely erred from the path of duty, Edmund, aware that he could

scarce do wrong, took care his privileges should not rust for want of exercise.

But though suffered in all minor matters to follow the dictates of caprice, to laugh at his tutor, lame the horse, and break rules (to all others those of the Medes and Persians) with impunity, he found himself suddenly reined up in his headlong career by an equally capricious parent, precisely at the period when restraint was nearly forgotten, and peculiarly irksome. It was tacitly agreed by both parties, that the heir of Castle Morison could only go into the army; but while the Guards, or a dragoon regiment, was the natural enough ambition of Edmund, Morison was suddenly seized with a fit of contradiction, which he chose to style economy, and talked of a marching regiment, with perhaps an extra L.100 per annum to the undoubted heir of nearly ten thousand a-year. Neither would yield—the one had taught, the other learned, stubbornness; and Edmund, backed by the sympathy of the world, and the clamours of his companions, told his father he had changed his mind, and was going to India with a near relation, about to proceed to Bombay in a high official character.

Morison had a peculiar prejudice against the East, and a personal pique towards the cousin to whose patronage Edmund had betaken himself. His rage was as boundless as his former partiality, and the only consolation his poor wife felt when her darling son left his father's house, alike impenitent and unblessed, was, that her boy's disposition was originally good, and would probably recover the ascendant; and that it was out of the power of her husband to make his son a beggar as well as an exile. The estate was strictly entailed, and the knowledge of this, while it embittered Morison's sense of his son's disobedience, no doubt strengthened the feeling of independence so natural to headstrong youth.

While Morison was perverting legal ingenuity, in vain hopes of being able to disinherit his refractory heir, his unnatural schemes were anticipated by a mightier agent. An epidemic fever carried off in one short month, (about two years after his quitting England,) the unreconciled,

but no longer unconciliatory exile, and his young and beautiful bride, the daughter of his patron, his union with whom had been construed, by the causeless antipathy of his father, into a fresh cause of indignation. Death, whose cold hand loosens this world's grasp, and whose deep voice stills this world's strife, only tightens the bonds of nature, and teaches the stormiest spirits to part *in peace*. Edmund lived to write to his father a few lines of undissembled and unconditional penitence; to own, that if the path of duty had been rugged, he had in vain sought happiness beyond it, and to entreat that the place he had forfeited in his father's favour might be transferred to his unoffending child.

All this had been conveyed to Mr Menteith and myself by the voice of rumour some days before, and we had been more shocked than surprised to learn that Morison's resentment had survived its object, and that he disclaimed all intention of ever seeing or receiving the infant boy who, it was gall to him to reflect, must inherit his estate. Mrs Morison had exerted, to soften his hard heart, all the little influence she ever possessed. Her tender soul yearned towards her Edmund's child; and sometimes the thought of seeking a separation, and devoting herself to rear it, crossed her despairing mind. But her daughters were a tie still more powerful to her unhappy home. She could neither leave them, unprotected, to its discomforts, nor conscientiously advise their desertion of a parent, however unworthy; so she wandered, a paler and sadder inmate than before of her cold and stately mansion; and her fair, subdued-looking daughters shuddered as they passed the long-locked doors of their brother's nursery and school-room.

The accounts of young Morison's death had arrived since the good pastor's departure, and it was with feelings of equal sympathy towards the female part of the family, and sorrow for the unchristian frame of its head, that he prepared for our present visit. As we rode up the old strait avenue, I perceived a post-chaise at the door, and instead of shrinking from this probable accession of strangers, felt that any addition to the usually con-

strained and gloomy family-circle, must be a relief. On reaching the door, we were struck with a very unusual appendage to the dusty and travel-stained vehicle, in the shape of an ancient, venerable-looking Asiatic, in the dress of his country, beneath whose ample muslin folds he might easily have been mistaken for an old female nurse, a character which, in all its skill and tenderness, was amply sustained by this faithful and attached Oriental. His broken English, and passionate gestures, excited our attention, already awakened by the singularity of his costume and appearance; and as we got close to him, the big tears which rolled over his sallow and furrowed cheeks, powerfully called forth our sympathy, and told, better than words, his forcible exclusion from the splendid mansion which had reluctantly admitted within its precincts the child dearer to him than country and kindred!

Our visit (had it borne less of a pastoral character) had all the appearance of being very ill timed. There were servants running to and fro in the hall, and loud voices in the dining-room; and, from a little parlour on one side the front door, usual female sobs, mingled with infant wailings in an unknown dialect.

"Thank God!" whispered the minister, "the bairn is fairly in the house. Providence and nature will surely do the rest."

It was not a time to intrude abruptly, so we sent in our names to Mr Morison, and during our pretty long detention on horseback, could not avoid seeing in at the open window of the parlour before-mentioned, a scene which it grieved us to think was only witnessed by ourselves.

Mrs Morison was sitting in a chair, (on which she had evidently sunk down powerless,) with her son's orphan boy on her knee, the bright dark eyes of the little wild unearthly-looking creature fixed in stedfast gaze on her pale matronly countenance. "No cry, *Mama Englise*," said the child, as his big tears rolled unheeded on his bosom—"Billy Edmund will be welly wally good." His youngest aunt, whose keen and long-repressed feelings found vent in sobs of mingled joy and agony, was covering his little hands with showers of kisses, while the elder (his father's favourite sister,) was compa-

ring behind him the rich dark locks that clustered in his neck, with the locket which, since Edmund's departure, had dwelt next her heart.

A message from the laird summoned us from this affecting sight, and, amid the pathetic intreaties of the old Oriental, that we would restore his nursing, we proceeded to the dining-room, made aware of our approach to it by the still-storming, though half-suppressed imprecations of its hard-hearted master. He was pacing in stern and moody agitation through the spacious apartment. His welcome was evidently extorted, and his face (to use a strong Scripture expression) set as a flint against the voice of remonstrance and exhortation, for which he was evidently prepared. My skilful coadjutor went quite another way to work. "Mr Morison," said he, apparently unconscious of the poor man's pitiable state of mind, "I came to condole, but I find it is my lot to congratulate. The Lord hath taken away with the one hand, but it has been to give with the other. His blessing be with you and your son's son, whom he hath sent to be the staff and comfort of your age!" This was said with his usual benign frankness, and the hard heart, which would have silenced admonition and scornful reproof, scarce knew how to repulse the voice of Christian congratulation. He walked about, muttering to himself—"No son of mine—bad breed! Let him go to those who taught his father disobedience, and his mother artifice!—anywhere they please; there is no room for him here."

"Have you seen your grandchild yet, Mr Morison?" resumed the minister, nothing daunted by the continued obduracy of the proud laird. "Let me have the joy of putting him into your arms. You must expect to be a good deal overcome; sweet little fellow, there is a strong likeness!"—A shudder passed across the father's hard frame, and he recoiled as from an adder, when worthy Mr Monteith, gently grasping his arm, sought to draw him, still sullen, though more faintly resisting, towards the other room. A shrill cry of infant agony rose from the parlour as we crossed the hall, and Nature never perhaps exhibited a stronger contrast than presented itself between the cruel old man, struggling to escape from the presence of his grandchild, and the

faithful ancient domestic shrieking wildly to be admitted into it.

As I threw open the door for the entrance of the former, little Edmund, whose infant promises of good behaviour had soon given way before the continued society of strangers, was stamping in all the impotence of baby rage, (and in this unhallowed mood too faithful a miniature of both father and grandfather,) and calling loudly for the old Oriental. With the first glance at the door his exclamations redoubled. We began to fear the worst effect from this abrupt introduction; but no sooner had the beautiful boy (beautiful even in passion) cast a second bewildered glance on his still erect and handsome grandfather, than, clapping his little hands, and calling out, "My Bombay Papa!" he flew into his arms!

The servants, concluding the interdict removed by their master's entrance into the apartment, had ceased to obstruct the efforts of the old Hindoo to fly to his precious charge; and while the astonished and fairly overwhelmed Morison's neck was encircled by the infant grasp of his son's orphan boy, his knees were suddenly embraced by that son's devoted and grey-haired domestic.

One arm of little Edmund was instantly loosened from his grandfather's shoulder, and passed round the neck of the faithful old Oriental, who kissed alternately the little cherub hand of his nursling, and the hitherto iron one of the proud laird. It softened, and the hard heart with it! It was long since love, pure unsophisticated love, and spontaneous reverence, had been Morison's portion, and they were proportionally sweet. He buried his face in his grandson's clustering ringlets. We heard a groan deep as when rocks are rending, and the earth heaves with long pent-up fires. It was wildly mingling with childish laughter and hysteric bursts of female tenderness, as stealing cautiously and unheeded from the spot, we mounted our horses and rode away.

"God be praised!" said the minister, with a deep-drawn sigh, when, emerging from the gloomy avenue, we regained the cheerful beaten track. "This has been a day of strange dispensations, Mr Francis—we have seen much together to make us wonder at the ways of Providence, to soften, and

I hope improve our hearts. But, after such solemn scenes, mine, and yours I doubt not, also requires something to cheer and lighten it; and I am bound where, if the sight of virtuous happiness can do it, I am sure to succeed. Do let me persuade you to be my companion a little longer, and close this day's visitation at the humble board of, I'll venture to say, the happiest couple in Scotland. I am engaged to christen the first-born of honest Willie Mel-drum and his bonny Helen, and to dine, of course, after the ceremony. Mrs Monteith and the bairns will be there to meet me; and, as my friend, you'll be welcome as the flower in May."

After some slight scruples about intruding on this scene of domestic enjoyment, easily overruled by the hearty assurances of the divine, and my own natural relish for humble life, we marched towards the farm-house of Blinkbonnie; and during our short ride, the minister gave me, in a few words, the history of its inmates.

"I don't know, Mr Francis, if you remember a bonny orphan lassie, called Helen Ormiston, whom my wife took, some years back, into the family, to assist her in the care of the bairns. Helen was come of no ungentle kin; but poverty had sat down heavily on her father and mother, and sunk them into an early grave; and it was a God-send to poor Helen to get service in a house where poverty would be held no reproach to her. If ye ever saw the creature, ye wadna easily forget her. Many bonnier, blither lasses are to be seen daily; but such a look of settled serenity and downcast modesty, ye might go far to find. It quite won my wife's heart and mine, and more hearts than ours, as I shall tell you presently. As for the bairns, they just doated on Helen, and she on them; and my poor youngest, that is now with God, during all her long long decline, was little, if ever, off her knee. No wonder then that Helen grew pale and thin, ate little, and slept less. I first set it down to anxiety, and, when the innocent bairn was released, to grief; and from these no doubt it partly arose. But when all was over, and when weeks had passed away—when even my poor wife dried her mother's tears, and I could say, 'God's will be done,' still Helen grew paler and thinner, and refused to be

comforted ; so I saw there was more in it than appeared, and I bade her open her heart to me ; and open it she did, with a flood of tears that would have melted a stone.

" ' Sir,' said she, ' I maun go away. I think it will kill me to leave you and Mrs Monteith, and the dear bairns in the nursery, and wec Jeanie's grave in the kirk-yard ; but stay I canna, and I will tell you why. It is months, ay, amaist years, since Willie Meldrum, auld Blinkbonnie's son, fell in fancy wi' me, and a sair sair heart I may say I have had ever sinesyne. His auld hard father, they tell me, swears (wi' sic oaths as wad gar ye grow to hear them) that he will cut him off wi' a shilling if ever he thinks of me ; and oh ! it wad be a puir return for the lad's kindness to do him sic an ill turn ! So I maun awa out of the country, till the auld man dies, or Willie taks a wife to his mind ; for I've seen ower muckle o' poverty, Mr Monteith, to be the cause o't to ony man, though I whiles think it wad be naething to me, that's sae weel used till't mysell."

" ' Helen,' said I, ' when did Willie Meldrum find opportunities to gain your heart ? I never saw him in the house in my life."

" ' Oh, sir !' said she, ' gin I could hae bidden in the house, he wad never hae seen me either ; but I was forced to walk out wi' the bairns, and there was nae place sae quiet and out o' the gate, but Willie was sure to find me out. If I gaed down the burn, Willie was aye fishing ; if I gaed up the loan, there was aye something to be dune about the kye. At the kirk door, Willie was aye at hand to spier for your honour, and gie the bairns posies ; and after our sair distress, when I was little out for mony a day, I couldna slip out ae moonlight night, to sit a moment upon Jeanie's grave, but Willie was there like a ghaist aside me, and made my very heart loup to my mouth !—"

" ' And do you return his good will, Helen ?' said I gravely.

" ' Oh, sir,' said the poor thing, trembling, ' I dare na tell you a lie. I tried to be as proud, and as shy as a lassie should be to ane abune her deegree, and that might do sae muckle better, puir fallow ! I tried to look anither gate when I saw him, and mak' mysell deaf when he spoke o' his

love ; but oh ! his words were sae true and kindly, that I doubt mine were nae aye sae short and saucy as they suld hae been. It's hard for a tocherless, fatherless lassie, to be cauldride to the lad that wad tak' her to his heart and hame ; but oh ! it wad be harder still, if she was to requite him wi' a father's curse ! It's ill eneuch to hae nae parents o' my ain, without makin' mischief wi' ither folk's. The auld man gets dourer and dourer ilka day, and the young ane dafter and dafter—sae ye maun just send me aff the country to some decent service, till Willie's a free man or a bridegroom."

" ' My dear Helen,' said I, ' you are a good upright girl, and I will forward your honest intentions. If it be God's will that Willie and you come together, the hearts of men are in His hand. If otherwise, yours will never at least reproach you with bringing ruin on your lover's head."

" So I sent Helen, Mr Francis, to my brother's in the south country, where she proved as great a blessing, and as chief a favourite as she had been with us. I saw her some months afterwards ; and though her bloom had not returned, she was tranquil and contented, as one who has cast her lot into the lap of Heaven.

" Well, to make a long story short, Willie, though he was unreasonable enough, good, worthy lad as he is, to take in dudgeon Helen's going away, (though he might have guessed it was all for his good, was too proud, or too constant, to say he would give her up, or bind himself never to marry her, as his father insisted. So the old man, one day, after a violent altercation, made his will, and left all his hard-won siller to a rich brother in Liverpool, who neither wanted nor deserved it. Willie, upon this quarrel, had left home very unhappy, and stayed away some time, and during his absence, old Blinkbonnie was taken extremely ill. When he thought himself dying, he sent for me, (I had twice called in vain before,) and you may be sure I did my best, not to let him depart in so unchristian a frame towards his only child. I did not deny his right to advise his son in the choice of a wife ; but I told him he might search the world before he found one more desirable than Helen, whose beauty and sense would secure his son's steadiness, and her frugality and

sobriety double his substance. I told him how she had turned a deaf ear to all his son's proposals of a clandestine marriage, and made herself the sacrifice to his own unjust and groundless prejudices. Dying men are generally open to conviction; and I got a fresh will made in favour of his son, with a full consent to his marriage honourably inserted among its provisions. This he deposited with me, feeling no great confidence in the lawyer who had made his previous settlement, and desired me to produce it when he was gone.

"It so happened, that I was called away to a distance before his decease, and did not return till some days after the funeral. Willie had flown home on hearing of his father's danger, and had the comfort to find him completely softened, and to receive from his nearly speechless parent, many a silent demonstration of returned affection. It was, therefore, a doubly severe shock to him, on opening the *first* will, (the only one forthcoming in my absence,) to find himself cut off from everything, except the joint lease of the farm, and instead of five thousand pounds, not worth a shilling in the world. His first exclamation, I was told, was, 'It's hard to get baith scorn and skaith—to lose poor Helen and the gear baith. If I had lost it for her, they might hae ta'en it that liket!'

"About a week after, I came home and found on my table a letter from Helen. She had heard of Willie's misfortune, and in a way the most modest and engaging, expressed herself ready, if I thought it would still be acceptable, to share his poverty and toil with him through life. 'I am weel used to work,' said she, 'and, but for you, wad hae been weel used to want. If Willie will let me bear a share o' his burden, I trust in God we may wrastle through thegither; and, to tell you the truth,' added she, with her usual honesty, 'I wad rather things were ordered as they are, than that Willie's wealth should shame my poverty.'

"I put this letter in one pocket, and his father's will in the other, and walked over to Blinkbonnie. Willie was working with the manly resolution of one who has no other resource. I told him I was glad to see him so little cast down.

"Sir," said he, "I'll na say but I  
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am vexed that my father gaed to his grave wi' a grudge against me, the mair sae, as when he squeezed my hand on his death-bed I thought a' was forgotten. But siller is but warld's gear, and I could thole the want o't, an it had nae been for Helen Ormiston, that I hoped to hae gotten, to share it wi' me. She may sune do better now, wi' that bonny face and kind heart o' hers!"

"It is indeed a kind heart, Willie," answered I; "if ever I doubted it, this would have put me to shame."—So saying, I reached him the letter, and O that Helen could have seen the flush of grateful surprise that crossed his manly brow as he read it! It passed away, though, quickly, and he said, with a sigh, "Very kind, Mr Monteith, and very like hersell; but I canna take advantage o' an auld gude will, now that I canna reward it as it deserves."

"And what if ye could, Willie?" said I, "as far, at least, as worldly wealth can requite true affection." "There is your father's will, made when it pleased God to touch his heart, and you are as rich a man as you were when Helen Ormiston first refused to make you a beggar."

"Willie was not insensible to this happy change in his prospects; but his kind heart was chiefly soothed by his father's altered feelings; and at the honourable mention of Helen's name, he fairly began to grieve.

"The sequel is easily told; but I think the jaunt I made to Tweeddale, with Willie, to bring back Helen Ormiston in triumph, was the proudest journey of my life.

"A year ago I married them at the Manse, amid much joy, but abundance of tears in the nursery. To-day, when, according to an old promise, I am to christen my name-son Charlie, I expect to be fairly deaved with the clamorous rejoicings of my young fry, who, I verily believe, have not slept this week for thinking of it. But, (pulling out his watch,) "it is near four o'clock! sad quality hour for Blinkbonnie! The hot-potch will be turned into porridge, and the how-towdies burnt to sticks, if we don't make haste!"

I wish, my dear reader, you could see the farm of Blinkbonnie, lying, as it does, on a gently sloping bank, sheltered from the north by a wood of

crag, or knoll, flanked upon the east by a group of venerable ashes, enlivened and perfumed on the west by a gay luxuriant garden, and open on the south to such a sea-view, as none but dwellers on the Frith of Forth have any idea of. Last Saturday, it was the very beau idéal of rural comfort and serenity. The old trees were reposing, after a course of somewhat boisterous weather, in all the dignity and silence of years. The crows, their usual inhabitants, having gone on their Highland excursion, those fantastic interlopers, Helen's peacocks, (a present from the children at the Manse,) were already preparing for their *siesta* on the topmost boughs. Beneath the spreading branches the cows were dreaming delightfully, in sweet oblivion of the heats of noon. In an adjoining paddock, graceful foals, and awkward calves, indulged in their rival gambols; while shrieks of joy from behind the garden hedge, told these were not the only happy young things in creation.

We deposited our horses in a stable, to whose comforts they bore testimony by an approving neigh, and made our way by a narrow path, bordered with sweet-brier and woodbine, to the front of the house. Its tall, good-looking young master came hastily to meet us, and I would not have given his blushing welcome, and the bashful scrape that accompanied it, for all the most elaborate courtesies of Chesterfield.

No sooner were our footsteps heard approaching, than out poured the minister's whole family from the little honeysuckled porch, with glowing faces and tangled hair, and frocks, probably white some hours before, but which now claimed affinity with every bush in the garden.

Mrs Monteith gently joined in the chorus of reproaches to papa for being so late; but the look with which she was answered seemed to satisfy her, as it usually did, that he could not be in fault. We were then ushered into the parlour, whose substantial comforts, and exquisite consistency, spoke volumes in favour of its mistress. Opulence might be traced in the excellent quality of the homely furniture—in the liberal display of antique china, (particularly the choice and curious christening-bowl,)—but there was nothing incongruous, nothing out of keeping, nothing to make

you for a moment mistake this first-rate farm-house parlour for a clumsy, ill-fancied drawing room. A few pots of roses, a few shelves of books, bore testimony to Helen's taste and education; but there were neither exotics nor romances in the collection; and the piece of furniture evidently dearest in her eyes was the cradle, in which reposed, amid all the din of this joyous occasion, the yet unchristened hero of the day. It is time to speak of Helen herself, and she was just what, from her story, I knew she must be. The actors, in some striking drama of human life, often disappoint us by their utter dissimilitude to the pictures of our mind's eye, but Helen was precisely the perfection of a gentle, modest, self-possessed Scottish lassie, the mind, in short, of Jeanie Deans, with the personal advantages of poor Effie. Her dress was as suitable as anything else. Her gown, white as snow, and her cap of the nicest materials, were neither of them on the pattern of my lady's; but they had a matronly grace of their own, worth a thousand second-hand fashions; and when Helen, having awakened her first-born, delivered him, with sweet maternal solicitude, into the outstretched arms of the minister's proud and favoured youngest girl, I thought I never saw a picture worthier the pencil of Coreggio. It was completed, when, bending in all the graceful awkwardness of a novice over the group, Willie received his boy into his arms, and vowed before his pastor and his God to discharge a parent's duty, while a parent's transport sparkled in his eyes!

I have sat, as Shakspeare says, "at good men's feasts ere now"—have ate turtle at the lord mayor's, and venison at peers' tables, and *soufflés* at diplomatic dinners—I have ate sturgeon at St Petersburg, and mullet at Naples, mutton in Wales, and grouse in the Highlands, roast beef with John Bull, and *volauxvents* at Beauvilliers', but I have no hesitation in saying, that the hotch-potch and how-towdies of Blinkbonnie out-herod them all. How far the happy human faces of all ages round the table contributed to enhance the *gusto*, I do not pretend to decide; but I can tell Mr Véry, that, among all his *consommés*, there is nothing like a judicious mixture of youth and beauty, with manliness, integrity, and virtue!

## CHAPTERS ON CHURCHYARDS.

## CHAPTER XII.

*Broad Summerford.—Part III.*

I do believe, continued the faithful historian, that in the whole course of her life, Mrs Helen Scale had never conceived (much less indulged) but one *purely* selfish wish. That one, however, was so earnest, that inasmuch as was consistent with the most unreserved submission to the will of Providence, she made it her humble and frequent prayer, that it might please God to take her to himself, before her beloved brother was called to rest from his labours. It was a natural—*almost* a blameless wish. The shrinking of a tender and timid spirit, from the prospect of being left to solitary decay, under the burden of accumulating infirmities; and the fond, though perhaps *irrational* desire, that the earthly remains of her beloved companion and her own, might mingle together in the same grave.

She was well aware, that if Mr Scale departed first, the poor remnant of her days must find an asylum far from Summerford; and it was her maxim (adapted to the subject of interment) that, “where the tree falls, there it *should* lie.” So she earnestly prayed to God to take *her* first, if it was his good pleasure to do so.

And Mr Scale, with like perfect submission to the Divine will, whatever its decree, made it his prayer also, that his beloved companion might be taken first. Oh! how affecting was that wish—how beautifully disinterested! But he reflected truly, that it mattered little how dark—how cheerless—how companionless (humanly speaking) might be the last mile of a long journey, provided the lights of Home are fixedly in view, and the traveller confidently expects to find there, already safe in harbour, the beloved ones who have outstripped him on the way.

But to leave *one* behind—one dear desolate Being, infirm and helpless, to tread alone that last dreary portion of life’s pilgrimage! It was a momentary pang, repressed as soon as felt; but *that* thought entered like iron into the brother’s soul, as sometimes, while apparently absorbed in his book, he gazed with moistened eyes, from un-

der his overshadowing hand, on the gentle fragile creature whom he had cherished and protected for so many years, with a love “passing the love of woman.” At such moments his mental ejaculation was—“Take *her* first, oh God! if it seem good unto thee.” The brother and sister were not ignorant of their mutual wish. They had no secrets for each other—no reservation of false tenderness—no mistaken averseness to talk together freely and frequently of their approaching earthly separation. But that was only spoken of with serious brevity, with interchanged looks, and clasping hands, expressive of mutual encouragement; and then they discoursed, long—fully—fondly, almost rapturously, of their sure and certain reunion in that Good Land, where there shall be no more tears—no more parting—no more sin—no more sorrow.

But though the prayer of the righteous doth most assuredly ascend up into Heaven, and find favour with his Maker, it followeth not, therefore, that the All Wise, who judgeth not as man judgeth, may see fit to *grant* the petition. He often grants in wrath, and denies in mercy—contents the unreasonable, or perverse, or impious wish, and disappoints the blameless and humble desire of the pure and pious heart. To the eye of faith, His ways are sufficiently justified, even in *this* world; and at the consummation of all things, we shall understand, as well as acknowledge, their infinite perfection.

It was *not* the good pleasure of their heavenly Father, that the aged Pair at Summerford Rectory, should depart thence to their better habitation, in the order that might have seemed happiest for them, to human judgment. The gentlest, the weakest, the most infirm, the most helpless, was left behind, to superficial observation, alone and desolate. The beloved brother, the tender companion, the faithful comforter, the life-long friend, was called first to his reward; and when the hour of parting *actually* arrived, both felt—the departing Christian; and she who had so little while to tar-



ry after him—that a strong arm was around them in their trial, and that it was indeed a matter of small moment, which first overstepped the threshold of eternity. There were after moments in store for the bereaved survivor (and she knew it well) of natural weakness—of inexpressible anguish—of conscious desolation; but the anticipation of those troubled not the almost divine composure which irradiated her meek countenance, as she partook with her expiring brother of those consecrated elements, which she had so often received from his own hands, at the altar of that church, wherein he had ministered so long, and so faithfully.

There was not a dry eye among the many hundred persons assembled in and about the church-yard of Broad Summerford, on the day of Mr Seale's funeral—not a dry eye throughout the whole assemblage, except those of the venerable gray-haired man immediately following the two gentlemen who attended as chief mourners. He walked quite alone—bowed down with the burden of threescore years and ten, and of a sorrow which sought no vent in outward demonstration. His hand had helped to arrange the pall over the coffin of his dead master. His arm (as the corpse was carried through the door-way) had stretched forward with cautionary gesture—for word he spake not—as if to guard the insensible burden from rude or sudden contact; and his dim eyes were never for a moment diverted from that last object of his earthly care, till it was laid in its appointed house, and the cords were withdrawn from beneath the coffin, and the earth rattled on its lid, and had covered up for ever from mortal sight, all of the departed saint

over which the grave was permitted to assert its victory. Then, as having fulfilled his office even unto the end, John Somers raised his eyes from earth to Heaven, his lips quivering with a few words of inward ejaculatory, and turning slowly from the brink of the grave—and yet pausing to look back on it, with an expression that seemed to say, "Why may I not now lie down beside my master?"—he shook his head as it declined upon his breast; and so silently acknowledging the kind but unavailing sympathy of the many who would have pressed about him with well-meant officiousness, he passed on quietly through the hushed assemblage, and laying his hand on the ready shoulder of his young grand-nephew, slowly and feebly retraced his steps towards the Rectory, and up to his own chamber, and taking his bed almost immediately he arose thence no more—till, at the end of a few weeks—having received the grateful farewell of his aged mistress—for whose service, had it been permitted, he would still have consented to live a little longer—he also was borne along the church-yard path and interred in the same grave with his revered master.

Such had been Mr Seale's testamentary request, in case his old servant (who had been long declining,) should end his days at Summerford. He also gave directions respecting the memorial stone, which should mark out the place of their joint sepulchre; and it may be seen to this day under the shade of a broad maple, which stands in the east corner of Summerford church-yard—a plain thick slab of grey marble, on which it is simply recorded, that

UNDEBNEATH  
LIETH THE BODY  
OF  
THE REV. JOHN SEALE,  
AGED 83 YEARS,  
(32 OF WHICH HE HAD BEEN MINISTER TO THAT PARISH),  
AND OF HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT,  
JOHN SOMERS,  
AGED 81 YEARS

Amidst the incessant fluctuation of human affairs, of those especially characterising the state of society in our own country, there are few circumstances more generally affecting than the departure of a widow from her husband's house. Even under the

most favourable aspect—when she departs in ease and affluence—voluntarily departs—voluntarily, at the suggestion of her own judgment, resigns the home of which she has been so long sole mistress, into the rule of a tender son, and of a daughter-in-law

scarcely less dutiful than Ruth—both of whom would fain detain her, to be, with her wisdom and her grey hairs, the crown and glory of their household:—Even under circumstances so favoured, it cannot be but that the woman most firm of purpose, *must* feel (if she had common sensibility) some natural yearning, some momentary pang, when she looks back on that abode, to which, in the prime of her youth and beauty, she was led a young and happy bride—where her children first saw the light, and grew up like olive branches about their parents' table—and going forth into the world, returned and returned again to the blessed reunion of the domestic circle—where she bore mild rule over her household, setting it the pattern of her own pure and virtuous life—where no poor man ever turned unrelieved from her gate, and no neighbour unwelcomed from her hospitable door—and where, above all, she has shared with the partner of her life their common cup of hopes and fears, of joy and sorrow, of fruition and disappointment—where they had grown gray together, encouraging one another in the down-hill way—till at last the fiat of separation came—and, with a woman's devotedness, she had received the departing breath, and closed the expiring eye—All these, and innumerable other affecting recollections, must crowd together into the widow's heart, when she looks back upon that home which she shall no more re-enter but as a temporary guest. But when her departure is *not* voluntary—when her dwelling devolves to strangers, or to distant kindred, and therefore she must leave it—or to a heartless son, who, to the prayer of “the asking eye,” answereth not “abide with us, my Mother,” and therefore she must leave it—or when (being attached to church preferment) it passeth into the hands of a new incumbent, and therefore she must leave it—(ah! how often under circumstances of accumulated distress!)—*then*, indeed, it is painful to think of the departure of a widow from her husband's house.

Never widow sustained a heavier loss by the best husband's death, than did Mrs Helen Scale by that of the best of brothers. And, by his decease, the living of Broad Summerford falling to a new rector, she had of course to provide another home for the short

residue of her earthly sojourn. The choice of that asylum was hardly left to her own free will, so pressing were the entreaties of her numerous kindred that she would take up her abode among them in her native island. I fear, indeed, that she was sorely beset on the occasion, and that when finally prevailed on to fix her residence beneath the roof of two female cousins, she rather yielded to importunity, and to what she considered a grateful sense of their desire to accommodate her, than to the secret inclinations of her own meek and affectionate heart. whose dictates, had she attended to them only, would probably have induced her to re-establish herself in England, in the vicinity of my parents, her most beloved, and, I may say, most disinterestedly attached relations. But matters were ordered otherwise. The maiden sisters obtained Mrs Helen's promise to establish herself with them, and it was furthermore decreed, that a male relation of both parties, one of Mr Scale's executors, should escort her to her new place of abode, when the affairs which were likely to detain her in England were finally arranged. In truth, the necessary delay was to her a respite; for grievous as was the void in all her home enjoyments, irreparable as was the change at the Rectory, it was still full of associations and recollections more precious to her than any social comforts the world had now to offer.

It was soon known at Summerford, that the living was already bestowed, by its young titled Patron, on a college friend of his own standing, just qualified to hold it; and rumour prepared the parishioners to expect in him a pastoral guide of very different character from that of their late venerable minister. Mr Scale's curate was, however, continued in his functions *pro tempore*, and for a few weeks nothing decisive was known of the new rector.

In as far as was compatible with the great change which had taken place in her earthly circumstances—and in spite of her approaching removal, so omnipotent is habit, that Mrs Helen had again fallen quietly into the routine of her accustomed occupations and household cares; and a superficial observer would have perceived little alteration in her deportment and person. except that the former was somewhat more subdued and serious—that her

quiet movements were more slow and feeble—and that she looked considerably more aged, partly from an increased stoop in her gait, and from the exchange of her usual attire for a still closer garb of the deepest mourning. Her soft fair hair, scarcely silvered till her brother's death, but now completely blanched, was no longer smoothed up over the roll beneath her clear lawn cap, but parted and combed straight on either side, under the broad mourning hems of a close mop; and a large black silk handkerchief, crossed over her bosom, almost concealed the under one of thick white muslin. Thus habited, Mrs Helen was one evening engaged in her store-room, superintending and assisting in the homely office, of which I have before made mention,—that of sugar-nipping. One of Mrs Betty's aprons was pinned before her own, but Mrs Betty herself had been dispatched on some errand to a distant part of the house; and the former comely *en bon point* of that faithful handmaid having amplified to a vast weight of portliness, she moved with corresponding majesty of gait, and was long absent on her five minutes' mission. It was near midsummer—not a leaf stirred in the glow of a cloudless sunset—not a domestic creature, fowl, beast, or biped, was visible about the rectory, every door and window of which were flung wide open, so that a stranger might have entered unnoticed, and found his way unimpeded into every chamber of the mansion. Suddenly wheels were heard rapidly approaching the entrance gate. Then the short pull up, and knowing check of some dashing Jehu, as he flung the reins with various charges to an attendant groom—then the clinking of spurs and the creaking of boots across the court—in the entrance hall, (for no regular summons was sounded, and no servant appeared to question the intruder)—in the parlour—along the vestibule—and at last in the very passage conducting to Mrs Helen's sacred apartment—the whole progress being accompanied by certain musical variations between a song and a whistle, and the pattering of four-footed creatures, and the admonitions of—“Down, Ponto, down, sir!” “Back, Di, back, you toad!”—apparently unheeded by the canine offenders, for in they rushed, a brace of noble pointers, into the very presence of Mrs Helen—and immediately

their noisy owner stood, in *propria persona*, on the very threshold of her sanctuary. There stood the dear old lady, not exactly

“With locks flung back, and lips apart,  
Fit monument of Grecian art;”

but certainly with “lips apart,” and slightly quivering with surprise and trepidation—her mild blue eyes, expressive of strange perplexity, the nippers in one hand, and a lump of sugar in the other; and, as I told you, Mrs Betty's apron (a checked one as it happened) pinned over her own of snowy muslin. And there stood the intruder, a handsome, good-humoured looking coxcomb, six feet high, in a pepper-and-salt frock, tight buckskins, and yellow topped boots; a most unclerical beaver rakishly set on one side,—a silver whistle dangling from his button-hole, and an eye-glass round his neck, through which he took deliberate cognizance of the apartment and its venerable occupant. The latter soon became aware, that in the phenomenon before her, she beheld the successor of her late revered brother; and before the shock and amazement incident on that discovery had anyway subsided, the young parson, evidently mistaking her for a house-keeper, or upper servant, proceeded to make very unceremonious observations and inquiries; almost immediately, however, cutting short the string of his own queries, by the still more cavalier address of,—“But that will do by-and-by—time enough to ransack the old kennel—and now I'm starving—so dispatch, old girl! D'ye hear? and get me something to eat, if you've any prog in the house.”

Mrs Helen was aware of his mistake, and neither mortified nor indignant at the unaccustomed salutation; on the contrary, when she heard this pressing appeal to her hospitality, the natural disgust excited by his unclerical appearance, gave place to her innate kindness; and anxious to supply his wants—and, if possible, with the particular sort of viand which she imagined him to have specified, she looked up in his face with grave simplicity, and very seriously inquired—“Pray, sir, what is prog?”

The question set him off in a roar of laughter, and before the fit had half subsided, Mrs Betty's entrance undeceived him as to the rank of the person he had been so jocularly ad-

dressing; and then the young man, who, though very unclerically disposed, was neither unfeeling nor ill-bred, became really confused and distressed at the recollection of his absurd behaviour, and endeavoured to atone for it by the most respectful apologies. They were very placably accepted, and a servant having been summoned to show the new rector to a sitting-room, or to his chamber—or, if it suited his convenience, to take a brief survey of the mansion to which he came, with a master's right, Mrs Helen gave directions for the preparation of such refreshments as could be served up with the least delay; and her famished guest found them so excellent in their way, that his respect for the hospitable entertainer increased with every mouthful; and it was magnified to absolute veneration by the time his repast was concluded.

A breakfast table, supplied with the finest Mocha coffee, the most perfect "green imperial," the most savoury potted meats, the richest orange marmalade, and the thickest cream he had ever regaled on, put the climax to his ecstatic admiration of the venerable hostess; and if at that moment he did not actually conceive the idea of addressing her with matrimonial proposals,—the possibility of detaining her as superintendant of his future establishment did certainly suggest itself,—“For, what could I do better?” he very rationally soliloquised; “a nice, kind, motherly old lady!—gives capital feeds!—never tasted such potted shrimps!—makes tea like an angel!—won't be much in the way—(not half so bad as a wife),—and I must have somebody.”

Very rational cogitations! but the young rector was too politic and well-bred to broach the subject abruptly to his lady-like hostess; and having informed himself of all particulars respecting her—of her high respectability and perfect independence, that knowledge, though it confirmed his desire to detain her at the rectory, made him aware that his only chance of success would be to ingratiate himself by respectful attention, and, if possible, to interest her kind feelings in his behalf, before he ventured on the grand proposal. It was by no means difficult to effect the latter object. Mrs Helen's benevolence extended itself over everything that lived and breathed; and her new inmate,

besides that he sedulously cultivated her good opinion, really possessed many amiable, and some sterling qualities. Left in his earliest infancy to the sole care of a doating widowed mother—he had been a most affectionate and dutiful son, and tender recollections of his lost parent (whose death was yet recent) made him more feelingly alive to the maternal kindness of his new acquaintance. He was by no means viciously disposed, though the world, and the world's ways, had too much influence over a heart, of which the clerical profession was not the free disinterested choice—and though it was too probable that in many and material points he would fall far short of the late rector's amiable example, he showed an early and sincere intention to emulate it in beneficence at least, and only required to be directed in the distribution of his bounty by Mrs Helen's judgment and experience. He could scarcely have urged a more efficient plea for the venerable lady's continuance at Broad Summerford; and, moreover, he succeeded in exciting her compassion for his utter inexperience in housekeeping, and the management of a family, and for the loneliness to which he should be condemned if she persevered in her intention of departure; and, by a masterstroke of policy, he so craftily insinuated himself into Mrs Betty's good graces, as to enlist all her influence in his favour, so that the ancient hand-maiden lost no opportunity of observing to her lady, that it would be almost a sin to leave such an innocent, open-hearted young gentleman, no more fit to keep house than the babe unborn, to be preyed upon and devoured like a lamb among a flock of wolves, by a pack of idle rogues and hussies. “And then,” said she, “though to be sure he falls far short of what *has been* at the rectory, and can *never come up to that*, yet who knows, ma'am, what *we* might make of him in the end; and, at any rate, you would not think of leaving him, just as the pickling and preserving-time is coming on, and there is not so much as a pot of black currant jelly left, (and he told me he was subject to bad sore throats,) and all the tincture of rhubarb, and the senna walnuts, are out, and Betty Hinks had the last of the palsy-water yesterday; and I am sure you would not choose to leave him only the bare shelves,

poor young gentleman, or without a handsome stock of everything good and comfortable. Besides, I've just set Cicely about a set of new shirts for him—(I got the cambric a bargain); and then there's all his household linen to be provided, though, to be sure, if *we* were to stay—

If Mrs Betty had studied the art of oratory, she could not more happily have timed the *pause politic*. Her incomplete sentence,—“*If we were to stay—*” left Mrs Helen to ponder over all the real good she might do, if *she did stay*—and her *secret* enumeration went farther, perhaps, and extended to nobler views, than were particularized in Mrs Betty's catalogue. “*To do good,*” was the most influential of all motives with one of Mrs Helen's truly Christian character—and to bless had been the business of her life. Now, though bereaved of him, in whose life hers had been bound up, those affections which had centred in him did not all shrink inward, absorbed in selfish sorrow; and they had been greatly won upon by the respectful and almost filial attention of her young acquaintance. There was no congeniality of disposition between herself and the persons who had importuned her to dwell among them, neither had they any near or dear claims upon her; and then, though she had never uttered one idle regret, never indulged one thought that savoured of repining, her heart clung to the earth—the very earth of Broad Summerford—above all, to that narrow portion of it, hallowed by the grave of her beloved companion. All these considerations, and possibly something of the natural effect of age on a singularly gentle character, the force of habit, the dread of change, the formidable prospect of a journey and a voyage, of isolation among strangers—all these considerations and circumstances co-operated so well with the young rector's persuasive eloquence, that Mrs Helen would probably have ended her days at Broad Summerford, had she been left to her own uncontrolled decision.

But she had some thousands at her sole disposal, and the tender solicitude with which her distant kindred had pressed her to reside among them, was so far from suffering any abatement by “*hope deferred,*” that it kindled into a glow of inexorable impatience for her removal from Broad

Summerford, when they became aware that the unexpected conduct of the new rector had more than half-reconciled her to continue there; so they zealously bestirred themselves in assisting her to arrange the affairs which still required her presence in England. Business that (as they had lately averred) would require months to settle, was now disposed of in as many days. Difficulties were smoothed, objections levelled, obstacles removed, (no such pioneer as interested zeal,) promises insisted on; claims of blood, of affection, of propriety, urged imperatively, almost reproachfully, till the object was effected; and the good old lady, with her ancient Abigail, the staid Cicely, and John Somers's grand-nephew, (now advanced to his uncle's office,) were uprooted from their peaceful home, and transported the weary way by sea and land, to that which had been provided for them under the roof of the maiden sisters, whose capacious and commodious dwelling had obtained for them the warmly-contested privilege of receiving, or rather making prize of, their “*dear cousin*.”

I wish I could tell you—I wish I could persuade myself, that the remaining years of my dear old friend found a happy and serene asylum in that which she was rather compelled than persuaded to accept. At best, the contrast between that latter home, and the one she had so long inhabited, must have been felt painfully. But I fear, I fear, all was not done that might have been done, to render the change less striking—that when the removal was finally effected—and the “*dear cousin*” safely deposited within a ring-fence of kindred surveillance, that love grew cold—and zeal relaxed—and respect abated of its observances, and as the meek spirit bowed down with the declining frame, advantage was taken of those affecting circumstances; and she, who, under the fostering care of watchful affection, or even in the quiet independence of her own free home, might still have supported her honoured part in society, and tasted the sweets of social intercourse, sunk into a very cipher, obviously treated as such, in an establishment, of which, though spoken of as a household partnership, she bore the entire charges. And when, about two years after the removal from Summerford, it pleased God (by a sudden stroke) to deprive her of her faithful

friend and servant, whose indignant spirit, and honest zeal, had in some measure stemmed the tide of encroachments on the independence of her more gentle and passive mistress—when it pleased God to take away from her this faithful creature, under various frivolous pretences, it was soon afterwards contrived to remove from about her the two other attached servants, who had followed her fortunes from Summerford.

“What need of two?” they said, “what need of one?”

To follow in a house, where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

\* \* \* \* \*

“I prithee, Lady! being weak, *seem so*.  
All’s not offence that indiscretion finds,  
And dotage terms so - -”

But the mild nature so heartlessly aggrieved took no offence—complained of no injuries—resisted no indignities. Unhappily, perhaps, she was too silent—too passive; for a word of appeal from herself would have brought friends, and firm ones, to her rescue. But she was timid by nature, and her mental energies gave way at the first shock of unkindness. Her life was protracted to an unusual extent, but for many years before her death, repeated, though slight paralytic seizures had partially deprived her of the use of speech. *Partially* only; for though unable to express her wants and wishes in explicit language, or to utter a sentence in common conversation, she could recite the Psalms—the

whole book of Psalms, with unfailing accuracy, and unfaltering articulation; and those sacred songs became her *language*, adapted and applied to all such subjects as she was inclined to notice, with an aptness and promptitude which bespoke an inspired, rather than a disordered intellect. And hers was not disordered. The fearful spirit sank under oppression and neglect; but the believing soul took refuge with its God—communed continually with him in the sublimest of all strains; and it is not presumptuous to believe, that when the faltering tongue breathed out that pathetic appeal—“Leave me not in the time of mine old age—neither forsake me when my strength faileth me”—it is not too much to believe that an answer was immediately vouchsafed, and that the inward ears were blessed with the sound of that gracious assurance—“I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” To the last (for such sublime colloquy) her utterance, and her intellect, failed not. From the period that those divine songs had become her sole language, she had continually recited them in the accents of her mother tongue, and one who stood beside her death-bed told me, that the moment before her departure, she slowly and audibly articulated—

“Mon ame, retourne en ton repos,  
car l’Eternel t’a fait du bien. Je marcherai en la présence de l’Eternel,  
dans la terre des vivans - -”

A.

SCHLEGEL v. CAMPBELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD’S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

You must have met with some lectures on Greek poetry, which Mr T. Campbell published, in the New Monthly Magazine, some years ago.\* Many of the views and arguments are extremely ingenious, and supported by a great display of quotations from the classics. Now, sir, I have to accuse Mr Campbell of not acknowledging, 1st, That he is indebted to Frederic Schlegel for *numerous conclusions*, which must have been the result of long and arduous

study; and 2d, That he has transplanted into his lectures, (particularly the *third*, fourth, and fifth,) whole rows of classical references, which Schlegel originally collected and methodized.

The work, which has been so liberally dealt with, is entitled, “*Studien des Classischen Alterthums*.” It is very rare. I have been favoured with the loan of a copy, but my bookseller has not been able to procure one either in London or Edinburgh. Most of it, however, is nothing but a *ri-fa-*

\* These lectures were delivered at the Royal Institution, London.  
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cimento of Essays, which, I believe, appeared originally in various periodical works.

It would, surely, be folly to assert, that any public lecturer is at liberty to draw upon *original* works, without confessing his obligations. The latitude granted to him, in the use of books, can only extend to the views *generally* taken of his subject. Mr Campbell is reported to be a good Greek scholar, and he never admits, in these lectures, that he has had assistance.\* I ask, then, what is the public likely to conclude, but that he has the sole merit of the extensive knowledge which he perks up on every opportunity?

For the truth of my charges, I refer to the works. I may be allowed, however, to give one specimen of Mr Campbell's *bonhomie*:—"Gewiss ist es," says Schlegel, "ware die homerische Poesie nicht voll solcher zartmenschlichen und einfach natürlichen züge wie jene alte steinerne Bank vor Nestor's Hause, auf der schon Neleus gesessen hat; der Rauch, den sich Ulysses so herzlich sehnt, von seiner Heimath aufsteigen zu sehn; so würde die homerische Poesie nicht alle gebildete Völker erfreuen und beschäftigen, ja sie würde sich kaum bey ihrem eignen Volke erhalten haben."† —*Stu. des Clas. Alt. cap. 3.*

"In that case," says Mr Campbell, "we should not have enjoyed such endearing traits of homely description, as that of the *old stone bank*, on which Neleus sat before his mansion; or of the feelings of Ulysses on discerning the smoke of his native roof."—*New Monthly Mag.* Vol. II. Lec. 3.

I have to remark in the first place, that, in German, the word *bank*† generally means a *bench*, and we may infer, from what Homer says, that the

stones were intended for a *throne*. The epithet *old* plainly implies, that Schlegel is speaking of a *work of art*; and Mr Campbell's expression is neither so natural nor so descriptive, that we can suppose it to have been suggested by the pure text of Homer. Adly, Homer's words are, "ἵζει ἐν ξεινοῖσι λίθοισιν." "He sat upon polished stones," and it is added, that these were white and shining with ointment, "λευκοὶ ἀπορίθοντες ἀλειφατος." Od. r. 406.

I have to remark, in the third place, that I do not recollect "any description of the feelings of Ulysses on discerning the smoke of his native roof."§ Mr Campbell may, perhaps, be so good as to point out the passage. Perchance, he has mistaken the meaning of "siehnt," and alludes to the speech of Minerva, in the 1st book of the Odyssey, where she says,

"Ὀδυσσεύς  
ἴμενος καὶ παπῶν ἀποθρύσκοντα νοσσαι  
"ἦ γαίης θανέειν ἱκέσεται."—57.

"Ulysses is willing to die, if he were even permitted to see the smoke ascending from his native land."

I may remark, 4thly, that Schlegel, contrary to his usual practice, has omitted to mention the place where the passages alluded to may be found. Mr Campbell has, perhaps, been led to commit himself by supposing that they occur near each other.

Mr Campbell has just commenced a series of Letters, (on Greek Literature,) addressed to the students in Glasgow College. *Verb. sat sapien.* The distinguished rank which he holds among our poetical aristocracy, will not be a sufficient protection, if (as Lord Alloway justly says of a spring-gun) he "has no moral feeling."

D.

Edinburgh, August 3d, 1827.

\* It is a curious fact, that Schlegel is never referred to, but on a single occasion, where he is found fault with.—Lec. 5. Part 2.—Schlegel concludes, from the tradition respecting the professional contest between Homer and Hesiod, that a rivalryship existed between the Aescræan and Ionian schools of poetry. Campbell disagrees with him.

† "Homer's poetry would never have delighted and employed the minds of all cultivated nations—nay, it would scarcely have been tolerated in his own—if he had not interspersed it throughout with such tender and purely natural touches, as the *old stone-bench*, before Nestor's house, which Neleus, too, had sat upon; and the description of Ulysses desiring so eagerly to behold the smoke ascending from his own roof."

‡ It also means a house of exchange, &c.

§ The *smoke* is evidently "the trait of homely description," that both Schlegel and Campbell allude to.

## THE MARVELLOUS DOCTOR.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

WHEN my parents lived in the old manse of Ettrick, which they did for a number of years, there was one summer that an old gray-headed man came and lived with them nearly a whole half year, paying my mother at the rate of ten shillings a-month for bed, board, and washing. He was a mysterious being, and no one knew who he was, or what he was; but all the neighbourhood reckoned him *uncanny*; which in that part of the country means a warlock, or one some way conversant with beings of another nature.

I remember him well; he was a tall ungainly figure, dressed in a long black coat, the longest and the narrowest coat I ever saw; his vest was something like blue velvet, and his breeches of leather, buckled with silver knee-buckles. He wore always white thread stockings, and as his breeches came exactly to the knap of the knee, his legs appeared so long and thin that it was a marvel to me how they carried him. Take in black spats, and a very narrow-brimmed hat, and you have the figure complete; any painter might take his likeness, provided he did not make him too straight in the back, which would never answer, as his formed a segment of a great circle. He was a *doctor*; but whether of law, medicine, or divinity, I never learned; perhaps of them all, for a doctor he certainly was—we called him so, and never knew him by any other name; some, indeed, called him the *Lying Doctor*, some the *Herb Doctor*, and some the *Warlock Doctor*, but my mother, behind his back, called him always *THE MARVELLOUS DOCTOR*, which, for her sake, I have chosen to retain.

His whole occupation was in gathering flowers and herbs, and arranging them; and, as he picked a number of these out of the church-yard, the old wives in the vicinity grew terribly jealous of him. He seemed, by his own account, to have been over the whole world, on what business or occupation he never mentioned; but from his stories of himself, and his wonderful feats, one might have concluded that he had been everything. I remem-

ber a number of these stories quite distinctly, for at that time I believed them all for perfect even-down truth, though I have been since led to suspect that it was scarcely consistent with nature or reason they could be so. One or two of these tales I shall here relate, but with this great disadvantage, that I have, in many instances, forgot the names of the places where they happened. I knew nothing about geography then, or where the places were, and the faint recollection I have of them will only, I fear, tend to confuse my narrative the more.

One day, while he was very busy arranging his flowers and herbs, and constantly speaking to himself, my mother says to him, "Doctor, you that kens sae weel about the nature of a' kinds o' plants and yirbs, will ye tell me gin there be sic a yirb existing as that, if ye pit it either on beast or body, it wall gar it follow you?"

"No, Margaret, there is not an herb existing which has that power by itself; but there is a decoction from certain rare herbs, of which I have had the honour, or rather the misfortune, to be the sole discoverer, which *has* that effect infallibly."

"Dear doctor, there was sic a kind of charin i' the warld hunders o' years afore ye were born."

"So it has been said, Margaret, so it has been said, but falsely, I assure you. It cost me seven years' hard study and hard labour, both by night and by day, and some thousands of miles' travelling; but at last I effected it, and then I thought my fortune was made. But—would you believe it, Margaret?—my fortune was lost, my time was lost, and I myself was twenty times on the eve of being lost too."

"Dear doctor, tell us some o' your ploys wi' that drog, for they surely must be very curious, especially if you used it as a love-charin to gar the lasses follow you."

"I did; and sometimes got those to follow me that I did not want, as you shall hear by and by. But before I proceed, I may inform you, that I was offered a hundred thousand pounds by the College of Physicians in



Spain, and twice the sum by the Queen of that country, if I would impart my discovery to them in full, and I refused it! Yes, for the sake of human nature I refused it. I durst not take the offer for my life and existence."

"What for, doctor?"

"What for, woman? Do you say, what for? Do you say, what for? Don't you see that it would have turned the world upside down, and inverted the whole order of nature? The lowest blackguard in the country might have taken away the first lady—might have

taken her from her parents, or her husband, and kept her a slave to him for life; and no opiate in nature to counteract the power of the charm. The secret shall go to the grave with me; for were it once to be made public in any country, that country would be lost; and for the sake of good order among mankind, I have slighted all the grandeur that this world could have bestowed. The first great trial of my skill was a public one;"—and the doctor went on to relate that it occurred as follows:

#### THE SPANISH PROFESSOR.

HAVING brought my valued charm to full perfection abroad, I returned to Britain to enjoy the fruit of my labours, convinced that I would ensure a patent, and carry all the world before me. But on my arrival in London, I was told that a great Spanish professor had made the discovery five years before, and had arrived at great riches and preferment on that account, under the patronage of the Queen. Convinced that no man alive was thoroughly master of the charm but myself, I went straight to Spain, and called on this eminent professor, whose name was Don Felix de Valdez. This man lived in a style superior to the great nobility and grandees of his country. He had a palace that was not exceeded in grandeur by any in the city, and a suite of lacqueys, young gentlemen, and physicians, attending him, as if he had been the greatest man in the world. It cost me great trouble, and three days' attendance, before I could be admitted to his presence, and even then he received me so cavalierly that my British blood boiled with indignation.

"What is it you want with me, fellow?" says he.

"Sir, I would have you know," says I, "that I am an English doctor, and master of arts, and *your* fellow in any respect. So far good. I was told in my own country, sir, that you are a pretender to the profound art of attachment; or, in other words, that you have made a discovery of that divine elixir, which attaches every living creature touched with it to your person. Do you pretend to such a discovery? Or do you not, sir?"

"And what if I do, most sublime

doctor and master of arts? In what way does that concern your great sapience?"

"Only thus far, Professor Don Felix de Valdez," says I, "that the discovery is my own, wholly my own, and solely my own; and after travelling over half the world in my researches for the proper ingredients, and making myself master of the all-powerful nostrum, is it reasonable, do you think, that I should be deprived of my honour and emolument without an effort? I am come from Britain, sir, for the sole purpose of challenging you to a trial of skill before your sovereign and all his people, as well as the learned world in general. I throw down the gauntlet, sir. Dare you enter the lists with me?"

"Desire my lacqueys to take away this mad foreigner," said he to an attendant. "Beat him well with staves, for his impertinence, and give him up to the officers of police, to be put in the House of Correction; and say to Signior Philippo that I ordered it."

"You ordered it!" said I. "And who are you, to order such a thing? I am a free-born British subject, a doctor, and master of arts and sciences, and I have a pass from your government officers to come to Madrid to exercise my calling, and I dare any of you to touch a hair of my head."

"Let him be taken away," said he, nodding disdainfully, "and see that you do to him as I have commanded."

The students then led me gently forth, paying great deference to me; but when I was put into the hands of the vulgar lacqueys, they made sport of me, and having their master's orders, used me with great rudeness.

beating me, and pricking me with needle-pointed stilcttos, till I was in great fear for my life, and was glad when put into the hands of the police.

Being quickly liberated on making known my country and erudition, I set myself with all my might to bring this haughty and insolent professor to the test. A number of his students having heard the challenge, it soon made a great noise in Madrid; for the young King, Charles the Third, and particularly his Queen, were half mad about the possession of such a nostrum at that period. In order, therefore, to add fuel to the flame now kindled, I published challenges in every one of the Spanish journals, and causing three thousand copies to be printed, I posted them up in every corner of the city, distributing them to all the colleges of the kingdom, and to the college of Toledo in particular, of which Don Felix was the Principal—I sent a scaled copy to every one of its twenty-four professors, and caused some hundreds to be distributed amongst the students.

This challenge made a great noise in the city, and soon reached the ears of the Queen, who became quite impatient to witness a trial of our skill in this her favourite art. The King could get no more peace with her, and therefore was obliged to join her in a request to Professor Don Felix de Valdez, that he would vouchsafe a public trial of skill with this ostentatious foreigner.

The professor pleaded to be spared the indignity of a public exhibition along with a crazy half-witted foreigner, especially as his was a secret art, and ought only to be practised in secret. But the voices of the court and the colleges were loud for the trial, and the professor was compelled to condescend and name a day. We both waited on their Majesties to settle the order and manner of trial, and drew lots who was to exhibit first, and the professor got the preference. The Prado was the place appointed for the exhibition, and Good Friday the day; when I verily thought all Spain was assembled together. The professor engaged to enter the lists precisely at half past twelve o'clock; but he begged that he might be suffered to come in disguise, in order to do away all suspicions of a private understanding with

others; and assured their Majesties that he would soon be known to them by his works.

I was placed next to the royal stage, in company with many learned doctors, the Queen being anxious to witness the effect that the display of her wonderful professor's skill produced on me, and to hear my remarks on it; and truly the anxiety that prevailed for almost a whole hour was wonderful, for no one knew in what guise the professor would appear, or how attended, or who were the persons on whom the effect of the unguent was to be tried. Whenever a throng or bustle was perceived in any part of the parade, then the buzz began, "Yonder he is now! Yon must be he, our great professor, Don Felix de Valdez, the wonder of Spain and of the world!"

The Queen was the first to perceive him, perhaps from some private hint given her in what guise he would appear; on which she motioned to me, pointing out a mendicant friar as my opponent, and added, that she thought it but just and right that I should witness all his motions, his feats, and the power of his art. I did so, and thought very meanly of the whole exhibition, as a sort of farce got up among a great number of associates, all of whom were combined to carry on the deception, and share in the profits accruing therefrom. The friar did nothing till he came opposite to the royal stage, when, beckoning slightly to her Majesty, he began to look out for his game, and perceiving an elegant lady sitting on a stage with her back towards him, he took a phial from his bosom, and letting the liquid touch the top of his finger, he reached up that finger and touched the hem of the lady's robe. She uttered a scream, as if pierced to the heart, sprung to her feet, and held her breast as if wounded; then, after looking round and round, as if in great agitation, she descended from the stage, followed the friar, kneeled at his feet, and entreated to be allowed to follow and serve him. He requested her to depart, as he could not be served by woman; but she wept and followed on. He came to a thick-lipped African, who was standing grinning at the scene. The professor touched him with his unguent, and immediately blackie fell a-striving with the lady, who should walk next the wonderful professor, and the two actually went to

blows, to the great amusement of the spectators, who applauded these two feats prodigiously, and hailed their professor as the greatest man in the world. He walked twice the length of the promenade, and certainly every one whom he touched with his ointment followed him, so that if he had been a stranger in the community as I was, there could not have been a doubt of the efficacy of his unguent of attraction. When he came last before the royal stage, and ours, he was encumbered by a crowd of persons following and kneeling to him; apparently they were of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. He then caused proclamation to be made from a stage, that if any doubted the power of his elixir, he might have it proved on himself without danger or disgrace, a dowager lady defied him, but he soon brought her to her knee with the rest, and no one of the whole begged to be released.

The King and Queen, and all the judges, then declaring themselves satisfied, the professor withdrew, with his motley followers, to undo the charm in secret; after that, he returned in most brilliant and gorgeous array, and was received on the royal stage, amid rendering shouts of applause. The King then asked me, if I deemed myself still able to compete with his liege kinsman, Professor Don Felix de Valdez? or if I joined the rest in approval, and yielded the palm to his merits in good fellowship?

I addressed his Majesty with all humility, acknowledging the extent of the professor's powers as very wonderful, provided they were all *real*; but of that there was no proof to me. "If he had been a foreigner, and a stranger, as I am, in this place, and if prejudices had been excited against him," added I, "then I would have viewed this exhibition of his art as highly wonderful; but, as it is, I only look on it as a well-got-up farce."

The professor reddened, and bit his lip in the height of scorn and indignation; and indeed their Majesties and all the nobility seemed offended at my freedom; on which I added, "My exhibition, my liege, shall be a very short one; and I shall at least convince your Majesty, that there is no deceit nor collusion in it." And with that I took a small syringe from my bosom, which I had concealed there

for the purpose, as the liquor, to have due effect, must be always warm with the heat of the body of him that sprinkles it; and with that small instrument, I squirted a spray of my elixir on Professor Don Felix's fine head of hair, that hung in wavy locks almost to his waist.

At that moment there were thousands all standing a-gape, eager to witness the effect of this bold appeal. The professor stood up, and looked at me, while the tears stood in his eyes. That was the proudest moment of my life! For about the space of three minutes, his pride seemed warring with his feelings; but the energy and impulse of the latter prevailed, and he came and kneeled at my feet.

"Felix, you dog! what is the meaning of this?" says I. "How dare you go and dress yourself like a grandee of the kingdom, and then come forth and mount the stage in the presence of royalty, knowing, as you do, that you were born to be my slave? Go this instant! doff that gorgeous apparel, and put on my livery, and come and wait here at my heel. And, do you hear, bring my horse properly caparisoned, and one to yourself; for I ride into the country to dinner. Take note of what I order, and attend to it, else I'll baste you to a jelly, and have you distilled into the elixir of attraction. Presumption indeed, to come into my presence in a dress like that!" and with that I lent him two or three hearty blows, and kicked him off the stage.

He ran to obey my orders, and then the admiration so lately expressed was turned into contempt. All the people were struck with awe and astonishment. They could not applaud, for they were struck dumb, and eyed me with terror, as if I had been a divinity. "This exceeds all comprehension," said the judges. "If he had told me that he could have upheaved the Pyrenean mountains from their foundations, I could as well have believed it," said the King. But the Queen was the most perverse of all, for she would not believe it, though she witnessed it; and she declared she never would believe it to be a reality, for I had only thrown glamour in their eyes. "Is it possible," said she, "that the most famous man in Spain, or perhaps in the world, who has hundreds to serve him, and run at his bidding

should all at once, by his own choice, submit to become a slave to an opponent whom he despised, and be buffeted like a dog, without resenting it? No; I'll never believe it is anything but an illusion."

"There is no denying of your victory," said King Charles to me; "for you have humbled your mighty opponent in the dust. You shall dine with me to-night, as we give a great entertainment to the learned of our kingdom, over all of whom you shall be preferred to the highest place. But as Don Felix de Valdez is likewise an invited guest, let me entreat you to disenchant him, that he may be again restored to his place in society."

"I shall do myself the distinguished honour of dining with your exalted and most Catholic Majesty," says I. "But will it be no degradation to your high dignity, for the man who has worn my livery in public, to appear the same day at the table of royalty?"

"This is no common occurrence," answered the King. "Although by one great effort of art, nature has been overpowered, it would be hard that a great man's nature should remain degraded for ever."

"Well, then, I shall not only give him his liberty from my service, but I shall order him from it, and beat him from it. I can do no more to oblige your Majesty at present."

"What! can you not then remove the charm?" said he. "You saw the professor could do that at once."

"A mere trick," said I, "and collusion. If the professor, Don Felix, had been in the least conscious of the power of his liquor, he would at once have attacked and degraded me. It is quite evident. I expected a trial at least, as I am sure all the company did; but I stood secure, and held him and his art at defiance. He is a sheer impostor, and his boasted discovery a cheat."

"Nay, but I have tried the power of his unguent again and again, and proved it," said the Queen. "But, indeed, its effect is of very short duration; therefore, all I request is, that you will give the professor his liberty, and take my word for it, it will soon be accepted."

I again promised that I would; but at the same time I shook my head, as much as to let the Queen know she

was not aware of the power of my elixir, and I determined to punish the professor for his insolence to me, and the sound beating I got in the court of his hotel. While we were speaking, up came Don Felix dressed in my plain yellow livery, leading my horse, and mounted on a grand one of his own, that cost two hundred gold ducats, while mine was only a hack, and no very fine animal either.

"How dare you have the impudence to mount my horse, sir?" says I, taking his gold-headed whip from him, and lashing him with it. "Get off instantly, you blundering booby, take your own spavined jade, and ride off where I may never see your face again."

"I beg your pardon, honoured master," said he, humbly; "I will take any horse you please, but I thought this had been mine."

"You thought, sirrah! What right have you to think?" said I, lashing him; "get about your business. I desire no more of your attendance. Here before their Majesties, and all their court and people, I discharge you my service, and dare you, on the penalty of your life, ever to come near me, or offer to do even a menial's turn to me again."

"Pardon me this time," said he; "I'll sooner die than leave you."

"But you shall leave me or do worse," says I, "and therefore get about your business instantly;" and I pushed him through the throng away from me, and lashed him with the whip till he screamed and wept like a lubberly boy.

"You must have some one to ride with you and be your guide," said he; "and why will you not suffer me to do so? You know I cannot leave you."

The King, taking pity on him, sent a livery-man to take his place, and attend me on my little jaunt, at the same time entreating him to desist, and remember who he was. It was all in vain. He fought with the king's servant for the privilege, mounted my hack, and followed me to the villa, about six miles from the city, where I had been engaged to dine. The news had not arrived of my victory when I got there. The lord of the manor was at the exhibition, but not having returned, the ladies were all impatient to learn the result.

"It becomes not me, noble ladies," said I, "to bring the news of my own triumph, which you might very reasonably suspect to be untrue, or overcharged; but you shall witness my power yourselves."

Then they set up eldrich screams in frolic, and begged for the sake of the Virgin that I would not put my skill to the test on any of them, for they had no desire to follow to England even a master of the arts and sciences, and every one assured me personally that she would be a horrid plague to me, and that I had better pause before I made the experiment.

"My dear and noble dames," said I, "there is nothing farther from my intention than to make any of you the objects of fascination. But come all hither," and I threw up the sash of the window—"Come all hither, and satisfy yourselves in the first place, and if more proof is required, it shall not be lacking. See; do you all know that gentleman there?"

"What gentleman? Where is he? I see no gentleman," was the general titter.

"That gentleman who is holding my horse. He on the sorry hack there with yellow livery. You all know him assuredly. That is your great professor, Don Felix Valdez, accounted the most wonderful man in Spain, and by many of you the greatest in the world."

They would not believe it until I called him close up to the door of the chateau, and showed him to them like any wild beast or natural curiosity, and called him by his name. Then they grew frightened, or pretended to be so, at being in the presence of a man of so much power, for they all knew the professor personally; and if one could have believed them, they were like to go into hysterics for fear of fascination. Yet, for all that, I perceived that they were dying for a specimen of my art, and that any of them would rather the experiment should be made on herself than not witness it.

Accordingly, there was a very handsome and engaging brunette of the party, named Donna Rashelli, on whom I could not help sometimes casting an eye, being a little fascinated myself. This was soon perceived by the lively group, and they all gathered round me, and teased me to try the power of

my philtre on Rashelli. I asked the lady's consent, on which she answered rather disdainfully that "she would be fascinated *indeed* if she followed *me*, and therefore she held me at defiance, provided I did not touch her, which she would not allow."

Without more ado, I took my tube from my bosom, and squirted a little of the philtre on her left foot shoe—at least I meant it so, though I afterwards perceived that some of it had touched her stocking.

"And now, Donna Rashelli," said I, "you are in for your part in this drama, and you little know what you have authorised." She turned from me in disdain; but it was not long till I beheld the tears gathering in her eyes; she retired hastily to a recess in a window, covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. The others tried to comfort her, and laugh her out of her frenzy, but that was of no avail; she broke from them, and, drowned in tears, embraced my knees, requesting in the most fervent terms to be allowed the liberty of following me over the world.

The ladies were all thrown by this into the utmost consternation, and besought me to undo the charm, both for the sake of the young lady herself and her honourable kin; but I had taken my measures, and paid no regard to their entreaties. On the contrary, I made my apology for not being able to dine there, owing to the King's commanding my attendance at the palace, took a hasty leave, mounted my horse, and, with Don Felix at my back, rode away.

I knew all their power could not detain Donna Rashelli, and, riding slowly, I heard the screams of madness and despair as they tried to hold her. She tore their head-dresses and robes in pieces, and fought like a fury, till they were glad to suffer her to go; but they all followed in a group, to overtake and entreat me to restore their friend to liberty.

I forded the stream that swept round the grounds, and waited on the other bank, well knowing what would occur, as a Spanish maiden never crosses even a rivulet without taking off her shoes and stockings. Accordingly she came running to the side of the stream, followed by all the ladies of the chateau, calling to me, and adjuring me to have pity on them. I laughed aloud

at their tribulation, saying, I had done nothing but at their joint request, and they must now abide by the consequences. Rashelli threw off her shoes and stockings in a moment, and rushed into the stream, for fear of being detained; but before taking two steps, the charm being removed with her left-foot shoe, she stood still abashed; and so fine a model of blushing and repentant beauty I never beheld, with her raven hair hanging dishevelled far over her waist, her feet and half her limbs of alabaster bathing in the stream, and her cheek overspread with the blush of shame.

"What am I about?" cried she. "Am I mad? or bewitched? or possessed of a demon, to run after a mountebank, that I would order the menials to drive from my door!"

"So you are gone, then, dear Donna Rashelli?" cried I. "Farewell, then, and peace be with you. Shall I not see you again before leaving this country?" but she looked not up, nor deigned to reply. Away she tripped, led by one lady on each hand, barefooted as she was, till they came to the gravel walk, and then she slipped on her morocco shoes. The moment her left-foot shoe was on, she sprung towards me again, and all the dames after her full cry. It was precisely like a hare hunt, and so comic that even the degraded Don Felix laughed again at the scene. Again she plunged into the stream, and again she returned, weeping for shame, and this self-same scene was acted seven times over. At length I took compassion on the humbled beauty, and called to her aunt to seize her left-foot shoe, and wash it in the river. She did so; and I, thinking all was then over and safe, rode on my way. But I had not gone three furlongs till the chase again commenced as loud and as violently as ever, and in a short time the lady was again in the stream. I was vexed at this, not knowing what was the matter, and terrified that I might have attached her to me for life; but I besought her friends to keep her from putting on her stocking likewise, till it was washed and fomented as well as her shoe. This they went about with great eagerness, an old dame seizing the stocking, and hiding it in her bosom; and when I saw this I rode quickly away, afraid I would be

too late for my engagement with the King.

We had turned the corner of a wood, when again the screams and yells of females reached our ears. "What, in the name of St Nicholas, is this now?" says I.—"I suppose the hunt is up again, sir, but surely our best plan is to ride off and leave them," said Don Felix.—"That will never do," returned I; "I cannot have a lady of rank attending me at the palace, and no power on earth, save iron and chains, can detain her, if one-thousandth part of a drop of my elixir remain about her person." We turned back, and behold there was the old dowager coming waddling along with a haste and agitation not to be described, and all her daughters, nieces, and maidens, after her. She had taken the river at the broadest, shoes and all, and had got so far ahead of her pursuers that she reached me first, and seizing me by the leg, embraced and kissed it, begging and praying all the while for my favour, in the most breathless and grotesque manner ever witnessed. I knew not what to do; not in the least aware how she became affected, till Donna Rashelli called out, "O, the stocking, sir, the stocking!" on which I caused them take it from her altogether and give it to me, and then they went home in peace.

I dined that night with their Majesties, not indeed at the same table, but at the head of the table in the anteroom, from whence I had a full view of them. I was a great and proud man that night, and neither threats nor persuasions could drive the great professor from waiting at the back of my chair, and frequently serving me kneeling. After dinner I had an audience of the Queen, who offered me a galloon laden with gold for the receipt of my divine elixir of love. But I withstood it, representing to her Majesty the great danger of imparting such a secret, for that after it had escaped from my lips, I could no more recall it, and knew not what use might be made of it,—that I accounted myself answerable to my Maker for the abuse of talents bestowed on me, and, in one word, was determined that the secret should go to the grave with me. I was, however, reduced to the necessity of promising

her Majesty a part of the pure and sublime elixir ready prepared, taking her solemn promise meanwhile not to divulge it; which I did, and a ready use she had found for it, for in a few days she requested more, and more, and more, till I began to think it was high time for me to leave the country.

Having now got as much money as I wanted, and a great deal more than I knew what to do with, I prepared for leaving Spain, for I was affrighted at being made accountable for the effects produced by the charm in the hands of a capricious woman. Had I yielded to the requests of the young nobles for supplies, I might almost have exhausted the riches of Spain; but as it was, I had got more than my own weight in gold, part of which I forwarded to London, and put the remainder out to interest in Spain, and left Madrid not without fear of being seized and sent to the Inquisi-

tion as a necromancer. In place of that, however, the highest honours were bestowed on me, and I was accompanied to the port by numbers of the first people of the realm, and by all the friends of the Professor Don Felix de Valdez. These people had laid a plot to assassinate me, which they would have executed but for fear that the charm would never leave their friend; and as Felix himself discovered it to me, I kept him in bondage till the very day I was about to sail; then I caused his head to be shaved, and washed with a preparation of vinegar, alum, and cinnamon; and he returned to his senses and right feelings once more. But he never could show his face again in the land whereto he had been so much caressed and admired, but changed his name and retired to Peru, where he acquired both fame and respectability.

#### THE COUNTESS.

WHEN a man gains great wealth too suddenly and with ease, it is not uncommon for him to throw it away with as little concern as he had anxiety in the gathering of it. This I was aware of, and determined to avoid. On the contrary, I began without loss of time to look about me for a respectable settlement in life; and having, after much inquiry, obtained a list of the unmarried ladies possessing the greatest fortunes in England, I fixed on a young Countess, who was a widow, had an immense fortune, and suited me in every respect. Possessing as I did the divine cordial of love, I had no fears of her ready compliance; so, after providing myself with a suitable equipage, I set off to her residence to court and win her without any loss of time.

On arriving at her mansion about noon, I was rather drily received, having no introduction; for I trusted to my own powers alone. She was shy and reserved, and after a good deal of hanging on, she ventured to invite me to an early dinner, letting me know at the same time that no gentlemen remained there overnight when her brother was not present. Thinks I to myself, my pretty Countess, could I get a quiet squirt at your auburn

locks, or any part of your dear self, I should make you not so haughty. I waited my opportunity, and ventured a chance shot as she was going out at the door, aiming at her bushy locks, but owing to a sudden cast of her head, as in disdain, the spray of my powerful elixir of love fell on an embroidered scarf that hung gracefully on her shoulder.

I was now sure of my game, provided she did not throw the scarf aside before I got her properly sprinkled anew, but I had hopes the effect would be too instant and potent for that. I judged right; in three minutes she returned into the drawing-room, and proposed that we two should take a walk in her park before dinner, as she had some curiosities to show me. I acquiesced with pleasure, as may well be supposed. "I have you now, my pretty Countess," thought I; "escape me if it be in your power, and I shall account you more than woman."

This park of hers was an immense field inclosed with a high wall, with a rail on the top. She had some roes in it, one couple of fallow deer, and a herd of kine. This last was the curiosity she wanted to show me; they were all milk-white, nay, as white as

snow. They were not of the wild bison breed, but as gentle and tame as lambs—came to her when called by their names, and seemed so fond of being caressed, that several were following and teasing her at the same time. One favourite in particular was so fond, that she became troublesome; and as the lady was every minute becoming fonder of me, she wished to be quit of her. But the beast would not go away. She followed on, humming and rubbing on her mistress with her cheek. Then what does the unlucky being, but, taking her scarf, she struck the cow sharply across the face with it! The tassels of the scarf fastened on the far horn of the cow, and the animal being a little hurt by the stroke, as well as blinded, sprung away, and in one moment the lady lost hold of her scarf. This was death and destruction to me; for the lady was thus bereaved of all her attachment to me in an instant, and what the countess had lost the cow had gained. I therefore pursued the animal with my whole speed, calling her many kind and affectionate names to make her stop. These she did not seem to understand, for stop she would not; but perceiving that she was a little blindfolded with the scarf, I slid quietly forward, and making a great spring, seized the embroidered scarf by the corner. The cow galloped, and I ran and held, determined to have the scarf, though I should tear it all to pieces, for I knew too well that my divine elixir had the effect of rousing animals into boundless rage and madness, so it was little wonder that I held with a desperate grasp. I could not obtain it! All that I effected was to fasten the other horn in it likewise, and away went the cow flaunting through the park like a fine madam in her gold embroidery.

I fled to the Countess as fast as my feet could carry me, and begged her, for Heaven's sake, to fly with me, for our lives were at stake. She could not understand this; and moreover, she, that a minute or two before had been clinging to me with such fondness, that I was almost ashamed, would not now suffer me to come nigh or touch her. There was no time to parley, so I left her to shift for herself, and fled with all my might towards the gate at which we entered, knowing of no other point of egress. Time

was it; for the creature instantly became furious, and came after me at full speed, bellowing like some agonized fiend escaped from the infernal regions. The herd was roused by the outrageous sounds, and followed in the same direction, every one roaring louder and faster than another, apparently for company's sake; but, far a-head of them all, the cow came with the embroidered scarf flying over her shoulders, hanging out her tongue and bellowing, and gaining every minute on me. Next her in order came a stately milk-white bull, tall as a hunting steed, and shapely as a deer. My heart became chill with horror; for of all things on this earth, I stood in the most mortal terror of a bull. I saw, however, that I would gain the wicket before I was overtaken; and, in the brightness of hope, I looked back to see what was become of the Countess. She had fallen down on a rising ground in a convulsion of laughter! This nettled me exceedingly; however, I gained the gate; but, O misery and despair! it was fast locked, the Countess having the pass-key. To clear the wall was out of my power in such a dilemma as I then was, so I had nothing left for it but swiftness of foot. Often had I valued myself on that qualification, but little expected ever to have so much need of it. So I ran and ran, pursued by twenty milk-white kine and a bull, all bellowing like as many infernal spirits. Never was there such another hunt! I tried to make the Countess for shelter, thinking she might be able, by her voice, to stay them, or, at all events, she would tell me how I could escape from their fury. But the drove having all got between her and me, I could not effect it, and was obliged to run at random, which I continued to do, straining with all my might, but now found that my breath was nigh gone, and the terrible hunt drawing to a crisis.

What was to be done? Life was sweet, but expedients there were none. There were no trees in the park save young ones, dropped down, as it were, here and there, and palings round them, to prevent the cattle destroying them. The only one that I could perceive was a tall fir, I suppose of the larch species, which seemed calculated to afford a little shelter in a desperate case; so towards that I ran with a last



effort. There was a triangular paling around it, and setting my foot on that, I flew to the branches, clomb like a cat, and soon vanished among its foliage and tresses.

Then did I call aloud to the Countess for assistance, imploring her to raise the country for my rescue; but all that she did, was to come towards me herself, slowly and with lagging pace, for she was feeble with laughing; and when she did come, they were all so infuriated that they would not once regard her.

"What is the matter with my cattle, sir?" cried she. "They are surely bewitched."

"I think they are bedeviled, and that is worse, madam," returned I. "But, for Heaven's sake, try to regain the scarf. It is the scarf which is the cause of all this uproar."

"What is in the scarf?" said she. "It can have no effect in raising this deadly enmity against you, if all is as it *should be*, which I now begin to suspect, from some strange diversity of feelings I have had."

"It is merely on account of the gold that is on it, madam," said I. "You cannot imagine how mad the sight of gold, that pest of the earth, puts some animals; and it was the effort I made to get it from the animal that has excited in her so much fury against me."

"That is most strange indeed!" exclaimed she. "Then the animal shall keep it for me, for I would not for half my fortune that these favourites should be driven to become my persecutors."

She now called the cattle by their names, and some of them left me, for it was evident that, save the charmed animal, the rest of the herd were only running for company or diversion's sake. Still their looks were exceedingly wild and unstable, and the one that wore the anointed shawl, named fair Margaret, continued foaming mad, and would do nothing but stand and bellow, toss her adorned head, and look up to the tree. I would have given ten thousand pounds to have had a hold of that vile embroidered scarf, but to effect it, and retain my life, at that time was impracticable.

And now a scene ensued, which, for ~~horror~~ to me could not be equalled, although, to any common beholder, it would have appeared nothing. The

bull perceiving one of his favourite mates thus distempered, showed a great deal of concern about her; he went round her, and round her, and perceiving the flaunting thing on her head and shoulders, he seemed to entertain some kind of idea that it was the cause of this unwonted and obstreperous noise. He tried to fling it off with his horns, I know not how oft, but so awkwardly and clumsily, that he could not. What think you he then did? He actually seized the scarf with his great mouth, tore it off, and in a few seconds swallowed it every thread!

What was I to do now? Here was a new enemy, and one ten times more formidable, who had swallowed up the elixir, and whom, therefore, it was impossible ever to disarm; who, I knew, would pursue me to the death, even though at the distance of fifty miles. I was in the most dreadful agony of terror imaginable, as well I might, for the cow went away shaking her ears as if happily quit of a tormentor, and the bull instantly began a-tearing up the earth with hoof and horn, and the late bellowings of the cow were, to his, like the howl of a beagle to the roar of a lion. They made the very earth to quake; while distant woods, and walls, and the very skies, returned the astounding echoes. He went round the tree, and round the tree, digging graves on each side of it, and his fury still increasing, he broke through the paling as if it had been a spider's web, and setting his head to the tree, pushed with all his mighty force, doubled by supernatural rage. The tree yielded like a bulrush, until I was merely hanging by the stem; still I durst not quit my hold, having no other resource, but I uttered some piercing cries of desperation as I saw the Countess speeding away. The tree was young and elastic, and always as the infuriated animal withdrew his force for a new attack, it sprung up to its original slender and stately form, and then down it went again; so that there was I swinging between heaven and earth, expecting every moment to be my last, and if he had not, in his mad efforts, wheeled round to the contrary side, I might have been swinging there to this day. When he changed sides, the fibres of the tree weakened, and then down I came to the earth, and

he made at me full drive ; it was in vain that I called to him to keep off, and bullied him, and pretended to hunt dogs on him ; on he came, and plunged his horns into the foliage ; the cows did the same for company's sake, and, I'm sure, never was there a poor soul so completely mobbed by a vulgar herd. Still the tree had as much strength left as to heave me gently above their reach, and no more, and I now began to lose all power through terror and despair, and merely held my gripe instinctively, as a drowning man would hold by a rush. The next push the tree got I was again laid flat, and again the bull dashed his horns into the foliage, and through that into the earth. How I escaped I scarce can tell, but I did escape through amongst the feet of the cows.

At first I stole away like a hare from a cover, and could not help admiring the absurdity of the cows, that continued tossing and tearing the tree with their horns, as if determined not to leave a stiver of it ; whilst the bull continued grovelling with his horns, down through the branches and into the ground. Heavens ! with what velocity I clove the wind ! I have fled from battle—I have fled from the face of the lions of Asia, the dragons of Africa, and the snakes of America—I have fled before the Indians with their scalping knives ; but never in my life was I enabled to run with such speed as I did from this infuriated monster.

He was now coming full speed after me, as I knew he would ; but I had got a good way a-head, and, I assure you, was losing no time, and as I was following a small beaten track, I came to a stile over the wall. I never was so thankful for anything since I was born ! It was a crooked stone stair, with angles to hinder animals from passing, and a locked door on the top, about the height of an ordinary man. I easily surmounted this, by getting hold of the iron spikes on the top ; and now, being clear of my adversary, I set my head over the door and looked him in the face, mocking and provoking him all that I could, for I had no other means of retaliation. I never beheld a more hideous picture of rage ! He was foaming at the mouth, and rather belching than bellowing ; his tail was writhing in the air like a

serpent, and his eyes burning like small globes of bright flame. He grew so enraged at length, that he rushed up the stone stair, and the frame-work at the angles began to crash before him. Thinks I to myself, " Friend, I do not covet such a close vicinity with you ; so, with your leave, I'll keep a due distance ;" and then descending to the high road, I again began to speed away, though rather leisurely, knowing that he could not possibly get over the iron-railed wall.

There was now a close hedge on every side of me, about eight or ten feet high, and as a man who has been in great jeopardy naturally looks about him for some safe retreat in case of an emergency, so I continued jogging on and looking for such, but perceived none ; when, hearing a great noise far behind me, I looked back and saw the irresistible monster coming tumbling from the wall, bringing gates, bars, and railing, all before him. He fell with a tremendous crash, and I had great hopes his neck was broken, for at first he tried to rise, and could not ; but, to my dismay, he was soon again on the chase, and making ground on me faster than ever. He came close on me at last, and finally, I had no other shift but to throw off my fine coat, turn round to await him, and fling it over his horns and eyes.

This not only marred him, but detained him long, wreaking his vengeance on the coat, which he tore all to pieces with his feet and horns, taking it for a part of me. By this time, I had reached a willow-tree in the hedge, the twigs of which hung down within reach. I seized on two or three of those, wrung them together like a rope, and by the assistance of that, swung myself over the hedge. Still I slackened not my pace, convinced that the devil was in the beast, and that nothing but blood would allay his fury. Accordingly, it was not long till I saw him plunging in the hedge, and through it he came.

I now perceived a fine sheet of water on my left, about a mile broad, I knew not whether a lake or river, never having been in those bounds before ; towards that I made with all my remaining energy, which was not great. I cleared many common stone-walls in my course, but these proved no obstacles to my pursuer, and before I reached the lake, he came so close

upon me, that I was obliged to fling my hat in his face, and as he fortunately took that for my head, it served him a good while to crush it in pieces, so that I made to the lake, and plunged in. At the very first, I dived and swam under water as long as I could keep my breath, assured that my enemy would lose all traces of me then; but when I came to the surface, I found him puffing within two yards of me. I was in such horror, that I knew not what to do, for I found he could swim twice as fast as me, so I dived again, but my breath being gone, I could not remain below, and whenever I came to the surface, there was he.

If I had had the smallest reasoning faculty left, or had once entertained a thought of resistance, I might easily have known that I was now perfectly safe. The beast could not harm me. Whenever he made a push at me, his head went below the water, which confounded him. Seeing this to be the case, I took courage, seized him by the tail, clomb upon his back, and then rode in perfect safety.

I never got a more complete and satisfactory revenge of an enemy, not even over the Spanish professor, and that was complete enough; but here I had nothing to do but to sit exulting on the monster's back, while he kept wallowing and struggling in the waves. I then took my pen-knife, and stabbed him deliberately over the whole body, letting out his heart's blood. He took this very much amiss, but he had now got enough of blood around him, and began to calm himself. I however kept my seat, to make all sure, till his head sunk below the water, while his huge hinder parts turned straight upmost, and I left him floating away like a huge buoy that had lost its anchor.

"Now, Doctor, gin a' tales be true, yours is nae lee, that is certain. But I want some explanations. It's a grand story, but I want to take the consequences alang wi' me. What did the Queen o' Spain wi' a' the ointment you left wi' her? I'm thinking there wad be some strange scenes about that Court for a while."

"Why, Margaret, to say the truth, the elixir was not used in such a way as might have been expected. The truth appeared afterwards to have been

this: The King had at that time resolved on that ruinous, and then very unpopular war, about what was called the Family Compact; and finding that the clergy, and a part of the principal nobility, were in opposition to it, and that without their concurrence the war could not be prosecuted with any effect, the Queen took this very politic method of purchasing plenty of my divine elixir of attachment, and giving them all a touch of it every one. The effect was, of course, instant, potent, and notorious; and it is a curious and incontestable fact, that the effects of that sprinkling have continued the mania of attachment among that class of Spain unto this day."

"And how came you on wi' your grand Countess? Ye wad be a bonny figure gaun hame again to her place half-naked, and like a droukit crow, wi' the life of her favourite animal to answer for."

"That is rather a painful subject, Margaret—rather a painful subject. I never saw her again! I had lost my coat and hat. I had lost all my money, which was in notes, in swimming and diving. I had lost my carriage and horses, and I had lost my good name, which was worst of all; for from that day forth, I was branded and shunned as a necromancer. The abrupt and extraordinary changes in the lady's sentiments had not escaped her own notice, while the distraction of the animals on the transference of the enchanted scarf to them, confirmed her worst suspicions, that I was a dealer in unlawful arts, and come to gain possession of herself and fortune, by the most infamous measures; and as I did not choose to come to an explanation with her on that subject, I escaped as quietly from the district as possible."

"It surely can be no sin to dive into the hidden mysteries of nature, particularly those of plants and flowers. Why then have I been punished, as never pharmacopolist was since the creation: can you tell me that, Margaret?"

"Indeed, can I—weel enough—Doctor. Other men have studied the qualities o' yirbs to assist nature, but ye have done it only to pervert nature, an' I hope ye have read your sin in your punishment."

"The very sentiment that my heart has whispered to me a thousand times!

It indeed occurred to me, whilst skulking about on my escape after the adventure with the Countess ; but it was not until farther and still more bitter experience of the dangerous effects of my secret, that I could bring myself to destroy the maddening liquid. It had taken years of anxiety and labour to perfect a mixture, from which I anticipated the most beneficial results. The consequences which it drew upon me, although, at first, they promised to be all I could wish, proved in the end every way annoying, and often wellnigh fatal, and I carefully consumed with fire every drop of the potion, and every scrap of writing, in which the progress of the discovery had been noted. I cannot, myself, forget the painful and tedious steps by which it was obtained. And even after all the disasters to which it has subjected me—after the miserable wreck of all my high-pitched ambition, I cannot but feel a pride in the consciousness that I carry with me the knowledge of a secret never before possessed by mortal man, which no one shall learn from me, and which it is all but certain that none after me will have perseverance enough, or genius, to arrive at !”

The learned Doctor usually wound up the history of an adventure with a sonorous conclusion like the above, the high-wrought theatrical tone of which, as it was incomprehensible to his hearers, always produced a wonderful effect. Looking upon the gaunt form of the sage, I was penetrated with immeasurable reverence, and though the fascination of his marvellous stories kept me listening with eager curiosity while they lasted, I always retired shortly after he ceased speaking, not being able to endure the august presence of so wise a personage as he appeared to me to be.

Many of his relations were still more marvellous than those I have preserved ; but these are sufficient for a specimen, and it would be idle to pursue the Doctor's hallucinations farther. All I can say about these adventures of his is, that when I heard them first, I received them as strictly true ; my mother believed them most implicitly, and the Doctor related them, as if he had believed in the

truth of them himself. But there were disputes every day between my mother and him about the invention of the charm, the former always maintaining that it was known to the chiefs of the gipsy tribes for centuries bygone ; and as proofs of her position, cited Johnie Faa's seduction of the Earl of Cassillis's lady, so well known in Lowland song, and Hector Kennedy's seduction of three brides, all of high quality, by merely touching the palms of their hands, after which no power could prevent any of them from following him. Shelikewise told a very affecting story of an exceedingly beautiful girl, named Sophy Sloan, who left Kirkhope, and followed the gipsies, though she had never exchanged a word with one of them. Her father and uncle followed, and found her with them in an old kiln on the water of Milk. Her head was wounded, bloody, and tied up with a napkin. They had pawned all her good clothes, and covered her with rags, and though weeping with grief and despair, yet she refused to leave them. The man to whom she was attached had never asked her to go with him ; he even threatened her with death if she would not return with her father, but she continued obstinate, and was not suffered long to outlive her infatuation and disgrace. This story *was* a fact ; yet the Doctor held all these instances in utter contempt, and maintained his prerogative, as the sole and original inventor of THE ELIXIR OF LOVE.

There was not a doubt that the Doctor was skulking, and in terror of being apprehended for some misdemeanour, all the time he was at Ettrick Manse, and never one of us had a doubt that it was on account of some enchantment. But I had reason to conclude, long afterwards, that his seclusion then, and all the latter part of his life, was owing to an unfortunate and fatal experiment in pharmacy, which deprived society of a number of valuable lives. The circumstances are related in volume third of Eustace's *Pharmacopeia*, and it will there be seen that the description of the delinquent suits exactly with that of THE MARVELLOUS DOCTOR.

*Altrive Lake, August 11, 1827.*

## LEONARD MAYBURN AND SUSAN HENDRIE.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were a gentle pair, whose love began  
 They knew not when—they knew not of a time  
 When they loved not. In the mere sentient life  
 Of unremember'd infancy, whose speech,  
 Like secret love's, is only smiles and tears,  
 The Baby Leonard clapp'd his little hands,  
 Leapt in his nurse's arms, and crow'd aloud,  
 When Susan was in sight, and utter'd sounds  
 Most strange and strangely sweet, that nothing meant  
 But merely joy, as in the green-wood tree  
 The merry merle awakes his thrilling song,  
 Soon as the cool breath of the vernal dawn  
 Stirs the light leaflets on the motionless boughs.  
 Mute as the shadow of a passing bird  
 On glassy lake, the gentle Susan lay,  
 Hush'd in her meek delight. A dimpled smile  
 Curl'd round her tiny, rosy mouth, and seem'd  
 To sink, as light, into her soft full eyes—  
 A quiet smile, that told of happiness  
 Her infant soul investing, as the bud  
 Infolds the petals of the nascent rose.

Born in one week, and in one font baptized,  
 Children of friends, whose dwellings were so near,  
 Each mother heard her neighbour's lullaby  
 At noon and stiller eve—they grew together,  
 And their first tottering steps were hand in hand,  
 While the two fathers, in half-earnest sport,  
 Betroth'd them to each other. Then 'twas sweet  
 For mother's ears, to hear them lisp and try  
 At the same words, each imitating each ;  
 But Leonard was the babe of numbler tongue,  
 And sister Susan was the first plain phrase  
 His utterance master'd—by that dear kind name  
 He call'd the maid, supplying so a place  
 Which Nature had left void. An only child  
 Of a proud mother and a high-born sire,  
 Full soon he learn'd to mount a palfrey small.  
 Of that dwarf race that prance unclaim'd and free  
 O'er the bleak pastures of the Shetland Isles.  
 And who may tell his glory or his pride  
 When Susan, by her mother's arms upheld,  
 Sat, glad though fearful, on the courser's rear,  
 While he, exulting in his dauntless skill,  
 Rein'd its short testy neck, and froward mouth,  
 Taming its wilful movement to the pace  
 That palfrey suits of wandering lady fair.  
 Bold were his looks, his speech was bold and shrill,  
 His smooth round cheeks glow'd with a ruddy brown,  
 And dark the curls that cluster'd o'er his head,  
 Knotty and close. In every pliant limb  
 A noble boy's ambitious manliness  
 Elastic sprung. Yet child more loving, fond,  
 Ne'er sought the refuge of a parent's side.  
 But Susan was not one of many words,  
 Nor loud of laughter ; and she moved as soft

As modest Nymphs, in work of artist rare,  
 Seem moving ever. In her delicate eye  
 And damask cheek there dwelt a grace retired,  
 A prophecy of pensive womanhood.  
 And yet, in sooth, she was a happy child ;  
 And, though the single treasure of her house,  
 She neither miss'd a brother's love, nor lack'd  
 The blest emotions of a sister's soul.  
 She thought no sister loved a brother more  
 Than she her brother Leonard—him who show'd  
 The strawberry lurking in the mossy shade,  
 The nest, in leafy thicket dark embower'd,  
 The squirrel's airy bound. No bliss he knew,  
 No toy had he—no pretty property—  
 No dog—no bird—no fit of childish wrath,  
 That was not hers. The wild and terrible tales  
 His garrulous old nurse o'ernight had told,  
 He duly in the morning told to her,  
 With comments manifold ; and when seven years  
 Made him a student of learn'd Lilly's page,  
 With simple, earnest, kindly vanity,  
 He fill'd her wondering ear with all his lore  
 Of tense, and conjugation, noun, and verb ;  
 Searching the word-book for all pretty names,  
 All dainty, doating, dear diminutives,  
 Which the old Romans used to woo withal.

So passed those happy seasons, when no law  
 Of jealous custom, no suspected harm  
 Bids fresh virginity beware of man ;  
 And, like two sexless bees, from flower to flower,  
 They wander'd unreprieved. But soon an age  
 Of fearful wishes found the spotless pair,  
 And Susan felt, unprompted, that the name  
 Of sister was not hers by right of kind.  
 Reserved she grew, and though she thought no ill,  
 She sigh'd in fear, and strove to frame her speech  
 To formal phrase of maiden courtesy.  
 Sore wonder'd Leonard at her mien constrain'd,  
 Her fitting blush, her intermitted words,  
 That seem'd unwelcome strangers to her lips,  
 And to her thought unknown. Why thus withdrawn  
 Her trembling hand, that wont in his to lie,  
 Still as the brooding warbler in her nest,  
 Close as the soft leaves of the rose unblown ?—  
 Why shrinks she from his kiss, his watchful gaze,  
 With such a faint and half-reproachful smile—  
 Nor longer may permit her flowing hair  
 To seek the pillow of his breast ? Ah ! why  
 Is he no more her brother ? But, ere long,  
 New passion budding in his vernal soul,  
 Fill'd him with joy to think no kindred tie,  
 No common blood forbade the current free  
 Of his warm wistful sighs.

The tale is old  
 Of "passionate first love" with all its dreams  
 Sleeping and waking—all its cherish'd pains.  
 Uneasy raptures, quarrels, fantasies,  
 Quaint wiles, and riddles read by lovers' eyes,  
 And bland deceptions meant not to deceive.

Though wooing well might seem a useless toil,  
 When Love, a goodly plant, in cradle sown,  
 Shot forth its leaves spontaneous in the warmth  
 Of genial youth, yet Leonard duly paid  
 The appointed duty of an amorous swain,  
 "With adorations and with fertile tears,"  
 And "loyal cantos of contemned love,"  
 As if in truth his Susan were a dame  
 Haughty and fierce, as Lady of Romance,  
 That must be woo'd with blows, and won with scar.  
 And homicide. Sometimes a shepherd he,  
 And soft and silly as his fancied flock,  
 Anon an arm'd and errant Paladin,  
 He talk'd of forests dark, and deserts drear,  
 And foes defied, and giants huge o'erthrown,—  
 And all for Susan's sake. Young Love is still,  
 Like Eastern sages, parabolical;  
 And Bliss, unearn'd, scarce knows herself to be.  
 But by the contrast of imagined woe.  
 What more of patient suit and coy delay,  
 Or passion paid, or maiden pride required,  
 I pause not to relate; nor how, at last,  
 The seemly ceremonial courtship done,  
 With interchange of braided locks and rings,  
 And holy kiss, they seal'd their plighted troth.  
 In their glad parents' sight. Unskill'd, am I  
 Such scenes to paint—to me, alas! unknown  
 Unmeet historian of a golden time,  
 I cannot give the charm of life renew'd  
 To pleasures long forgot; for happy days,  
 Unvaried save by sun, or sunny shower,  
 Are bare of incident as dreamless sleep,  
 Or sweet existence of a flower unseen.  
 Suffice to say, that Leonard and his maid  
 Grew up to man's estate and womanhood.  
 Their pure affection, ripening with their years,  
 Like a bright angel's broad o'ershadowing wings,  
 Guarded their spirits, kept their inmost thoughts  
 All lovely, pure, and beautiful. Secure  
 In the assurance of an authorized pledge,  
 They, unrepining, brook'd their bliss deferr'd  
 By charge parental, till maturer years  
 Should fit them for the cares of wedded life.

Alas! too wisely spake the poet wise—  
 "The course of true love never did run smooth,"  
 How clear soe'er the stream. Though like estate,  
 Congenial birth, affection tried and true,  
 Taste, tempers, studies, finely harmonized  
 By sympathy in dissimilitude—  
 Divided excellence, that sought and found  
 Its full perfection in the bond of love,  
 Decreed the union of the happy pair,  
 Whose mutual passion was obedience  
 To those beloved parents, who had wish'd  
 Their offspring blended in a common stock  
 Ere either babe was born; yet eyeless Fate  
 And human baseness wrought the righteous will  
 Of fate-controlling Heaven. The lovely maid  
 Was doom'd on earth to droop, a virgin flower,  
 Unsoil'd of earth, to bloom in Paradise.

Accursed faction poisons e'en the fount  
 Of household amity. A man there came  
 Of dubious honour, and of race unknown,  
 Deep laden with the plunder'd wealth of Ind;  
 And he, forsooth, must shine a rising star  
 In Britain's senate, make and unmake laws  
 He learn'd but late to keep; beat down prerogative,  
 "And make bold power look pale"—a patriot he,  
 Profound economist, the people's friend,  
 And champion of reform. Now Leonard's sire  
 Was one of ancient lineage, and estate  
 For many generations handed down,  
 Without an acre added or impair'd—  
 He counted a long line of senators  
 Among his ancestry, and ill could brook  
 The lineal honours of his house usurp'd  
 By the ill-gotten purse of yesterday.  
 And now the day of license was at hand,  
 Britain's septennial saturnalia,  
 When the soft palm of nice nobility,  
 Ungloved, solicits the Herculean gripe  
 Of hands with bestial slaughter newly stain'd;  
 When ladies stoop their coroneted brows,  
 And patriotic kisses deal to churls  
 A gipsy would refuse; and, reeling ripe,  
 Big Independence, recking as he goes  
 Through the rank roll-booth, works his burly way  
 To hiccup perjury.—O Mountain Nymph!  
 —O Virgin Liberty! behold thy shrine,  
 And send a snow-blast from thy native hills,  
 Or thy fat offerings will all dissolve  
 And choke the world with incense.—Plutus now,  
 And roaring Bacchus, are thy ministers,  
 While swoln Corruption, like a toad, half-hid  
 Beneath the purple trappings of the throne,  
 Distends her bloated features with a laugh,  
 To hear the many take thy name in vain.  
 Unequal strife had Leonard's sire to wage—  
 Too proud to flatter, and too proud to yield  
 The palm to flatterers, he fondly deem'd  
 Hereditary gratitude—the name  
 Of his time-honour'd house—and all the links  
 That bind the present to the past, and make  
 Each moment sponsor for eternity,  
 Were barriers potent to resist the flood  
 Of pauper treason, back'd with traitorous gold.  
 Hark!—the loud war proclaim'd by drum and fife,  
 And labell'd banners, that affront the sky  
 With gaudy blazonry of factious hate,  
 Turning the innocent hues of flower and field  
 To party shibboleths. The clear blue sky  
 Frown'd on the crimson of the regal rose—  
 Nor spared the maiden blush. Fierce riot rung  
 In homely mansions, long devote to peace,  
 And mild, benignant mirth. From vale to vale  
 The uproar echoed through the spacious shire,  
 The clang o'erpowering of the madd'ning wheels

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\* Alluding to a well-known anecdote of that fair Foxite—Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.



That glow'd incessant in the whirling fog  
 Of sleepy dust that courts the ground in vain.  
 The Sabbath bells alarm the slumbering dead  
 With irreligious peals ; old Silence flies  
 From all her hallow'd haunts, and hides her head  
 In the brute dumbness of o'ergorged excess ;—  
 Talk not of Hecatombs, imperial feasts,  
 Or antique feasts of Roman gluttony ;  
 For every alehouse is a temple now,  
 And flocks and herds but half suffice to stay  
 The popular maw.—Not sapient Egypt's god,  
 The lowing Apis, had escaped the knife,  
 Had slavish Egypt ever claim'd the right  
 Of unbought suffrage and election free.  
 Who dare deny—that beast, and fish, and fowl,  
 Were made for man ? Calves, sheep, and oxen, slain  
 In freedom's cause, by freemen are devour'd—  
 A seller fate attends the generous steed—  
 Outworn with toil, he gluts a freeman's cur.

But Leonard—and the gentle Susan ? Where  
 Walk they the while ? Oft, when the rafter'd hall  
 Shook with the jovial laugh of loyalty,  
 Till each grim ancestor and grandam fair,  
 That on the smoky canvass smiled for aye,  
 In multiplied confusion roll'd around,  
 Would Leonard steal into the quiet air  
 Of pensive night, Love's trusty confidant,  
 To meet his Susan on the silent hill,  
 And silent sit beneath the silent moon ;  
 His hand laid lightly on his Susan's palm,  
 While thousand, thousand voices, heard afar,  
 Were soft as murmurs of the distant ocean—  
 Solemn and soft—and yet a weary sound  
 To her, who knew her parent's heart estranged  
 From him she long'd to call her second sire ;  
 For Susan's father, reckless of her tears,  
 Of ancient neighbourhood, and deeds of love  
 Too natural to call for gratitude—  
 Blind to the pleadings of the meek, sad eyes  
 Of his child's mother, and his only child—  
 Had pledged his voice, and purse, and utmost power  
 To his friend's rival—whether borne away  
 By the loud torrent of the popular cry,  
 That universal voucher, for whose truth  
 No man can vouch—or vex'd by wounded pride  
 For prudent counsel by his friend refusal,  
 Or by congenial baseness, and the bent  
 And instinct of an earthy, purblind spirit  
 That hated honour, as a darkling fiend  
 Detests the sun, to kindred baseness drawn—  
 My Muse, unversed in vileness, not reveals.  
 Fearful the perils that beset our youth,  
 But are there none that lie in wait for age ?  
 Is not the sight, whose erring faith mistakes  
 An exhalation for a guiding star,  
 Better than total blindness ? Good it were  
 To be a Persian, and adore the sun  
 At morn and eve—or deem the changeful moon  
 Imperial arbitress of fickle fate,  
 To hail the day-dawn as a visible God.

Or, trembling, think the terrible vast sea  
 A living Godhead in a wrathful mood,  
 Rather than dwell within the gale of sense,  
 To see no God in all the beautiful world—  
 To feel no God in man.—

'Twas sad to mark

The passive Susan pace the public way ;  
 Her meek, obedient head with weight oppress'd  
 Of gaudy colours, that but ill became  
 Her pale fair cheek—to hear her soft low voice  
 Reluctant task'd to warble scurril rhymes,  
 Set by some ale-bench Pindar to such tunes  
 As carmen whistle. Worse it was to find  
 The Nabob and his train of Bacchanals  
 Establish'd in her home ; but worst to see  
 Her Leonard welcomed with such courtesy  
 As courtiers use to men they hate and fear.  
 In vain the eulogists of good old times  
 Upheld the good old cause. New wealth prevail'd,  
 And Leonard's sire, the lavish contest past,  
 Found he had fell'd his ancient oaks in vain,  
 In vain had pawn'd his green, ancestral fields,  
 Bereft his son of just and lineal hopes,  
 Quench'd the gray vigour of his kindly age  
 With loyal draughts, and joyless nights of noise  
 In vain. Indignant he is doom'd to hear  
 The upstart's triumph clamouring at his doors—  
 And finds—the sole reward of thousands spent  
 For Church and King—the prudent world's contempt,  
 Unspotted honour and a shatter'd frame,  
 A broken fortune, and a broken heart.

Sad change for Leonard—to no gainful art  
 Or science bred, untaught to bow his way  
 Through servile crowds, to fix the flitting eye  
 Of selfish patronage, or cling secure  
 To the huge timbers of the rotting state  
 A battening barnacle, by sloth retain'd,  
 And nourish'd by decay. His wants, though few,  
 Were yet refined, and he had known the bliss  
 Of leisure, which is truest liberty—  
 And—cruel fate—the time is now fulfill'd,  
 The year, the month, the long-expected day  
 Of expectation, which had look'd so fair  
 In the dim brightness of futurity—  
 The very day prefix'd to shake the tower  
 Of the old ivied church with wedding peals,  
 When Susan should have trod the church-way path  
 A blushing bride. The weary week past o'er,  
 And Leonard, in the melancholy hall  
 Sat listless, gazing on the naked walls,  
 And bare, cold floors—for greedy law had stripp'd  
 The antique mansion of its tapestry,  
 And Vandal officers had laid their hands  
 On musty relics of the olden time,  
 On smoky pedigrees, and antlers vast  
 Of stags, that fell ere the great Baron fought  
 At Agincourt ; rows of brown rusty bills,  
 Primæval guns, of formidable length,  
 With stubborn matchlocks—all immovable ;

Fragments of centuries past, not worth a doit—  
 But precious ever, and twice precious now,  
 When all the glory, bounty, wealth, and power  
 Derived from dark imaginative days,  
 Was clean departed from the honour'd line—  
 Say rather, vanish'd from the realm of chance,  
 To be for aye a thought, a deathless truth,  
 A thing of monumental memory.

“ 'Tis a fair show ; a goodly bridal-bower ;  
 Yon grim officials too ! attendance meet  
 To grace a marriage feast.” Thus Leonard spake,  
 And could have laugh'd in downright agony ;  
 But check'd his soul, and almost thought he bore  
 His grief most patiently ; for sorrow seem'd  
 Reproachful to his father. Mute he sat,  
 Culling old saws and comfortable texts,  
 To cheer the old man's desolate heart, and still  
 Rejecting all ; when lo ! a message came,  
 An instant summons from his Susan's sire.  
 Like one lone wandering on a perilous moor,  
 That hears a voice in darkness, and proceeds,  
 In desperate haste, to meet or friend or foe,  
 Regardless whether—Leonard hurried forth  
 To meet his doom. A little gloomy hope,  
 Much like despair, was kindled in his eye,  
 And made his heart beat audible and hard.  
 The faint alarm had caught his father's view,  
 As silently he clasp'd his palsied hand,  
 The old man shook his head with such a smile  
 As had no comfort in't.

With lowering looks,  
 And a proud menial's scanty courtesy,  
 Was Leonard usher'd to the well-known room  
 Vocal so oft with Susan's melody,  
 And gladden'd with her smile. 'Tis double woe,  
 The woe that comes where joy was sweetest found.  
 There sat the parents of his wife betroth'd,  
 Dear as his own, in happier days, and call'd  
 By the same filial names. The mother, meek,  
 With sad o'ercharged eyes that dare not weep,  
 Obey'd the mandate of her husband's hand,  
 And hastily, without a word, withdrew,  
 Casting on Leonard one mute pleading glance,  
 That said—Remember he is Susan's father—  
 Though yours he will not be.—Long pause ensued—  
 At length the stern man spake ! “ Young Sir,” said he,  
 “ I have an irksome duty to perform,  
 But 'tis a duty that I owe my child.  
 Few words are best—my daughter is not for you—  
 My reasons need no tongue to plead for them—  
 Urge not my promise—you are not the youth  
 To whom my word was given—I pledged the girl  
 To the inheritor of my friend's estate ;  
 Not to the heir of my foe's beggary.”  
 Big-hearted Leonard neither dropt a tear,  
 Nor spake reproachful word ; more grieved to find  
 A soul so base in form so long revered,  
 Than for the signet set to his despair—  
 The coward murder of his dying hope,  
 And the sweet records of young innocent years.

Transform'd to shame—envenom'd agony,  
 Yet long he linger'd at the gate, and raised  
 To Susan's chamber-window a long look  
 Of resignation deep—a long farewell;  
 But she was nowhere to be seen; and yet,  
 He fondly dream'd—what will not lovers dream?—  
 He heard her sigh, and leant a listening ear  
 To hear her sigh once more.—Full well he knew,  
 Though nought distrusting Susan's simple faith,  
 His claim annull'd—his suit by her forbidden.  
 Not all the sophistry of love, though urged  
 With eloquence divine, and looks of warmth  
 To thaw the chaste and consecrated snow  
 On Dian's bosom, could induce the maid  
 To wave obedience, or make head against  
 The strong religion of her filial fear.  
 So, hopeless—purposeless, he loiter'd home,  
 If home it could be call'd—begarrison'd  
 With portly bailiffs, and by duns besieged;  
 Keen-eyed solicitors, and purple hosts,  
 And sallow usurers—miscrants, that grow fat  
 On general ruin—bills mis-spelt, as long  
 As his old father's boasted pedigree.  
 Proud Leonard felt it shame, a burning shame,  
 To waste a sigh upon his personal grief  
 Amid the helpless downfall. Nought he told,  
 His father nought inquired, for all was known  
 Without the painful index of sad speech.  
 They talk'd of things long past—of better times,  
 And seem'd as they were merry. 'Twas the last,  
 The saddest night beneath the ancient roof—  
 The next beheld them inmates of a gaol—  
 And gaol-bird was the word that Susan heard,  
 Whenever Leonard or his sire was named.

There is no man can love as woman loves,  
 With such a holy, pure, and patient fire,  
 Or Susan had gone mad.—She pray'd, and wept,  
 And wept, and pray'd—but never look'd reproach  
 To him, for whose degenerate soul she pray'd—  
 And pray'd she might not scorn him, might not hate  
 The author of her being. Though no word—  
 No brief adieu—had closed the failing eyes  
 Of her departing hope—for every port  
 And inlet to her home was closed, and none  
 Dared name her lover; yet firm faith survived,  
 The strong assurance of a vow enroll'd  
 In heaven. And her own wise innocence  
 Forbade suspicion of her Leonard's truth,  
 And bade her live, though sure a blessed thing  
 For her it were to die. What life was hers!  
 Hard-eyed rebuke, and wrath and ribald scorn,  
 Solicitation of a mother's tears,  
 And the perpetual siege of fancies fair  
 Reflected from old days of happiness,  
 With Babel dissonance her heart assailing,  
 Made misery many-fac'd—a hideous dream—  
 A monster multiform—a dizzy round  
 Of aye-revolving aspects—woeful all.  
 Sweet Susan ever was a lowly maid,  
 Unpractised in the arts of maiden scorn;

Yet she could teach "her sorrow to be proud,"  
 And walk the earth in virgin majesty,  
 As one who owed no homage to its rules,  
 No tribute to its faithless flattery—  
 She loved her silent, solitary woe,  
 And thought, poor soul! all nature sympathized  
 With her lone sorrow. Every playful breeze  
 That dallied with the moonlight on the leaves,  
 Sung mournful solace to her wounded spirit,  
 As if it were indeed a mournful sound,  
 Mournfully kind. The glad some nightingale,  
 That finds the day too short for half her bliss,  
 And warbles on, when all the tuneful grove  
 Is silent as the music of the spheres,  
 Sounded to her like wakeful melancholy  
 Dwelling on themes of old departed joy.  
 The nightingale grew dumb—the cuckoo fled—  
 And broad-eyed Summer glared on hill and plain—  
 And still no word. Was Leonard dead, or flown  
 Before the swallow? Doth he dwell forlorn  
 As the last primrose in the shadowy glade,  
 That bloom'd too late, and must too soon decline?  
 The birds are silent, and the shallow brook  
 Is hardly heard beneath the dark, dark weight  
 Of over-roofing boughs? And is he gone—  
 Gone like the riotous waters of the rill,  
 That smoking, gleaming, whitening on their way,  
 Display'd an earth-born Iris to the sun,  
 And in their beauty and their pride exhaled?  
 Ah no! He lives in sunless prison pent,  
 Watching the death-bed of his prison'd sire;  
 Who, on low pallet stretch'd, in noisome den,  
 Scarce wider than a captive lion's cage,  
 Breathes the mephitic and incarcerate fog,  
 That morn not freshens nor still even cools;  
 His dosing slumbers broke with clank of chains  
 And felons' curses, and the horrid mirth  
 Of reckless misery. Beside him sat  
 His once gay consort, squalid now, and lost  
 To self-respect, with grey dishcervell'd locks,  
 All loosely wrapt in rags of silk array;  
 Her aspect, channell'd with impatient tears,  
 Now sullen mute, now loud in wordy woe,  
 Chiding the murmurs of her gasping spouse,  
 And the meek patience of her boy. 'Twas well  
 The poor old man heard little, nothing mark'd,  
 For drowsy death lay heavy at the gates  
 Of outward sense, and the beleaguered brain  
 Refused its office. Long he lay, and seem'd  
 A moving, panting corse, without a mind,  
 By some foul necromancer's horrid charm  
 In life detain'd. No word to living soul  
 He spake, and though he sometimes mutter'd prayers,  
 His understanding pray'd not—Leonard pray'd—  
 But silent as the voiceless intercourse  
 Of spirits bodiless—whose every thought  
 Is adoration. Not in Heaven unmark'd  
 The mute petition. Sudden as the gleam  
 Of heavenly visitation, a new light,  
 A glory settled on the pallid face  
 Of Leonard's sire. The dull unmeaning eye

Of dotage and disease, in rapture fixt,  
 Glow'd with a saintly fire, 'The imprison'd soul,  
 As rushing gladly to its dungeon doors,  
 Peer'd out, and look'd abroad—one moment—then  
 Ecstatic flew. "I am going to leave thee, boy—  
 I thought to leave thee in far other plight—  
 But that which is, must be. Unscemly 'twere  
 To see a dying father crave his son's  
 Forgiveness—else might I implore of thee  
 To spare thy foolish father's memory—  
 The world will deal ungently with my name,  
 But, Leonard, never let thy heart consent  
 To the blind, coward, malice of the crowd—  
 And if the prayer of thy father's spirit  
 Be heard in Paradise, my soul shall pray,  
 Even at the foot of the Almighty's throne,  
 For thy best welfare. Good it is that thou  
 Hast been afflicted in thy lusty youth,  
 So happier days shall close thine honour'd age—  
 And, dear my child, I am in haste to Heaven;  
 My sin is pardon'd, and a mystic robe  
 Of woof celestial decks my bitter part.  
 But my poor limbs—far from the reverend dust  
 Of my dead ancestry—without a chaft,  
 Hatchment, or hearse, or green memorial sprigs  
 Of shiver'd box-wood, and sweet rosemary,  
 Must soon be earth'd up in a vulgar grave.  
 The hireling shepherd of this wretched fold  
 Will hurry o'er his ill-paid task of prayer—  
 And I shall be forgot. But when the smile  
 Of fortune shall repay thy honest toil,  
 Restore thy father's relics to the home  
 Of thy forefathers' bones. Thy mother—know  
 She is thy mother, and thy father's wife.  
 O God, receive my spirit!" Thus he spake—  
 Clasp'd his son's hand—and died without a groan.  
 Did Leonard weep? Oh, no; he knew too well  
 The selfish baseness of a private woe—  
 He shed no tear upon the barren grave,  
 But cast a long, sad, yearning look to Heaven,  
 And thought of Susan and his sainted sire.  
 There is a spell in patient filial love,  
 Can charm the deafest and the hardest heart,  
 And e'en relax the gripe of hungry law.  
 So the bleak mercy of a liberal age,  
 Dismiss'd poor Leonard, and his mother, mark'd  
 With branded and convicted poverty,  
 From the ungenial refuge of a gaol  
 Into the genial air.

'Tis sweet to see  
 The day-dawn creeping gradual o'er the sky.  
 The silent sun at noon is bright and fair,  
 And the calm eve is lovely; but 'tis sad  
 To sink at eve on the dark dewy turf,  
 And feel that none in all the countless host  
 Of glimmering stars beholds one little spot,  
 One humble home of thine. The vast void sky,  
 In all its trackless leagues of azure light,  
 Has not one breath of comfort for the wretch  
 Whom houseless penury enfranchises,

A brother freeman of the midnight owl,  
 A sworn acquaintance of the howling winds  
 And flaggy-pinion'd ruin. Now Leonard leaves  
 The prison gates;—but whither will he go?  
 Must he, the high-born, high-soul'd youth, implore  
 The stinted kindness of offended kin—  
 Crave pardon for the deadly sin of need;  
 And wrench from shame, not love, a pittance less  
 Than goes to feed the hounds? This he must do,  
 Or eat the bread of loathsome beggary;  
 For though he did not scorn the honest plough,  
 He knew not how to guide it. Rustle churls  
 Bemock'd his threadbare, pale gentility,  
 And would not grant him leave to toil for hire.  
 Oh, cruel fate!—his spirit stoop'd to beg  
 A shelter for his mother—"Twas refused.  
 No matter—There was kindness in the clouds,  
 And son and mother lay secure, beneath  
 The sylvan roof of charitable boughs.  
 The Lady, proudest of the proud, forgot  
 Her in-bred pride, and wept consoling tears,  
 And praying—pour'd a blessing on her child.  
 There is more mercy in the merciful God  
 Than e'er inhabited the pregnant eyes  
 Of men, who waste unprofitable tears  
 For all imaginable woes, and leave  
 The poor uncomforted, to wail their own.  
 There came a kinsman from a foreign land,  
 O'erfraught with wealth,—whose British heart, unspoil'd,  
 Had stood the siege of Oriental suns,  
 And the dire sap of all-transmuting gold—  
 A rich good man—He blamed the tardy winds  
 Which would not let him free his old kind coz  
 From durance-vile of helpless poverty;  
 But still the son survived—the widow'd wife  
 Still drew her woful breath—and he had power  
 To call the orphan to a friendly home—  
 To bid the widow wear her comely weeds  
 Beside a plenteous and a smiling board.  
 Few days transpired, and Leonard was again  
 The heir of thousands—the undoubted lord  
 Of his paternal acres—all redeem'd.  
 The ancient pictures reassumed their place  
 In the old smoky hall—the antique arms  
 In rusty state resumed their dusk repose.  
 The branching trophies, and the furry spoils  
 Of many an oft-related, endless chase,  
 Found their due station; while the worn-out steeds,  
 Repurchased, roam'd the venerable park  
 From vilest drudgery free. The hallow'd bones  
 Of the late lord, unearth'd, were laid in state  
 With old ancestral, lordly rottenness;  
 And if the pride of earth be known in Heav'n,  
 Earth's noblest pride—then Leonard's angel sire  
 Look'd down exultant on his marble tomb,  
 And blest his only child.

And shall no drop  
 Of all ~~this~~ blessing comfort Susan's soul?  
 Right sorry now, I ween, her sordid sire  
 For his o'er prudent haste, and breach of faith—  
 He saw his daughter's beauty marr'd with tears;

Her soul benumb'd with dull continuous woe,  
 And a strange wildness in her sad, soft eye,  
 That rather told of visionary gleams,  
 And silent commerce with the viewless world,  
 Than ought which man may love. If e'er she spake,  
 Her voice was hollow as the moaning wind,  
 An echo of despair. Yet she would sing  
 Throughout the long hours of the frosty night;  
 It would have wrung your very heart to hear her—  
 She sang so like a ghost. Will the proud youth,  
 Thus, measuring other natures by his own,  
 Her father thought—"Will Leonard love her still?  
 Will the large-acred heir, whom late I spurn'd,  
 Accept my child—when all her bloom is fled—  
 Her eye no longer bright—and her sweet wits  
 By sorrow crazed? I did him grievous wrong,  
 And will he sue me for my wither'd rose,  
 And give the glory of his ancient name—  
 The lusty verdure of his years, and all  
 His hopes on earth, to a poor moonstruck maid,  
 The daughter of his father's enemy?"  
 Base, slanderous fears! For Leonard's love was strong  
 Beyond the might of mutability.  
 No rash impatience of the youthful blood,  
 No sudden liking of enamour'd sense,  
 His vow had prompted—and no change of hue,  
 Nor loss of lively cheer, the work of woe,  
 Could shake his truth. I need not say—how soon  
 His suit renew'd—nor with what faint excuse  
 By Susan's sire admitted.—Oh, blind haste!—  
 Of unadvised bliss—that came so late,  
 And wrought its tyrannous effect so soon—  
 For sorrow had become the element,  
 The pulse, the sustenance of Susan's soul,  
 And sudden joy, smote like the fire of Heaven,  
 That while it brightens, slays. A hectic flush,  
 Death's crimson banner, cross'd her marble cheek—  
 And it was pale again—The strife was past—  
 She lies, a virgin coise, in Leonard's arms.—

He saw her shrouded relics laid to rest  
 In his ancestral sepulchre. That done,  
 He was a wanderer long in foreign lands:  
 But when the greenness of his agony  
 Was sere with age, the hoary man return'd;  
 And after some few years in virtue spent,  
 He died.—His bones repose in Susan's grave;  
 And he is with her, in the land where love,  
 Immortal and unstain'd, is all in all.

THE OLD BACHELOR.



## THE EPICUREAN ; A TALE, BY THOMAS MOORE.\*

DULL people turn up the palms of their hands and the apples of their eyes on beholding Prose by a Poet. Yet, in all eras of our literature, have not many of our best poets also been our best prose-writers? In the present age they are so pre-eminently—witness Scott, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Bowles, Wilson, Lamb, Lockhart, Heber, Hunt, Hogg, Moore, Montgomery, Milman.

There is indeed a kind of prose—peculiar to prosemen—which some critics, we believe, call classical—dry, and adust exceedingly, with here and there a small dim image, like a flower withered in the bud, and an occasional attempt at a tree, which always wears the look of having been transplanted, and of being indebted for its precarious existence to the free use of unspirituous liquors from the watering-pot. Into this province poets do not intrude. Their gardens have, both from nature and art, a more glorious glow—there is both shade and shelter in the umbrage of their self-sown forests—in their hands the hill-side brightens with “fresh fields and pastures new ;” and under their improved system of husbandry, the long-withdrawing vales teem with a hundred harvests, ripening or ripened, in their mingling colours harmonious as the heavens, and not more beautiful to the eyes than salutary to the spirits of men.

Though no poets ourselves, we therefore love the prose of poets. The very dangers of luxury are surely preferable to those of destitution—better, if it must be, even to die of a surfeit than of starvation. But why talk of dying? Too much, even of celestial fruitage, may indeed sicken the hungry pilgrim that plucks it from the laden bough ; but golden pippins are, after all, safer than crabs. They are also a much more certain crop. They seldom fail more than once in a quarter of a century—and then, perhaps, only when blighted by lightning—whereas your crab, every other year stretches out its fruitless branches, grey and scraggy with moss and mould-

diness, the laughing-stock of the very briars and thorns rejoicing in their hips and their hairs.

The truth is, that except on a very few subjects, poets alone should be suffered to write prose. Geometry, algebra, and arithmetic, in all their branches, seem to us essentially unpoetical. But not so Political Economy. Mill and McCulloch should be interdicted from intermeddling any more with what they choose to call the Science of Values. Mr Canning, who had much of the poetical temperament and genius, threw more light from one short speech once delivered on Bullion, than those two distinguished plodders have been able, from one long article, ten times reprinted, to throw on Corn.

If the dull worthy people to whom we alluded in the two first words of this article, would but take the trouble to consider with themselves for a few seconds, they could not fail to discern the impossibility of writing passable prose, without a decent portion of poetical genius. Feeling—fancy—imagination—what, pray, is any writer without them? And what are they but component, constituent parts of the said decent portion of poetical genius? What important passion, incident, event, affair, catastrophe, character in human life, can be illustrated without them? Without them, who ever made his brother a better and a wiser man, by anything said or sung? And if feeling, fancy, and imagination, are names of powers, either active or passive, of paramount influence on the virtue and happiness of man—essential alike to the giver and receiver of all moral, political, and religious truths—will they not make themselves conspicuous in all composition, whose aim is the elevation of the mind addressed, whether the means employed be gay or grave, pathetic or sublime?

Take any two passages, by all mankind felt to be grand or glorious—the one prose and the other poetry—and have the goodness to point out any essential difference between them, except in form. You may, or if you

may not, perhaps the gentleman next you may, translate the form of the one into the form of the other, without even show of violence being offered to things so majestic. Both will still speak—look—like themselves, their apparel having been exchanged—but each equally glorious in transfiguration. Take any two passages, by all mankind felt to be small and contemptible—the one prose and the other misnamed poetry—but we need say no more than that they are found wanting alike—in the *mens divinator*.

Thus, it appears that the *mens divinator* alone can enable a man, woman, or child, to write either prose or poetry, and that all good poets must—if they choose to practise it—excel in prose composition. For, consider how much easier it is to write in prose than rhyme. The latter is far more various, intricate, complicated, scientific; and the easier is included in the more difficult. It follows, too, from what we have said, that all great prose-writers might have been great rhyme-writers. “Oh! many are the poets that are sown by Nature,” says Wordsworth, “possessing the vision and the faculty divine;” but he well adds, “wanting the accomplishment of verse.” Therefore, there was nothing left for it, but that they should either not write at all, or write in prose. Most of them have preferred the former alternative, and have gone to the dust, without any other fame than what attaches to them from the general eulogy on all persons in their predicament, in Gray’s *Elegy in a Country Church-Yard*.

We had almost said that we prefer Mr Moore’s prose to his poetry. But had we said so, we should have had immediately to eat in our words. Mr Moore’s songs are more delightful—a thousand times over—than anything he ever has written, or ever will write, in prose. He is a master of many lyrical measures, and he catches inspiration “even from the sounds himself has made.” Poetry and music bear him on their wings—if not through the highest heaven of invention, surely among and over the sweetest shady and sunny spots on this our beautiful and happy earth. Pleasure and patriotism hold their revels together in his strains—the spirit in which he writes is voluptuous, but not

effeminate—and perhaps the love-sick youth starts up from the fair bosom on which he has been reposing, a rebel in his garb of green, and dies in vain for the lost liberties of Erin. There is often, too, profound pathos in the sentiment of those beautiful songs. Burns, no doubt, is sometimes simpler far,—and in the few cases in which simplicity is all that the heart of a man desires, Burns is superior to Moore. But simplicity is, *after* all, but a sorry attribute; more especially the simplicity of a rude writer like Burns, who knew little of composition, and seldom wrote ten consecutive lines of which the expression is not faulty in the extreme. In longer poems, such as the *Cotter’s Saturday Night*, such faults may be pardoned or overlooked; but in songs—which should never consist of more than a few stanzas—we must have almost faultless beauty of expression, or the effect is marred or lost. Of such expression Burns was incapable—and his best songs, without one exception, contain words—phrases—whole lines, unendurable to all ears that have been accustomed to “strains of higher mood,” although meat and drink to the ears of Mr George Thomson. Moore knows the power of appropriate words—even syllables; and often by some exquisite term strikes the very heart till it thrills through all its chords. It is all very well to talk about nature, and so forth; but nature, insufficiently aided by art, has never produced anything, short or long, great or small, that can stand comparison with the happiest productions, in the same kind, of nature working by rule and measure, and using all the aids of art, to the exclusion of a consonant, or the admission of a vowel, even during the very hour of inspiration, when genius feels that it is about to create a combination of thoughts and feelings that shall endure and delight for ever.

A hundred of Moore’s songs, at least, are equal, if not superior, to the best songs of any other lyrical poet. Custom cannot stale their infinite variety; nor is there almost any mood of mind in which any one of them may not be listened to or read with pleasure. To be sure, a man may be nearly dead-drunk with claret or care, Glenlivet or grief, guile or guilt, Hollands or horror, rum or remorse; and in such a mood,

poetry will be found to have lost its charm, and prose itself be administered in vain. But in all common cases, Moore's Songs will be preferred even to Blair's Sermons; and the man, insensible to their magic, must be very far gone indeed, either in civilization, or a decline. No poet ought to write long lumbering poems like Roderick, the Last of the Goths, Lalla Rookh, and the Excursion. Beautiful or sublime, pretty or pathetic poems, from twenty to one hundred and fifty lines in length, should be written in great numbers; and it is a bad sign of the times, that nothing of the sort has appeared since *Laodamia*. Most of our living poets will be remembered after their death, either by their short poems, or particular passages from their long ones. The fact will not conceal, that the age has not produced one good—that is, great long poem; and poets who, like Wordsworth, link their names with that of Milton and Spenser, ought to be saluted with one universal dissentient voice from the population of the three United Kingdoms. Seeing, then, that our living poets cannot write long poems, and will not write short ones; and seeing, also, that they are all excellent prose-writers, each in his degree, what better can any single individual of the whole set do than set himself to work in that department, and, like Mr Moore, produce a moral and religious tale, story, or fiction?

Several very beautiful moral and religious tales, stories, or fictions, in prose, have been written by more than one of our living poets, before this one by Mr Moore; yet the Epicurean is sufficiently original, both in design and execution, to take its place among them, without belonging, perhaps, to any particular school. We heard an ingenious gentleman of great critical capacity and character, declare that the Epicurean was a delightful tale, Moore ~~all~~ over, meaning thereby to say, that it was characterized by all the qualities of his genius. It is so; yet it does not read as if it were altogether original. It seems to us to have the air of a translation from rhyme into prose. Perhaps it was at first a poem; and if so, Mr Moore has very skilfully moulded it into another form. Every now and then, however, we feel ourselves on the brink of verse; the imagery often seems to be tending thither; and many expressions which we

do not doubt would have been effective and appropriate in verse, miss their aim in their present shape, and cheat the ear out of its accustomed and expected pleasure. We occasionally felt disposed to try our hand at restoring passages to their former figure; of publishing, in short, a version of the Tale, by way of experiment, to know how near it might approach to the original M.S. now in Mr Moore's custody.

It is a difficult thing, now-a-days, to be original. Perhaps it always was so—yet we should be sorry to think human life was exhausted. Within these last twenty or thirty years, undoubtedly the fields of literature have been widely turned up, and undergone a succession of all sorts of white and green crops. That man is fortunate, who either stumbles by accident, or is led by sagacity, on some nook of virgin soil that will return a sudden harvest of an hundred-fold. The world attributes the wonderful produce entirely to his own genius and skill—forgetting the joint and genial influence of the elements, all happily tempered and combined. Cultivators of equal or superior knowledge and power keep toiling on worn-out farms, and can with difficulty pay their rent. Many of them become bankrupt, and receive notice to quit; nor will the stock pay half-a-crown in the pound. We could point to many grey-haired men in this predicament, who were once in a flourishing condition—but it is consolatory to know that some of them have, as clergymen, and merchants, and bankers, contrived to retrieve their fortunes, and to outlive the memory of those poems that had ultimately proved such bad speculations, and threatened to bring their families on the parish.

“Such ebb and flow must ever be;  
Then wherefore should we mourn?”

So easy is it to write a good Tale, a good subject being given, that we should be happy on such condition, during our leisure hours, to furnish one per week, for the next ten years, penalty of each infraction of our engagement, fifty pounds. It is common to see skeletons of Sermons advertised for sale, each of which the Divine clothes with flesh and muscle, nerve and sinew, till it appears almost as plump as himself, and then delivers it, be-

fore an admiring congregation, a fine thumping discourse. Will no ingenious literary gentleman, possessing an inventive vein as to incidents, events, and catastrophes, but no great deacon at execution, favour Us, who can dress up, embellish, adorn, and inspire with Promethean heat,—annually favour Us, we say, with some scores of skeletons of Stories, against the publishing season? We shall not stickle on terms. A tithe of the copy-right, we should suppose, will be reckoned handsome—or say rather, fifty pounds, and a new suit of sables on each edition of three thousand of one volume post octavo. But he will have need to be prolific, that we may not overtake him; for, provided we keep our health, we shall make no bones of three skeletons in the fortnight. We know not whether Mr Moore constructed his own skeleton, or if it be the gift of a friend. Be that as it may, it is well proportioned, and hangs well together. To fill up such a skeleton, must have been an easy and a pleasant occupation. It walks its way gracefully and vigorously in the world—all unlike some ghostly stories we do not name, that have no more speculation in their eyes—no more motion in their joints, than a Lay Figure.

The hero of the Tale is a Professor of Moral Philosophy, not in the modern, but in the ancient Athens—Alciphron, an Epicurean. He appears to have been elected to the Chair, by the magistrates and town-council, at a very early age; for, at the opening of the tale, he is represented as being famesick at five-and-twenty. His loves and his lectures have ceased to delight his active principles,—all with him is vanity and vexation of spirit; and the doctrine of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms is no longer satisfactory to the sage. Above all, he shudders at the mortality of the soul, and mourns over the triumphs of intellect and genius that are so soon to be shrouded in eternal death. Mr Moore hints very finely at those dark misgivings, and contrives, in a few introductory pages, to inspire us with an affectionate interest in the fate of the amiable and disturbed Epicurean. Alciphron is as little as may be a pedant, though a professor; nor do we lose our respect and admiration of his character, even while,

with our own ears, we hear him lecturing to ladies.

“The festival was over;—the sounds of the song and the dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy;—an imagination that presented sad thoughts, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with Passion; and, not even in the fullest fervour of the latter, were they separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling, the same dark thread had run across the web; and images of death and annihilation mingled themselves with the most smiling scenes through which my career of enjoyment led me. My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy fancies; for, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of delight assumed a mournful preciousness in my eyes, and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death.”

In this mood of mind, Alciphron wanders along, till he finds himself before that fair statue of Venus with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished the Garden. He sinks asleep at the base of the statue; and in a dream beholds a pale, venerable man, with a taper in his hand, like a messenger from the grave.

“After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled my very soul, he said,—‘Thou, who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile—go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest!’”

“No sooner had he said these words than the death-like hue of his cheek brightened into a smile of more than human promise. The small torch that he held sent forth a radiance, by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated, even to the far horizon’s edge, along whose line were now seen gardens, palaces, and spires, all bright and golden, like the architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, was heard everywhere, floating around, and from all sides, such varieties of splendour poured that, with the excess both of harmony and of light, I awoke.

That infidels should be superstitious, is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and necessary to the mind; and, if not suffered to flow in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God, have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of Fate or the stars. Much the same inconsistency I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams, that all my philosophy could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences, which make the fortune of soothsayers and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me

Oracles truer far than oak,  
Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke.

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night, touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate, should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and sunk deeper into my memory with every effort I made to forget it. In vain did I mock at my own weakness;—such self-derision is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accustomed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, for ever new; but still came the saddening consciousness of mortality, and, with it, the recollection of this visionary promise, to which my fancy, in defiance of my reason, still clung."

This strange vision perpetually haunts him, and he longs to travel into Egypt, that land of wonders, where mystery has unfolded but half her treasures—where so many dark secrets of the antediluvian world still remain, undeciphered, on the pillars of Seth; and where some charm or amulet may lie hid, whose discovery may wait his coming, according to the promise of the phantom. Having furnished himself with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, in the summer of 257 A.D., he sets sail for Alexandria.

The reputation of Alciphron, as a philosopher and man of pleasure, had preceded him, and at Alexandria, the second Athens of the world, his celebrity opened hearts and doors at his approach, like a talisman. The dark beauty of the Egyptian women had in his eyes a novelty that enhanced their other charms, while love and friendship ripened in his path as rapidly as vegetation springs up where the Nile has flowed. He attends the celebration of the Annual Festival of Sa-

phis at Canopus—at Sais he is present during her Festival of Lamps—he wanders among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis. But his proudest pilgrimage was to the Isle of the Golden Venus; and as he explored its shades, whose bowers are the only temples, he felt how far more fit to form the shrine of a deity are the ever-living stems of the Garden and Grove, than the most precious columns that the animate quarry can supply. But it was not till that evening when he first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis, and saw them towering aloft like the watch-towers of Time, that the great secret of which he had dreamed, again rose on his thoughts in all its inscrutable darkness. "Must thou alone then perish? Must minds and hearts be annihilated, while Pyramids endure? Death, death, even on these everlasting tablets—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase—thou hast written our doom, saying awfully and intelligibly, 'There is for man no eternal mansion but the tomb!'"

The sun sinks—and suddenly on every house-top in Memphis, gay gilded banners are seen floating aloft, to proclaim his setting, while a full burst of harmony peals from all the temples along the shores. On that very evening, the Great Festival of the Moon was to be celebrated, on a little island half-way over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, where stood the temple of the goddess. As he approaches the island, he sees, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony, and passing through a long alley of sphynxes, whose spangling marble shone out from the dark sycamores around them, he soon reached the grand vestibule of the Temple, where the ceremonies of the evening had already commenced.

"In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open over-head to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds; that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted,—there being but one lamp of naphtha on each of the great pillars

that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a distinct view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

"Their long, graceful drapery was as white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the rounded bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with little silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile,—that flower being accounted as welcome to the moon, as the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each wore beneath her left shoulder.

"There was no music to regulate their steps; but, as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some, by the beat of the castanet, some, by the shrill ring of the sistrum,—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis,—harmoniously timed the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not an displeasing harmony.

"They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it—who attracted, and, at length, riveted all my attention. I knew not why, but there was a something in those half seen features,—a charm in the very shadow, that hung over their imagined beauty,—which took me more than all the out-shining loveliness of her companions.

"It was then,—by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal, and, as suddenly, let fall their lids again,—it was then I beheld, what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more beautiful, or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so far. It was a new feeling—a new sense—coming as suddenly as that radiance into the vestibule, and, at once, filling my whole being; and had that vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself, in prostrate adoration, at her feet.

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"But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard, when the sacred bird, which had, till now, stood motionless as an image, expanded his wings, and flew into the Temple; while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed,—and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught her drapery, and disengaged some ornament which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it; but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd."

Flinging himself into his boat, Alciphron, in a mood of mind as usual half-bright and half-gloomy, unconsciously rows across a solitary lake to the north of Memphis, upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead,—a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids. Startled by finding himself within the shadow of this city, he looks up, and beholds rising in succession before him, pyramid beyond pyramid, each towering more loftily than another, while all were out-topped in grandeur by one upon whose summit the moon seemed to rest as on a pedestal. He hears the sound of an oar plying swiftly through the waters, and in a few moments sees shooting past him towards the shore a small boat, in which sit two female figures, muffled up and veiled. They disembark, and he follows them till they both disappear within the shade of a small pyramid. He accidentally presses a spring that commands a mysterious aperture—and the spirit of adventure being strong within him, he sends up a gay prayer to that bliss-loving Queen, whose eye alone was upon him, passes through the portal, and descends into the pyramid. At the end of a long gallery, he sees a glimpse of light, appearing to come from some cell or alcove—and reaches a small chapel, or oratory, over the walls of which were painted some of those various symbols, by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loved to shadow out the history of the soul—the winged globe with a serpent—the rays descending from above, like a glory, and the Theban Beetle, as he comes forth, after the waters

have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

"In the middle of the chapel stood a low altar of granite, on which lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal,—as they preserve their dead in Ethiopia,—and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus-branch, broken in two, and a bird, just winging its flight from the spray.

"To these memorials of the dead, however, I but little attended; for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were most intently fixed.

"The lamp, by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated, was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine; and, between its light and me, stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me, at first, but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline my heart beat high,—and memory, as it proved, had as much share in this feeling as imagination. For, on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall on the features, I saw with a transport, which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she—the young worshipper of Isis—the same, the very same, whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

"The movement, by which she had now given me an opportunity of recognising her, was made in raising from the shrine a small cross\* of silver, which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervour; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with an inspired earnestness, as if, at that moment, in direct communion with heaven, they saw neither roof, nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies."

Awed by this holy scene, Alciphron glides back through the same passages and windings by which he had entered, regains the narrow stairway, and again ascends into light.

Thus far have we proceeded in company with Professor Alciphron, not without a deep interest in his adven-

tures. But we come now upon a part of his autobiography, which, although we doubt not it will be thought vastly fine and romantic by many readers, is to us nothing more or less than downright and most extravagant nonsense. After a whole day's nap, he again descends into the pyramid, with a lamp in his hand—and ere long enters through a pair of massy iron gates, which open at a touch, and their clash together again with such a din, that it seemed as if every echo, throughout that vast, subterranean world, from the Catacombs of Alexandria, to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thundering sound. He finds himself in the mysterious dominions of the Egyptian priesthood. Strange lights alternate with horrid glooms and utter darkness—wondrous music floats around—the walls are inscribed with poems in shining characters—voices reply in monosyllabic sweetness "Yes" to his anxious queries—and there extends completely across his path, a thicket or grove of the most combustible trees of Egypt, tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm. Around their stems and branches are coiled serpents of fire, which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread their own wild-fire as they go, and involve tree after tree in one general blaze. He rushes through this grove of fire, while the serpents that hang hissing from the red branches shoot showers of sparkles down upon him, and he then escapes into an immense rocky cavern, through the middle of which, headlong as a winter-torrent, rushes a roaring flood. He leaps into the waters, pursued by the mournful cries of apparitions; and after a desperate struggle, in which he must have sorely felt the want of a cork-jacket, he gets hold of a flight of steps, which, after shaking himself hastily, like a Newfoundland dog, (Bronte,) he ascends with promptitude and decision of character, worthy the admiration of John Foster. A balustrade by which he holds during his ascent, grows tremulous in his hand, and the steps totter beneath his feet. A momentary flash, as of lightning, at that critical moment, breaks around, and he sees, hanging out of the clouds and within reach, a huge brazen ring.

\* A cross was, among the Egyptians, the emblem of a future life.

Instinctively he stretches forth his arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps giving way, he is left swinging by his hands in the dark void. As if this massy ring had, by some magic power, been linked with all the winds in heaven, no sooner had he seized it, than, like the touching of a spring, it seemed to give loose to every variety of gusts and tempests that ever strewed the sea-shore with wrecks or dead; and as he swung about, the sport of this elemental strife, each new burst of its fury threatened to shiver him, like a storm-sail, to atoms! The Professor is certainly now placed in a situation to which we should not wish even our worst enemy to be doomed for more than five minutes at a spell. What an attitude for a portrait! Alciphron holding like grim death, hand over head, by a ring in the roof of a vault, right over an abyss, like one of those in the Devil's Peak in Derbyshire, drawing up his knees to his chin in occasional convulsions, unhappy in his fork, and in his back the lumbago. What would not our friend George Cruickshank have given for five minutes' study of the Professor's face in such a predicament! His eyes, starting from their sockets, must have been quite a treat; nor less so his ear-to-ear mouth; not even to hint at the nose of an Epicurean during such a prelection to the apparitions of a pyramid. Assuredly his life was not worth an hour's purchase—for "still holding, I know not how, by the ring, I felt myself caught up, as if by a thousand whirlwinds, and round and round, like a stone-shot in a sling, whirled in the midst of all this deafening chaos, till my brain grew dizzy, and my recollection confused, and I almost fancied myself on that wheel of the infernal world, whose rotations, it is said, eternity alone can number!"

Bravo—bravo!—encore—encore! The Venetian devil on the slack rope, is nothing to the Professor. But surely such feats deserve refreshment—and Alciphron should have been allowed a tumbler or two of summat, and a change of flannels. He must have been in profuse perspiration, and required rubbing down, when "I felt the ring slowly descend with me, till, happy as a shipwrecked mariner at the first sight of land, I found myself once more on firm ground." He could

not have been thus pendent for less than ten minutes, and it is not easy to imagine more violent gymnastics. What a contrast between the Professor in his Chair, and the Professor in the Ring! We had no idea that Epicureans were such proficient in bodily exercises—and Alciphron Agonistes must have despised the ease of his indolent gods. Strong muscular arms he must have had, like those of a Neatc or Spring of later days—and a facet from such a performer would have been an ugly piece of business. We should also have liked to know how he felt when at full swing—probably rather squeamish—and queer in the upper storey. Alciphron should have been more explicit on that point, for the benefit of posterity. We recommend this exploit to the manager of Sadler's Wells. It would have a fine effect in a melodrame—and the Personification of the Professor might dance his hornpipe on air to music by Horn. The piece, if well got up, would have an equal run to Mother Goose—and Young Grimaldi would admirably enact the Professor in the Pyramid.

To be serious, could a man of Mr Moore's exquisite perception of the ludicrous, have missed being moved, even to tears, by such an adventure as this, in a serious fiction by any other writer? How could he for a moment imagine himself in Alciphron's predicament, without feeling that it was one of the most absurd danger, which a serious spectator would have been unable to view without laughter, even while he was expecting the performer every moment to be dashed to pieces? A man never looks so like a ninny, as when suddenly brought into involuntary activity out of his own element.

We remember once having seen an old gentleman, when his house was on fire, let himself down by a rope which he had kept coiled round one of the bed-posts for that especial purpose, from the ninth storey, till, having got to the end of his tether, he remained dangling about thirty feet from the ground. About five thousand people immediately burst out into a simultaneous horse-laugh, which was with difficulty extinguished, on the septuagenarian being caught as he was swinging to and fro like the pendulum of an eight-day clock, by the strong arm of a providential Girtzy,



and withdrawn through a window on the second flat, into the privacy of domestic life. Suppose, during one of our Noctes Ambrosianæ, our dear friend the Ettrick Shepherd, were to keep swinging so, from a ring in the roof, till the toddy got cold in the tumbler below his feet, would it be possible, think you, much as our sympathetic hearts would commiserate James, to stifle our laughter at the shrieks of the truly original author of the Queen's Wake? Such a sight would relax the gravity of a spectator fresh from the cave of Trophonius. He who could behold unmoved such an Epicurean, must needs be a Stoic indeed; it would "wake wild laughter in the throat of death," till he went off in a guffaw. Now, we hold that Mr Hogg is every whit as good-looking a man as ever Alciphron was, and able to stand as much, and more, before you could make him personally ridiculous. Or, may we without offence suppose Mr Thomas Moore himself riding at the ring, like a pleasure-boat riding at anchor in a swell? Fair eyes might weep at his danger—but it would be through a smile, and an insuppressible susurrus would titter round the table, when the author of Lalla Rookh descended into the epergne. We have selected Mr Hogg and Mr Moore as illustrations, out of our admiration of their genius as poets, and regard for themselves as men. But perhaps it may be said that they are not in point, because neither of them is a professor like Alciphron, and that Picardy Place is not a pyramid. Take, then, a professor—one of the professors of the New London University, Mr M'Culloch—up with him to the roof of one of the Four Theatres of the glory of Gower Street, and let him dangle at full length at a rope's-end. Let Mordecai Mullion give him a shove to set him a-swinging. There he goes, surlier as the swings increase—twenty in the minute. His heels keep kissing alternately each end-wall, while, ever and anon, his head threatens to crack the ceiling. Now he is fixed—now he is circulating capital. At one time, like stock, he rises, at another time, like stock, he falls. Now, like an Exchequer bill, he bears a premium, and now the exchange is at par. His Treatise on Currency is admitted to be his ablest performance—and he is looked up to more than

ever by Colonel Torrens and Mr Mill. Gross as his personalities have been against that useful vegetable, is he not himself quite the potato? Mercy on us, what eyes! Now he is curious on cornices—now a roof-inspector—and how delicately at that moment did his toe touch the floor!—*Vires acquirit cundo*—and as he intensifies his acceleration, he becomes undistinguishable in feature, joint, or limb. His most intimate friends do not know him—they become incredulous of his presence. The ring gives way, and in sudden descent, like a bit of bathos, down stots the Professor, and then is seen blowing the froth from a pot of porter, guardon of his high emprise.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, well was it said by that acute critic, Mr Napoleon Buonaparte, whose Life has been most ably written of late by Sir Walter, there is but one step—nor, we venture to add, is that step generally a long one. A young lady may take it in tight petticoats—a young gentleman even in a brace of breeches made in the Modern Athens. It is rarely a stride—it seldom exceeds a foot, and we have measured it under six inches. Alciphron forgot that apophthegm. Striking your head against a stair-case is by no manner of means the same thing as striking your head against the stars. The one is sublime—the other ridiculous. The one pleasant, the other painful, as every man will acknowledge that tries. Now, the Epicurean performing on the pendent rope in the Pyramid, may have fancied himself sublime, but he was only making himself ridiculous, and we absolutely could not help blushing for the Professor. There was a deep well beneath him, it seems, and he richly deserved a plump.—Yes, he ought to have been made to kick the bucket.

Alciphron seems to have been of a very prying nature. Few people but himself would have thought of looking for a secret spring in the brickwork of one of the Seven Wonders of the World—and deuce a one of them all, but himself, would have been lucky enough to find it out at the first trial. And then, could he not have kept his paws off the brazen ring, and be hanged to him? A moment's reflection would have told him that it was "a weak invention of the enemy," and that

by pulling at it, he could expect a no more merciful visitation than a shower-bath. The hero of a tale should not be inquisitive, for the consequences are sure to be awkward; and if he must keep doing, why he must reap as he has sowed, and get himself inevitably into all sorts of undignified scrapes. Alciphron should have remembered that, although upon the rove, he was a Professor; and that even during vacation, something was due to the gravity of the chair. Besides, springs and rings, trap-doors and wells, should not be all contrived for the hand of every vagrant; and now and then even the luckiest should take the wrong sow by the ear. It is evident that Alciphron was born neither to be hanged nor drowned, and we wondered how he was to meet with his death, till we had the melancholy satisfaction of being informed at the close of his history, that he died, pick-axe in hand, in the brass mines of Palestine.

Did Mr Moore ever descend a salt-mine in Cheshire or elsewhere? Did he ever see a desperado of a stonemason ascend a steeple without scaffolding, clinging like a fly to the wall? We suspect not. Had he ever done so, he would not have made so light of jumping into chasms, climbing perpendicular staircases, threading subterranean galleries, swimming Alpheus, and dangling over abysses by rings. Alciphron had led rather a sedentary life, and his walking had chiefly been along the gravel of the Garden. Besides, he was notoriously flat-soled, slightly inknead, and his hands were white and delicate as those of our Lady-Love. He had never been in training—was fat and flabby, and scant of breath—and had not cultivated his intrepidity. Yet, all at once, he dances like a D'Egville, jumps like an Ireland, and hawls like a Pulley. Here there is a want of keeping; the reader gets sceptical, and offers odds that he don't perform the same feat over again at a month's notice. His good faith is suspected; and he looks like a rejected contributor to the Annals of Sporting.

That Alciphron did *bona fide* perform all that he asserts, we in court-sy and conscience are bound to believe, for he died, we are told, a good Christian, and his Life is a posthumous publication. But we have a wide swallow for

the wonderful; and people in general are more incredulous in this enlightened age. We hear it whispered by malicious genealogists, that Alciphron was an ancestor of the Baron Munchausen, and the most famous of the ancient Toxopholites. For ourselves, we can believe anything—for example, that the moon is made of green cheese, and that the part is particularly mouldy and mity into which the Irish joiner drove a nail. But scepticism is the vice of the age; and not one man in a million will belt the ring.

Now, an autobiographer cannot be too cautious not to impeach his own veracity. One bouncer invalidates a whole batch of truths. Let a man maintain that he once stood on his head on the top of a steeple, and nobody will believe him when he says that he once leaped a sty. Forging Tartarus is one thing, and fording the Tweed another; and he who swears that he has bathed in Læthe, will be disbelieved when he asserts that he has done so in the Leithen. Egypt, it is true, is a privileged place, and any person may be supposed to play pranks in a Pyramid; but all countries ought to be on an equality; and to the jumper who cleared six feet at Rhodes, we say, favour us with five feet six at St Boswell's Green.

Further, Alciphron does not speak of his exploits in a style of language calculated to induce belief that he was capable of performing them—nor would it go down at Tattersall's. He is innocently unaware that he has done anything extraordinary, and is no judge of distance. He would think nothing of offering to walk eight miles an hour, toe and heel;—to jump thirty feet back and forwards on level ground—to lift a ton. He is either a vapourer or a simpleton; and in spite of all his eulogies on his own activity, we would not lay the long odds on him in a race of a hundred yards up-hill against a tortoise, or at hop-step-and-jump on level ground against a mannikin of indian-rubber in the shape of an ink-horn.

Still further, no man, not even a Professor, is entitled to run all sorts of risks, and dare all sorts of dangers in all the different elements, without once meeting with a serious rebuff, such as a broken skull, leg, back, or spine. Now, Alciphron always escapes Scot-free. He plumps into water, and

from his dive emerges dry as a duck. He flounders through fire, and not a hair is singed. He has nothing to show in proof of his perils; and steps out of Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, as smug as he could out of a band-box.

Finally, it is not possible for even the most sanguine reader to hope that Alciphron will at last be killed. No one can long be taken in by his tricks. When he falls through a trap-door, we feel assured that there is a feather-bed ready for him below—when he walks the fire, we know that he wears an asbestos dreadnought or wrap-rascal. Against all foul air in mines, he has obviously anticipated Sir Humphrey Davy in the safety-lamp; and though no Leander or Byron in swimming, he keeps bobbing on the surface, in the embrace of a life-preserver. We are convinced that he can neither be hanged, drowned, shot, stifled, stabbed, or beat to a mummy—that should he swoon, he will quietly be revived by an elixir at the nose; nay, that should he even die, he will think nothing of it after a sound sleep, a pastime to which he is extremely partial; and that he will think no more of being buried than a citizen of another sect would think of blinking the question under a load of blankets. There is no end to a person of this kind; and we only wonder why Alciphron should have been so miserable about the mortality of the soul, when he had such excellent reason for trusting in the immortality of the body.

Having thus spoken our mind somewhat freely, we must return to the progress of the story. Alciphron, on once more setting foot on terra firma, hears music floating at a distance, such as heard in dreams, while through an elysium or paradise, that gradually opens before him, are seen wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, wearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads, and branches of the eternal palm in their hands, while over the verdant turf, fair children and maidens go dancing to aerial music, whose course is like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness. He feels his robe gently pulled, and turning, beholds an aged man, whom, by the sacred hue of his garb, he knows

to be a Hierophant. Placing a branch of the consecrated palm in his hand, the Hierophant says, in a solemn voice, "Aspirant of the Mysteries, welcome!" The Priest conducts him to a small pavilion, by the side of a whispering stream, where the very spirit of slumber seemed to preside; and, pointing to a bed of dried poppy leaves within it, left Alciphron to repose.

By the way, the Epicurean is a great sleeper. He seems not to care so much about eating or drinking; but he sleeps like a dormouse. On the present occasion, he tells us that—"No sooner had I fallen on my leafy couch, than sleep, like a sudden death, came over me; and I lay, for hours, in the dark and motionless rest, which not even a shadow of life disturbs." During the whole of this part of his adventures, Alciphron could not possibly have been more somnolently inclined, than were we ourselves,—and to be candid, we have just awoken out of a "sleep like a sudden death," to go on with this article.

Tedious were it to abridge the description that now ensues of Alciphron's initiation into the mysteries of Isis. The old priest, under whose guidance he has put himself, is a man of talent and eloquence; and some part of the ceremony of initiation brought forcibly to our recollection certain corresponding incidents that occurred to ourselves the evening we were made free and accepted masons. Were we not, under a formidable ban, sworn never to divulge the mysteries of the craft, it would have pleased us to draw a parallel between the proceedings of Alciphron in those subterranean regions, and our own in the Kilwinning Lodge.

It is not easy to know the precise aim of the Egyptian priesthood, in the imposing and magnificent rites which they play off on the Epicurean. The philosophy of Epicurus was their especial abhorrence, and they seem to have wished either to convert Alciphron to their own creed, or to intrap him into death. Their spies had seen him hovering about the Pyramid; and the two female figures he had followed, appear to have been employed as decoy-ducks, whose smooth plumage it was beyond the power of the Professor's philosophy to resist. This, to our mind, destroys the simplicity of the whole adventure, which instantly

assumes the character of a thing dexterously got up; and, besides, to pit one simple professor against some thousand crafty priests, is not fair play, which is at all times a jewel.

But the fatal objection to all the subterranean part of the volume is, that it is insufferably dull, and outrageously unnatural. Had anybody told us, previous to perusal of the Epicurean, that Mr Thomas Moore had written some chapters of a book that were insufferably dull, we should have given him, if not the lie direct, certainly both the retort courteous and the quip modest—and immediately after perusal, must have penned an apology or explanation. We do not so much quarrel with what is outrageously unnatural—for a man of genius, in a fit of infuriated fancy, may be guilty of any outrage against old mother Nature, and hope to be forgiven. But to be outrageous, unnatural, and dull, all three together, for the space of forty-three hours, (the minimum duration of the James Watt steam-packet's trip from Leith to London, Captain Bann.) is a privilege which the public will not grant to the most gifted son of genius—not even to her justly well-beloved Thomas Moore.

That the subterranean world, excavated for the mysteries of Egyptian superstition, was a world of wonders, we can easily believe, and that the rites and ceremonies with which the idols were worshipped, or the idolator initiated, were imposing, terrible, sublime. But there were limits even to the power that built the Pyramids. This Mr Moore wholly forgets, and does not scruple to describe rivers, and groves, and woods, and mountains, and lakes, and skies, suns, moons, and stars, all more or less artificially constructed, so that Alciphron is puzzled what to think of it, and frequently forgets that he is down stairs. Now, just consider with yourself, gentle reader, if thou shouldst even be Mr Thomas Moore himself, how very little imagination is essential to such a process. All you have to do is, in the first place, to assert that you are in a subterranean world, and then to describe things as they are upstairs, merely mentioning, every now and then, lest the reader forget that he is in the sunk storey, that a strange unearthly light glimmers here, and a still stranger and more unearthly

darkness glooms there; and that, whatever music you happen to hear is from some invisible and unknown source; in that respect, and in that respect alone, differing from the music one hears in the upper air, which proceeds from visible and also tangible fiddles, bagpipes, or hurdy-gurdies. The subterranean traveller, too, must not be suffered to understand distinctly anything that happens to him, but must be kept in a constant perplexity, surprise, and wonder, which are found to be emotions highly poetical; and easily excited, even in the minds of the least imaginative, who, either from chance or choice, may have descended into a Pyramid, swung over abysses of brazen rings, scampered through groves of vegetable fire, and sustained a *coup de soleil* from a sun constructed by an Egyptian pyrotechnist.

Not to mince the matter, but to out with the truth at once boldly, like a man, let us say, that, in describing a subterranean world, a poet has only to get gradually into a state of civilisation, and attempt a walk of a few miles by himself in a hilly country, abounding in woods and waters, by star and moonlight—no, not entirely by himself, but with an amanuensis. In the first place, the whole visible nocturnal sphere is peristephical.

“Here we go up, up, up,  
And here we go down, down, down.  
And here we go round about, round about,  
Round about every one,”

is the song of the tipsy moon and the intoxicated stars. With the utmost difficulty can the trees keep their legs, and you actually behold a grove of venerable oaks or elms, at other seasons all as grave as a bench of bishops, tossing their wigs in the face of the aurora borealis, and leaping on the mountains as if they had gone mad. What an animal is an old, stiff, formal pedant of a Scotch fir, so drunk that he can neither sit nor lie! The mountain-torrents have all had a skinful, and—pardon us if we be coarse—are beginning to cascade. No man living can make out what the clouds are about;—and as to the airts, as we call the cardinal points of the compass in Scotland, they have all stood up to a double quadrille (is it the *Lancers*?) And only look how that sharp old airt, Mr East, is in the very act of changing positions with sweet Miss West, while

Mr North is irresistibly advancing upon blushing Miss South, dos-à-dos!

Now, our supposed poet begins to dictate, and his amanuensis to take him down verbatim in short-hand—

“ This is no my ain warld,  
My ain warld—my ain warld,  
This is no my ain warld,  
Fair though this warld be !”

It is—it must be something subterranean. Accordingly, it is jotted down as such ; and during the time between the “ wee short hour ayont the twal,” and the solemn stroke Two from the Village Tower, is a description indicated that beats Mr Moore’s *Memphian Mysteries*, black and blue, and leaves him wondering, and of his wondering finding no end, at the poverty of his own imagination.

To treat the subject still more metaphysically, observe what Mr Moore has overlooked, that the subterranean in fictitious composition must always be subject either to the laws of the superterranean, or of the supernatural. If to the first, then the poet must create nothing below ground that he could not create above it. Now suppose for an hour that there was no sun in a given heaven—no trees on a given earth—nor any more scenery in short than exists a mile or two within the interior of the globe itself—could all the wisdom and power of the Egyptians have got up, think ye, such a substitute for the sun and the scenery as would have imposed upon a Professor, and convinced him that he was taking a drive in a shandry-dan through the sweet shire of Devon?—Scarcely. But is it easier to construct a beautiful world within the belly, than on the back of the earth? On the contrary, much more difficult. Argal, Mr Moore’s subterranean Egyptian region of mystery, never was excavated in this world ; and when Alciphron has brought this tedious part of his tale to a conclusion, we quote Shakspeare upon him, and whisper, “ Don Juan Fernam Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude !”

Suppose, again, that the subterranean world of fictitious narrative is subject to the laws of the supernatural. In this case, the metaphysic of the composition is another guess sort of thing. The mind, when moved by the imagination, will hold each strange

tale devoutly true, that genius consecrates to falsehood. That only this one every-day apparent and palpable world of ours exists, is to the mind stupified by pure intellect a melancholy truth. But, to the mind sublimed by the ether of imagination, that creed is a self-evident contradiction ; the sole entities are then felt to be thoughts ; systems on systems, not the less real because transitory, are created as at a breath, sub-natural, super-natural, preter-natural—yet all formed on the model of what we call nature, and intelligible to all who know anything, however dimly, of what nature is, and received among our persuasions, and beliefs, and convictions, which are in themselves immortal, though at times asleep, and although often disappearing, never extinguished or destroyed.

Now, had Mr Moore given us a creation of this kind, we should have returned him our sincerest thanks. He would then have done something worthy of his genius ; and the reading public would have exclaimed, “ A Poet—a Poet !” Dear S. T. Coleridge—thou mighty magician—where and why hast thou buried thy wand? Of yore, no sooner did we hear thy silver voice—alas ! mute so long—

Than the earth we pace  
Again appeared to be  
An unsubstantial fairy-place,  
That was fit world for thee !

We beg a thousand pardons of our readers for all this prosing, and must again look after Alciphron and the Priest. It delights us to quote the following beautiful passage—

“ Here his voice was interrupted by a strain of mournful music, of which the low, distant breathings had been, for some minutes, heard, but which now gained upon the ear too thrillingly to let it listen to any more earthly sound. A faint light, too, at that instant broke through the valley—and I could perceive, not far from the spot where we sat, a female figure, veiled, and crouching to earth, as if subdued by sorrow, or under the influence of shame.

“ The light, by which I saw her, was from a pale, moon-like meteor, which had formed itself in the air as the music approached, and shed over the rocks and the lake a glimmer as cold as that by which the Dead, in their own realm, gaze on each other. The music, too, which appeared to rise directly out of the lake, and to come full of the breath

of its dark waters, spoke a despondency in every note which no language could express; and as I listened to its tones, and looked upon that fallen Spirit, (for such, the holy man whispered, was the form before us,) so entirely did the illusion of the scene take possession of me, that, with breathless anxiety, I waited the result.

"Nor had I gazed long before that form rose slowly from its drooping position; the air around it grew bright, and the pale meteor overhead assumed a more cheerful and living light. The veil, which had before shrouded the face of the figure, became gradually transparent, and the features, one by one, disclosed themselves through it. Having tremblingly watched the progress of the apparition, I now started from my seat, and half exclaimed, 'It is she!' In another minute, this veil had, like a thin mist, melted away, and the young Priestess of the Moon stood, for the third time, revealed before my eyes.

"To rush instantly towards her was my first impulse—but the arm of the Priest held me firmly back. The fresh light, which had begun to flow in from all sides, collected itself in a glory round the spot where she stood. Instead of melancholy music, strains of the most exalted rapture were heard; and the young maiden, buoyant as the inhabitants of the fairy orb, amid a blaze of light like that which fell upon her in the Temple, ascended into the air.

"'Stay, beautiful vision, stay!' I exclaimed, as, breaking from the hold of the Priest, I flung myself prostrate on the ground, the only mode by which I could express the admiration, even to worship, with which I was filled. But the vanishing spirit heard me not; receding into the darkness, like that orb, whose track she seemed to follow, her form lessened away, till she was seen no more. Gazing, till the last luminous speck had disappeared, I suffered myself unconsciously to be led away by my reverend guide, who, placing me once more on my bed of poppy-leaves, left me to such repose as it was possible, after such a scene, to enjoy."

Mr Moore is now in a great measure himself again, and much beautiful writing occurs; still, however, occasionally intermixed with extravagance. We rejoice in the fair apparition of the Priestess of the Moon—begin to feel an interest in the fortunes of Alciphron, and willingly exchange the visions of fancy for the emotions of the heart. Alethe, for that is her

name, and simple is she, and beautiful as Truth, is, apparent idolatress though she be, in her secret soul a Christian—and having heard that the Priests have a design on the life of the celebrated Athenian philosopher, whom she knows but by name; his person having been but indistinctly seen by her in the gloom, she resolves to save him, and to escape along with him from those unhallowed shrines and temples, to a place of purest peace. The mode of their escape is neither happily conceived nor detailed; and, indeed, must be pronounced preposterous—nay impossible. But Mr Moore having brought Alciphron down into the subterranean regions by the clumsiest and most incredible contrivances, is quite consistent with himself in sending him up again by the clumsiest and most grievously grotesque—part of the journey being performed, if we mistake not, in a jingle on a rail-road—and we shrewdly suspect, impelled by steam.

"A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car, which, as I had felt on entering it, leaned half way over a steep descent, on being loosed from its station, shot down almost perpendicularly into the darkness, with a rapidity which at first nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noiselessly in grooves; and the impetus which the car acquired in descending was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that succeeded, from the summit of which it again rushed down another declivity, even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till at length, from the last and steepest elevation, the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running for a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion and stopped."

Whenever Alethe and Alciphron are forced to walk, she puts the end of a riband into his hand, and so trots him cautiously along in the dark, till the creak of an opening door is heard above, and a faint gleam of light, which at the same time shines upon her figure, apprises him that they are arrived within reach of the sunshine.

Heartily glad and grateful must the poor Epicurean have been on once more becoming a citizen of the world. Never had professor been so buffered before, and we feel assured that Alciphron is done with Pyramids for ever.

As for Mr Moore himself, if ever he goes into a Pyramid again, we hope

some sudden serpent will devour him ; and we kindly and respectfully suggest the propriety of his leaving, without delay, his copy of *Abdallatif's Egypt*, with *M. de Sacy's Notes*. Mr Moore is a man of erudition as well as genius ; but he seems to have a kind of ambition to which he ought to be superior, that, namely, of being esteemed a reader of strange books. Many, perhaps most, of the descriptions in *Lalla Rookh*, beautiful as they were, smelt of the musty volumes from which the materials had been drawn ; and no poet native to the Orient, would have so belaboured and overloaded his camels, and other beasts of burden with the brush. Yet the rich and various versification of *Lalla Rookh* carried off all faults—and perhaps it would be unreasonable, unjust, and ungrateful, to wish any change in those poems. But a prose tale cannot bear so much ambitious erudition ; and the reader, if once fairly tired, makes no effort, as he has indeed no inducement, to keep awake, and welcomes the embrace of “ tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

Further, Mr Moore is not, as we have already hinted, nearly so original in this part of his tale as he is in all the rest. We dare say he has read “ *La Vie de Sôthos*,” probably, “ *Histoire du Ciel*,” and certainly, “ *Voyages d'Antenor*.” No man is less a plagiarist than Mr Moore. We merely mention these works, which are all as stupid as may be, to show that what he has done ill, had been previously done much worse. As to *Vathek*, which we have somewhere or other seen Mr Moore charged with imitating, although Beckford has been praised by Byron, the said *Vathek* is utterly unreadable, Beckford being a person of no genius, and very bad taste, and unworthy of a name in English Literature. We do not believe that Mr Moore ever once thought of *Vathek* during the composition of the *Epicurean*.

Gently Alciphron raises Alethe in his arms, who, overcome by agitation and fatigue, had sunk senseless on the pavement, and places her in the air on the steps of the outer vestibule of a vast and ruined temple. Where were they ?

“ I was now standing, I found, on the small island in the centre of Lake Moeris ; and that sanctuary, where we had

emerged from darkness, formed part of the ruins of a temple, which (as I have since learned) was, in the grander days of Memphis, a place of pilgrimage for worshippers from all parts of Egypt. The fair Lake itself, out of whose waters once rose pavilions, palaces, and even lofty pyramids, was still, though divested of many of these wonders, a scene of interest and splendour such as the world could not equal. While the shores still sparkled with mansions and temples, that bore testimony to the luxury of a living race, the voice of the Past, speaking out of unnumbered ruins, whose summits, here and there, rose blackly above the wave, told of times long fled and generations long swept away, before whose giant remains all the glory of the present stood humbled. Over the southern bank of the Lake hung the dark relics of the Labyrinth ;—its twelve Royal Palaces, like the mansions of the Zodiac,—its thundering portals and constellated halls, having left nothing behind but a few frowning ruins, which, contrasted with the soft groves of olive and acacia around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature, and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.”

What a shock of fearful surprise it was to Alethe to behold, in the famous Athenian sage, not that old venerable man in which her fancy had pictured him, but Alciphron, the Beautiful, and Stately, at whose feet had lain languishing the fairest and noblest daughters of the Eye of Greece ! This scene is delicately touched, and is a good subject for the “ silent art.” Mr Moore felt, that had Alethe seen Alciphron in the Shades, her “ maidenly shamefacedness ” would never have suffered her to attempt such rescue. It would have inevitably made that a love-adventure, which, as the story strds, was a magnanimous enterprise ; and well did she deserve to be rewarded by the bliss of a new and innocent passion, when in good time that passion expanded within her virgin bosom. On recovering from her first confusion, she exclaimed, “ ‘ To the Nile without delay,’ clasping her hands, when she had spoken, with the most suppliant terror, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me with a look that would have taught Stoics tenderness.”

Hailing one of the numerous boats that ply upon the lake, Alciphron ar-

ranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. What can be more beautiful than the description of this voyage?

"Everything looked smiling around us as we embarked. The morning was now in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might be traced over the Lake, wakening up its waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores, were, in every direction, skimming along the lake; while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the animation of the scene, a sweet tinkling of musical instruments came, at intervals, on the breeze, from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, that suffer themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

"The vessel which I selected for our voyage, was one of those small pleasure-boats, or yachts—so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile—in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, gilded gorgeously, without, with religious emblems, and fitted up, within, for all the purposes of feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness—tempered with as much respectful reserve as the deep tenderness which I felt would admit of—left her in solitude to court that restoring rest, which the agitation of her spirits but too much required.

"For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the ferment in which my thoughts had been kept seemed to render it hopeless. Throwing myself upon the deck, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued, for some hours, in a sort of vague day-dream, sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama, and sometimes with my eyes fixed in drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

"The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron, interlacing their boughs, while, here and there, huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally, out of the depth of these groves, there shone a small temple or pleasure-house;—while, now and then, an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields, all covered

with beds of thins pale, sweet roses, for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

"The activity of the morning hour was visible everywhere. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had roosted all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked freshly awakened,—and, most of all, the superb lotus, which had risen with the sun from the wave, and was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light."

Willingly—most willingly, would we make long extracts from this part of the volume, which is bright with the richest—purest—finest poetry. But the charm lies in the spirit with which the whole description of the voyaging of the lovers—for lovers they well may be—is pervaded and overspread. We almost thank Mr Moore for having kept us so long in that wearisome subpyramidal region, so exquisitely do we enjoy again our own bright and breathing world. Well can we believe what Alciphron says of Alethe, "there was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance, thus seen by the natural light of day, than in those dim and unhallowed regions below. She could now, too, look direct to the glorious sky, and that heaven and her eyes, so worthy of each other, met." Thus, it is added, up the lonely Nile did they pursue their course—each a mystery to the other,—their thoughts—their objects—their very names a secret;—separated too, till now, by destinies so different, the one, a gay voluptuary of the Garden of Athens; the other, a secluded Priestess of the Temple of Memphis; and the only relation yet subsisting between them being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other!

"How bright and happy," said I,—pointing up to Sothis, the far Star of the Waters, which was just then sparkling brilliantly over our heads,—How bright and happy this world ought to be, if—as your Egyptian sages assert—yon pure and beautiful luminary was its birth-star! Then, still leaning back, and letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as, if seeking to disengage them from the fascination which they dreaded—To the



study (I said), for ages, of skies like this, ~~and~~ the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced. That mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises, at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness;—that sublime, but saddened, anticipation of a Future, which comes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though Death seems to reign in the repose of earth, there are those beacons of Immortality burning in the sky——

"Pausing, as I uttered the word 'immortality,' with a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to my lips, I looked in the face of the maiden, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives—such as Hope herself wears, when she is dreaming of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and gazing upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arms half opened, to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips,—‘Thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die for ever?’”

Alciphron narrates to her all his adventures in the Pyramid, and hints at the cause of them—his sudden love for his then unknown Alethe.

"Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me,—though my lips had sent back many a sentence unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued nor disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel, of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living, the maiden leant down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen; and when she looked at me again, there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene, had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us. So neighbouring are the fountains of Love and of Sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams."

But who and what, in good truth, was Alethe—and whither was she voyaging—and where wished she to pass the rest of her life? All this she relates to Alciphron, but to repeat, says he, "the simple story in her own touching words, would be like endeavouring to note down some strain of unpremeditated music, with those fugitive graces, those felicities of the

moment, which no art can restore as they first met the ear." Alethe was the daughter of the beautiful Theora of Alexandria, who, although a native of that city, was descended from Grecian parents. She was one of the seven maidens selected to note down the discourses of the eloquent Origen—and became possessor of a copy of the Scriptures—which, with a mixture of pleasure and fear, she hid from all eyes, like one who had received a divine guest under her roof, and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world. Theora afterwards married a young Greek merchant, who died at Memphis, leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother while yet in her nineteenth year. She then sought admission into the service of one of the great Temples of Egypt, and therein Alethe was born.

"The leisure of her new retreat, and the lone melancholy of widowhood, led her still more frequently to indulge in such thoughts, and to recur to those consoling truths which she had heard in the school of Alexandria. She now began to peruse eagerly the sacred book, drinking deep of the fountain of which she before but tasted, and feeling—what thousands of mourners, since her, have felt—that Christianity is the true religion of the sorrowful.

"This study of her secret hours became still more dear to her, from the peril with which, at that period, it was attended, and the necessity she was under of concealing from those around her the precious light that had been kindled in her heart. Too timid to encounter the fierce persecution, which awaited all who were suspected of a leaning to Christianity, she continued to officiate in the pomps and ceremonies of the Temple; though, often, with such remorse of soul, that she would pause, in the midst of the rites, and pray inwardly to God, that he would forgive this profanation of his Spirit.

"In the meantime, her daughter, the young Alethe, grew up still lovelier than herself, and added, every hour, to her happiness and her fears. When arrived at a sufficient age, she was taught, like the other children of the priestesses, to take a share in the service and ceremonies of the shrines. The duty of some of these young servitors was to look after the flowers for the altar;—of others, to take care that the sacred vases were filled every day with fresh water from the Nile. The task of some was to preserve, in

perfect polish, those silver images of the moon which the priests carried in processions; while others were, as we have seen, employed in feeding the consecrated animals, and in keeping their plumes and scales bright, for the admiring eyes of their worshippers.

"The office allotted to Alethe—the most honourable of these minor ministries—was to wait upon the sacred birds of the Moon, to feed them with those eggs from the Nile which they loved, and provide for their use that purest water, which alone these delicate birds will touch. This employment was the delight of her childish hours; and that ibis, which Alephron (the Epicurean) saw her dance round in the Temple, was her favourite, of all the sacred flock, and had been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this enchanted region, was an accomplishment required of all its ministrants; and the harp, the lyre, and the sacred flute, sounded nowhere so sweetly as that through these subterranean gardens. The chief object, indeed, in the education of the youth of the Temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those shows and phantasms in which the whole charm and secret of Initiation lay."

Thus born and educated, Alethe, although the Priestess of the Moon in the temples of idolatry, was at the same time a Christian.

"As the intellect of the young maid became more active and inquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of Paganism. In this dilemma, the only resource that remained to her was to select, and disengage from the dross that surrounded them, those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions;—those feelings, rather than doctrines, which God has never left his creatures without, and which, in all ages, have furnished to those who sought it, some clew to his glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator; the fall of the human soul into corruption; its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and re-ascent to the source of

all spirit;—these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue, which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt: and to impress them, in all their abstract purity, upon the mind of her susceptible pupil, was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

"It was their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the Temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground, allotted to some of the most favoured Priestesses, in the precincts of the Sacred College. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions, which pursued them at every step, below, she endeavoured to inform, as far as she might, the mind of her beloved girl; and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth, as plants that have been long shut up in darkness will, when light is let in, incline themselves to its ray.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night, contemplating that assembly of glorious stars, whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations it was that the worship, thus transferred from the Creator to the creature, sunk lower and lower in the scale of being, till man, at length, presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous of inversions, heaven was made the mirror of earth, reflecting all its most earthly features.

"Even in the Temple itself, the anxious mother would endeavour to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favourite ibis of Alethe took its station on the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before,—when the acacia-bough, which she herself had plucked, seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes, as soon as the priest had breathed on it,—on all such occasions, Theora, though with fear and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration, and that spiritual unseen Deity, of which it was but the remembrancer or type."

Theora, on her death-bed, placed the sacred volume solemnly in the hands of Alethe, and implored that she would, at all risks, fly from the

unholy place, where the dying mother feared her daughter's extreme beauty might bring death to her soul among that profligate and licentious priesthood. Pointing in the direction of the mountains of the Saïd, she named with her last breath the holy man (Melaninus, a Christian,) to whom she trusted for the protection and salvation of her child. Alethe had now followed the last request of her mother, and is voyaging, under the care of Alciphron, to the dwelling of Melaninus.

This little history of Alethe is, for the most part, delightfully written; but it is, we fear, awkwardly introduced. Nothing, however, so easy as to point out faults in the structure of any story that ever was told; and having expressed our opinion freely about the scenes below the Pyramids, we shall let there be a truce to all objections to the main design, which not only reflects the highest honour on Mr Moore's inventive genius as a poet, but exhibits in a lofty light his moral and religious character as a man.

Alethe is voyaging then, as we have seen, towards the cell of a Christian Father, to consecrate all her days to the service of the only Living and True God; and Alciphron, the gay, voluptuous, impassioned, unprincipled, and atheistical Epicurean, has the fair virgin in his power. He acknowledges that he feared no witnesses but those of the earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though he acknowledged not a Heaven, he worshipped her who was to him its type and substitute. "If," he says, "at any moment, a single thought of wrong or deceit towards a creature so sacred, arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrilege. Even passion itself felt a holy fear in her presence, like the flame trembling in the breeze of the sanctuary—and Love, pure Love, stood in place of Religion."—The following scene is full of the truest and most exquisite pathos.

"We were now approaching that region of wonders, Thebes. 'In a day or two,' said I, 'we shall see, towering above the waters, the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes, and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon, and those mighty statues, that fling their shadows at sunrise over the Libyan hills. We shall hear the image of the Son of the Morning answering to the first touch of light. From thence, in a few

hours, a breeze like this will transport us to those sunny islands near the cataracts, there to wander among the sacred palm-groves of Philæ, or sit, at noon-tide hour, in those cool alcoves, which the waterfall of Syene shadows under its arch. Oh, who, with such scenes of loveliness within reach, would turn coldly away to the bleak desert, and leave this fair world, with all its enchantments, shining behind them, unseen and unenjoyed?' At least, I added, tenderly taking her by the hand, 'at least, let a few more days be stolen from the dreary fate to which thou hast devoted thyself, and then——'

"She had heard but the last few words; the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness into which, in spite of all my resolves, my voice had softened, she looked for an instant in my face with passionate earnestness;—then, dropping upon her knees, with her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed,—'Tempt me not—in the name of God I implore thee, tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty. Oh, take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee for ever!'"

Alciphron felt that this was an appeal that could not be resisted—and that his love for the orphan had become a holy and reverent emotion. He dismisses the barge, and resolves to take upon himself alone the entire charge of his innocent and confiding preserver.

"From the boats of all descriptions that lay idle beside the bank, I now selected one, which, in every respect, suited my purpose,—being, in its shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but so small and light as to be manageable by myself alone, and, with the advantage of the current, requiring little more than a hand to steer it. This boat I succeeded, without much difficulty, in purchasing, and, after a short delay, we were again afloat down the current;—the sun just then sinking, in conscious glory, over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

"The evening was more calm and lovely than any that yet had smiled upon our voyage; and, as we left the bank, there came soothingly over our ears a strain of sweet rustic melody from the shore. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling on the bank before an acacia, and singing, while her companions stood round, the wild song of invocation, which, in her country, they address to that enchanted tree:

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,  
We pray, we pray, to thee:

By the glow of thy golden fruit,  
And the violet blue of thy flower,  
And the greeting mute  
Of thy boughs' salute  
To the stranger who seeks thy bowee.

## II.

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,  
How the traveller blesses thee,  
When the night no moon allows,  
And the sun-set hour is near,  
And thou bend'st thy boughs  
To kiss his brows,  
Saying, 'Come rest thee here.'  
Oh! Abyssinian tree,  
Thus bow thy head to me!"

"In the burden of this song, the companions of the young Nubian joined; and we heard the words, 'Oh! Abyssinian tree,' dying away on the breeze, long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes."

Alciphron now felt how closely such a solitude draws hearts together, and how much more they seemed to belong to each other, than when there were eyes around. Alethe, too, was happy—innocently happy, and the affectionate and confiding innocence of her manner rendered his trust more and more sacred.

"It was only, however, on subjects unconnected with our situation or fate, that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us, all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land—its founts of inspiration and fields of glory—her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper, that, in that glorious country, a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command, with the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening,—it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk as she listened;—I waited in vain for an answer; and when, half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

"But even this—little hope as it held out—was happiness. Though it foreboded that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved."

At last they reach a chasm in the Mountain of the Birds, through which the scanty canal of the Nile flows; and in some of its gloomy recesses—if they had rightly interpreted a leaf on which Theora had drawn a map of the region—lay the dwelling of the solitary, Melanius.

We cannot but pause for a few moments here to express our almost unqualified admiration and delight in the passages here quoted, and in many others which it was impossible to quote. Mr Moore's genius is throughout them all inspired with both human and poetical sensibilities of the finest, the noblest kind; if anything be overdone, it is because his spirit burns within him, and rejoices in the excess of a glorious enthusiasm. We seem to see the character of the Epicurean undergoing purification by the passions, and nature, touched at its very core, breaking the chains of a false philosophy, and ascending in the purest bliss nearer and nearer to virtue and religion. We had already admired Alciphron—now we begin to love him; and as the tale is fast advancing to a close, we hope that he and Alethe will belong to each other for ever.

The whole character and bearing of Alethe is indeed delightfully managed—every touch is true to Nature; and all those critics who would pretend that Mr Moore knows everything about galantry, but nothing about love, and has degraded woman into the slave of the passions and pleasures of man—may here behold the most beautiful refutation of their arguments; and cold, blind, and deaf, in sense and soul, must they be who do not own, in affectionate admiration of the man and the poet, that this one female character alone would far more than redeem all the errors of his youthful genius. Had they been twenty times greater than they were,—and that it could have been so vividly imagined, and distinctly drawn, only by a mind elevated and purified by familiar converse with the best thoughts and feelings of our nature, and by experience and practice of the best sympathies and charities of life.

But we believe people have long been sick of the stupid charges brought against Mr Moore, of a too luxuriant fancy, and an imagination too much addicted to revel among the unsubstantial and quickly-fading visions of the external world. An annuitant, in a thread-bare and cast-off coat, sneers at apparel on which the nap still lies thick. Paupers hate the rich, and moralizing beggars give the name of yellow dirt to gold.

There are a million modes of truly

drawing the female character in its purest excellence. But not a single one of them all rejects the aid of ornament. Even Allan Ramsay's *Festlanders* are clothed in the light of poetry, of which strip them, and leave but what is called the absolute truth of nature, and the Gentle Shepherd shall never be read more. Burns, it is often foolishly said, paints the cottage girl, at hearth or on the harvest field, just as she appears to all ordinary eyes. Had he done so, the peasantry of Scotland would not have hallowed his immortal name. Thomson said that the lovely young Lavinia needed not the foreign aid of ornament, but was, when unadorned, adorned the most; and in one sense, that was true. But Lavinia was splendidly endowed by nature; and let nobody believe that in art too she did not excel her rustic rivals—that her manner and her dress were not full of poetry. Go back to heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb—farther back still, to the fairest of her daughters, Eve, and then say, who ever drew a picture of woman worthy of eternal love, but poets, lavish and prodigal of the wealth of imagination, and who scorned what is called simplicity as the characteristic only of the base and barren, whose eyes on a tree could see only so many twigs and leaves, in the fairest of God's creatures, but an assemblage of bones, sinews, and veins?

But we bridle in our struggling muse with pain,

That longs to launch into a nobler strain.

The voyage of Alciphron and Alethe is now at an end. They land—and there is an immediate transition from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation. Upon a ledge of rock but little elevated above the canal, appears something like the abode of a human being, a small hut or cave. "This, then, thought Alciphron, is the home to which Alethe is destined!"

"'We must here,' she said, 'part for ever.' I turned to her as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency in her countenance, that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. 'Part!' I exclaimed passionately,—'No!—the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall, from this hour, be mine; and I will live and die in this desert with thee!'

"Her surprise, her delight, at these

words, was like a momentary delirium. The wild anxious smile with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had indeed heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length the fullness of her heart found relief in tears; and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerlessly on my arm. The light from our boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and—merciful Providence, how I remember that moment!—was on the point of bending down my lips towards hers, when suddenly, in the air above our heads, as if it came from Heaven, there burst forth a strain from a choir of voices, that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

"Breaking away from my caress at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw herself trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed wildly, 'My mother, oh, my mother!'

"It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard;—the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, Alethe had been often taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun."

Alciphron ascends by a ladder to a sort of rude staircase; and thus reaches a place where he beholds Melanius, and a small congregation of persecuted Christians.

"In the middle of the apartment, which seemed once to have been a Pagan oratory, there was an assembly of seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar;—while, among them, as if presiding over their ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied, with much reverence, to her lips. On the countenance of the venerable minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, there was an expression of profound feeling, that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drank of the cup,—which I saw had engraven on its side the image of a head, with a glory round it,—the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.

"After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees; and it was then, for the first time, that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger

at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed, except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door, which was adjoining to the window, and admitted me.

"There was, in this old man's features, a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face as I entered, and pronounced the name 'Melanius!'—'Melanius is my name, young stranger,' he answered; 'and whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee.' Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

" 'Let this volume,' I replied, 'answer for the peacefulness of my mission,'—at the same time placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures, which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he recognised instantly, the solemnity that had marked his first reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times seemed to pass through his mind, and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few,—but contained, perhaps, the last wishes of the dying Theora, for, as he eagerly read them over, I saw the tears in his aged eyes. 'The trust,' he said, with a faltering voice, 'is sacred, and God will, I hope, enable his servant to guard it faithfully.'

"During this short dialogue, the other persons of the assembly had departed,—being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighbouring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before day-break, to join in worshipping God. Fearful lest their descent down the rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and, leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously down to rejoin the maiden."

Melanius was among the first of those Christians of Egypt, who, after the recent example of the hermit Paul, renouncing all the comforts of social existence, had betaken themselves to

a life of contemplation in the desert. But, in flying from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies; but selected a retreat where he could combine the advantages of solitude with those opportunities of serving his fellow-men, which a neighbourhood to their haunts would afford. In this his sacred retreat, Melanius, with a few faithful followers, by the example of his innocent life, no less than his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. His acquaintance with the mother of Alethe, during the short period of her attendance at the school of Origen, was soon interrupted, and had never been renewed; but the interest he had taken in her fate was too lively to be forgotten. From Alethe he first hears of Theora's death; and their meeting showed how deeply each remembered, that the tie which had brought them together, was no longer of this world. We have seen the sudden passion of Alciphron for Alethe among the subterranean mysteries of the Egyptian superstition—that passion insensibly acquiring a purer and higher character during their flight—and we finally see their hearts and souls bound together by a full and almost perfect communion of the holiest human affections, all purified and elevated by the Christian faith.

The concluding scenes are all painted with a master's hand. During the first few days of his dwelling in the desert, Alciphron confesses that he was but the hypocritical pupil of the Christian anchorite, without even the excuse of fanaticism, or of any other madness but that of love, wild love, to extenuate his fall—so lately presiding over that splendid festival of the Garden—now self-humbled into a solitary outcast. The small critics have been all twitting Mr Moore with having represented the Epicurean as having been converted to Christianity by his passion for the dark-eyed beauty of an Egyptian girl—the graceful limbs of a trained dancer, leading choral movements round the shrines and altars of Idolatry. "The fellows lie, and they know that they lie."—Alciphron's belief in Christianity is of slow growth—it remains long uncertain and imperfect—in his agony at the danger of Alethe, when she is about to become a martyr, he is even

wishing that she should deny Christ ; and we are told that his faith was finally confirmed by the glorious death of her he loved, and that for the sake of that faith—and her sake, whose holy and triumphant innocence had opened the gates of his soul to the entrance of celestial truth, Alciphron died at an advanced age, in the brass mines of Palestine.

Had Alethe been a Mahomedan girl, Alciphron, one of the petty has said, would of course have exclaimed—"Allah, Allahu—there is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." It is possible he might—and what then ? In that case his whole nature would have been debased and degraded ; in this, his whole nature was elevated and ennobled. In that case, he would have been the slave of sensuality, kept a large seraglio, of which the fairest wretches his liver-eating jealousy would have frequently tied in sacks, and sunk in the sea ; till satiated, worn-out, and drugged with opium, a cross-legged idiot, maundering and maudlin, he might have felt the bow-string tightening round his throat, in the hands of nutes, whom his own dark-eyed houri of a Mahomedan girl had employed to murder him ; the embraces of her own body being the promised or paid reward. In this case, he felt for his Christian maid, all that a man ought to feel, who, in the May of mortal life, burns for the beautiful, and in delighted imagination sees the traces of her footsteps, and breathes the incense of her breath, "even in dead insensate things." That passion, though of the earth earthy, was inspired with a heavenly spirit. Then under its influence did the desert blossom like the rose. The beauty of the hands of her he loved became the "beauty still more beauteous," when he beheld them folded in prayer, as his Alethe knelt by moonlight in the oratory of a Christian chapel, and with humble, contrite, and adoring tears, did water the blessed cross. Bride—wife—what holy words had they now become to his ear ! Stronger far now was love than death ; and what to Alciphron, when Alethe went to heaven, were the few years of what we call a long life, ending calmly in the shades of time, to be renewed gloriously in the brightness of eternity !

No, no—thou little impious Cockney !—Alciphron and Alethe were far

better, and more beautiful—far wiser, and more blessed far—because they were Christians. For whatever thy own small, sinful, fleshly appetencies may suggest to thy minnekim imagination, was the religion the less worthy of the joys of heaven, because it inspired, and was inspired by, the most precious passion of earth ?

It is thus that Alciphron listens to Melanious :—

"After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and unsleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone,—seated, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, with a volume unrolled before him, while a beautiful antelope lay sleeping at his feet. Struck forcibly by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests, whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples, 'Is this, then,' thought I, 'the faith before which the world trembles—its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its High Priest the solitary dweller of the rock !'

"He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane, were the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial than before ; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve, with which he not only, himself, refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few inquiries, by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the fears I had felt in parting from her.

"She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher—my desire to become a Christian—all was already known to the zealous Anchorite, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. O pride of philosophy, how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand, casting down my eye, before that venerable man, as, with ingenuous trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the Kiss of Charity on my infidel brow !

"Embarrassed as I felt by the consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and with a heart sick at its own deceit, I heard the animated and eloquent gratulations of the Christian, as though they were words in a dream, without link

or meaning; nor could disguise but by the mockery of a reverential bow, at every pause, the entire want of self-possession, and even of speech, under which I laboured.

"A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposture. But the holy man saw my embarrassment;—and, whether mistaking it for awe, or knowing it to be ignorance, relieved me from my perplexity by, at once, changing the theme. Having gently awakened his antelope from its sleep, 'You have heard,' he said, 'I doubt not, of my brother-anchoret, Paul, who, from his cave in the marble mountains, near the Red Sea, sends hourly 'the sacrifice of thanksgiving' to heaven. Of his walks, they tell me, a lion is the companion; but, for me,' he added, with a playful and significant smile, 'who try my powers of taming but on the gentler animals, this feeble child of the desert is a far fitter playmate.' Then, taking his staff, and putting the time-worn volume which he had been reading into a large goat-skin pouch, that hung by his side, 'I will now,' said he, 'lead thee over my rocky kingdom,—that thou mayst see in what drear and barren places, that 'fruit of the spirit,' Peace, may be gathered.'"

Alciphron listened with reverence to all the discourses of Melaninus; but the baleful scepticism of the Epicurean Philosophy still kept his heart shut against the awful truths of Christianity. He was not yet worthy to be a believer. Appalled by his own gloomy imaginations, he wanders among the rocks.

"On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment, any vestige of life was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On entering, however, I found the chamber as lonely as I had left it. The light came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was unfolded the volume which Melaninus had brought, and upon the leaves—oh, joy and surprise—lay the well-known cross of Alethe!

"What hand, but her own, could have prepared this reception for me?—The very thought sent a hope into my heart, before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my cave at once brightened into a bower."

Alethe reminds him of the vow he had pledged to her under the Hermit's rock; and Alciphron, though yet an unbeliever, is willing to per-

suade her that he is not so; and taking up the Bible, his eyes fall on these words:—"The Lord hath commanded the blessing—even the life for evermore." But, alas! the frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all his trust in the powers of religion. His heart relapsed into its gloom of scepticism, and to the word of "Life"—the only answer it sent back was "Death." Alethe, with all the beautiful meekness of the Christian faith, strives not to convert Alciphron by any weak words of hers—but trusts in her piety, and in the power of prayer. But the learned Melaninus shows him, from the history of Christianity, that the light was from Heaven. He, in the wisdom and knowledge of old age, was privileged to speak with the sceptic—she, in the simplicity and innocence of youth, was silent before him; but while she sat weeping at the feet of Melaninus, there was to Alciphron eloquence beyond that of an angel's voice,

"In the small orb of each particular tear."

"After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of divine power, chastening the proud by punishment, and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth, that vital truth,—the Creation of the world by one Supreme Being,—that God chose, from among the nations, an humble and enslaved race;—that he brought them out of their captivity 'on eagles' wings,' and, surrounding every step of their course with miracles, placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations, as the depositaries of his will, and the ever-during memorials of his power.

"Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the Divine voice, he traced, through the events of successive ages, the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of providence—darkness without, but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of heaven;—the long series of prophecy, through which this hope runs, burning and alive, like a spark through a chain;—the merciful preparation of the



inerts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living, but by predictions launched into futurity to carry conviction to the yet unborn;—‘through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track,’ said he, ‘the manifest footsteps of a Creator, advancing to his grand, ultimate end, the salvation of his creatures.’

“After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melanious left me at my cave; praying, as he parted from me,—with a benevolence I but ill, alas! deserved,—that my soul, under these lessons, might be ‘as a watered garden,’ and, ere long, bear ‘fruit unto life eternal.’

“Next morning, I was again at my study, and even more eager in the task than before. With the commentary of the Hermit freshly in my memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages. ‘It tells me,’ said I, ‘of a God coming down to earth, but of the ascent of Man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces, lie all on this side of the grave; nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen servants a hope beyond the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? or, if Death be at the root of the faith, can Life spring out of it!’

“Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion,—again rail at the arts of that traitress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Delilah of this book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his foes. If deception—thought I, with a sigh—be necessary, at least let me not practise it on myself;—in the desperate alternative before me, let me rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

“These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on, with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style, nor transported by imagery,—that fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my fancy and taste. The curses and the blessings, the glory and the ruin, which the historian recorded and the prophet predicted, seemed all of this world,—all temporal and earthly. That mortality, of which the fountain-head had tasted, tinged the whole stream; and when I read the words, ‘all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again,’ a

feeling, like the wind of the desert, came witheringly over me. Love, Beauty, Glory, everything most bright upon earth, appeared sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom, into one general mass of corruption and silence.

“Possessed by the image of desolation I had called up, I laid my head on the book in a paroxysm of despair. Death, in all his most ghastly varieties, passed before me; and I had continued thus for some time, as under the influence of a fearful vision, when the touch of a hand upon my shoulder roused me. Looking up, I saw the Anchorite standing by my side;—his countenance beaming with that sublime tranquillity, which a hope beyond this earth alone can bestow. How I envied him!

“We again took our way to the seat upon the mountain,—the gloom in my own mind making everything around me more gloomy. Forgetting my hypocrisy in my feelings, I, at once, avowed to him all the doubts and fears which my study of the morning had awakened.

“‘Thou art yet, my son,’ he answered, ‘but on the threshold of our faith. Thou hast seen but the first rudiments of the Divine plan;—its full and consummate perfection hath not yet opened upon thee. However glorious that manifestation of Divinity on Mount Sinai, it was but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, that, in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; when all, that had seemed dim and incomplete, was to be perfected, and the promises, shadowed out by the ‘spirit of prophecy,’ realized;—when the silence, that lay as a seal on the future, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world!’

“Observing my features brighten at these words, the pious man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced, through all its wonders and mercies, the great work of Redemption, dwelling on every miraculous circumstance connected with it;—the exalted nature of the Being, by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest and first created of the Sons of God, inferior only to the one, self-existent Father;—the mysterious incarnation of this heavenly messenger;—the miracles that authenticated his divine mission;—the example of obedience to God and love to men, which he set, as a shining light, before the world for ever;—and, lastly and chiefly, his death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and ‘life and immortality brought to light.’

“ ‘Such,’ continued the Hermit, ‘was the Mediator, promised through all time, to ‘make reconciliation for iniquity,’ to change death into life, and bring ‘healing on his wings’ to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who, through apparent evil and temporary retribution, bringing all things ‘out of darkness into his marvellous light,’ proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to the great, final object of his providence,—the restoration of the whole human race to purity and happiness!’

“ With a mind astonished, if not touched, by these discourses, I returned to my cave, and found the lamp, as before, ready lighted to receive me. The volume which I had been reading was replaced by another, which lay open upon the table, with a branch of fresh palm between its leaves. Though I could not have a doubt to whose gentle hand I was indebted for this invisible superintendence over my studies, there was yet a something in it, so like spiritual interposition, that it awed me;—and never more than at this moment, when, on approaching the volume, I saw, as the light glistened over its silver letters, that it was the very Book of Life of which the Hermit had spoken!”

Alethe, meanwhile, has told Melaninus all that had passed between herself and Alciphron. The good Hermit hears of their attachment with pleasure—and sees in Alciphron’s affection for the young orphan a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her. Alethe had, but the day before, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, been admitted, by the sacred ordinance of baptism, into the bosom of the faith; and the white garment she wore, the ring of gold on her finger, were symbols of “that new life” into which she had been initiated.

Alciphron feels that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes call the holy spark to life. Returning to his cave, he throws himself on his knees, and prays, that if there be indeed a Being who watches over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into his soul, and make it worthy of the bless-

ing proffered to him, both here and hereafter.

“ My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the Hermit and Alethe never failed to pay their visit to my now charmed cave, where her smile left a light, at each parting, that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles, by star-light, over the mountain;—our pauses, on the way, to contemplate the bright wonders of that heaven above us;—our repose by the cistern of the rock, and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher;—all, all was happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold lingering doubts that still hung, like a mist, around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

“ When the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert; and those sands, which but lately had appeared to me so desolate, now wore even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe, everything was a source of enjoyment. For her, even the desert had its jewels and flowers; and sometimes her delight was to search among the sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them;—sometimes her eyes sparkled on finding, perhaps, a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers, that lend their mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good Hermit took a share, mingling with them occasionally the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, ‘God is Love,’ written legibly everywhere.

“ Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. Oh mornings of hope, oh nights of happiness, with what mournful pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

“ During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melaninus, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I occasionally paid a visit to the neighbouring city, Antinoë, which, as the capital of the Thebaid, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper Egypt. Here,—so changed was my every feeling by the all-transforming passion that possessed me,—I wandered, unamused and uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky solitude where

Alethe breathed, *tell this to be the wilderness, and that the world.*

“Even the thoughts of my own native Athens, that were called up, at every step, by the light Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not awaken one single regret in my heart—one wish to exchange even an hour of my desert for the best luxuries and honours that awaited me in the Garden. I saw the arches of triumph;—I walked under the superb portico, which encircles the whole city with its marble shade;—I stood in the Circus of the Sun, by whose rose-coloured pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile are measured;—all these bright ornaments of glory and art, as well as the gay multitude that enlivened them, I saw with an unheeding eye. If they awakened in me any thought, it was the mournful idea, that, one day, like Thebe; and Heliopolis, this pageant would pass away, leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins,—like the sea-shells found where the ocean has been,—to tell that the great tide of Life was once there!”

Soon after is performed the ceremony of their betrothment.

“At the accustomed time Alethe and he were at my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never did brow wear such a happiness as that which now played round hers;—it was, alas, not of this earth! Melanius, himself, though composed, was thoughtful; and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine—in the performance, too, of a ceremony that *ought* to have filled my heart with joy—saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothment,—the plighting of our faith to each other,—which we now solemnized on the rock before the door of my cave, in the face of that sunset heaven, with its one star standing as witness. After a blessing from the Hermit on our spousal pledge, I placed the ring,—the earnest of our future union,—on her finger, and, in the blush, with which she surrendered her whole heart to me at that instant, forgot everything but my happiness, and felt secure, even against fate!

“We took our accustomed walk over the rocks and on the desert. The moon was so bright,—like the daylight, indeed, of other climes—that we could see plainly the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight

tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good Hermit said, ‘I have observed in my walks, that wherever the track of that gentle animal is seen, there is, almost always, the foot-print of a beast of prey near it.’ He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion, on the other side of the ravine, to a point, looking, he said, ‘towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage.’”

The rage of persecution now bursts forth against the poor secluded Christians—Melanius is a martyr—and Alethe surrounded with the snares of death. Her brows are wreathed with one of those chaplets of coral, with which it was the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom; and she is flung into prison. Alciphron, through the interest which his friend, a young Tribune, has with the guard, is admitted into the cell.

“She was half reclining, with her face hid in her hands, upon a couch,—at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha, hanging from the ceiling, shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it,—one grain of which, thrown voluntarily into the flame, would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene, that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe! my own, happy Alethe! can it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

“She now, slowly and with difficulty, raised her head from the couch; on observing which, the kind Tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness, as of death, over her features; and those eyes, which when last I saw them, were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

“After wandering vaguely for a minute, her eyes rested upon me,—and, with a shriek, half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch, and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead; and, even now, scarcely trusted her senses. ‘My husband! my love!’

she exclaimed, 'Oh, if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready!' In saying this, she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee, as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Al, the!" I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang,—and the sound of my voice seemed to reanimate her;—she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which had evidently been wandering, became collected; and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot wholly the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts; and the tenderness with which she spoke,—oh, at any other moment, how I would have listened, have lingered upon, have blessed every word!

"But the time flew fast—the dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer—the flames, the racks, the wheels, were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter, in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice,—by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and—but for once—comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

"Shrinking from me, as I spoke,—but with a look more of sorrow than reproach,—'What, thou, too!' she said mournfully,—'thou, into whose spirit I had fondly hoped the same heavenly truth had descended as into my own! Oh, be not thou leagued with those who would tempt me to "make shipwreck of my faith!" Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not thy power; but let me die, as He I serve hath commanded,—die for the Truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard on those nights, those happy nights, when both the Present and Future smiled upon us,—when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul, from the blessed conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in it;—shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God, whom we then learned to love?

"'No, my own betrothed,' she continued, pointing to the two rings on her finger; 'behold these pledges,—they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to heaven,—nor in that life to which I am hastening shall

our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire, through which I shall pass to-morrow, make me worthy to be heard before the Throne of Grace, I will intercede for thy soul—I will pray that it may yet share with mine that "inheritance, immortal, and undefiled," which Mercy offers, and that thou,—my dear mother,—and I——'

"She here dropped her voice; the momentary animation, with which devotion and affection had inspired her, vanished;—and a darkness overspread all her features, a livid darkness,—like the coming of death,—that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips,—'Believe me,' she continued, 'not all the torments they are preparing for me,—not even this deep, burning pain in my brow, which they will hardly equal,—could be half so dreadful to me, as the thought that I leave thee——'

"Here her voice again failed; her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt,—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry, I know not; but the Tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, 'It is but too true!'

"He then told me in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison, that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh horrible cruelty!—a compound of the most deadly poison,—the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath,—but it would not come away—it would not come away!

"Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face; but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervour, looked happy, and smiled. The agony of death seemed to have passed away;—there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some shade of which I felt descending into my own soul, and, in a few minutes more, she expired in my arms."

'The great moral of all works of fiction should permeate the whole living mass, not merely evolve itself in an unexpected, perhaps unaccountable, corruscation at the close. At the ca-

tastrophe of a Tragic Tale must we lean our brow on our hands, and begin inquiring at the soul within us, what is the conclusion to be drawn from the acted agonies of all the phantoms that are now gone into darkness and dust? One continuous master emotion must have been with us from the uplifting to the letting down of the curtain, making us, if we have looked and listened aright, better because wiser men, with more power over the passions of our individual selves, because with more knowledge of the passions that belong to human nature at large. There can be no distinction between poetical justice, as it is dealt out by genius, to the creatures moving along Fancy's enchanted floor, and that justice, that from highest heaven, is, day and night, seen smiting the children of men. Have not all the events of real life, great or small, each its own moral—that speaks either with a still small voice, or trumpet-tongued, the whisper and the blast equally intelligible, and easy to be understood? How is this to end? is a question that, in reading any wise fiction, is seldom, if ever, distinctly put by the awakened mind to itself, but the passion with which it peruses continually involves the forward-looking hopes and fears, from which such a question would spring. Although clouds and thick darkness gather over the agents and events, and, as it were, shut up the prospect, as mists to a man walking among the mountains suddenly enshroud the scenery, that a moment before held its beauties close upon his eye, yet we read on, assured that the path of life will soon in light reappear, just as we walk on not doubting that the wind, or the sun-

shine, will ere long reveal the landscape, with its torrents, its wood, and its rocks.

It is thus that true genius deals with this world when it wishes to shew

Truth serene, by fairy fiction dress'd.

And in the Epicurean, Mr Moore has been eminently successful in such great aim. The subject, strictly speaking, is the Immortality of the Soul. A false philosophy had darkened or destroyed that belief, in a mind naturally noble and highly gifted;—by a true religion we see that belief restored. To incline that naturally noble and highly-gifted mind to the true religion, was the chief and high design of the poet—and that was effected by the combined operation of all the best feelings and thoughts with which love and sympathy can inspire a man's heart. Then, and not till then, to Alciphron's spirit the "burden of the mystery of all this unintelligible world is lightened," and the doubts and fears, the misgivings and the terrors, which it may be almost said natural religion awakens, revealed religion sets to rest. Let Mr Moore, then, be assured, that by this work (mere tale though it be) he has done a service to his kind—as all writers do, each according to the measure in which he has received the endowment of genius, who, perceiving and feeling, every hour of their lives, that without religion—that is, Christianity—man despairs whenever he dreams of the doom of the dust, consecrate, as far as their condition will allow, their best powers to the illustration—or the enforcement of Divine Truth.

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## EDINBURGH:

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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXII.

## THE FACTION.

THE Edinburgh Review, after having so long warred against everything sacred to British affections, and dear to British prejudices, may now be regarded as the leading Ministerial publication. Other periodicals may take the same path—they may be equally servile and unprincipled—but still this one will be the most faithful expositor of the principles and intentions of Government. Its leading writers, and their connexions, are the Government's masters, as well as menials. We have been led by the character it has assumed, to look at its last Number with somewhat more attention than usual; and three articles which this Number contains, suggest to us, that a dissection of the Party, which Ministers and their supporters form, may be largely productive of public benefit. These articles are entitled, "George the Third and the Catholic Question"—"Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge"—and "The Present Administration."

We ought to apologise for naming the last one. Even the Times has pronounced it to be "the composition of a very young man, whose vehemence of tone and peremptoriness of judgment, are in immense disproportion to his powers of reasoning and his knowledge;" and looked at abstractedly, it is wholly below criticism.

VOL. XXII.

We scarcely ever met with a more striking specimen of frothy, shallow, pointless, feeble declamation—of puerile, low, scurrilous "sound and fury, signifying nothing." It falls greatly below the common-place, tawdry, insane rhapsodies of Shiel and O'Connell. But, however contemptible it may be in itself, it forms part of the Edinburgh Review, and it exhibits in rich profusion the characteristics of the party for which it combats. It will therefore be of use to us in making the dissection we have mentioned.

Second thought tells us, that we have here used the term Party very improperly. Those to whom we have given it, uniformly call their opponents "a base faction"—"an imbecile faction"—"an unprincipled faction," &c. This would scarcely tempt us to retort the term, faction; but when we look at them, we perceive that, in numbers, principles, and conduct, they exhibit every characteristic of a faction; and that we should be unjustifiably "liberal" were we to give them a better title. Having no genius for liberality, and being excessively fond of calling men and things by their right names, according to the good old laws of English nomenclature, we shall throughout our paper give them the proper appellative.



Ministers, and their supporters of all denominations, so conduct themselves, that those who differ from them must either show the world what they really are, or submit to moral assassination. When we look at the bombastic egotism and adulation with which they overwhelm themselves, we are lost in astonishment. I, says one of them, called a new world into existence—I and my brethren are the Turgots and Galileos of the age. I and my friends, says another, are the only friends of education—we are the present Lockes and Newtons. Every measure of mine, says a third, is absolute perfection. We, says a fourth, comprehend all the talents of the empire. My political economy, says a fifth, is positively infallible. Each thus lauds himself and his brethren.

The article of the *Edinburgh Review*, entitled, the “Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,” is evidently from the pen of Mr Brougham. It states, the Society was formed by “Mr Brougham, with Lord John Russell, Dr Lushington, Mr Crawford, William Allen, and other known friends to the education and improvement of mankind;” and it puffs it hugely. Here we have Mr Brougham daubing, not only his friends, but himself with fulsome panegyric. The same article speaks of a treatise which is preparing by “a celebrated philosopher and statesman.” Whom does the *Edinburgh Review* thus dub with the title? An *Edinburgh Reviewer*, to wit, Sir J. Mackintosh!!! These people can never speak of themselves without boasting of their “enlarged views,” their “enlightened sentiments,” their “philosophical principles,” &c. &c.; and proclaiming themselves to be men of science, philosophers, and statesmen, of the very first order. Before the change of Ministry, the House of Commons was chiefly occupied in dilating on its own transcendent wisdom, and hearing its leaders praise themselves and each other. Mr Canning puffed the “immense abilities,” and “vast acquirements” of Mr Brougham. Mr Brougham puffed the “splendid genius” and “unanswerable speeches” of Mr Canning. The Premier and Sir Francis Burdett were enraptured with each other’s eloquence. The encomiastic hyperbole was given and received, from the highest to the lowest, until each got him-

self voted a perfect prodigy of genius and wisdom.

With regard to their press, the *Morning Chronicle* advertises itself to be in everything, but especially in law and equity, the most knowing and enlightened paper that ever was, or ever will be, published. The *Times* protests that it understands shipping much better than the shipowners, that it understands agriculture much better than the agriculturists,—in a word, that its knowledge and wisdom on all matters are boundless. The *Edinburgh Review* maintains that it is a mass of omniscience and infallibility. The obscure news-sheet which cannot put forth a sentence of sense and grammar, insists that it is incapable of erring. While their Press speaks thus of itself, it heaps upon its leaders all the inflated panegyric that Eastern servility ever invented. Mr Canning’s eloquence was like the sun; his powers were too vast for language to describe—Mr Brougham is the greatest man of the age; his abilities are superhuman—Mr Huskisson is the wisest Minister that ever lived—Sir J. Mackintosh is a celebrated philosopher and statesman—all are specimens of magnificent perfection. If this Faction and its writers are to be believed, they are, not only the greatest men the universe ever knew, but they are far more than men. They are free from the infirmities and imperfections of human nature. They are in everything, excepting perhaps power, the equals of the Deity.

Never until these days did human vanity make such a loathsome display of its own guilt and deformity—never before did the appetite for adulation exhibit so much brutish voracity, or descend to such base and disgraceful means for gorging itself.

The contempt which these people cast upon all who differ from them, is of course exactly proportioned to the adoration which they lavish on themselves. They are finished intolérants and exclusionists. Like the Roman Catholic Church, they proclaim that there cannot be anything out of their creed and communion, save error and wickedness. As to their admitting that an opponent may be their equal—that he may be entitled to be treated with common courtesy on the score of ability or motive—it is out of the question. It would be something,

if they would spare his integrity when declaring him fool, but even this grace he cannot expect at their hands; they invariably declare him knave likewise. It is one of their incontrovertible axioms that opposition to them can only proceed from an utter destitution of both intellect and principle. Their reply to all who differ from them is—you are senseless, dishonest, and wholly below our notice! Your ignorance and inferiority of understanding, disable you for comprehending our measures—you resemble those who persecuted Galileo.—You are a faction! said Mr Canning. You have been born a century too late—you are bigots and intolerants, vermin and reptiles.—You are like those who ridiculed Newton and Locke! says Mr Brougham. You are envious revilers and grossly ignorant! says Lord Goderich. You are hirelings, miserable scribblers, and the enemies of all improvement! says Mr Huskisson. You are libellers, and a foul-mouthed junta! says Mr McCulloch. I am ashamed of belonging to the same species with you! says Mr Thomas Macaulay. You are brutes, beasts, conspirators, knaves, scum, vultures, asses, and boobies! says *The Times*. You are a puny, malignant, petty crew! says *The Courier*. You are mean, worthless creatures—you are fiendish ruffians! says *The Morning Chronicle*. We give the precise words which have been used by these individuals and publications. In like manner, speak the whole. They can vouchsafe nothing to their opponents, save Billingsgate titles, and wholesale imputations of imbecility, ignorance, and depravity.

The *Edinburgh Review* charges its opponents with not dealing in statements, therefore we will verify what we have said by a statement drawn from the Article which contains the charge, viz. the one entitled, *The Present Administration*. The following extracts will do something more than prove the truth of our observations. They have appeared in a work, which pretends to sit in solemn judgment upon literature,—which pretends to give impartial and righteous literary decisions,—which pretends to be the friend of destitute genius and talent,—which pretends to be liberal and philanthropic, and which pretends to be

the champion of discussion and freedom of opinion.

"We are convinced, that the cause of the present Ministers is the cause of liberty, the cause of toleration, the cause of political science—the cause of the people, who are entitled to expect from their wisdom and liberality many judicious reforms—the cause of the aristocracy, who, unless these reforms be adopted, must inevitably be the victims of a violent and desolating revolution. We are convinced, that the government of the country was never entrusted to men who more thoroughly understood its interest, or were more sincerely disposed to promote it. . . . We think it our duty to give our best support to those with whose power are inseparably bound up all the dearest interests of the community—the freedom of worship, of discussion, and of trade—our honour abroad, and our tranquillity at home."

"It (the change of Ministry) has separated the light from the darkness; it has set all the wisdom, all the liberality, all the public spirit, on one side."

So speaks the Reviewer of his own party; he speaks thus of its opponents:—

"On the other side we see a party, which for ignorance, intemperance, and inconsistency, has no parallel in our annals—which, as an Opposition, we really think is a scandal to the nation, and as a Ministry would speedily be its ruin."

He represents that the ex-Ministers form the "darkness, the imbecility, the bigotry, and the rashness," which the change has separated from "the light, the wisdom, the liberality, and the public spirit." He states, if these Ministers regain office, they will owe it "neither to their talents nor to their virtues; neither to the choice of their king, nor to the love of their country; but solely to the support of an oligarchical faction, richly endowed with every quality which ensures to its possessors the hatred of a nation,—a faction arbitrary, bigoted, and insolent,—a faction which makes parade of its contempt for the dearest interests of mankind, which loves to make the people feel of, how little weight in its deliberations, is the consideration of their happiness."

In this number, according to the writer's own confession, are included

the Duke of Wellington, Lords Eldon, Grey, Bathurst, Lauderdale, Malmesbury, &c. &c.

At the beginning of his article he has the incredible courage to venture upon a furious assault on a *dead* periodical. He says that in doing this, he rakes up "from the kennels of oblivion the remains of drowned abortions, which have never opened their eyes on the day, or even been heard to whimper, but have been at once transferred from the filth in which they were littered, to the filth with which they are to rot." He says further, "Bad as this work is, it is quite as good as any which has appeared against the present administration. We have looked everywhere, without being able to find any antagonist who can possibly be as much ashamed of defeat as we shall be of victory."

"All the talent (of the Press) has been on one side. . . . The able and respectable journals of the metropolis have all supported the new government. It has been attacked, on the other hand, by writers who make every cause which they espouse despicable or odious—by one Paper, which owes all its notoriety to its reports of the slang uttered by drunken lads who are brought to Bow-street for breaking windows—by another, which barely contrives to subsist on intelligence from butlers, and advertisements from perfumers. With these are joined all the scribblers who rest their claim to orthodoxy and loyalty on the perfection to which they have carried the arts of ribaldry and slander."—"We feared for a moment that their servility (that of the scribblers,) might overpower their malignity. . . . They have been kind enough to spare us the discredit of their alliance. We know not how we should have borne to be of the same party with them. It is bad enough, God knows, to be of the same species."

Young Vapid then returns to the assault on the defunct publication. He pricks, and scratches, and kicks the poor, passive corpse until his small strength is exhausted; and then he thus expresses his admiration of himself for having deigned to undertake the perilous exploit. "We once heard a schoolboy relate, with evident satisfaction and pride, that he had been horsewhipped by a Duke; we trust

that our present condescension will be as highly appreciated."

Although the names of these Dukes of literature are pretty notorious, we will here give them, for the amusement and edification of those to whom they may be unknown. The Duke who writes is Mr Thomas Macaulay, the son of an East India and Sierra Leone merchant and broker. The Duke who publishes is Mr Francis Jeffrey, who, notwithstanding his elevation to the peerage, continues to go the Circuits, pleading for pickpockets and venders of forged notes, like any Commoner. The Dukes who aid and abet, are Mr Henry Brougham, Sir J. Mackintosh, knight, the Rev. Sidney Smith, and others, whose rich blood and paternal acres are covered by that impenetrable cloud which sits upon those of the Duke of Craigcrook.

When we look at what we have transcribed, we feel ashamed for having defiled our pages with it. Speak of abuse—of ribaldry and slander—of imbecility and bigotry—of blind and depraved ignorance!—the worst piece of composition that has appeared against the Ministry is, on these matters, purity and perfection, compared with the Edinburgh Review. We seriously ask Mr Jeffrey, what he expects to gain for himself, his work, and his party, by the publication of such low, brutish, crazy, powerless blackguardism? The very groundlings know it to be unmixt malignant falsehood; and they know likewise that he publishes it with a perfect conviction that it is such falsehood.

These extracts from the Edinburgh Review form a correct specimen of the language of the whole Faction. However impotent such language may be when used by such persons as Mr Macaulay, it has its effect when gravely uttered in Parliament by Ministers and Legislators; and the system of the Party, as a whole, is productive of the worst evils. If an individual in the House of Commons oppose the Faction's dogmas and schemes, he is not replied to with fact and argument, but he is silenced with sneers, derision, and slander: he is charged with uttering, from base motives, sentiments which are below refutation. After being thus treated in the House, the Press covers him with every stigma that can render him the object of public contempt and

abhorrence. If a writer oppose the Faction, a like fate befalls him. No matter what his talents may be, he is declared to be wholly destitute of talent; no matter how conscientiously he may write, he is declared to be wholly destitute of principle. The sentence which strips him of character, and dooms him to infamy and proscription, falls upon him clothed with the weight and solemnity of parliamentary deliberation; and then it is echoed through the country by the Press, with every accompaniment that can render it more insulting and destructive. The Tories have too often been spiritless, conciliating, sacrificing people; and they practically confirm the sentence. Each shakes his head and ejaculates—"Although I differ from the Faction, I assure you I do not agree with this Member, or that writer—I have no connexion with either—I condemn both, and am only responsible for my own sentiments." With them, the fact, that an individual is hated and abused by the Faction for withstanding it, is a sufficient cause for disowning him, and abandoning him to a state of general outlawry. They owe their ruin to this conduct, and still they persist in it.

This is the case on the one hand; and on the other, a member of Parliament, or writer, has nothing to do but to praise the Faction, to obtain a brilliant character. He may be an incorrigible dunce; he may be a stranger to the Faction's principles, and wholly incapable of judging of its measures; nevertheless, if he praise its "liberal principles," and "enlightened system,"—if he repeat its slang, without understanding a syllable—he is proclaimed to be a most patriotic, enlightened, and wise person.

It follows that discussion is almost wholly destroyed. When opposition to the Faction receives a punishment more terrible than the loss of life, it is scarcely in human nature for men to offer it; when reputation can be purchased by a little senseless panegyric, the temptation to buy it is irresistible. The Faction is therefore nearly exempted from effectual contradiction and opposition. The Members of the House of Commons who differ from it remain speechless, or they neutralise their timid dissent by admissions that its doctrines are true in the abstract. Writers take

the same course. The opposition to it consists mainly of mere personal attacks and objections on the score of expediency, profusely mixed up with confessions, that its political economy, its "liberal opinions,"—its principles of all kinds, are, in the abstract, true and unerring. Such opposition is naturally worse than worthless; it strengthens the Faction. The country cares but little for mere personalities; it cannot be convinced that the application of principles, which are true in the abstract, can be inexpedient; and it cannot well doubt that the Faction's principles are true in the abstract, when they are admitted to be so by those who oppose their application.

It is very obvious, that many of those who thus serve the Faction by their admissions and confessions, do it from terror. They prove by their words that they do not understand, and that they have not attempted to understand, what they acknowledge to be abstract truths: and that they make the acknowledgment to preserve themselves from being held up to public scorn, as men utterly destitute of understanding and principle.

It is not necessary for us to prove that a determined stand ought to be made against this system. Private and public duty imperiously command all against whom it operates, to war against it on its own principle of—No Quarter! Ministers, Legislators, Reviewers, or others, who act upon it, ought to be dissected before the face of the whole country—they ought to be shown up line by line, and paragraph by paragraph, for the public to take exact measure of their intellect and integrity. In obedience to such duty, we will now inquire how far truth will sanction the inflated egotism and claims to infallibility of the Faction. We will, in the first place, look at its heads individually.

Mr Canning, a highly gifted man, is no more, and at present we will say nothing touching his character. We must, however, observe, that on various vital questions of state policy, and leading principles of political science, he was ~~fully~~ opposed to Mr Brougham, Sir F. Burdett, and other of his brethren. We are not called upon to decide who was in error. It is sufficient for us to say, that according to their own doc-

trines, either he or they displayed as much ignorance, incapacity, and dishonesty on these questions and principles, as their opponents. Parliamentary Reform, and the Repeal of the Test Acts, comprehend, in the abstract, a very large portion of the basis of the science of government; yet, in respect of them, the surviving leaders of the Faction admit that Mr Canning was not a whit more enlightened and tolerant, than those they abuse the most bitterly. If his talents were really so great as they represent, the fact, that they differed from him on first principles, proves their own talents to be of a very contemptible description.

What portion of talent does public estimation assign to Lord Goderich? Does it proclaim him to be a man of great genius—a statesman of the first order? No! his sycophants dare not say more for him, than that he is a man of ordinary ability. Public opinion does not suspect him of possessing genius; and it gives him no high place in the second class of statesmen. He has never displayed, or attempted to display, any great capacity for general politics. A few years ago he changed his opinion on the Catholic Question, and he has never yet made a speech to prove that he understands the question, and changed from conviction. His orations in Parliament have been principally confined to matters of finance and trade; they have exhibited a good acquaintance with details, a grievous lack of sound argumentation and accurate foresight, and an utter destitution of originality. In the few attempts he has made to speak on other subjects, he has never risen above mediocrity. When we say that Lord Goderich is a good-natured, honourable man—that he possesses much good sense, though his acquirements are very limited—and that he owns one of the best of plain, ordinary, every-day understandings, though he has no pretensions to be called a man of great talent, we say all in his favour that the country will sanction.

Mr Brougham is a man of great talents and requirements, the value of which is sadly impaired by a most blind and infirm judgment. Very highly gifted in many respects, that gift which is essential for giving worth to all others in the statesman—the power to observe accurately and reason justly

—has been denied him. Although he has lived so long in England, he never opens his lips without proving that he is a stranger to the English character, and that he has not imbibed the least portion of the Englishman's feelings and prejudices. Little ever emanates from him, either in Parliament or out of it, in which the Englishman can freely and heartily sympathize.

In the course of a long political life, what has been done by Mr Brougham? Which is the beneficial law that calls him parent? Where is the institution, or system of his creating, that is showering blessings upon the country and mankind? In vain we put the questions. His life has been spent in attempting, to use the words of Mr Canning, "every imaginable innovation on established government"—in labouring to beat to pieces almost everything possessed by society—in fastening upon, to injure and render abortive, the measures of others—and in groping round and round, amidst the dust, and smoke, and darkness, caused by his own violence; but he is as innocent of having formed any great and durable source of benefit to his species, as he was when he first entered this world of sin and sorrow. Every important principle that he ever put forth in the Edinburgh Review or the House of Commons, has been put to the test in this country, or in foreign ones, and refuted—every prediction that he ever hazarded in either has been falsified—his doctrines of government, his political economy—all he said during the war—all he has said during the peace, have been proclaimed by experiment to be a mass of error. He is buried under such a load of decisive, irremovable, destructive refutation, as never before fell on any one bearing the name of statesman. Strange to say! this has not driven him from political life—it has not covered him with universal ridicule as a political authority—he still puts forth his dogmas with his wonted confidence—and, in the number of the Edinburgh Review before us, he has the incredible hardihood to proclaim, that all who differ from him "have been born a century too late!"

Mr Huskisson spent a long life in Parliament and office—in those places which afford the finest field for the display of talent—without tasting pænegyric, without having any genius

imputed to him, and without being ranked higher by any one than a third-rate. He was a stranger to praise, until it was given him by the Whig trumpeters, for embracing Whig Political Economy. This of itself would describe the exact calibre of Mr Huskisson. His speeches and writings are all borrowed—his principles and deductions, assumptions and reasonings, are servilely taken from others, without having the semblance of originality imparted to them in the process. His powers are of a humble order, and he owes them chiefly to mechanical toil; in strength of understanding and general ability, he is considerably inferior to Lord Goderich. His speeches on matters not connected with trade and finance are absolutely contemptible.

What character is given to the Marquis of Lansdowne by his worshippers? Do they invest him with great genius, and place him in the first class of Statesmen? No. In respect of genius they are silent, and they merely say, that he is a respectable and moderately able man. He approaches the level of Lord Goderich, but the latter is his superior in both experience and practical ability.

We need say but little of Mr Tierney, for all sides have placed him on the shelf. Had his honesty, disinterestedness, and mental courage, been equal to his ability, he would, at this moment, have been in public estimation the first statesman in the country. He has coquetted, looked at interest, hunted place, compromised, surrendered his judgment to others, spun round, and truckled, until he is trusted by none, and placed in official dignity below the underlings. May such conduct always be so rewarded!

Where are we to find the evidence that Sir J. Mackintosh is "a celebrated philosopher and statesman?" Does it exist in that book on the French Revolution, every page of which has been refuted by experiment; or in his heavy, prosing, superficial articles of the *Edinburgh Review*, which have shared the same fate; or in his inept and nugatory labours on the *Criminal Laws*; or in his inflated and violent speeches on the *Slavery Question*? If not, where is it to be looked for? The truth is, in infirmity of judgment, and ignorance of real life, Sir James is on

a par with Mr Brougham; in other respects, his eulogists, including Mr Brougham himself, will admit, that he is immeasurably inferior to Mr Brougham. As a writer, his superior in genius, and even in talent, may be found in every respectable periodical. The puffing that is heaped upon him makes him an object of compassion, when he is compared with Burke, Pitt, Fox, or Canning. He is moderately, and only moderately, gifted in genius and ability; and those who bestow on him the superlatives of panegyric, only make him ridiculous.

Putting out of sight the heads we have examined individually, can a member of the Faction be found who has put forth evidence that he possesses a greater share than ordinary of talent? Have Lords Holland, Grosvenor, King, J. Russell, Nugent, &c. ever put forth such evidence? Has any such evidence ever been put forth by Mr S. Rice, Mr P. Thompson, Mr Warburton, Mr O'Connell, Mr Shiel, Alderman Wood, and Sir R. Wilson? We do not ask for the opinion formed of these people by those who oppose them, but we ask for the dispassionate, impartial opinion formed of them by the country. This opinion is, that no body of men ever existed before them which, as a whole, contained so little genius and talent—was so scantily furnished with knowledge and sagacity—abounded so profusely with dolt and dunce.

We will now glance at the literature of the Faction, and, of course, the first work that meets our eye is the *Edinburgh Review*. What is it as a political work? Is it necessary for us to point to the principles, speculations, and predictions it published during the war; and to the terrible, blackening, blasting refutation which the course of events cast upon it, from its first to its last syllable? Need we describe what it has published during the peace—its revolutionary dreams—its insane Political Economy; and show that up to the present hour the same terrible refutation has been cast upon its every line by experiment? If the character of a work is to be estimated by the truth or falsehood of its doctrines and predictions, as demonstrated by unerring and decisive tests, the *Edinburgh Review* is, from beginning to end, in re-

spect of politics, the most ignorant, silly, blundering, fallacious one that ever caused a waste of type and paper.

The other publications of the Faction have, with two or three apostate exceptions, followed the Review; therefore the same brand sits upon them. Let any man place before him the files of the Times, Morning Chronicle, &c., and compare what these papers have published, with the demonstrations of history. He could not find employment better calculated to fill him with merriment; and he will rise from it, astonished that such publications have not been annihilated by the scorn, laughter, and derision of the community.

When we examine the history of the Whig and Radical members of the Faction, we find that for their whole lives they have supported the erroneous side of every question. The events of the war proved that their counsels would have ruined the empire, and made them the laughing-stock of the world. When the war ended, they were wholly stripped of reputation; the most unscrupulous swaggerer among them durst not claim for them any character for talent; the nation derided them as simpletons, and hated them as enemies; and not one durst show his face in public, save under the mask of Toryism. Experience has proved during the peace, that everything they have opposed has been wise and beneficial; and everything they have supported has been croneous and pernicious. Their history forms a series of overwhelming proofs, that, as statesmen, they are utterly destitute of talent—they are ignorant and imbecile in the last degree—they are only capable of devising and advocating what would be destructive to their country and their species.

When we examine the history of the Tory Members, we find that the Whigs and Radicals were the most bitter enemies of Mr Canning until he exposed their doctrines. Until then, the very people, who are now heaping such sickening and outrageous adulations on his "boundless powers and patriotism," proclaimed him to be destitute of both talent and integrity. Mr Tierney derided what he represented to be his superficial and theatrical declamation. Sir F. Burdett denounced what he intimated

to be his tyrannical principles and robberies of the public. Every Whig and Radical voice was raised in execrating what it falsely called his flashy, empty nonsense, his jobs, his hatred of freedom, and his dishonesty. We find, further, that the remaining Tories who are in office, were but uninfluential underlings in the Ministry, when that policy was pursued which raised the empire to the highest point of greatness. They were then the objects of Whig contempt, and they were scarcely thought worthy of Tory praise. They gained the puffing of the Whigs by embracing their principles; and the country has reaped nothing from their measures since they became leaders in the Ministry, save evil and distress. They can point to nothing as the fruit of the talents which they state they possess, save a mass of public loss and suffering, never surpassed in magnitude.

These are the coalesced Whigs and Tories who proclaim by sound of trumpet that they comprehend "All the Talents," and that all who differ from them ought to be hunted out of society for incapacity and want of principle. They remind us strongly of the children who occasionally exhibit on stilts in the streets of the metropolis. The urchins receive so much artificial exaltation, that they can even look down with contempt on the stature of a Life Guardsman: their magnificent altitude is, however, composed mainly of stilt, and it only shows their actual diminutiveness more strikingly. The members of the Faction exhibit on similar stilts. They take a tottering stride—they make a staggering leap—and then they exclaim, Behold! what giants we are, and what pigmies are all other people! They cannot perceive that their borrowed legs only enable the world to judge the more correctly of their real dwarfish dimensions. Mr Brougham once spoke in Parliament of "Brummagem Statesmen;" it forms the most correct appellation for them that language can supply. They display a little illegal, borrowed, outside brilliancy, but all beneath is lead and brass; the first rub of use exposes the worthlessness of the counterfeits.

As the Faction boasts so extravagantly of its new policy, foreign and domestic, we must now subject this new policy to examination.

The Faction declares, that it is com-

posed wholly of Philosophers, and that it proceeds exclusively on Philosophy; we therefore ask, what is its Philosophy? Is it history teaching by example—is it correct deductions drawn from incontrovertible facts—does it form its principles and reasonings from truths placed above question by time and experience? No—vulgar, antiquated Philosophy like this it disdains. It never refers to history—it never appeals to example—it never cites the results of experience. Mr Brougham could not be so unphilosophical as to shape his education, and other schemes, by what history has made known touching the nature and circumstances of mankind. Mr Huskisson could not be so unphilosophical as to abolish old trading laws and systems, and form new ones, upon the simple, unvarnished, arithmetical demonstrations of actual experiment. The Philosophy of the Faction is fable deluding by romance and imposture. It proceeds upon assumption and paradox, which it invents by the simple process of reversing the opinions established by history and experience. It requires no other evidence that a principle is false, and a system is pernicious, than the fact, that trial has proved the one to be true, and the other to be beneficial. Not a feature does it display to produce the belief that it flows from research, investigation, and impartial judgment, but it contains proof in every part, that its exclusive parent is the assumption, that all established opinions and institutions ought to be attacked, merely because they are established, and without any reference to their truth and utility.

These Philosophers incessantly and ostentatiously scoff at "the wisdom of our ancestors." What is this wisdom? It is the lessons of history—the results of experiment—the truth and knowledge which past ages have collected from actual men and things, in their various circumstances and relations. It is to be seen in our laws and constitution. They scoff at this wisdom in the mass, and they attack it in detail. There is scarcely a single law—a single regulation, or custom of society—or a single institution in this country, which they do not pronounce to be either most baleful, or faulty beyond endurance.

If it be asked, how is it possible for  
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such Philosophy to be supported in discussion? we must observe, that in discussion the Faction assumes its dogmas to be perfectly infallible; and this is acquiesced in by its opponents. Of course this renders everything defenceless to which these dogmas are opposed. If it be conceded that a horse is a mad dog, nothing can be urged against his destruction—if it be granted that arsenic is nutritious and pleasant food, nothing can be pleaded against its being made into bread instead of flour. Real merits, the Faction puts aside altogether. It changes and destroys, not upon proof of defect and demerit, but solely because its dogmas command it to do so. If decisive proofs be adduced, that what it consigns to destruction has been highly beneficial, it treats them with derision, and declares, that the thing is contrary to Political Economy, therefore it cannot be other than pernicious. When the Restrictive System of trade was abolished, men high in office, as well as others, admitted that the country had constantly and greatly flourished under it; but they maintained, that the country had so flourished, not through, but in spite of it. They maintained this not on rational evidence, but solely on the ground that the system was injurious, because it was condemned by their Political Economy. When the Silk Trade was opened, the Philosophers could not deny that it had prospered greatly under the prohibition, but they insisted that it would prosper infinitely more from the change. They did not attempt to substantiate this by anything, save the assertion, that prohibition was flatly opposed to Political Economy.

Under such a system, demonstrations of benefit and utility are utterly worthless, and are excluded from discussion. The infallible dicta of the Holy Mother Church of Political Popery supersede and suppress everything that can be offered by reason and evidence. It is idle to prove that laws and systems have yielded invaluable benefits, when the mere assertion, unsupported by proof, that they stand on false principles, and that their abolition will yield still greater benefits, is to be taken as an unanswerable reason for destroying them, under peril of excommunication. It is conceded that the truth of the false traditions, inventions, and



claim to the power of miracle-working of this Political Popery is above question; it is held to be as necessary to make the good still better, as to remove evil; and, of course, this renders everything, which this Popery condemns, *alike* indefensible. That which it proclaims to be evil, is to be destroyed because it is evil; and that which it is compelled to confess is beneficial, is to be likewise destroyed, because it prevents the nation from obtaining what would be far more beneficial.

One of the most powerful engines with which the Faction works, is the assertion, that what it advocates is "liberal and enlightened," and what it attacks is "bigoted and antiquated." Proofs to substantiate the assertion are, of course, out of the question. An old law must be abolished merely because it is an "illiberal, antiquated" one—a new system must be adopted merely because it is a "liberal, enlightened" one—and fact and argument, the actual circumstances of this country and the world,—expediency and necessity, are to be wholly disregarded. Despicable as this is, it is all-powerful—the clearest testimony of demonstration is of no avail against the wretched, puerile nick-names.

If it be manifest that the innovations of the Faction produce injury, its reply is, that greater injury would have been produced, had they not been made. When the Shipowners complained in the last session that they were in bitter distress, Mr Huskisson admitted them to be so, but he declared their distress would have been greater, if the Navigation Laws had not been abolished. He declared this in the teeth of positive proof to the contrary, and without attempting to establish it by proof. If this defence cannot be resorted to, the innovations are defended on the ground, that they have benefited foreign nations. Certain members and newspapers of the Faction have confessed that they have injured this country; but still they have boasted of them, as most wise and expedient, merely because they have been advantageous to foreign ones. As a last resource, the innovations are called "liberal and enlightened;" they may ruin the nation, but nevertheless they are "liberal and enlightened," there-

fore they are salutary and necessary in the last degree.

Of course, the Faction can never do wrong; whatever its innovations may yield, they must of necessity be always beneficial. Public losses are held to prove the wisdom of those who cause them—public distress is cited to demonstrate the unerring character of its source—names are made to define the nature of things, independently of consequences; and the Faction is, what it represents itself to be, perfectly infallible. That human impudence has, on the one side, been carried to this portentous height, is astonishing; but it is still more astonishing, that human credulity, on the other side, has been so imposed on.

We preface our examination of the Faction's policy, with this account of its Philosophy, because each will illustrate the other. We now place before us its Foreign Policy.

It swaggers in the most outrageous manner of the recognition by this country of the new States of South America. It represents that this was its own act,—that it was unique,—that it was something which its own magnificent genius alone could have conceived and accomplished. In regard to the originality of this recognition, it was a servile copy of what was done some years ago towards certain Colonies of this country by the nations of the Continent, and of what had just been done towards the new Republic, by the United States of America. The whole scheme was therefore stolen, in the first instance, from defunct Continental despots. Passing from this, the question admitted of no difference of opinion, save one of time and manner: it strictly was—Shall the recognition be made at present in a certain way, or shall it be deferred until it can be made in a different way? Difference of opinion did not, and could not, go beyond this.

The Philosophers decided on immediate recognition. They assigned as their reasons, that it would serve the Republics, and benefit our own trade. At the time they gave no other reasons.

With respect to serving the Republics, it was pleaded, in justification of the recognition, by its official parents, that it did not make this country a party to the war, in any war between

them and the mother country; and that it gave to Spain as much liberty to reconquer them as she possessed previously. It rendered, in reality, no service to the Republics; France completed their independence by invading Spain, and thereby disabling her for warring with them further.

The recognition did great disservice to the Republics. Had this country delayed until she could have made it in concert with her allies, including Spain—had she exerted her influence in perfect good faith with all as peace-maker—it is morally certain that before this, the Republics would have been recognised by all Europe. Her precipitate deed excited the animosity of Spain and the other powers, and destroyed her influence. The intrigues of Spain have been a leading cause in producing the disorder and distraction in which the Republics have been, and still are, involved; and these, the delay of this country would, ere now, have terminated. The Republics wanted the recognition of Spain, and not that of England; by gaining the one, they did not want, they lost that, they did.

With respect to trade, the recognition gained us no additional trade, or liberty to trade; on the contrary, it did our trade injury. Spain, in consequence of it, took the most severe measures against our manufactures; it injured our trade with her, without increasing it with the Republics. Such a delay on the part of this country as we have mentioned, would have preserved our trade with the one, without diminishing it with the others.

Other reasons, however, have lately been pleaded to justify the recognition by its official parents, which we are pretty sure they never thought of when they resolved on it. They have said that they recognised the independence of the Colonies of Spain, because Spain was invaded by France; and that they "called the new world into existence" to preserve the balance of power in the old one. We doubt much whether any such finished nonsense was ever before uttered. Because France invaded Spain for the moment, we did all we could to strip Spain of her Colonies in perpetuity; and we did this to strike a blow at France! With regard to the balance of power, France did not invade Spain to acquire territory, or disturb this balance in any

shape. Ministers again and again stated in Parliament, that they believed her assurances to this effect; and that all she wished was, at the worst, to establish that government in Spain which had previously existed, without acquiring an inch of Spanish territory. How has the independence of the Spanish Colonies operated on the balance of power? Has it transferred the weight it has taken from Spain to England, or placed it in favour of England? Quite the contrary. In respect of trade and naval power, France will gain largely from it; the United States will gain still more largely, and this country will gain comparatively but little. It has taken power from a nation, having but little inclination and means for using it to our disadvantage; and given it to others, far more formidable, and generally on the watch to injure us to the utmost. In addition to this, it has placed Spain under the constant dictation of France.

While this independence is thus flatly and dangerously opposed to the interests of this country, in respect of the balance of power, it has destroyed the moral bulwarks of our own Colonies. Our hasty recognition scattered the seeds of future war, and gave Spain to France in regard to affection.

The Philosophers, therefore, adopted the only false, blundering policy in respect of the recognition, that it was possible for them to adopt; the only means within their reach for injuring the Republics and this country, they resorted to. We are not blaming them because the Spanish Colonies obtained their independence; for, however perniciously this independence may operate in the balance of power against us, we were prohibited by honesty from opposing it. We are blaming them because, at the hazard, as Mr Canning expressed it, "of war here, war there, and war everywhere," they decided on a premature recognition without any adequate object, and to the injury of those they pretended it would serve.

We must remind our readers of the gorgeous predictions which the Philosophers put forth touching the new Republics. In the *first* place, these Republics were to overwhelm us with trade and riches. How has this been verified? Like all the other predictions of the Faction, by complete falsification. In the *second* place, the inha-

bitants of South America were to draw ~~from~~ their independence, liberal ideas, and republican institutions, the utmost measure of prosperity and felicity. How has this been verified? In the same manner. These inhabitants enjoy less real liberty, less freedom from oppression, less security of person and property, less order and prosperity—less of everything that good government ought to yield, than the subjects of any of the continental despotisms. Their condition, instead of improving, gets worse; and military despotism seems to be the point to which their republican tyrants will lead them.

Here is a striking illustration of the real character of the Faction's philosophy. It made no inquiry into the effect which the independence of Spanish America would have on the less obvious, and more important of British interests. It made no inquiry into the character and circumstances of the inhabitants. It proclaimed that nothing more was necessary for filling South America with every blessing, than separation from Spain, and republican institutions. The absence of foreign dominion and king, was to be the absence of every evil, and the presence of every good. This philosophy thus, in drawing its deductions, closed its eyes to everything it ought to have looked at; it used *facts* like these—the same coat will fit every frame and suit all kinds of weather; the cart will drag the horse, and iron will be changed into gold from receiving the name—and they have naturally met with overwhelming refutation. The independence and republicanism of South America have yielded nothing to the inhabitants, putting out of sight a handful of petty tyrants, save bitter evils; and in every way they have injured the cause of real liberty.

We speak thus, not only as friends to British interests, but as friends to the people of South America. With us mere names weigh nothing. When we see changes and forms of government extolled to the clouds solely for their names, when their consequences are of the most baleful character, it is our duty, as friends to liberty, humanity, and the general weal of our species, to expose the profligacy of those who so extol them.

The expedition to Portugal is the next point of foreign policy, on which

the Faction lauds itself so unreasonably. Now it declares that we were solemnly bound to act as we have done by treaty, and surely the fulfilment of a treaty is not a matter to boast of. On its own showing we had here no alternative.

That the independent nations of the Continent practically form a federal union, and that no one has a right to make changes within itself which may be calculated to overthrow the governments of its neighbours, is doctrine which has been laid down by the publicists, which has been repeated by the most eminent of our statesmen, and which is sanctioned by common reason and natural right. It was declared by various members and newspapers of the Faction, that the establishment of the Portuguese Constitution would inevitably overturn the government of Spain. This declaration was in reality a declaration that Spain had a clear right in public law to put down this constitution by war. To say that Spain has no right to war against that which is sure to overthrow her government if she do not war against it, is to deny her the rights of self defence and preservation.

Whether the treaty bound us to assist Portugal in a war provoked by a change made by herself in her form of government, which, according to the opinion of most people, and the confession of her partizans, was calculated to involve Spain in civil war, and overturn her government, is a question that we put to the reflecting and impartial. Our faith is pinned to the sleeve of no man; therefore we avow our belief that it did not. If it did, it bound us to trample on public law, to violate our obligations to other States, and to revolutionize one country at the mere bidding of another.

What we have written in this Magazine against Catholicism will suffice to prove, that we think as unfavourably of those who are called the Apostolicals, as the Faction. We cannot however assent to the doctrine, that the end sanctifies the means; with us, good must be accomplished in a lawful honest manner, or not at all. Whether the government of Spain be a bad or a good one, has nothing to do with the matter: it is sufficient for us to know that this government is according to public law a strictly law-

salute; that it has been long recognised by this country and the world; that it is one which this country has no right to change; and that, like all other governments, it has a clear right to defend itself from destruction. With regard to Spain and Turkey, Ministers seem to be at this moment servilely following the steps of Buonaparte; they act as though national law could be tortured into any meaning that their quirking, pettifoggery, and caprice may prescribe. Public interests, as well as public honour, make this a matter to be deeply deplored.

And now for the real fruits of our policy touching Portugal. It is admitted by the Faction, that the mass of the people of Portugal are decidedly hostile to the constitution. Our troops are, therefore, in reality, forcing a form of government upon them, which they hate, by British bayonets. We are filling Portugal with distraction and strife, reducing her to insolvency by heavy expenses, and bringing upon her almost every ill, when there is no probability that our efforts will do more than give to her constitution a momentary existence. We are doing this in direct violation of that first grand principle of the Faction, that the form of government ought to be chosen by the people.

By this policy we are furnishing a pretext and a necessity for the continued occupation of Spain by the armies of France. We are fomenting division and distraction in Spain, and stifling in her everything essential for enabling her to advance in good government and rational freedom. Were the doctrine of the Faction even true, that her government ought to be destroyed, we are surrounding it with French troops for its protection, and giving increased power and rigour to all its worst qualities. We are injuring and distressing the people of Spain in the most grievous manner.

With regard to ourselves, this policy is adding largely to our expenditure, and creating a necessity for new taxes. It is causing us to be detested by Portugal and Spain. We have at present no other hold of the former, than that which is given us by treaty and the sword. We are hated by the privileged classes; we are hated by the people; and we shall soon be, if we are not already, hated by the go-

vernment. It is converting the national antipathy of Spain and Portugal into friendship, and paving the way for their union. Probably the issue will be, that the great powers will combine to expel us, and unite them into one kingdom, as the effectual means for excluding us from the Continent. At any rate, our trade with Portugal is pretty sure to share the fate of our trade with Spain; existing treaties cannot secure it much longer.

The Faction next puffs its transcendent wisdom, in respect of its policy towards Turkey and Greece. Now, be the Turks and Greeks what they may, we ask, in the first place, what right in public law have England, Russia, and France, to interfere between them? The pretext, that their war injures other states, is obviously a scandalous falsehood. If it be admitted, then, should this country and the United States go to war, the Continental governments would be justified in making war on either belligerent, to compel it to accept such terms of peace from the other as they might dictate? In addition to this, the war in all probability would have been now ended, had it not been for the interference. The pretext respecting religion is alike indefensible. The Turks are not warring against the Greeks because they are Christians; religion has nothing to do with the matter. If this pretext be admitted, then in any war between us and our Indian subjects, all Christian Europe ought to arm to support us; nay, in any war between Britain and Ireland, all Protestant and Catholic nations in the world should take part in it on the score of religion. Whatever the Turkish government may be in its nature, it has long been recognised by all others, and it is in its general conduct to other states, as well as in other respects, as much within the pale of the law of nations, as the British government. If the principle be conceded, that this government cannot be protected by public law, because it is a despotism, it must annihilate public law altogether.

With classical recollections, sympathies, and partialities, we have here nothing to do. The question is one of law and right between nation and nation, and there is only one honourable and honest way of deciding it. This interference violates every principle of na-

dom law, and it forms a precedent which will amply justify the Continental governments in interfering in any war that our own government may have with its Irish, Indian, or American subjects.

In the second place we ask, what is the motive of Russia for interfering? Is it friendship for constitutional government, and hatred of despotism? The Faction, blind as it is, will scarcely reply in the affirmative. It is notorious that she is interfering solely for purposes of aggrandizement: to remove all doubt on the matter, she is now sending one of her own creatures to be placed at the head of the Greek government. Why is France interfering? Do her measures against her Press and her Protestants, and her general policy, prove that she joins us in the crusade to multiply constitutions and serve freedom? Nothing surely could be more ludicrously preposterous than the professions of powers like these, that they are actuated by humanity and friendship for the Greeks. The one expects to reap great direct benefit, and the other expects to strike a blow at the unity and greatness of the British empire, by the interference. And this country is guilty of the suicidal folly of making itself their tool in the business.

For years the leading publications of Government have been sounding the trumpet against the ambitious projects of Russia; they have denounced these projects as being partly directed against our Indian Empire. She has taken such a place amidst nations, that it has been deemed necessary to make her the object of jealousy to all Europe; she has been pointed out as being now that rival to this country, which France once was in respect of power and influence. Ever since the war ended, her preponderating influence with the Continental cabinets has been complained of, as highly mischievous; and in all rivalry between us and other nations, but especially the United States, her prejudices are against us. We need not prove, that, in the balance of power, Turkey weighs heavily against her, and in favour of this country. Turkey in war can effect much against her in the way of diversion, and she forms a valuable bulwark to our possessions in the East. We are, however, labour-

ing to sever, not only Greece, but of the Treasury prints may be believed, Egypt likewise, from Turkey.

With respect to the Greeks, we are merely transferring them from Turkey to Russia; we are giving them no real independence. If Turkey submit to the disgraceful dictation, and retain the nominal sovereignty over them, still the real sovereignty for purposes of mischief will pass to Russia. With respect to Egypt, no constitution, no liberty, no humanity, no pretext can be pleaded for thus pulling to pieces an old empire, and an old and faithful friend of this country. We are throwing Turkey almost wholly out of the balance of power; and giving to Russia a large addition of both positive and negative weight in it. We are arming the enemy, exposing ourselves to his attacks, and dissipating our resources at the same moment. We are giving a large increase of means to that power, which even now possesses means sufficient, if discreetly used, to enable it in a few years to overawe, and dictate to, the whole Continent.

We wish the Greeks every blessing that men can possess; but we are not prepared to serve them at the expense of this country and the world. If they can fight out their independence, let them, no matter how it may operate on the rest of mankind; but we are not prepared to assist in sacrificing the rest of mankind to them. What will be the gain to mankind at large, if, in serving these two millions of Greeks, the means be created for throwing back our own one hundred millions of subjects in the East Indies to their former tyranny and degradation? What will be the gain to constitutional freedom and the "march of intellect," if, in serving these two millions of Greeks, Russia be clothed with the power to prescribe laws to the whole Continent? And what will be the gain to the best interests of the world, if, in serving these two millions of Greeks, all obedience to national law be destroyed, and that power be undermined which gives to England her influence with other nations?

On this question the Faction displays its accustomed dishonesty, blindness, and hostility to British interests. To its romance, every established principle of law and right must be sacrificed: To give some fancied benefit

to a handful of people, it must endanger the interests of the whole human race. The fact, that what it does is calculated to injure this country in every way, it seems as the best proof possible of its "liberality," and, of course, of its wisdom.

Our readers must not forget the predictions which the Faction has for years put forth in favour of the Greeks. The latter were irresistible; they would at once achieve their independence, and demolish the whole Turkish empire, without check or difficulty! We need not say how these predictions have been verified. Such prophets, nevertheless, still prophesy, and, alas! they are still listened to.

In the next place, the Faction proclaims, that its new policy has detached this country from the Holy Alliance. The proof of this, we presume, is to be found in the fact, that we are making ourselves the servile instruments of the ambition and rapacity of the leading member of this Alliance in respect of Turkey. Perhaps a further proof may be found in the fact, that, in conjunction with this Alliance, we are forcing a form of government upon the people of Portugal, devised for them by their "legitimate" sovereign, which they detest.

Assuming the assertion of the Faction to be correct, and that this country has placed itself at the head of the "Liberals" of the world, what benefits have been, or are likely to be, drawn from it? The idea, we think, originated with Lord Holland. If we remember correctly, his lordship, soon after Mr Canning was made the Foreign Secretary, advised that England should place herself at the head of the Foreign Liberals, as she once placed herself at the head of the Foreign Protestants. The fact, that he could discover no difference between supporting the Protestants, when they were merely acting on the defensive, and contending for toleration, without wishing to disturb forms of government, and supporting the Liberals when they are acting on the offensive, for the object of overthrowing every government on the continent—this fact forms a splendid proof of the vast acuteness and profound wisdom of Lord Holland.

Whether the nations of the Continent need constitutions, or not, no

thing can be more true, than that it is not for this country or the Faction to decide the question. Spain, Russia, Austria, &c. may be in huge need of constitutions; constitutions might be immensely beneficial to them—but if this were matter of incontrovertible proof, it would be alike matter of incontrovertible proof that this country would not have a right to stir a finger in giving them constitutions. We are borne out in this by the maxim of the Faction, that no country has a right to interfere with the domestic concerns of another. It is for a nation to decide what form of government it will have; and if it select a despotism of the worst description, it has a right to possess it free from the molestation of any other nation, provided it injure not its neighbours. If one country had a right to change the form of government of another, merely from thinking it faulty, there would be no security for any government whatever. England calls the governments of Spain, Austria, &c. tyrannies: the United States calls the government of England a tyranny, and it was so called by the Cortes of Spain, during the existence of that sagacious body. If mere opinion give the right, the United States have the same right to assist our own republicans in changing our form of government, that England has to assist the Liberals of Spain, Austria, &c. in changing their forms of government.

This is perfectly clear, and it is equally clear, that it is utterly impossible for England to know what form of government is the best adapted for any other country. If it were matter of mathematical demonstration, that the inhabitants of all nations were precisely alike in character and circumstances, and that a particular form of government was the best that could be devised, the point would present no difficulty; but it is not. It is as certain as mathematical demonstration could make it, that the inhabitants of one country differ very widely from those of another almost throughout the world; and this renders it equally certain that a form of government might be exceedingly suitable for one nation, and yet be quite as unsuitable for another. The inhabitants of this country cannot agree, as to what form of government would be the best for themselves; the

where of the Faction are furiously divided on the question, and not a few of them have declared a republic to be infinitely preferable to our own monarchy. This will show how incompetent the nation in general, and the Faction in particular, are to devise forms of government for the inhabitants of other countries.

Republicanism works well in the United States; in South America it works destructively; in France it produced the most terrible evils; and in states now no more it often worked far more perniciously than any monarchical despotism. A limited monarchy works well in England at present, but formerly it often worked in the most tyrannical manner. The constitutions established in Spain and Portugal a few years ago worked far more balefully than the despotisms they for the moment destroyed. This is not incapable of solution. It is admitted, even by the Faction, that an absolute monarchy would be the best of all forms of government, if it could be ensured proper qualifications, and placed under proper preventives; and this is tantamount to the admission that a republic, or a limited monarchy, is a worse form of government than an absolute monarchy, if the proper qualifications and preventives cannot be provided. From what must these qualifications and preventives flow in a representative form of government? The inhabitants at large; they must choose the rulers, and restrict the conduct of these rulers. If they be incapable of doing this—if they choose on false principles, and either cannot influence the conduct of their rulers, or influence it to give it a vicious direction, the tyranny and injustice of a representative form of government must necessarily be more active, comprehensive, and baleful, than those of an absolute monarchy.

It irresistibly follows from this, that a nation might enjoy more real liberty, and more good government of every kind under one of the Continental despotisms, than under a republic, or one of the Faction's Constitutions; and that nothing but full and accurate evidence touching the character and circumstances of a people can prove that they need a change of government, or point out what change would be the most suitable for them. It cannot be necessary for

us to prove, that changes ought not to be made for the purpose of giving the people a more oppressive and unjust government; and that nothing can justify them, save evidence that they will benefit, not a faction, not a handful of ambitious, profligate upstarts, but the people at large.

These self-evident truths will of course be derided, as all truth is, by the mock philosophy of the Faction; but this will not change their character.

And now what is the conduct of the Faction? It has placed, according to its own swaggering, the English Government, or, in other words, England, at the head of the disaffected and traitorous of all foreign countries, to protect and aid them as far as possible in subverting by rebellion their respective governments. It does not even say that it has done this to serve the rights and interests of England; but its only plea is—according to its own theories, and dreams, and lies—these governments ought to be demolished and replaced with different ones. We have said sufficient to prove that in this, it is causing England to violate in a flagrant manner the rights of other nations; and is creating not only a justification, but a necessity, for the combining of other nations to crush England as a despiser of law and right, and a common disturber and enemy.

What are these foreign Liberals with whom England is thus connecting herself? Speaking generally, they are in both creed and profligacy a continuation of the French Jacobins: many of them are professed republicans; they are democrats in politics, and infidels in religion; and they are distinguished by the most childish imbecility. In respect of both character and numbers, they form a petty despicable faction in every country; they have not a single characteristic to render them worthy the name of party. In Spain, the French invasion proved that the mass of the inhabitants were against them; the same has just been proved in Portugal; and indisputable proof of the same has been exhibited in France, and the other Continental States. England, in connecting herself with these men, is arraying herself quite as much against the people as against the governments of other countries.

It would be something if these Liberals were guided by sound principles, and wished to establish practical, beneficial forms of government, in lieu of those they seek to destroy; but the Faction itself cannot plead this in their favour. It puffs them for their "liberal and enlightened principles;" but when it has to speak abstractedly of their principles and constitutions, it is constrained to own that they abound with errors. The men and their constitutions have been abundantly tried. In France they established a constitution infinitely more unsuitable and pernicious than the despotism they destroyed; they did the same in South America; they did the same in Spain, and they did the same in Portugal. Decisive failure has attended them everywhere. The constitutions they have set up have been unable to stand; in every quarter, save South America, these constitutions have speedily fallen to pieces, chiefly from the animosity of the people; and in South America there is every indication that they will not endure much longer. It is matter of demonstration, that these Liberals proceed on erroneous principles; and that, however faulty the existing governments of the Continent may be, they wish to replace them with others still more faulty—with others calculated to operate in a manner that would be ruinous even in England—with others wholly unsuitable for the people, which could not endure, which, for their momentary existence, would produce tyranny, injustice, and violence, and which would end in civil commotion, anarchy, blood, misery, and the establishment of despotism, much more grinding, for a time, than any of the existing despotisms.

The Faction has, therefore, placed England at the head of the foreign Liberals, to do this in reality. 1. To violate the rights of other nations, by acting the part of a common disturber and enemy. 2. To oppose herself as much to the opinions of the people, as to those of the governments of other countries. 3. To overthrow foreign governments for others, when she is utterly incapable of deciding what form of government would be the best for other countries. And, 4. To aid an unprincipled and imbecile foreign faction, which demonstrably seeks to make revolutions, capable only of add-

ing largely to the measure of tyranny and misery which already exists, and of bringing almost every plague upon the human race.

Now, what would not the "Brummagem," but the sterling statesman do to improve the condition of the inhabitants of the Continent? He would not begin with the point of the spire, in order to build downwards, but he would follow science, and commence with proper and solid foundations. Knowing that all would depend on the people, he would qualify them for exercising the trust before granting it. He would at the first be totally silent touching political rights and privileges. He would labour to produce concord—to extend civilization and wealth—to purify morals—to propagate, not the pernicious rhapsodies of political dreamers, but beneficial knowledge touching the weal and proper regulation of society, in matters not connected with controverted politics—to implant good habits—to remove, cautiously and slowly, pernicious laws, and establish, in the same manner, wise ones. He would thus proceed, without saying a syllable respecting political changes, until he raised society to the point of internal peace, civilization, wealth, information, consolidation, and law, essential for enabling it to keep in existence, and use for benefit, a free constitution. At every step he would add largely to real liberty—to security of person and property—to general good government; and he would place his country in a situation which would render it impossible for political freedom to be withheld, and which would enable it to be granted without convulsion or danger. If really free governments ever be firmly established on the Continent, they must be established in this manner.

The "Brummagem Statesmen" naturally follow a directly opposite course. They commence their edifice with fixing their scaffolding, and finishing the top, in the clouds; and in the first moment, architects, workmen, and materials tumble down, to their own ruin, and the ruin of all beneath. No one could imagine, from their words, that forms of governments ought to exist for the benefit of those who live under them. With them, all the uses and virtues of government consist in names and forms; if a go-



verment bear a certain appellative and shape, it is to be destroyed or established, though it be certain that its destruction or establishment will subject those who live under it to every evil and woe.

We will now ask, what benefits have the people of the Continent reaped from this new policy of England? Has it given to any one nation a durable constitution? Has it given to any one nation a greater portion of freedom, or the means for advancing to the possession of freedom? What has been its effect in Spain? Her revolution brought upon her grievous losses of every kind; it has kept her inhabitants for several years in distraction and suffering; and it has caused her to retrograde greatly in respect of practical freedom and good government. Had she remained tranquil, her power, trade, &c. would have been far greater than they are: information would have been extended amidst her inhabitants; and from all this, the vices and evils of her despotism would have undergone constant though gradual correction. Indifference to freedom on the part of the people, has been converted into hatred of it, by the Liberals. The latter have been annihilated; the strife is now between the friends of the moderate exercise of despotism, and the advocates for the exercise of it in all its rigours; and the French army is necessary to prevent the latter from being triumphant.

In essentials, this is not more applicable to Spain than to Portugal. In both, the very name of constitution has been rendered detestable to the inhabitants. The interference of England has caused freedom to be regarded as a thing of foreign dictation; it has ranged the feeling of nationality on the side of despotism, and it has led both Spaniards and Portuguese to think themselves commanded by national pride and patriotism to oppose constitutions. These two nations have reaped these fruits from the efforts to revolutionize them. They have had several years of strife and suffering—they have been ravaged by civil war—they have been, and still are, occupied by foreign armies—they have endured heavy losses of almost all descriptions—all reforms in them have been prevented—the measure of practical liberty they enjoyed has been re-

duced, and the despotism of their rulers has been rendered more grinding—the essentials for forming the foundations of liberty have been greatly weakened in them—the difficulties of instructing them in the principles of liberty have been strengthened and multiplied—and they have been thrown back half a century in their progress to constitutional freedom.

What have been the effects in France? In regard to freedom, she has been constantly retrograding. Her liberty of the press has been nearly destroyed; her religious liberty has been continually encroached on; and the Jesuits have been regularly rising in favour and influence. What have been the effects in Italy, Austria, Russia, and the rest of the Continent? In nearly all, despotism has been rendered more strong and active; and not one is indebted to England for a particle of additional freedom. If Greece be pleaded as an exception, it must be remembered that Russia has been sighing for the interference ever since the beginning of the contest, and that it would not have been ventured on against her opposition. Hitherto the Greeks have reaped the most bitter evils from their war, and their prospects are far from being promising. The probability is, that if they be freed from hostilities with Turkey, they will begin to slaughter each other.

Looking at the Continent generally, this new policy of England has been so far from benefiting the cause of liberty and mankind, that it has done it the greatest injury. The continental governments have been aware, that, should they be involved in war with their subjects, the latter would be encouraged and indirectly assisted by this country; therefore they have made everything subservient to the rendering of such war an impossibility. Their despotism has been made more jealous and severe—reforms and ameliorations have been prevented—the press has been gagged—the circulation of knowledge has been restricted—a fear of, and distaste for, the establishment of constitutions have been generated amidst the upright and influential part of the people—and the name of liberty has been rendered odious amidst those to whose agency it must owe its existence. In the first years of the peace, the prospects of the

Continents were far brighter in respect of constitutional freedom than they are at present: the people then enjoyed a greater portion of practical liberty than they now enjoy.

And now, what has this country gained for herself by this new policy? According to the confessions of one of the Treasury prints, she has caused herself to be suspected and hated by every Continental government. She has destroyed her influence, and made all regard her as a covert enemy, which they have a common interest in weakening and humbling. She has led each to think it a matter of danger to itself to make concessions to her, that might increase her trade, or yield her other benefit. She has sown the seeds of war, and stripped herself of allies. There is not now a government of moment in the world, that does not wish to see her shorn of her power for its own advantage.

If England, instead of identifying liberty with infidelity, profligacy, imbecility, rebellion, anarchy, democratic tyranny, and civil war, had done the reverse—if she had proved from history the perils of improper change, arrayed herself against the trading revolutionists, and used her influence to spread useful knowledge, promote reforms, establish wise laws, &c. &c. she would have rendered infinite service to the cause of liberty on the Continent, and been a source of blessings to mankind. She would have retained the friendship and confidence of the Continental governments, and her influence with them might have contributed largely to her trade and greatness.

There is one power in the world—the United States—towards which a new policy was imperiously called for; and because it was necessary, we presume, it has not been thought of. Towards this power, the old temporizing, truckling, and conceding policy has been religiously adhered to. Ever since the peace, the most grave matters of dispute have remained unsettled between the United States and this country. The Boundary Question is one of the first importance, in respect of the security of our North American possessions, and its consequent bearings on our naval supremacy. So long as these questions remain undecided, they must supply America with pretexts for war; and

it is morally certain that, should we be embroiled in war with any of the European powers, we must immediately go to war with her likewise, or submit to her projected robberies touching the Boundary Line. This has been made a matter of certainty by her own acts. Nevertheless, eleven years of peace have passed away, and the disputed points are still unsettled; although it is manifest to all, that the advantages of delay are entirely on the side of America, and that such delay threatens this country with the most serious consequences. If England ever had a duty to perform, it is her duty to obtain an immediate settlement of the matters in dispute, when she is at peace, when she is unshackled, and when she can assert her rights with all her resources. Yet it does not appear that any progress has been made, or is making, towards a settlement. She is too busy in assisting to despoil Turkey, light up civil war in Spain and Portugal, and revolutionise the Continent, to attend to her own interest and security. Let the Canadas go—let the West Indies go—let the American flag sweep the seas in omnipotence,—only let Liberalism abound, and Constitution-mongers fill the whole earth with blood and horrors!—A more sickening spectacle could scarcely be conceived than that which is formed by contrasting the insolent bullying and blustering of the Faction towards such feeble powers as Spain, Portugal, and Turkey, with its submissive, sneaking, dastardly conduct towards the United States. An unprincipled, remorseless tyrant to the weak, it is a spiritless, cringing, abject slave to the strong; those who are able to cope with it may spit in its face, and it will lick the dust off their feet in return for the indignity.

We have said sufficient to show the exact worth of the Faction's intolerable boasting, respecting its Foreign Policy; we will now glance at its Domestic Policy, respecting which, it lavishes on itself an equal portion of bombastic panegyric.

According to its asseverations, no improvements, or attempts at improvements, were made in this country, until it commenced them. Abuses were carefully protected, reforms were zealously opposed, necessary changes were prevented, and things were religiously kept in the same condition.

It is only in days like these that such falsehoods could be ventured on by the most intrepid despiser of truth that ever tormented society. A reference to the records of Parliament will prove, that during the war, and up to the moment when the innovations of the Faction were commenced, every Session teemed with new laws, which made changes of almost all kinds. The object of these laws was to remove abuses, to effect reforms, and to make improvements wherever practicable. Changes were almost continually made in the trading laws, the revenue laws, the laws of property, the election laws, and the laws generally, in order to harmonise them with the existing state of society. These changes were generally supported by, and they frequently originated with, those whom the Faction stigmatises as "the enemies of all improvement."

What was then the conduct of the braggadocios, of whom the Faction chiefly consists? Did they likewise attempt to improve, in the genuine spirit of improvers? Did they separate themselves from party and faction, propose disinterested remedies for evils, and suggest rational changes on merits alone? No! They were governed in what they proposed by party and factious motives; and they were often the furious opponents of the improvements advocated by others.

What are the "improvements" principally boasted of by the Faction? Do they consist of the correction of abuses, the removal of evils, and the perfecting of defective, and the framing of additional, laws? No one could suspect it. They consist of the destruction of old laws and systems. Does evil operation form the motive? No, abstract principles. The Faction has strung together a set of assumptions and paradoxes, which it proclaims to be the essence of truth; and by these, and these only, it is guided in its work of destruction.

What has the country reaped from "the liberal and enlightened" domestic policy of the Faction! Ask the shipowners, the silk manufacturers, the glove manufacturers, the agriculturists, the community at large—and the reply will be—Bitter injuries. Its fruits, to those on whom it has more directly operated, have been bankruptcy and starvation; and, to the country in the aggregate, fearful loss

and distress. This is matter of demonstration. The "Brummagem statesmen" cannot point to any specific benefit that this policy has yielded. They are compelled to own that the nation has been in grievous suffering during its operation, and they can merely assert that the suffering would have been greater had not the policy been adopted. They offer nothing to prove the truth of the assertion, and it is evidently false.

That the parents of a policy yielding such fruits have not been scathed into their native nothingness by national scorn and indignation—that their names have not been used to indicate everything that contempt can scoff at—that they have not been branded by universal derision, as the most bungling and incapable of all quacks and empirics,—is what cannot be sufficiently wondered at. That such people should still boast of their wisdom and ability, proclaim that they comprise "all the Talents," and brand all who differ from them with incapacity and knavery, forms a specimen of blind, besotted, idiotic egotism and vanity, which the whole history of human nature cannot parallel.

The dogmas on which this new policy stands are in perfect keeping with its consequences. We know not whether our readers be yet recovered from the stunning effects of the Faction's immeasurable swaggering respecting Free Trade. What are the dogmas here? They are, that this country ought to return to the point from which it started, and that it ought to imitate the example of savage nations. They assert the rule without the exception; they place all commodities on an equality, and make no distinction between what this empire produces, and what it does not produce. They sacrifice all political considerations—everything—to mere pecuniary cheapness for the moment; and they make no difference between cheapness proceeding from the extreme of penury, and that proceeding from other causes. They look alone at foreign trade, and for its benefit they destroy domestic trade. They chain the producer and manufacturer to a certain price—they chain the workman to certain wages—they render one trade unprofitable and another ruinous—they place on every trade

vexations and oppressive fetters and restrictions of one kind or another, and this they call giving freedom to trade. The silk and glove manufacturers are prohibited from obtaining remunerating prices, and this is Free Trade—the silk weavers, glove makers, &c. are prohibited from obtaining adequate wages, and this is Free Trade—the shipowners are compelled to take ruinous freights, and this is Free Trade—the agriculturists are prohibited from obtaining prices that will protect them from loss, and this is Free Trade. In reality, the Free Trade of the Faction consists solely of a mass of crazy, destructive restrictions and prohibitions.

The Home Trade of this country is subjected to legal restrictions, highly injurious, and to a great extent useless. Maltsters, tobacco manufacturers, and the members of almost every trade which is under the Excise, are placed by the laws under restrictions, which trench unjustifiably on their rights, and do grievous injury to their business, without yielding any adequate advantage to the public. What have the braggadocios done here? Nothing. The abolition of these restrictions would have yielded real freedom and benefit to trade, therefore they have been religiously preserved.

These braggadocios, gentle reader, are the monopolist-statesmen; and their dogmas are the monopolist-Philosophy!

Our readers must not forget the predictions which the Faction put forth touching Free Trade. According to Mr Huskisson, it was to enlarge the general trade of the country in a manner perfectly magical; according to Lord Goderich, it was to render the flourishing condition, in which the nation was when it was introduced, infinitely more flourishing. Both, with modesty truly inimitable, declared, that in the Session which gave it being, the country made greater progress in Political Economy than it had made in the preceding century! The other leaders, the reviews and newspapers, poured their execrations on the “exploded system,” and protested that the new one would overwhelm the country with excess of trade. The “Queen’s Fever” was nothing compared with

the Free Trade Fever. We need not say how these predictions have been verified. Yet, we must repeat, such prophets still prophesy, and alas! they are still listened to.

Passing from Free Trade, what else can the Faction call a portion of its new domestic policy? Mr Peel’s labours it has no right to claim, because he stops short at most of the important changes which its “Philosophers” clamour for; and because he is supported by those whom it stigmatizes as the inveterate enemies of its new policy. Mr Peel has acted the part of an improver. He did not demolish; he did not sweep away principles, laws, and systems, by wholesale; he repaired and added to; he held principle sacred, and avoided innovation. In reality he only carried forward, on a bolder and more comprehensive scale, that system which had always previously been actively at work in this country.

Whatever may be the case with individuals, the benefits even of Mr Peel’s labours have never been sensibly felt by society in the aggregate. The new Jury law has not made verdicts a whit more conscientious and correct than they were; and the mass of the community do not know from their own experience that he has made any changes whatever. Do we say this to detract from his merits? No. We say it to show the worth of the un-English adulation and hyperbole, now the rage; and to prove to Englishmen how foully their laws have been slandered by the Faction. Mr Peel is not the man to seek praise at the expense of the laws and institutions of his country. He removed no great and crying evils which continually injured the great body of society, not from the want of ability, but because none existed: like a statesman, he left laws of great operation and contested merits to be considered separately. We differ widely from him on several important questions, but this does not cause us to think the less highly of his powers. In accurate vision, depth, and solidity of understanding, and all the higher qualifications of the statesman, he has not his equal in the Cabinet, or the House of Commons. In kind of talent, he makes a nearer approach to Mr Pitt,

than any man in Parliament. It is abundantly ludicrous to see the tools of the Faction disparaging the powers of a man like him, and puffing those of such a one as Mr Huskisson. Deficiencies he has, but increased years and study will remove them. He would reap very great benefit from laborious composition, and not a little from reasonably fierce opposition contests. We should not speak of deficiencies, were he an older man than he is, and were the interests of the empire less connected with him than they are.

The remainder of the Faction's new domestic policy must be chiefly found in what it intends to do. It means to abolish every national monopoly that it has hitherto spared. Some estimate of the ruin and distress which this will yield, may be drawn from what the country has already experienced. It means to abolish the Usury Laws, the Test Acts, the Laws of Primogeniture and Entail, the Poor Laws, the laws that impose disabilities on the Catholics, &c. &c. It contemplates no reforms; its work is to be pure wholesale destruction. The bare recital is amply sufficient to show its thorough destitution of intellect, and the ruinous nature of its policy. In all this it is to be guided, not by expediency and the state of the empire, but by its fallacious inventions, which it dignifies with the names—Political Economy, and Abstract Right.

Doubtlessly the Faction includes in its new policy what it lauds so extravagantly, as efforts to promote the education and improvement of the working classes. It constantly represents that it comprehends all the friends of these classes, and that all who differ from it are their bitter enemies.

In respect of the education of the people, what have the "Brummagem Statesmen" really done? After all Mr Brougham's swaggering and self-puffing—after having heaped on himself such an enormous mass of quack eulogy and adoration—what services has he really rendered to popular education? The people of Ireland have long been in the most deplorable want of instruction,—what has he done in Ireland? He has not done, or attempted to do, anything. Some northern parts

of Scotland; it appears, have been exceedingly deficient in the means of education,—what has he done in Scotland? Nothing whatever. As his labours have been confined to England, in what state did he find England when he commenced them? Did he find it destitute of schools? No; upon the whole, it was more abundantly supplied with them than the other divisions of the United Kingdom. Did he find the English people hostile to their establishment? No; they were friendly to them, and were increasing their number as far as practicable. How many millions of schools has he created in England? We firmly believe, that in reality he has not, directly or indirectly, created a single school, and that he has retarded the progress of schools much more on the one hand, than he has accelerated it on the other.

Mr Brougham commenced his education labours, by making the establishment of common schools a bitter party question, and virtually proclaiming, that it would render mighty service to the cause of Whiggism and Revolution. He assisted in getting up a wretched squabble touching the parentage of the Madras system, which had nothing to do with the merits of education, and which was soon to do it great injury. The friends of schools, who did not think good to follow his dictation, he covered with slanderous misrepresentations and obloquy. Those who, from his virtual assurances that schools would injure the Church, ruin them as a party, and bring upon the empire what, in their judgment, were calamitous evils, disapproved of schools, he stigmatized as the enemies of their species. By all this he created a formidable opposition to popular education, where previously there had existed only friendship. The mass of the community had no alternative but to disbelieve him, or to think such education would prove a national plague.

As Mr Brougham began, so he has proceeded up to the present moment. In all his schemes touching popular education, he has connected it to the utmost with factious politics, and made it a leading source of contention. He has constantly rendered it utterly impossible for the Clergy, the

Tories, or any one save the more violent members of his own faction, to act with him in its favour; and he has laboured to calumniate and clamour down all its friends who have refused to take him for a leader. He must be the education-monopolist—every one is to be branded as the enemy of education save himself and his creatures—and all plans of education not emanating from him, are piracies of his eternally-advertised quack nostrum. He has always broadly intimated, that the education of the people would render dissent from the Church, and the creeds of Whiggism and Radicalism, triumphant.

To make education a good to man, it is demonstrable that it ought, at the very least, to include those principles of religion which regulate temporal conduct, and form the source of morals. This is the more imperiously necessary in respect of the poor, because upon correct morals depend their success in life, and their ability to make advantageous use of scientific instruction. Mr Brougham, however, instead of making religion an essential, sacrifices it altogether; from his Schools, Mechanic Institutes, and London University, it is rigidly excluded. His scheme of education keeps his pupils in utter ignorance of that knowledge from which education must draw its worth; and it sends them into the world to destroy the foundations of education, and restore the ignorance of the darker ages. Science cannot survive the destruction of religion; and those who create enemies to the latter, prepare the means for the destruction of the former.

Mr Brougham renders it abundantly evident that, in all this, he is actuated by party motives—that he has laid hold of education, merely to make it subservient to the filthy interests of his Faction. To gratify the grovelling, wordid, mean, unprincipled craving of this Faction, for place and stipend, schools are to be converted into hotbeds of sedition and infidelity, education is to be perverted into the parent of ignorance and barbarism, the spread of science is to be made a public curse, and the future salvation, not only of a whole people, but of the human race, is to be sacrificed.

His Article in the Number of the Review before us, on the "Society

for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," harmonises exactly with his previous conduct. Its leading objects are, to cover him and his followers with adulation quite as outrageous and loathsome as that resorted to by the advertising quacks, to prove that popular education will render Liberalism omnipotent, and to write down every friend to education who differs from him.

Almost at its commencement, he asserts—"In two important particulars, all our received histories fail. They make no distinction between authentic and fabulous; and they turn the feelings of the reader, the youthful reader especially, into a wrong channel!!!" We could scarcely have expected stuff like this from the shallow coxcomb who wrote "The Present Administration." Having put forth this marvellous discovery, Mr Brougham intimates that the Society—which, as he avows, consists of himself, Lord John Russell, Dr Lushington, Mr Crawford, William Allen, and "other known friends to the education and improvement of mankind"—will give to the world the history of all nations, "stript of their false colours, and the actions of all great men reduced to their true and just proportion." He states—"From the Society's labours in this great department, (English history,) we expect the highest advantages to the country; the dissipation of much ignorance in all classes of society—the extinction of many bad feelings, and the overthrow and dispersion of a host of powerful but groundless prejudices, to which all classes, but the highest most remarkably, are enslaved."

Ye Hunts and Eadys!—Goss and Co., and thou, most delightful of all advertising puffers, Prince of the Russia Oil!—hide your diminished heads, or fly for instruction in the arts of bombastic self-panegyric to Mr Brougham and the Edinburgh Review!

Seriously, could anything be more ludicrous, than for the furious party zealots of this Review—the men who have written in it as they have done respecting George the Third, Mr Pitt, Mr Percival, Buonaparte, Carnot, B. Constant, &c. &c.—the men who have put forth such modern history as it displays—the men who have constantly covered with falsehood and calumny genius, talent, virtue, rank, and every

thing estimable, merely for dissenting from their creed—to pretend that they alone are capable of writing sober, true, and impartial history? Mr Brougham, however, is the most self-contradictory man in being; and he at all times supplies his own refutation. Immediately after giving this flaming description of the Society's embryo histories, he informs the world, that they will contain the party creed of their authors and the Society—that they will support "Liberal opinions"—in a word, that they will be fierce, bigoted, intolerant party publications.

Mr Brougham's avowal that the histories will be such publications, proves what we have said, that with him education is merely a tool, to serve the filthy private interests of his faction. His pleas for stuffing them with factious politics, are hugely amusing. One is, that they can be written against, either by individuals or an opposition Society.\* We are not over sure that this can be relied on. He and his brethren make it abundantly manifest, that if they can obtain the necessary power, they will effectually prevent any one from writing against them.

Another, and his grand plea, is, that the Society was compelled to publish factious politics under the name of History, because a rival Society was about to publish "cheap publications on politics and religion for the common people." He throws on this rival Society all the blame, abuses it and those connected with it furiously through two or three pages, and then he owns that he never heard the name of a single member of it, and that he is in doubt whether it was ever formed! The real truth is this,—Mr Murray advertised a series of cheap publications probably in imitation, and rivalry, of Constable and Co.; on this alone Mr Brougham founds his wretched superstructure respecting the

rival Society—a Society which he practically confesses never existed, save in his own misrepresentations. This mean and disgusting conduct will convince our readers of his own deplorable want of education, and it may cast some light on the character of his philosophy.

"Another rival" Society has, it appears, been actually formed. All who endeavour to disseminate knowledge without placing themselves under his dictation, are, of course, rivals, whom he is to treat as rival pot-house keepers treat each other. He does all he can to ruin this rival: it is dishonest, it is incapable, and its wares are both bad and dear. He tells a long and dismal story touching its origin, in which he shows that certain unholy booksellers actually stole the name of his own Society, and then,—how hardened in iniquity some people are!—positively refused to return the stolen goods, until he and his brethren heroically threatened them with law! We are not ourselves over much addicted to weeping, but we almost dropped a tear on this narrative of the poor Society's—we mean the real Simon Pure's—losses and persecutions. Mr Brougham seems to have much desire to put down all rival education-people by law. He suspects that the imaginary Society is a secret one, "and possibly within the Acts of Parliament in such case made and provided;" from which we infer, that he would gladly use the "Acts" to demolish it. If, happily, the Inquisition existed in this country, he might place Mr Murray on the rack, and extort from him the names of his accomplices. He really did, as he confesses, bounce the law at the education-booksellers. We advise him to introduce at once a law into Parliament, to subject all to capital punishments who may vend books, or attempt to instruct the people, without being licensed by himself and his So-

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\* After chalking out a path for the opposition Society, Mr Brougham states, "There are many persons among the English laity, and a larger body, we fear, of the clergy, to whom the glad tidings of narrow-minded and ignorant doctrine are mainly acceptable." With this bigot, everything is such doctrine which clashes with his own dogmas. Accident has made him an inhabitant of a free country, when nature evidently intended him to be a Pope. As in the late distribution of honours, he unaccountably received no Peerage, we recommend that he be honoured with the title—for he has duly earned it by his bigotry and intolerance—of Pope Brougham. May the clergy and laity of England always deserve his slanders.

ciety. For the sake of funds, it might be very prudent to load the license with exorbitant fees.

While Mr Brougham thus carries on unceasing and violent war against all "rivals," he, of course, throughout extols his own Society in a manner quite overpowering. Its members, its plans, its publications, are all absolute perfection. He states, that the works, amidst their multifarious excellencies, are distinguished by "the admirable union of plain and pure English diction." On this point we cannot take his word, for he is evidently no judge of pure English diction. His article before us ranks with the worst English that was ever placed before the public by a writer of any repute. It is disfigured by numberless grammatical errors; the construction of its sentences is exceedingly faulty; and a vicious, impure use of terms pervades it throughout. Then his Society is to perform exploits truly indescribable; it is to educate the lower classes, the higher ones, the whole nation; nay, all mankind. Compared with the magnificent puffs he heaps upon it, the most inflated advertisement of the most boasting quack sinks into sober humility.

That such loathsome egotism and swaggering should be tolerated in England—in plain, homely, carping, boast-bating Old England—is, what we can only ascribe to some incomprehensible delusion. What is its real worth? Is this Society inventing science, or publishing what has never been published, or doing what has never been done or attempted? No. Speaking generally, it is only publishing what has been again and again published; booksellers have been for years acting on the plan it is following.

Suppose the Society had never been formed, and that some bookseller had done what it is doing—suppose Mr Blackwood had hit on its very plans, and had published the whole of the identical treatises it means to publish—what would have been said of him? Would any one—would Mr Brougham himself—have said that he would remove the "prevailing ignorance" and "enlighten mankind?" Mr Brougham says, the Society has sold ten thousand copies of its treatises—how can such a number have any material effect on the whole population, when perhaps

not three thousand copies have been taken by the labouring classes? The effects of the Society, whether good or evil, will never be sensibly felt by the nation; in two or three years its novelty will be gone, its means of publishing will be exhausted, and it will die and be forgotten.

The fact that Mr Brougham expects such consequences from such a Society, and that he believes in the practicability of giving to the mass of the working orders a "scientific education," forms the most striking proof which could be adduced of his ignorance of human nature, his deplorable want of judgment, and his gross incapacity as a statesman.

All these dogmas respecting national education have been, to a great extent, tested by experiment, and lamentable indeed are the results. If we are to decide from the fruits of the acts, and the issue of the predictions, of the Cabinet and Parliament monopolists of education and philosophy, the government and legislature of this country were never more thorough strangers to education and philosophy, than they are at present. As education has increased amidst the people, infidelity, vice, and crime, have increased. At this moment the people are far more vicious and criminal, in proportion to their number, than they were when comparatively destitute of education. The majority of criminals consist of those who have been "educated."

Are we then the enemies of popular education? No; but we are the enemies of those who conduct it improperly, and pervert it to pernicious purposes: we are its warm friends, when it is based on religion, and kept apart from faction. When we see such men as Mr Brougham using it as the means for falsifying history, attacking laws and institutions, and filling the people with false and ruinous political opinions—when we see the Faction using it as the means for teaching the people that poaching is perfectly innocent; that magistrates are unprincipled tyrants; that the clergy are ignorant and corrupt; that there is nothing wrong in doing all kinds of work, and indulging in all kinds of amusements, on the Sabbath; that all kinds of immorality are guiltless, and that their employers and their superiors are their oppressors—when we see



all this, we should lack the reason which distinguishes man from the beast, if we could not see likewise, that popular education is capable of being made a consuming curse to the working classes, as well as to the empire in its collective character.

Upon the whole, Mr Brougham and his Faction have done grievous injury to the cause of popular education. They have embarrassed and retarded its operations, created a powerful opposition to it amidst the upright and influential classes, given it a vicious and pernicious direction, and rendered it a matter of doubt whether it will not end in public ruin.

Our readers must not forget the predictions the Faction put forth touching the success which its schools, mechanics' institutes, and cheap publications, would have against vice and crime. How have they been verified? Like all the other predictions. Nevertheless, such prophets still prophesy, and, alas! they are still listened to.

Passing from education, what has the Faction done in other respects towards the improvement of the people? It repealed the Combination Laws, and this brought greater evils upon the working classes as a whole than any single measure ever brought upon them previously. The repeal has been up to this moment, and it will continue to be, an unremitting scourge to the working classes, as well as a source of injury to the community generally. Such is the issue of the Faction's predictions, that it would overwhelm both the labouring orders and the whole population with benefits. Nevertheless, such prophets still prophesy, and, alas! they are still listened to.

The Faction proclaimed that Free Trade would yield immense advantages to "the people." It proclaimed this, when it confessed that the object of Free Trade was to bring down prices and wages to the minimum. What has been the result? Loss of employment and starvation. While it pretends to found mechanics' institutes, it takes away the means of the people for subscribing to them; while it pretends to provide education for the people, it strips them of money wherewith to buy it; while it pretends that it is rendering the people happy and intelligent, it is plunging them into

penury, misery, and ignorance. Instead of improving the people and their condition, the Faction has inflicted the deepest injury on their principles and character, it has brought upon them incalculable loss and misery, and it has prepared a future for them pregnant with everything that can debase, demoralise, pollute, and distress human nature.

Looking at the domestic policy of the Faction as a whole, what has it yielded? Terrible evils of every description, without a single counter-vailing benefit. Under it the nation has experienced nothing but loss and suffering; manufactures, trade, shipping, agriculture, revenue, and morals, have sustained grievous injury; every rank and condition has been dragged into adversity; and the empire has rapidly retrograded.

Looking at the whole policy, both foreign and domestic, of the Faction, its character and fruits demonstrate that, if it be much longer persevered in, it will inevitably bring the empire to ruin and dismemberment.

Leaving its policy, we will now glance at the honour, integrity, consistency, and truth of the Faction.

Our readers are aware that not long ago, Mr Canning, Lord Goderich, Lord Bexley, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr Brougham, Sir F. Burdett, and various other Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, formed themselves into one party, and that the Ministerial one. The fact that Mr Canning and Mr Brougham, that Lord Goderich and Sir F. Burdett, and that Lord Bexley and Sir R. Wilson, leagued themselves together to form the Ministerial party, is likewise the fact that in doing it, they violated every received principle of honour and consistency. It is as unnecessary to tender proof that they were guilty of such violation, as it is to tender proof that they so combined. The *Edinburgh Review*—to shew, we presume, its thorough contempt for everything which honest men value—undertakes a defence of this monstrous coalition, in the article headed "The Present Administration." The circumstance, that this defence has been cast on the unhappy shoulders of Mr Macaulay, proves that Mr Jeffrey, Sir James, and the very Mr Brougham, deemed it a thing too desperate to be meddled with.

Poor Mr Macaulay, as might be ex-

pected, makes a fearful piece of work of it. Far be it, however, from us to insinuate that he does not do his best, or that he plays off upon his friends a specimen of their own treachery. It is evident that he did not commence the task without being duly sensible of its difficulties and dangers. He sweats, froths at the mouth, and flings loud around him; in a manner quite surprising in so very rickety and feeble a personage. The world knows, without any information from us, that Mr Macaulay is not a reasoner, and that he is utterly disqualified for undertaking a piece of argumentation; yet we should offend against truth, were we to say that in his various attempts at deduction he proves nothing. In fact, he proves a great deal. He establishes in a most satisfactory manner, that the Coalition is a scandalously indefensible matter, and that his Faction is in the highest degree profligate and unprincipled.

Mr Macaulay says—"Every argument by which party connexions can be defended, is a defence of coalitions. What coalitions are to parties, parties are to individuals;" he says farther, that the Revolution was the fruit of a coalition of hostile parties. Matter like this constitutes his defence of the Coalition.

On his own shewing, therefore, the Coalition is utterly indefensible, if the parties which coalesced did not agree as much in creed and opinion, as the members of a party; or if they did not form themselves into an alliance merely for a moment to save the constitution from destruction.

The world knows that the parties held, and still hold, the most discordant creeds and opinions. Each protests that it has not made the smallest change; Mr Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett would call it an atrocious calumny, were they told that they entertain the same creed with Lords Goderich and Bexley. The heads of the Coalition consist partly of ultra Tories, partly of ultra Whigs, and partly of ultra Radicals; they all contradict poor Mr Macaulay in the most unceremonious way, for they all solemnly protest that they have not changed an iota of creed and opinion.

The world knows, that the parties did not form themselves into an alliance merely for the moment, to pro-

tect from ruin the constitution, but that they formed themselves into a permanent party, solely to possess themselves of place and stipend. Mr Canning could only preserve place through such a Coalition; the Whigs and Radicals could only obtain place through such a Coalition, therefore they coalesced. They had no other reason; public duty had nothing to do with the act, and the feeling of the country was decidedly against them.

But then, says Mr Macaulay, certain Tory writers said some time ago, that the Ministry was acting under the dictation of the Whigs. Ministers so far sacrificed their consistency, as to follow the Whigs on particular questions; and this with him is a proof, that both agree on all essential points, notwithstanding their asseverations to the contrary.

On his own doctrines, therefore, the Coalition is utterly indefensible. As our excuse for having mentioned him, we must inform him, we should have given him no molestation, had not his unfortunate labours forced their way into the Edinburgh Review. Silly, absurd, self-destroying trash like this, forms the best defence the Edinburgh Review can find for this infamous Coalition.

On important topics scarcely any two members of the Faction agree. One argues, that the annihilation of agriculture would yield immense benefit to trade and manufactures. Mr Brougham thinks agriculture must flourish, or trade and manufactures cannot flourish. Mr Huskisson and Mr C. Grant are ravished with the new Political Economy—Lord Goderich now speaks of it with contempt; and Lord Holland speaks of it with greater contempt, and says he has not read a line of it. The Edinburgh Review protests that free trade in corn would be vastly beneficial—Lords Lansdowne, Holland, and others, protest it would be vastly ruinous. Mr Brougham would abolish all religious tests—the Lord Chancellor and Lord Bexley would abolish none. Sir Francis Burdett would have Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments—some of his brethren protest against it, and would have moderate reform—others would have no reform at all. Scarcely any important question could be named respecting Political Economy, the general principles

of civil government, or the policy of the moment, on which the members of the Faction are not flatly opposed to each other. It is really too much for a Faction like this to blackguard—the term is the most proper one possible—all who will not join it, as men below contempt on the score of erroneous creed and opinion. Every blow which it aims at them, is, in truth, a blow at some part or other of itself.

Now, how do its members justify their loathsome violation of principle? They declare, they are guilty of no such violation, because they have merely abandoned principle, without openly and in terms renouncing it. Mr Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, the Marquis of Lansdowne, &c. &c. have abandoned changes of the first magnitude, which they have so long insisted ought to be immediately made, to save the empire from civil war and the worst of evils; they have not only abandoned them, but they maintain that they ought not to be pressed by other people. We appeal to every honest man, whether this be not equivalent to a direct renunciation of principle. While they pretend to differ touching the nature of the changes from those on whom they lavish their acrimony, they agree with the latter in declaring, that the changes ought not to be attempted. They say they have set their faces against the changes, because it is not practicable to make them; the worth of this is shown by the fact, that they were as well acquainted with the impracticability when they insisted on their immediate adoption, as they are at present. This bungling Jesuitism will deceive no man; all must perceive that they are guilty of the most flagrant violation of principle.

With regard to the Tory members of the Cabinet, there were bonds and obligations between them, and their late colleagues, and the part of the nation to whom they owed everything, which they could not break, without stripping themselves of all that has hitherto been held to constitute personal honour. They stand stained with ingratitude and treachery—branded as traitors to their friends, traitors to their party, the destroyers of those to whom they owed official being, and the betrayers of the cause confided to their keeping.

But the manner in which the Faction speaks of the Ex-Ministers and their party forms the best evidence that could be adduced of its utter destitution of truth, honesty, and honour. The Edinburgh Review states—the words are the sage Mr Macaulay's—if these Ex-Ministers return to power, "They will be able to stand only by abject submission and by boundless profusion—by giving up the people to be oppressed, first, for the profit of the great, and then for their amusement. They will return pledged to oppose every reform, to maintain a constant struggle against the spirit of the age, to defend abuses to which the nation is every day becoming more quick-sighted." Our readers will perceive, that it is almost a verbatim repetition of the vulgar slang which was scattered abroad eight or ten years ago by the Radical scribblers. The same slang is employed by the Faction generally. The Billingsgate resorted to by The Times is such as could only be expected from the very dregs of society.

Now, who are these Ex-Ministers and their party? Their names we need not give; they are the men who formed the government of this empire during the war, at the peace, and at any rate, practically as well as nominally, up to the time when the "new liberal system" was introduced. They formed the government of this empire during the most trying and glorious period of its history—when no other than a government of the highest ability could have saved it from ruin—when it made unexampled advances in wealth, fame, and greatness—when the condition of the people received the greatest ameliorations—and when reforms were made, abuses were corrected, new laws were passed, and efforts to harmonize the system of the country with its circumstances were employed without ceasing. We state merely what is placed wholly above controversy by history, the records of Parliament, and the statute-book. If these men then numbered among them the late Marquis of Londonderry and Lord Liverpool, it must be observed, that the Faction insists the former only inflicted evils on the empire, and it has always rated the ability of the latter at the lowest point possible. Mr Canning was very little in office, and Lord Goderich and Mr Huskisson were un-

influential underlings during the period.

What is the history of these people who call themselves the exclusive philosophers—the exclusively liberal and enlightened—the only people who have received education? What have they done for the empire? What reforms have they made? What abuses have they corrected? What concessions have they made to “the spirit of the age?” The Whig and Radical part of them, during the war, fought on the side of the nation’s enemies—had their policy been pursued, the empire would have been ruined and dismembered—they obstructed the reforms—they constantly fed the flame of rebellion and revolution—they stirred up strife and convulsion, until reforms could not be ventured on, and the constitution could only be preserved by the abridgement of freedom and privilege. Looking at the whole of these braggadocios, their measures as a government have been of the most baleful character; instead of making reforms, they have filled the country with evils; instead of correcting abuses, they have gone far towards disorganizing society; and they have only conceded to “the spirit of the age,” what has operated like a pestilence on every leading national interest.

According to the Faction, opposition to the most ruinous of its innovations, is opposition to reform. To defend a law, system, or institution, no matter how valuable experience may have proved it to be, is to defend abuses, and “struggle against the spirit of the age.” Various of its members and publications have called for the admission of foreign corn duty free; resistance to them is ignorance, and a desire to oppress the people. One portion, or another of them, calls for universal suffrage—the abolition of all protecting duties—the abandonment of our colonies—the robbery of the church—the destruction of the aristocracy, &c. &c.; and opposition to it is illiberality, bigotry, intolerance, corruption, and hostility to improvement. The bare recital is sufficient to shew the exact character of the Faction’s liberality,

knowledge, and philosophy; and to prove what the fanatics, bigots, and tyrants, of whom it is composed, would do, if their power were equal to their wishes.

Such is the Faction, by which this empire is at present governed. No former Ministry was ever more destitute of genius and talent, or more tainted with incapacity and ruinous principle, than the present one. No former Ministry was ever more completely deprived of the confidence and support of the wealth, intelligence, patriotism, wisdom, and virtue of the nation, than the present one. No former Ministry was ever more dependent on the ignorant, visionary, and unprincipled part of the population, for existence, than the present one. What its brief term of authority will end in, is very clearly indicated by the history of the country for the last two years.

We advise the Faction to proceed a step farther, and to solemnly promulgate as infallible truths—1. That if a law, system, or institution, be productive of benefits, this is a proof that it stands on false principles, and ought to be destroyed. 2. That if a Ministry carry the country through the most appalling difficulties and dangers, and raise it to the highest point of wealth, prosperity, and greatness, this is a proof that such a Ministry is, in the highest degree, incapable and unprincipled. 3. That the great increase of insubordination, vice, and crime, is a decisive proof of the vast advantages which have flowed from “the scientific education of the people.” 4. That if changes and innovations produce ruin and misery, this is a proof that they are most true in principle, and most beneficial in consequence. 5. That if the measures of Ministers fill the land with calamity and suffering, this is a proof that such Ministers are more than men in talent, knowledge, wisdom, and virtue. And, 6. That none can govern a nation wisely and uprightly, save those who plunge it into beggary, starvation, ruin, and revolution.

## WHO CAN IT BE?

ONE evening last summer, as I sat at my window, which looks into the northern court of the University of Glasgow, I saw a man walking backwards and forwards, who excited my curiosity in an extraordinary degree. I know not why I became so interested in him, for his person and dress, though somewhat singular, were by no means so remarkable as to attract any very uncommon degree of notice. He was a short thick figure, dressed in a suit of black, with a cocked, or rather three-cornered hat upon his head, and a long *queue* descending for some space down his back. The only thing further which it is necessary to detail, was his paunch, which boasted of dimensions truly orthodox;—and his nose red and lumpish, and spanned over by a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, through which he looked with that pomposity of expression, which the civic dignitaries of all cities are apt to assume, on entering upon their authority.

The evening was hot, and a glare of sickly light filled the atmosphere, which was close and oppressive. My window was in the shade, and stood open for the purpose of attracting as much coolness as the air afforded. I had just finished half a bottle of Port, after dining heartily on oysters, devilled fowls, and macaroni. Altogether, I was languid, heavy, and disposed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to doze. My whole frame was nervous; and the mind, sympathising with the state of its tenement, in a full condition for dreams, nightmares, and other chimeras of the imagination. Altogether, I believe, I would have slept, had not the man with the long tie and tortoise-shell spectacles caught my observation.

He was walking on the opposite, or sunny side of the court, and his pace was sedate and orderly. He was evidently a person of importance, and too well satisfied with himself to increase his speed. No sooner did he move athwart the window, than the languid lids which were falling slowly over my visual orbs, were lifted up, and I turned them involuntarily upon him. "That," thought I, "is a man who would not quicken his step one jot to

save the College from destruction." Again did I look at him, and again did I behold the self-same consequential form treading the sunny side of the court. He carried a stick in his right hand. It was not for any ordinary purpose that he carried it, for it was a rough orange stick, with a brazen cramp at its lower extremity, and an embossed silver cap at its upper. Neither was it to sustain him in his perambulations, for his lower limbs were brawny and athletic, and made to scorn such assistances. The use of that stick must be—to support his dignity. Had it been a crabstick, a hazel sapling, a supple-jack, or even an oaken cudgel, I could have passed it by without notice, but it was none of these. It was an orange stick, shod with brass and capped with silver; and as he walked along he struck its point upon the earth with a firmness which made the echo to resound through the court. "It must be to support his dignity he has that stick. No person but one of some consequence would wear such a baton, or walk with it so pompously."

Having made these reflections, I closed my eyes and tried to fall into a slumber, but I could not. I heard the slow solemn pace of the stranger as he walked alone. I heard him well, for he had creaking shoes; and every step he made was accompanied with a response from his stick, as it struck the flag-stones with its brazen extremity. Up went my eyelids, and turning to the sunny side, there did I behold him walking backwards and forwards as at first.

I looked at him for some time, for I was interested in the man. His face—it was impossible to analyse its expression. It was plump and rosy. "He must," thought I, "be a good liver. Such cheeks, such a nose, such a double chin is not to be obtained for nothing. No, he understands living well; he has read Apicius in the original, and is no doubt familiar with Meg Dods and Kitchiner. Perhaps he is Kitchiner himself." Unfortunately for this hit I recollected that Kitchiner had died the month before. "At any rate, he must be a *bon vivant*, and has, peradventure, dined on oysters, de-

villed fowls, and macaroni, like myself. Who knows but he may be Doctor Redgill, spoken of in 'Marriage,' or the Nabob Touchwood, fresh from 'St Ronan's Well?' I looked at him till my eyes grew tired, but I could perceive no alteration in his movements or appearance. The same step—the same pompous air—the same knocking on the earth with his baton—there was not an atom of difference. "Verily, that man's dignity is great," thought I once more, as I closed my eyes, uttered a long yawn, and fell into a slumber.

A slumber! it was but the shadow of one—the reflection of a dream. I was neither asleep nor awake; for though my eyes were sealed in oblivion, my ears were not—and I heard, as in the depths of nightmare, the distant and confused noise of the street, beyond the College gates—the voices of fishwomen—the ticking of my own time-piece, and the sound of my own breath. All these things I heard; but they were as nothing to the tread in the court—to the creaking shoes and brazen-shod stick of the stranger. There was something about this man which scared slumber away, and I was obliged to open my eyes, which were once more fixed upon him with increased curiosity.

I could not understand it. There was apparently nothing remarkable about the man. He was clothed in black, it is true, and had a three-cornered hat, a long *queue* and tortoise-shell spectacles. Well, and what then? are not many men clothed in black, and do not some wear three-cornered hats, long *queues*, and tortoise-shell spectacles? Then, to extricate myself from this dilemma, I called the orange stick to my assistance, and endeavoured to extract from it something sufficiently marvellous to account for my curiosity—then the pompous gait of its bearer—then his creaking shoes, and lastly, his rosy physiognomy. It would not do. There was nothing odd in any of them. What then was there about the man to attract my notice so irresistibly? Apparently there was nothing, and yet there must be something—for it was clear that my notice had been irresistibly attracted.

Altogether I was perplexed. My corporeal and mental functions were clearly opposed to each other, the former inspiring me to sleep, the latter striving to keep me awake. I felt a

weight fall upon my spirit. I was hot, thirsty, and comfortless; and, what with the tendency to fall into slumber, and the effort not to do so, I resembled the ass between two bundles of hay, and remained like Mahomet's coffin, poised by the influence of resisting powers. In the atmosphere there was something insufferably hot; not a breath of wind filled the court; everything was stagnant; and a drowsiness fell upon the face of nature, like that rendered immortal by Thomson, in his Castle of Indolence.

Did I say that everything was stagnant? If I said so, I erred. There was one object that bade defiance to this universal languor; and that was the man with the tortoise-shell spectacles and long *queue*. Wonderful man!—while all nature was sinking into *ennui*, he continued his endless and interminable walk. He had been at work for half an hour; the time-piece was opposite me, and I knew it to a minute. What could be the meaning of this? there was something unfathomable about him; his name was Alostery, and the longer I looked at him the more miraculous did his whole appearance seem. Never were fancy and reason so preposterously opposed. The latter told me there was nothing about the man particularly worthy of observation; the former hinted that he was clothed with wonder as with a garment, and that he must be—somebody.

"Who can it be?" This was the first problem which it was imperative to solve. I had already found out that he could not be Kitcliner, seeing that this worthy gastronome was dead. Then Doctor Redgill and Touchwood came in review, but, without knowing anything of the persons of these gentlemen, I arrived somehow at the conclusion, that it could not be any of them. He must be a contributor to Blackwood, and certainly a celebrated one. Perhaps he is Christopher North; but no—he is not old enough for that; or Timothy Tickler—but he is not tall enough. He cannot be Hogg, nor O'Doherty—that is evident; nor can he be Delta—for he, I am told, is a tall young man, with light hair. He is perhaps Ebony himself; yes, he is Ebony. But no—confound it—he can't be that either, for Ebony neither wears a three-cornered hat nor has he a long *queue*.

In this manner did I cogitate, while

the important subject of my meditations walked opposite, apparently unconscious of my presence. There was—I love to repeat it—an air of awful dignity about him. It was clear that he was a man of importance, or, what is the same thing, that he thought himself one. Nor did this look of profound dignity seem to diminish as I gazed upon it. On the contrary, its influence increased. Every minute the person rose in my estimation; and I became certain that he must be one of the great men of the earth.

Nor was my admiration confined to his person alone: there was something interesting in his very habiliments. "That three-cornered hat," I thought, "is such as Raymond Lully, or Erasmus must have worn. There is something antique in its cut, and it could only fit the scone of a man of genius!" I now began to conjecture who could have made it; and I verily believe that had it been at this moment in the market, I would have given as much for it as for the wishing-cap of Fortunatus. My cogitations descended from the cocked-hat to the walking-stick. While looking upon it, I called to mind the rod of Moses, and the wand of Esculapius. It was none of your vulgar, ill-natured crab-sticks—none of your hazel staffs. It was an orange stem, probably of Seville, or Montpellier growth: perhaps St Michael or Jamaica produced it. Nor was the coat of this mysterious man less worthy of observation. Stultze made it not; he never made such a coat. It was a goodly garment, of noble dimensions, and buttoned with ample swell over the circumference of his lordly paunch. There was an air of knowingness about it—something of erudition. The tailor who contrived it, must have been a grave and learned man—not the ninth part of humanity—not a fraction of his species, as tailors from time immemorial have been known to be. What a mass of dignity is contained within its embrace! Elijah's mantle must have been somewhat like this. Were it mine, I would not exchange it for the Pontifical robes, nor for the purple of Cæsar himself. Lastly, his nether garments, compassing in their colossal volume so glorious a rotundity of thigh: Heavens, such a pair of unmentionables! Were they mine, I would cause them to be handed down as an heir-loom to

my family, even till the latest generations. Breeches!—yes, the word sounds hard to polished ears—that man, I will be bold to say, wears his own, and is most assuredly—not henpecked.

Never was I so interested in any being; but human interest will flag at times, and the mind must now and then give way to the dictates of the body. In the midst of my meditations a renewed languor came over me, my eyes closed involuntarily, as if I sat in an atmosphere of poppy or nightshade, my hands fell powerless into my lap, and I lay back in the chair, with my mouth half open, and my whole spirit absorbed in one mysterious perplexity. I know not whether it could be called sleep: if it was, never did slumber come down upon the soul in more quaint and fantastical fashion. I had a perfect consciousness of what was going on, and yet I could not move nor take any part in it. I felt the glow of the evening sun as it warmed my frame with its sultry breath. I heard my clock ticking, and the noise of flies buzzing and fluttering around me; and now and then felt them settling with annoying pertinacity upon my nose and forehead.

But a truce to such sounds as those of buzzing flies and time-pieces. There was one sound, not perhaps more loud than these, which yet drowned them in the magnificence of its moral loudness, and in its effect upon the mind. I allude to the tread of the man with the long queue and tortoise-shell spectacles. He was still at work, pacing the court with slow and solemn dignity. I knew it, though I saw him not. I knew it, though well-nigh asleep; for I heard the creak—creak—creak—of his measured step, and the no less monotonous tick—tick—tick of his brazen-shod baton, responding to the music of his feet. I continued in this state of dozing somnolency for fifteen minutes, and was aroused from it by my clock striking the hour of seven. During my half-slumber, I was in a state of fascination, from which I found it impossible to liberate myself. I was in a trance: an incubus hung equally upon my body and spirit; and the sounding of the seventh hour seemed as the voice of a good angel, commanding the spell by which I was fettered to depart.

I awoke, opened my eyes, yawned, stretched myself, and looked out.

The man was still there—Zounds, I never doubted it ! Who but himself could produce the tread I have been describing ? whose stick but his, could beat the ground with such dignity ? Upon my honour, the man was still there ! By accurate computation, he had walked forty-five, ay fifty minutes. He had gone all this time in the sun too—on the sunny side of the court, he it remembered, when the thermometer stood at eighty. I formerly wondered who he could be ; I now began to marvel what he wanted. Judging from his gait, he was surely a great man ; and it was only rational to suppose he had come on some great occasion. “ He must be one of the Commissioners,” thought I, “ appointed by the King to examine the state of the Scottish Universities, and is doubtless here upon his commission. Which of them can it be ?—let me think. The Earl of Aberdeen is one, and so is the Earl of Lauderdale, but it is neither of them. Lord Melville is another, as likewise the Lord President.” It would not do : these noblemen were all of the Commissioners whose names I recollected, and unluckily I knew them all by sight. Had there been any one of them with whose appearance I was unacquainted, I would have fixed upon the stranger as him, beyond a doubt. I now began to recollect that sundry learned men from Germany were shortly expected at our Colleges ; among others, Gall and Spurzheim, and the celebrated Doctor Dedimus Dunderhead, of whom honourable mention has been made in my Metempsychosis. For Gall, the man was too young ; for Spurzheim, he was too short ; for Doctor Dunderhead, he was neither old enough nor short enough, although in other respects he closely resembled that eminent professor. At last the idea struck me that he must be Doctor Scott the Odontist, or Professor Leslie, when the pigtail descending beneath his three-cornered hat demonstrated how much I was mistaken. That eternal *queue* was the stumbling block to all my surmises. I knew nobody that wore a *queue* but the Duke of Hamilton ; and his Grace could not for one moment be mistaken for the man—nor the man for his Grace.

The more I reflected on the subject the greater my perplexity became. I had still a strong inclination to sleep, but I combated it for the sake of unravelling the secret. Meanwhile the

stranger continued his pace. He went like a horse in a gin, only his course was backwards and forwards, instead of being round about. Nor in the whole of this walk did he abate one jot of his dignity. He still preserved the same pompous, consequential step which had first attracted my notice—carrying his head as high as ever, looking as proudly through his spectacles, and placing his baton with unmitigated firmness upon the earth. Altogether, there was a mystery about the man which I would have given the half of what I was worth to be acquainted with.

I have spoken of his person, of his dress, and of his gait, and have decanted upon them with sufficient copiousness ; but there were some other things which there was no resisting the wish to know. I had already settled the point that he was a *bon vivant* ; his amplitude of paunch and claret complexion established this beyond a doubt. “ He is probably,” I thought ; “ fond of roasted beef not overdone, and of beef-steak cooked *à l’Anglaise*. That he likes a draught of London porter after dinner is, I should think, likely ; that he likes wine is certain ; spirits I do not believe he cares much about. What kind of wine does he prefer—Claret, Malaga, or Hermitage ? Neither. These are too watery and Frenchified for the rich current of his blood. Old Port and Madeira are his favourites, take my word for it. Talking of politics, the man is a Tory. His air is too lordly and aristocratic for Whiggism, which he would blow to the earth with the breath of his nostrils.”

While reflecting in this manner, I got into better humour with myself. I had made some hits which pleased me, and I thought that the mystery would straightway dissolve like snow before the fire of my ingenuity. But, after all, they were only hits—mere guesses. They might all be wrong ; instead of being a great man, he might be a very little man ; instead of being a Tory, he might be a most egregious Whig. The only thing certain was—that he loved good things. This there was no denying, as his corporation was a living witness to the fact.

For more than fifty minutes had he by this time paced the opposite side of the court ; and the circumstance of his being a *bon vivant* was—I must repeat it—in reality the only fact I



had discovered about him. The other surmises might be right, or they might be wrong. He might be Touchwood, or Redgill, or one of the University Commissioners, for anything I knew to the contrary. I was going to repeat that he might be Doctor Scott, but no—his pigtail set that for ever at rest.

Could he be a Bailie? It was possible, for he possessed much of the awful dignity which characterizes these functionaries; his paunch, his step, the air with which he looked through the glasses of his spectacles—all were magisterial.

A Methodist preacher? Impossible. If he be a preacher at all, he must be a bishop or a cardinal. That important look, that air of condition, that atmosphere of good living which floats around him, cannot savour of the sour, lank, vinegar aspect of Methodism.

A lawyer? A moment's thought convinced me that I was again at fault. What lawyer ever possessed such a lordly bearing, such a consciousness of superiority, and such freedom from care and calculation as reposes in the expression of that face.

A physician? The very idea savoured of absurdity. The time-serving smile, the insinuating address of the practitioners of physic, were awaiting in his bold pompous front. The man was too full of his own importance to undertake the task of wedging himself into the graces of the sick.

A quaker? Fudge!

What then, in the name of miracle, was he? It was impossible to tell, and I tortured my brain for no purpose, in the vain endeavour to solve the difficulty. All I could ascertain to my own satisfaction was the profession to which he actually did—not belong; and that he neither appertained to the tribe of lawyers, doctors, quakers, nor methodists, was as clear as mathematical demonstration could make it.

"I must discover him. There is something about the man, which cannot be allowed to remain in obscurity; and, if I die the moment after, I shall have the secret out of him." Such were my determinations, and I resolved to hit upon some plan to effect the purpose. But what plan could I adopt? Could I ask him his name and business? It was impossible to take such liberty with so awe-inspiring a personage. Who knows but he might read me a lecture from the *Philippics* of

Demosthenes, and send me quailing back beneath the lightning of his eloquence? I could not doubt that he was a great orator. Notwithstanding the overpowering dignity of his demeanour it was possible he might descend to sarcasm and rebuke, to punish impertinence. Who knows if he would even be above applying his stick to my unfortunate numskull?

These reflections had their due weight in deterring me from so hazardous an experiment; but while they deterred me, they also excited my curiosity to the highest pitch. The desire for information augmented with the difficulty of procuring it. I no longer sat like a fixture at the window: my agitation was too great to admit of so sedentary a position, and I got up in a paroxysm of intense anxiety, and walked about the room—rummaging every nook of my brain to find out some way of coming at the object in view. I was literally haunted—I could not drive the strange man from my head. If I looked out, I saw him walking with my bodily eye: if I turned away, I beheld him equally well with the eye of the mind. Nor did the sound of his footsteps for a moment escape me. I heard them creaking upon the court, accompanied by the attendant and ghostlike responses of the everlasting walking-stick.

My anxiety at last attained such a pitch, that I verily believe I should have died upon the spot, if a copious flood of tears had not come to my relief. "Can nothing be done?" said I, weeping bitterly. "Must I remain in ignorance of this extraordinary man? who is he—what does he want—is he Whig or Tory—does he drink Port in preference to Malaga or Hermitage—has he dined like myself, on oysters and macaroni—does he write to Blackwood?" Such were the questions that crowded on my imagination; but, alas, there was no one to answer them but the man himself,—with the tortoiseshell spectacles and the long *queue*! What could I do? I was ashamed and afraid to put them to him. Good breeding and caution alike forbade so extraordinary a proceeding. In this dilemma I threw myself upon the sofa, and buried my tear-bedewed face in one of the pillows, while I sobbed like the child who broke its heart because its nurse could not give it the moon as a plaything.

But I did not long give way to idle

sorrow. Resentment took its place, and inspired my heart with deadly energy. I felt myself insulted by the stranger. "He must be a villain," I exclaimed in the bitterness of my soul, "thus to tamper with the agonies of a fellow being. Notwithstanding his dignity, he is neither more nor less than—a villain." Would it be believed that in so short a time I threw away all my late feelings of reverence and admiration!—but the human heart is a strange piece of mechanism, which is constantly getting into disorder, and turning disloyally upon itself. From the bottom of my spirit, I thought *him* a villain, whom I had just wondered at, and revered, and admired. "Yes, he is neither more nor less. He has haunted me till my brain borders on distraction. He *shall* account for him-

self:—by heaven, he shall tell me who he is." My mind was wrought to a pitch of frenzied excitement—anger lent me courage—insatiable curiosity led me on; and I determined either to make him open his oracular lips and reveal himself, or to join with him in mortal death-grapple. Full of these terrible resolutions, I put on my hat, buttoned my coat, set my teeth, and descended the stair with portentous speed. On reaching the front door I paused a few seconds before opening it, to rally my ideas and collect my energies into one powerful focus. This done I opened the door, stepped into the court, and looked around me. Horrible to relate—the man was gone, and I never saw him more!

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

LETTER FROM THE RIGHT HON. LORD HARRIS.

[In consequence of a certain statement contained in an article entitled THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, which appeared in our Number for August last, we have received the following letter from Lord Harris. Most cheerfully do we give it insertion, not only because his Lordship has requested us so to do, but because our own sense of propriety and common justice requires that it should not be withheld. Lord Harris has, perhaps, employed the phrases "false" and "slander" somewhat more vehemently than there was any occasion for; but entering, as we fully can, into the feelings under which he appears to have written, we take no offence at these expressions.

The truth is, that we received our information from a source which left us no room to doubt its authenticity; and we made use of it with no view whatever of wounding the feelings, or impairing the well-earned reputation of Lord Harris.

We are disposed to believe, likewise, that Lord Harris has attached to the whole affair a degree of importance which it does not deserve. His Lordship's military talents are, and have long been, rightly estimated by his country,—he need not fear that any efforts on our parts, were we disposed to make them, could affect the judgment which has been passed upon them. But we had no such intention—the statement, although erroneous, was made in no bad spirit by the writer of the article; and we again express our regret that any offence should inadvertently have been given in our pages, to one of the most amiable and high-hearted noblemen of whom England can boast.—C.N.]

*To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.*

SIR,

My attention has been directed to an article in your Magazine for the present month, giving briefly an account of the military career of his Grace the Duke of Wellington.

The writer having, in introducing my name therein, cast a most unjustifiable imputation upon my character, I feel called upon, for the vindication of

my honour, to refute the gross indignity.—The following extract contains the passage to which I allude:—

“An army of 36,000 men, under the command of General Harris, was directed to enter the Mysore territory, and to that army Colonel Wellesley was attached. It is worthy of remark, that General Harris was on the present occasion *assisted* in his command by a military council—a measure quite unprecedented in the annals of modern warfare—and that of the members who composed that council, without whose sanction no important matter could be undertaken, Colonel Wellesley was one.”

Sir, it is with no common feeling of surprise and indignation, that I read this unwarrantable statement: Of surprise, that any man should have the hardihood to assert that which is utterly false,—and of indignation, that I should be supposed to have been capable of acquiescing in an arrangement, which, making me a commander without a command, would have degraded me as a soldier. I deny, sir, that any such council as that which is stated to have assisted me in my command was ever in existence, and I declare that this is the first time I ever knew or heard that even a supposition upon a point so derogatory to my honour was ever entertained.

To me it is, and ever has been, a source of honest pride, that I should have been selected by the enlightened nobleman who watched over the destinies of India in perilous times, to carry into effect one of his most wisely concerted plans for the maintenance of our possessions, and the consolidation of our power, in the East. Nor can I speak of the Marquis Wellesley, remembering, too, the handsome manner in which he conferred, unsought on my part, the command of the Mysore army upon me, without feeling assured that such command would not have been intrusted to me, unless his Lordship had been fully satisfied of my competence to discharge the duties of it. How far his lordship could have judged me competent to such purpose, had I meanly accepted the appointment under the limitation of authority, properly alluded to as quite unprecedented in the annals of modern warfare, I leave to those who best know his lordship to determine—without one word of remark.

To the extraordinary talents and splendid achievements of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, I am perfectly aware that no testimony of mine could give additional celebrity.—They are in evidence before the world. Whilst, however, I am maintaining, that my own discretion and judgment were unfettered by dictators, or *ex officio* advisers, in the campaign into the Mysore country, it becomes me the more to add, and there is a gratification in remembering it, that upon Sir David Baird's requesting to be relieved from the government of Seringapatam, which he had so nobly earned, the successor whom I then appointed, as the ablest of the able, in my opinion, was the present highly welcomed “Commander in Chief” of all his Majesty's forces.

Having been thus called upon to vindicate my character from unjust aspersion, I gladly seize upon the opportunity once more to acknowledge the merits of those by whom I was indeed *assisted*. Ever shall I most gratefully remember and bear witness to the able and gallant support of the officers and army, who, under my command, captured Seringapatam. To them my thanks are due, and to no Military Council.

As your pages, Sir, have been the channel of communicating to the world the slander complained of, so, as an act of justice, I am sure that you will make them, in introducing this letter into the next Number of your Magazine, the medium of spreading as widely abroad the refutation of it. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HARRIS.

Belmont. Kent, Aug. 28, 1827.

## LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

Poor dog, and art thou dead ! even as a dream  
 To me, who know the truth, thy fate would seem ;  
 Thou wert so full of strength, so fond of play—  
 Last week all strength, and now a thing of clay !  
 I look as thou couldst enter, and I hark,  
 As if I hoped once more to hear thy bark.  
 Alas ! that sight is now a vision o'er ;  
 Alas ! that sound is hush'd for evermore.

Yes ! all thy services have found an end,  
 Thou most obsequious slave, yet staunchest friend ;  
 No more, when tired and languid, shalt thou bless  
 My vacant hour with gambol and caress ;  
 And, when return'd from absence, I shall see  
 Thine eyes no more gleam welcome back to me !  
 Through eight long chequer'd years thy love was tried,  
 And night beheld thee ever at my side ;  
 Partaker of my gladness and my gloom,—  
 Yea, had Fate call'd thee, freely of my tomb.—  
 Art thou then, Boxer, but a thing which cast  
 A household gleam of joy on seasons past,—  
 A vanish'd toy,—a figure intertwined  
 In memory's net,—a day-dream of the mind ;  
 And shall I hearken, as I near the door,  
 Thy pattering step and honest bark no more !

Yet can I e'er forget, how, night and day,  
 When sickness held me, by my couch you lay,  
 Unwearied, uncomplaining ; and how kind,  
 When first I rose, you lick'd my hand and whined ;  
 Look'd in my pale face with delighted eye,  
 And wagg'd thy tail to say, thou must not die !—  
 And all the household loved thee,—thou to them  
 Wert as a love-link, a domestic gem ;  
 In thee bound up was many a cherish'd thought,  
 And home-sensations by thy sight were brought :  
 Where'er 'twas ours to rest, 'twas ours to roam,  
 Thy presence was a spell, that spake of home—  
 A nook of calm, amid a world of strife ;  
 A sheltering haven from the storms of life.

Now thou art dead—in health, upon thee came  
 Unnerving palsy, and relax'd thy frame :  
 Day after day we hoped to see thee rise,  
 But read thou couldst not in thy helpless cries ;  
 Yet, when we patted thee, 'twas sore to brook  
 The silent kindness of thy placid look,  
 As if with life's last throb could but depart  
 Thy love, thy care, thy steadfastness of heart ;  
 And that thy worst of sufferings was the pain,  
 That thou shouldst follow not our steps again :—  
 Poor generous animal, 'twas sad to see  
 Thy helpless case, yet firm fidelity ;  
 To read the longing wish within thine eyes,  
 Yet see thee struggle, but in vain, to rise ;—  
 We mourn'd thee, waning weaker every hour,  
 Till scarce to raise thy head remain'd the power ;

And such distressful thoughts thy misery bred,  
That we were glad at last to know thee dead !

Farewell, brute pattern of an honest heart,  
And if for thee a tear unwonted start,  
'Tis all I can repay thee for a love,  
That neither time could chill, nor dangers move ;  
For guardianship through midnights dark and drear.  
For thou wert watchful, and devoid of fear ;  
And hours of kind companionship, which would,  
But for thy presence, have been solitude,—  
Whether we roam'd unseen mid summer leaves ;  
Or mid the autumn's ripe and redden'd sheaves ;  
Or mid the frost-bound moorlands, when the day  
Gleam'd from the low south with enfeebled ray,  
And thou wouldst chase the crow, and scare the lark,  
And toss aloft the feathery snows, and bark.

Still'd the warm heart, whose truth disdain'd to move,  
And closed the eyes that ever beam'd with love ;  
Now thou art laid beneath the garden trees,  
Where thou hast lain to snuff the summer breeze ;  
Wildflowers shall shoot above thy grassy bed,  
Birds sing, and blossoms wither o'er thy head ;  
And surely never, when we pass the spot,  
Where low thou moulder'st, shalt thou be forgot.

Farewell, poor dog, a heartfelt last farewell !  
And ere the thoughts of thee have lost their spell,—  
As days on days their billowy hours expand,  
And dim the lines on Memory's figured sand,—  
From thy unwearied care, thy sleepless zeal,  
Thy fearless daring for thy master's weal,  
A precious lesson let my spirit find,  
And learn to be as pure as thou wert kind,  
To keep in faith as firm, from fault as free,  
And cling to Virtue, as thou didst to me !

Δ

THE DEVIL'S DREAM ON MOUNT AKSBECK.

I.

Beyond the north where Ural hills from polar tempests run,  
A glow went forth at midnight hour as of unwonted sun ;  
Upon the north at midnight hour a mighty noise was heard,  
As if with all his trampling waves the Ocean were unbarr'd ;  
And high a grizzly Terror hung upstarting from below,  
Like fiery arrow shot aloft from some unmeasured bow.

II.

'Twas not th' obedient Seraph's form that burns before the Throne,  
Whose feathers are the pointed flames that tremble to be gone ;  
With twists of faded glory mix'd, grim shadows wove his wing ;  
An aspect like the hurrying storm proclaim'd the Infernal King.  
And up he went, from native might, or holy sufferance given,  
As if to strike the starry boss of the high and vaulted heaven.

## III.

Aloft he turn'd in middle air like falcon for his prey,  
And bow'd to all the winds of heaven as if to flee away ;  
Till broke a cloud,—a phantom host, like glimpses of a dream,  
And sow'd the Syrian wilderness with many a restless gleam.  
He knew the flowing chivalry, the swart and turban'd train,  
That far had push'd the Moslem faith, and peopled well his reign.

## IV.

With stooping pinion that outflow the Prophet's winged steed,  
In pride throughout the desert bounds he led the phantom speed ;  
But prouder yet he turn'd alone and stood on Tabor hill,  
With scorn, as if the Arab swords had little help'd his will :  
With scorn he look'd to west away, and left their train to die,  
Like thing that had awaked to life from the gleaming of his eye.

## V.

What hill is like to Tabor hill in beauty and in fame ?  
For there in sad days of his flesh o'er Christ a glory came,  
And light o'erflow'd him like a sea, and rais'd his shining brow ;  
And the voice went forth that bad all worlds the son of God avow.  
One thought of this came o'er the fiend and rais'd his startled form ;  
And up he drew his swelling skirts as if to meet the storm.

## VI.

With wing that stripp'd the dews and birds from off the boughs at night,  
Down over Tabor's trees he whirl'd with fierce distemper'd flight ;  
And westward o'er the shadowy earth he track'd his earnest way,  
Till o'er him shone the utmost stars that hem the skirts of day ;  
Then higher 'neath the sun he flew above all mortal ken,  
Yet look'd what he might see on earth to raise his pride again.

## VII.

He saw a form of Africa low sitting in the dust ;  
The feet were chain'd, and sorrow thrill'd throughout the sable bust.  
The idol, and the idol's priest, he hail'd upon the earth,  
And every slavery that brings wild passions to the birth.  
All forms of human wickedness were pillars of his fame—  
All sounds of human misery his kingdom's loud acclaim.

## VIII.

Exulting o'er the rounded earth, again he rode with might,  
Till, sailing o'er the untrodden top of Aksbeck high and white,  
He closed at once his weary wing, and touch'd the shining hill,  
For less his flight was easy strength than proud unconquer'd will ;  
For sin had dull'd his native strength, and spoil'd the holy law  
Of impulse, whence th' Archangel forms their earnest being draw.



## IX.

And sin had drunk his native light, since days of Heaven were by,  
And long had care a shadow been in his proud immortal eye ;  
Like little sparry pools that glimpse midst murk and haggard rocks,—  
A spot of glory here and there his sadden'd aspect mocks ;  
Like coast of barren darkness were its shadows and its light,  
Lit by some far volcanic fire, and strew'd with wrecks of night.

## X.

In Nature's joy he felt fresh night blow on his fiery scars,  
In proud regret he fought anew his early hapless wars.  
From human misery lately seen, his malice yet would draw  
A hope to blast one plan of God, and check sweet Mercy's law.  
A long array of future years was stern Despair's control,  
And deep these master passions wove the tempest of his soul.

## XI.

O for the form in Heaven that bore the morn upon his brow !  
 Now, run to worse than mortal dross, that Lucifer must bow ;  
 And o'er him rose, from passion's strife, like spray-cloud from the deep,  
 A slumber,—not the cherub's soft and gauzy veil of sleep,  
 But like the thunder-cloud of noon, of grim and breathless gleam ;  
 And God was still against his soul, to plague him with a dream.

## XII.

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave  
 Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave.  
 A place of still and pictured life,—its roof was ebon air,  
 And blasted as with dim eclipse, the sun and moon were there.  
 It seem'd the grave of man's lost world,—of beauty caught by blight :  
 The dreamer knew the work he marr'd, and felt a fiend's delight.

## XIII.

The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storm was swung,  
 And high the thunder-fires of Heaven among its branches hung :  
 In drowsy heaps of feathers sunk, all fowls of Heaven were there ;  
 With heads for ever 'neath their wings, no more to rise in air.  
 From woods the forms of lions glared, and hasty tigers broke ;  
 The harness'd steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.

## XIV.

All creatures once of earth were there in death's last pallid stamp,  
 On Lethe's shore that by them shone like dull and glassy lamp.  
 O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless sway,  
 The silent river slowly crept, and lick'd them all away.  
 This is the place of God's first wrath—the rude creation's fall—  
 Earth marr'd—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.

## XV.

Small joy to him that marr'd our world, for he is hurried on,  
 And made, in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts his throne.  
 Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,  
 In which clear spirits of tinctur'd life career'd in prison'd wars ;  
 The soul is bow'd upon that lake where final fate is wrought,  
 In meshes of eternal fire, o'er beings of moral thought.

## XVI.

Far off, upon the fire-burnt coast, some naked beings stood ;  
 And o'er them, like a stream of mist, the wrath was seen to brood.  
 At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his trembling wing,  
 An Angel form, intent to shield his special suffering.  
 And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break ;  
 Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the weltering lake.

## XVII.

And ever, as with grizzly gleam the crested waves came on,  
 Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,  
 Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear-purged by the flume,  
 And sore the salted fires had wash'd the thin immortal frame ;  
 And backward, in sore agony, the being stripp'd its locks,  
 As maiden, in her beauty's pride, her clasped tresses strokes.

## XVIII.

High tumbling hills of glossy ore reel'd in the yellow smoke,  
 As, shaded round the torrid land, their grizzly summits broke.  
 Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,  
 Till like a red bewilder'd map the skies were scribbled o'er ;  
 High in the unscen cupola, o'er all were seen and heard  
 The mustering stores of wrath that fast their coming forms prepared.

## XIX.

Woe to the fiend, whose deeds of ill first lit this fierce control !  
 For God, in future days, will light new terrors in his soul.  
 In vision now, to plague his heart, the fiend is storm'd away,  
 In living emblem to behold what waits his future day.  
 Away ! beyond its thundering bounds—beyond the second lake—  
 Through dim bewilder'd shadows, that no living semblance take.

## XX.

O'er soft and unsubstantial shades that towering visions seem,  
 Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying dream ;  
 Till down, where feet of hills might be, the fiend by lake was stay'd,  
 That lies like red and angry plate in terror unallay'd—  
 A mirror, where Jehovah's wrath, in majesty alone,  
 Comes in the night of worlds to see its armour girded on.

## XXI.

The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem,  
 But never holy light hath touch'd an outline with its gleam ;  
 'Tis but the eye's bewilder'd sense, that fain would rest on form,  
 And make night's thick blind presence to created shapes conform.  
 No stone is moved on mountains here, by creeping creatures cross'd—  
 No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.

## XXII.

Here all is solemn idleness ; no music here, nor jars,  
 Where silence guards the coast, e'er thrill her everlasting bars.  
 No sun here shines on wanton isles ; but o'er the burning sheet  
 A rim of restless halo shakes, that marks the internal heat ;  
 As if the days of beauteous earth we see with dazzled sight  
 The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.

## XXIII.

O ! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things  
 The Last Lake of God's Wrath, where He his first great victim brings.  
 In bosom of the passive gulf the fiend was made to stay,  
 Till, as it seem'd, ten thousand years had o'er him roll'd away ;  
 In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space,  
 Nor active joy in good or ill e'er charm'd his dwelling-place.

## XXIV.

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,  
 A sound as of the green-leav'd earth his thirsty spirit cheers.  
 And O ! a presence soft and cool came o'er his sultry dream—  
 A form of beauty clad about with fair Creation's beam.  
 A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrill'd through his inmost soul,  
 And these the words that bow'd his heart with softly sad control :—

## XXV.

" No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love,  
 No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above ;  
 No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face ;  
 No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race.  
 But bow thy heart to God of Love, and all shall yet be well,  
 And yet in days of holy peace and love thy soul shall dwell.

## XXVI.

" And thou shalt dwell midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,  
 And I with streams of cooling milk shall bathe thy blister'd feet.  
 And when the unbidden tears shall start to think of all the past,  
 My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast ;  
 And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,  
 And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."



XXVII.

So spoke the unknown Cherub's voice, of sweet affection full,  
And dewy lips the dreamer kiss'd, till his lava breast was cool.  
In dread revulsion woke the fiend, as from a mighty blow,  
And sprung a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know ;  
Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scatter'd shores of night,  
So turn'd he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

XXVIII.

The Last Lake of the Wrath of God in emblem taught his soul,  
Of idle dull eternity, that on him soon must roll,  
When plans and issues all must cease that earlier care beguiled,  
And never era more shall be a land-mark on the wild.  
Nor failure nor success are there, nor busy hope nor fame,  
But passive fix'd endurance, all eternal and the same.

XXIX.

So knew the Fiend, and fain his soul would to oblivion go,  
But from its fear recoil'd again in pride, like mighty bow.  
He saw the heavens above his head upstayed, bright, and high,  
The planets, undisturb'd by him, were shining in the sky.  
The silent magnanimity of Nature, and her God,  
With anguish smote his haughty soul, and sent his hell abroad.

XXX.

His pride would have the works of God to show the signs of fear,  
And flying angels, to and fro, to watch his dread career ;  
But all was calm :—He felt night's dews upon his sultry wing,  
And gnash'd at the impartial laws of Nature's mighty King :  
Above control, or seeming hate, they no exception made,  
But gave him dews, like aged thorn, or little grassy blade.

XXXI.

In terror, like the mustering manes of the cold and curly sea,  
So grew his eye's enridged gleams, and doubt and danger flee ;  
Like veteran band's grim valour slow, that moves t' avenge its chief,  
Up slowly drew the Fiend his form, that shook with proud relief.  
And he shall upward go, and pluck the windows of high heaven,  
And stir their calm insulting peace, though tenfold hell be given.

XXXII.

Quick as the levin, that in haste licks up the life of man,  
Aloft he sprung, and through his wing the piercing north wind ran,  
Till, like a glimmering lamp that's lit in lazar-house by night,  
To see what mean the sick man's cries, and set his bed aright,  
Which in the damp and sickly air the sputtering shadows mar,—  
So gather'd darkness high the Fiend, till swallow'd like a star.

XXXIII.

What judgment from the tempted Heavens shall on his head go forth ?  
Down headlong through the firmament he fell upon the north.—  
The stars are up, and undisturb'd in the lofty fields of air ;  
The will of Heaven is all enough, without a red arm bare.  
'Twas God that gave the Fiend a space, to prove him still the same,  
Then bade wild hell, with hideous laugh, be stirr'd its prey to claim.

T. A.

## THE TRAVELLER'S ORACLE.\*

It greatly grieved us to think that Dr Kitchiner should have died before our numerous avocations had allowed us an opportunity of dining with him, and subjecting to the test-act of our experienced palate his claims to immortality as a Cook and a Christian. The Doctor had, we know, a dread of Us,—not altogether unallayed by delight,—and on the Dinner to Us, which he had meditated for nearly a quarter of a century, he knew and felt must have hung his reputation with posterity—his posthumous fame. We understand that there is an unfinished sketch of that Dinner among the Doctor's papers, and that the design is magnificent. Yet, perhaps, it is better for his glory that Kitchiner should have died without attempting to embody in forms the Idea of that Dinner. It might have been a failure. How liable to imperfection the material on which he would have had to work! How defective the instruments! Yes—yes—happier far was it for the good old man that he should have fallen asleep with the undimmed idea of that unattempted Dinner in his imagination, than, vainly contending with the physical evil inherent in matter, have detected the Bishop's foot in the first course, and died of a broken heart!

The "Traveller's Oracle," now published by Mr Colburn, is throughout marked by the amiable peculiarities of the defunct,—and we hope to give such an analysis of it as shall induce thousands to become purchasers of the two well-printed, pleasant, and useful little volumes.

"Travelling," it is well remarked by our poor dear dead Doctor, "is a recreation to be recommended, especially to those whose employments are sedentary,—who are engaged in abstract studies,—whose minds have been sunk in a state of morbid melancholy by hypochondriasis,—or, by what is worst of all, a lack of domestic felicity. Nature, however, will not suffer any sudden transition; and, therefore, it is improper for people accustomed to a sedentary life, to undertake suddenly

a journey, during which they will be exposed to long and violent jolting. The case here is the same as if one accustomed to drink water should, all at once, begin to drink wine."

Now, had the Doctor been alive, we should have asked him what he meant by "long and violent jolting." Jolting is now absolutely unknown in England, and it is of England the Doctor speaks. No doubt, some occasional jolting might still be discovered among the lanes and cross-roads—but, though violent, it could not be long—and we defy the most sedentary gentleman living to be more so, sitting in an easy chair by his parlour fire-side, than in a cushioned carriage spinning along the turnpike. But for the trees and hedge-rows all galloping by, he would never know that he was himself in motion. The truth is, that no gentleman can be said, now-a-days, to lead a sedentary life, who is not constantly travelling before the insensible touch of M'Adam. Look at the first twenty people that come towering by on the roof of a High-flyer or a Defiance. What can be more sedentary? Only look at that elderly gentleman with the wig,—evidently a parson,—jammed in between a brace of buxom virgins, on their way down to Doncaster races. Could he be more sedentary, during the psalm, in his own pulpit?

We must object, too, to the illustration of wine and water. Let no man who has been so unfortunate as to be accustomed to drink water, be afraid all at once to begin to drink wine. Let him, without fear or trembling, boldly fill a bumper to his most gracious Majesty the King—then the Duke of Clarence and the Navy—then Wellington and the Army. These three bumpers will have made him a new man. We have no objection whatever to his drinking, in animated succession, the Apotheosis of the Whigs—the Angler's Delight—the Cause of Liberty all over the World—Christopher North—Maga the Immortal.—"Nature will not suffer any sudden transition!" Will she not? Look at

our water-drinker now. His very own mother could not know him—he has lost all resemblance to his twin-brother, from whom, two short hours ago, you could not have distinguished him but for a slight scar on his brow—so completely is his apparent personal identity lost, that it would be impossible for him to establish an *alibi*. He sees a figure in the mirror above the chimney-piece, but has not the slightest suspicion that the rosy-faced Bacchanalian is himself, the water-drinker—but then he takes care to imitate the manual exercise of the phantom—lifting his glass to his lips at the very same moment, as if they were both moved by one soul!

The Doctor then well remarks, that it is impossible to lay down any rule by which to regulate the number of miles a man may journey in a day, or to prescribe the precise number of ounces he ought to eat; but that nature has given us a very excellent guide in a sense of lassitude, which is as unerring in exercise as the sense of satiety is in eating.

We say the Doctor well remarks, yet not altogether well; for the rule does not seem to hold always good either in exercise or in eating. What more common than to feel oneself very much fatigued—quite done up as it were—and unwilling to stir hand or foot. Up goes a lark in heaven—*tira-lira*—or suddenly the breezes blow among the clouds, that forthwith all begin campaigning in the sky—or quick as lightning the sunshine in a moment resuscitates a drowned day—or tripping along, all by her happy self, to the sweet accompaniment of her joy-varied songs, hark and behold the woodman's daughter, on her way with a basket in her hand, to her father in the forest, who has already laid down his axe on the meridian shadow darkening one side of the straight stem of an oak, beneath whose grove might be drawn up five score of plumed chivalry! Where is your sense of lassitude now, nature's unerring guide in exercise? You spring up from the mossy wayside bank, and renewed both in mind and body, "rejoicing in Nature's joy," you continue to pass over houseless moors, by small, single, solitary, straw-roofed huts, through villages gathered round Stone-cross, Elm-Grove, or old Monastic Tower, till,

unwearied in lith and limb, you see sunset beautifying all the west, and drop in, perhaps, among the hush of the cottar's Saturday night—for it is in sweet Scotland we are walking in our dream—and know not, till we have stretched ourselves on a bed of rushes or of heather, that, "kind Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is yet among the number of our bosom friends, alas, daily diminishing beneath fate or fortune, the sweeping scythe-stroke of death—or the whisper of some one poor, puny, idle, and unmeaning word!

Then, as to the sense of satiety in eating. It is produced in us by three platefuls of hotch-potch—and to the eyes of an ordinary observer, our dinner would seem to be at an end. But no—strictly speaking, it is just going to begin. About an hour ago did we, standing on the very beautiful bridge of Perth, see that identical salmon, with his back-fin just visible above the translucent tide, arrowing up the Tay, bold as a bridegroom, and nothing doubting that he should spend his honey-moon among the gravel beds of Kinnaird or Moulencarn, or the rocky sofas of the Tummel, or the green marble couches of the Tilt. What has become now of the sense of satiety in eating? John—the castors!—mustard—vinegar—cayenne—ketchup—peas and potatoes, with a very little butter—the biscuit called "ruek"—and the memory of the hotch-potch is as that of Babylon the Great. That any jigot of mutton, exquisite though much of the five-year-old black-faced most assuredly be, can with any rational hopes of success contend against a haunch of venison, will be asserted by no devout lover of truth. Try the two by alternate platefuls—and you will uniformly find that you leave off after the venison. That "sense of satiety in eating," of which Dr Kitchiner speaks, was produced by the Tay salmon devoured above—but of all the transitory feelings of us transitory creatures on our transit through this transitory world, in which the Doctor asserts nature will not suffer any sudden transitions, the most transitory ever experienced by us, is the sense of satiety in eating. Therefore, we have now seen it for a moment existing on the disappearance of the hotch-potch—dying on the appearance of the Tay salmon—once

more noticeable as the last plate of the noble fish melted away—extinguished suddenly by the vision of the venison—again felt for an instant—and but for an instant—for lo! a brace and a half of as fine grouse as ever expanded their voluptuous bosoms to be devoured by hungry love! Sense of satiety in eating indeed! If you please, my dear friend, one of the backs—pungent with the most palate-piercing, stomach-stirring, heart-warming, soul-exalting of all tastes—the wild bitter-sweet!

But the Doctor returns to the subject of travelling—and fatigue. “When one begins,” he says, “to be low-spirited and dejected, to yawn often and be drowsy, when the appetite is impaired, when the smallest movement occasions a fluttering of the pulse, when the mouth becomes dry, and is sensible of a bitter taste, *seek refreshment and repose*, if you wish to PREVENT ILLNESS, already beginning to take place.” Why, our dear Doctor, illness in such a deplorable case as this, is just about to end, and death is beginning to take place. Thank God, it is a condition to which we do not remember ever being very nearly approximated. Who ever saw us yawn? or drowsy? or with our appetite impaired, except on the withdrawal of the table-cloth? or low-spirited, but when the Glenlivet was at ebb? Who dare declare, that he ever saw our mouth dry? or sensible of a bitter taste, since we gave over munching rowans? Put your finger on our wrist, at any moment you choose, from June to January, from January to June, and by its pulsation you may rectify Harrison’s or Kendal’s chronometer.

But the Doctor proceeds—“By raising the temperature of my room to about 65°, a broth diet, and taking a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in half a pint of warm water, and repeating it every half hour till it moves the bowels twice or thrice, and retiring to rest an hour or two sooner than usual, I have often very speedily got rid of colds,” &c.

There is no great harm in acting as above; although we should recommend a screed of the Epsoms. A tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in half a pint

of warm water, reminds one, somehow-or-other, of Tims. A small matter works a Cockney. It is not so easy—that the Cockneys well know—to move the bowels of old Christopher North. We do not believe that a tea-spoonful of anything in this world would have any serious effect on the Editor of this Magazine. We should have no hesitation to back him against so much corrosive sublimate. He would dine out on the day he had bolted that quantity of arsenic;—and would, we verily believe, rise triumphant from a tea-spoonful of Prussic acid.

We could mention a thousand cures for colds, et cetera, more efficacious than a broth diet, a warm room, a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts, early roosting. What say you, dear subscriber or contributor, to half-a-dozen tumblers of hot toddy? \* Your share of a brown jug to the same amount? Or an equal quantity, that in its gradual decrease, reveals deeper and deeper still the romantic Highland scenery of the Devil’s Punch Bowl? *Addet* small-bearded oysters, all redolent of the salt-sea foam, and worthy, as they stud the Ambrosial brodd, to be licked off all at once by the lambent tongue of Neptune. That antiquated calumny against the character of toasted cheese—that, forsooth, it is indigestible—has been trampled under the march of mind; and, therefore, you may tuck in a pound or so of double Gloucester. Other patients labouring under catarrh, may, very possibly, prefer the roasted how-towddy—or the green goose from his first stubble field—or why not, by way of a little variety, a roasted mawkin, midway between hare and leveret, tempting as maiden between woman and girl, or, as the Eastern poet says, between a frock and a gown? Go to bed—no need of warming-pans—about a quarter before one—you will not hear that small hour strike—you will sleep sound till sunrise, sound as the Black Stone at Scone, on which the Kings of Scotland were crowned of old. And if you contrive to carry a cold about you next day, you deserve to be sent to Coventry by all sensible people—and may, if you choose, begin taking, with Tims, a tea-spoonful of Epsom salts in a half-

\* Glenlivet, of course.—C. N.

pint of warm water every half hour, till it moves your bowels twice or thrice—but if you do, be your sex, politics, or religion what they may, never shall you be suffered again to contribute even a bit of Balaam to this Magazine.

The Doctor then treats of the best Season for travelling, and very judiciously observes that it is during those months when there is no occasion for a fire, that is, just before and after the extreme heat. In winter, Dr Kitchiner, who was a man of extraordinary powers of observation, observed "that the ways are generally bad, and often dangerous, especially in hilly countries, by reason of the snow and ice. The days are short—a traveller comes late to his lodging—and is often forced to rise before the sun in the morning—besides the country looks dismal—nature is, as it were, half dead. The summer corrects all these inconveniences." Paradoxical as this doctrine may at first sight appear, yet we have verified it by experience—having for many years found, without meeting with one single exception, that the fine, long, warm days of summer are a most agreeable and infallible corrective of the inconveniences attending the foul, short, cold days of winter—a season which is surly without being sincere, blustering rather than bold,—an intolerable bore—always pretending to be taking his leave, yet domiciliating himself in another man's house for weeks together,—and, to be plain, a season so regardless of truth, that nobody believes him till frost has hung an ice-paddock on his mouth, and his many-river'd voice is dumb under the wreathed snows.

Cleanliness when travelling, observes the Doctor, is doubly necessary; to sponge the body every morning with tepid water, and then rub it dry with a rough towel, will greatly contribute to preserve health. To put the feet into warm water for a couple of minutes just before going to bed, is very refreshing, and inviting to sleep; for promoting tranquillity, both mental and corporeal, a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clear conscience.

Far be it from us to seek to impugn such doctrine. A dirty dog is a nuisance not to be borne. But here the question arises, — who — what — is a dirty dog? Now there are men (no women) naturally—necessarily—dirty.

They are not dirty by chance—or accident—say twice or thrice per diem—but they are *always* dirty—at all times and in all places—and never and nowhere more disgustingly so than when figged out for going to church. It is in the skin—in the blood—in the flesh, and in the bone—that with such the disease of dirt more especially lies. We beg pardon, no less in the hair. Now such persons do not know that they are dirty—that they are unclean beasts. On the contrary, they often think themselves pinks of purity—in carnations of carnations—impersonations of moss-roses—the spiritual essences of lilies, "imparadised in form of that sweet flesh." Now, were such persons to change their linen every half hour night and day, that is, were they to put on forty-eight clean shirts in the twenty-four hours,—and it would not be reasonable, perhaps, to demand more of them under a government somewhat too whiggish,—yet though we cheerfully grant that one and all of the shirts would be dirty, we as sulkily deny that at any given moment from sunrise to sunset, and over again, the wearer would be clean. He would be just every whit and bit as dirty as if he had known but one single shirt all his life—and firmly believed his to be the only shirt in the universe.

Men again, on the other hand, there are—and, thank God, in great numbers, who are naturally so clean, that we defy you to make them *bonâ fide* dirty. You may as well drive down a duck into a dirty puddle, and expect lasting stains on its pretty plumage. Pope says the same thing of swans—that is, Poets—when speaking of Aaron Hill diving into the ditch—

"He bears no tokens of the sabler streamis,  
But soars far off among the swans of Thames."

Pleasant people of this kind of constitution you see going about of a morning rather in dishabille—hair uncombed haply—face and hands even unwashed—and shirt with a somewhat day-before-yesterdayish hue. Yet are they, so far from being dirty, at once felt, seen, and smelt, to be among the very cleanest of his Majesty's subjects. The moment you shake hands with them, you feel in the firm flesh of palm and finger that

their heart's-blood circulates purely and freely, from the point of the highest hair on the apex of the pericranium, to the edge of the nail on the large toe of the right foot. Their eyes are as clean as unclouded skies—the apples on their cheeks are like those on the tree—what need, in either case, of rubbing off dust or dew with a towel? What, though, from sleeping without a night-cap, their hair may be a little toosey? It is not dim—dull—oily—like half-withered seaweeds! It will soon comb itself with the fingers of the west wind—that tent-like tree its toilette—its mirror—that pool of the clear-flowing Tweed.

Some streams, just like some men, are always dirty—you cannot possibly tell why—unproducable to good picnic society, either in dry or wet weather. In dry, the oozy wretches are weeping among slippery weeds, infested with cels and powheads. In wet, they are like so many common-sewers, strewn with dead cats and broken crockery, and threatening with their fierce fulzie to pollute the sea. The sweet, soft, pure rains, soon as they touch the flood, are changed into filth. The sun sees his face in one of the pools, and is terrified out of his senses. He shines no more that day. The clouds have no notion of being caricatured, and the trees keep cautiously away from the brink of such streams,—save, perchance, now and then, here and there, a weak, well-meaning willow—a thing of shreds and patches—its leafless wands covered with bits of old worsted stockings, crowns of hats, a bauchle,\* and the remains of a pair of corduroy breeches, long hereditary in the family of the Blood Royal of the Yetholm Gipsies.

Some streams, just like some men, are always clean—you cannot well tell why—producable to good picnic society either in dry or wet weather. In dry, the pearly waters are singing among the freshened flowers—so that the trout, if he chooses, may breakfast upon bees. In wet, they grow, it is true, dark and drumly—and at midnight, when heaven's candles are put out, loud and oft the angry spirit of the water shrieks. But Aurora beholds her face in the clarified pools and shallows—far and wide glittering

with silver or with gold. All the banks and braces reappear green as emerald from the subsiding current—into which look with the eye of an angler, and you behold a Fish—a twenty-pounder—steading himself—like an uncertain shadow;—and oh! for Mr Scougal's lister to strike him through the spine! Yes, these are the images of trees far down, as if in another world; and whether you look up or look down, lo! alike in all its blue, braided, and unbounded beauty, is the morning sky!

Irishmen are generally men of the kind thus illustrated—generally sweet—at least in their own green Isle—and that is the only argument we know in favour of Catholic Emancipation.—So are Scotchmen. Whereas, blindfolded, take a Cockney's hand, immediately after it has been washed and scented, and put it to your nose—and you will begin to be apprehensive that some practical wit has substituted in lieu of the sonnet-scribbling bunch of little fetid fives, the body of some chicken-butchery of a weasel, that died of the plague. We have seen as much of what is most ignorantly and malignantly denominated dirt—one week's earth—washed off the feet of a pretty young girl on a Saturday night, at a single sitting in the little rivulet that runs almost round about her father's hut, as would have served a Cockney to raise his mignonette in, or his crop of cresses. How beautifully glowed the crimson-snow of the singing creature's new-washed feet! First, as they shone almost motionless beneath the lucid waters—and then, fearless of the hard bent, and rough roots of heather, bore the almost-alarmed Fairy dancing away from the eyes of the stranger; till the courteous spirit that reigns over all the Highland wilds arrested her steps knee-deep in bloom, and bade her bow her auburn head, as blushing, she faltered forth, in her sweet Gaelic accents, a welcome that thrilled like a blessing through the heart of the Sassenach nearly benighted, and wearied sore with the fifty glorious mountain-miles that intermit at times their frowning forests from the correis of Cruachan to the cliffs of Cairngorm.

It will be seen, from these hurried

\* See Dr Jamieson.

remarks, that there is more truth than Dr Kitchiner was aware of in his apophthegm—that a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clear conscience. But the Doctor had but a very imperfect notion of the meaning of the words—clean skin—his observation being not even skin-deep. A wash-hand basin—a bit of soap—and a coarse towel—he thought would give a Cockney on Ludgate-hill a clean skin—just as many good people think that a Bible, a prayer-book, and a long sermon can give a clear conscience to a criminal in Newgate. The cause of the evil, in both cases, lies too deep for tears. Millions of men and women pass through nature to eternity clean-skinned and pious—with slight expense either in soap or sermons; while millions more, with much week-day bodily scrubbing, and much Sabbath spiritual sanctification, are held in bad odour here, while they live, by those who happen to sit near them, and finally go out like the stink of a candle.

Never stir, quoth the Doctor, without paper, pen and ink, and a note-book in your pocket. Notes made by pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of travelling. Commit to paper whatever you see, hear, or read, that is remarkable, with your sensations on observing it—do this upon the spot, if possible, at the moment it first strikes you—at all events do not delay it beyond the first convenient opportunity.

Suppose all people behaved in this way—and what an absurd world we should have of it, every man, woman, and child, who could write, jotting away at their note-books! This committing to paper of whatever you see, hear, or read, has, among many other bad effects, this one especially—it in a very few years reduces you to a state of perfect idiocy. The memory of all men who commit to paper, becomes regularly extinct, we have observed, about the age of thirty. Now although the memory does not bear a very brilliant reputation among the faculties, a man finds himself very much at a stand, who is unprovided with one; for the Imagination, the Judgment, and the Reason, walk off in search of the lost Memory—each in opposite directions—and the mind, left at home by itself, is in a very awkward predicament—gets comatose—snorea loudly,

and expires. For our own part, we would much rather lose our imagination—and our judgment—than our very reason itself—than our memory,—provided we were suffered to retain a little feeling and a little fancy. Committers to paper forget that the memory is a tablet, or they carelessly fling that mysterious tablet away, soft as wax to receive impressions, and harder than adamant to retain, and put their trust in a bundle of old rags.

The observer who instantly jots down every object he sees, never, properly speaking, saw an object in his life. There has always been in the creature's mind a feeling alien to that which the object would, of its pure self, have excited. The very preservation of a sort of style in the creature's remarks costs him an effort which disables him from understanding what is before him, by dividing the small attention of which he might have been capable, between the jotting, the jotter, and the thing jotted. Then your committer to paper of whatever he sees, hears, or reads, forgets, or has never known, that all real knowledge, either of men or things, must be gathered up by operations which are in their very being spontaneous and free—the mind being even often unconscious of them as they are going on—while the edifice has all the time been silently rising up under the unintermitting labours of those silent workers—Thoughts; and is finally seen, not without wonder, by the Mind or Soul itself, which, gentle reader, was all along Architect and Foreman,—had not only originally planned, but had even daily superintended the building of the Temple.

Were Dr Kitchiner not dead, we should just put to him this simple question—Could you, Doctor, not recollect all the dishes of the most various dinner at which you ever assisted, down to the obscurest kidney, without committing every item to your note-book? Yes, Doctor, you could. Well, then, all the universe is but one great dinner. Heaven and earth, what a show of dishes! From a sun to a salad—a moon to a mutton-chop—a comet to a curry—a planet to a pâté! What gross ingratitude to the giver of the feast, not to be able, with the memory he gave us, to remember his bounties! It is true, what the Doctor says, that notes made with

pencils are easily obliterated by the motion of travelling; but then, Doctor, notes made by the Mind herself, with the Ruby Pen Nature gives all her children who have also discourse of Reason, are, with the slightest touch, easier far than glass by the diamond, traced on the tablets that disease alone seems to deface, death alone to break, but which, ineffaceable, and not to be broken, shall, with all their miscellaneous inscriptions, endure for ever—yea, even to the great day of judgment. O William Wordsworth—bard divine—oh! for what thou hast so finely called

The harvest of a quiet eye,  
That broods and sleeps on its own heart!

If men will but look and listen, and feel and think—they will never forget anything worth being remembered. Do we forget “our children, that to our eyes are dearer than the sun?” Do we forget our wives—unreasonable and almost downright disagreeable as they sometimes will be? Do we forget our triumphs—our defeats—our ecstasies, our agonies—the face of a dear friend, or “dearest foe,”—the ghost-like voice of conscience at midnight arraigning us of crimes—or her seraph hymn, at which the gates of heaven seem to expand for us that we may enter in among the white-robed spirits, and

“Summer high on bliss upon the hills  
of God?”

What are all the jottings that ever were jotted down on his jot-book, by the most inveterate jotter that ever reached a raven age, to the Library of Useful Knowledge, that every man—who is a man—carries within the Radcliffe—the Bodleian of his own breast?

What are you grinning at in the corner there, you little ugly Beelzebub of a Printer's Devil? and have you dropped through a seam in the ceiling? More copy do you want? There, you imp—vanished like a thought!

Beelzebub having thus very opportunely broken the thread of our discourse, we shall weave a new yarn.

Above all things, continues Dr Kitchiner, avoid travelling during the night, which, by interrupting sleep, and exposing the body to the night air, is always prejudicial, even in the mildest weather, and to the strongest

constitutions. Pray, Doctor, what ails you at the night air? If the night air be, even in the mildest weather, prejudicial to the strongest constitutions, what do you think becomes of the cattle on a thousand hills? Why don't all the bulls in Bashan die of the asthma—or look interesting by moonlight in a galloping consumption? Nay, if the night air be so very fatal, how do you account for the longevity of owls? Have you ever read of the Chaldean shepherds watching the courses of the stars? Or, to come nearer our own times, do you not know that every blessed night throughout the year, thousands of young lads and lasses meet, either beneath the milk-white thorn,—or on the lea-rig, although the night be ne'er sae wet, and they be ne'er sae weary—or under a rock on the hill—or—no uncommon case—beneath a frozen stack—not of chimneys, but of corn sheaves—or on a couch of snow—and that they are all as warm as so many pies—while, instead of feeling what you call “the lack of vigour attendant on the loss of sleep, which is as enfeebling and as distressing as the languor that attends the want of food,” they are, to use a homely Scotch expression, “neither to laud nor bind;” the eyes of the young lads being all as brisk, bold, and bright as the stars in Charles's Wain, while those of the young lasses shine with a soft, faint, obscure, but beautiful lustre, like the dewy Pleiades over which nature has insensibly breathed a mist, almost waving and wavering into a veil of clouds?

Have you, our dear Doctor, no compassion for those unfortunate blades, who, nolentes-volentes, must often remain out perennially all night, we mean the blades of grass, and also the flowers? Their constitutions are often far from strong—and shut your eyes on a frosty night, and you will hear them—we have done so many million times—shivering, ay, absolutely shivering under their coat of hoar-frost! If the night air be indeed what Dr Kitchiner has declared it to be, Lord have mercy on the vegetable world! What agonies in that field of turnips! Alas! poor Swedes! The imagination recoils from the condition of that club of winter cabbages—and of what materials, pray, must the heart of that man be made, who could think but for a moment on the case



of those carrots, without bursting into a flood of tears?

The Doctor avers that the firm health and fine spirits of persons who live in the country, are not more from breathing a purer air, than from enjoying plenty of sound sleep; and the most distressing misery of "this Elysium of bricks and mortar," is the rareness with which we enjoy "the sweets of a slumber unbroke."

Doctor—in the first place, it is somewhat doubtful, whether or not persons who live in the country have firmer health and finer spirits than persons who live in towns—even in London. What kind of persons do you mean? We will not allow you to select some dozen or two of the hairiest among the curates—a few chosen rectors, whose faces have been but lately elevated to the purple—a team of prebends issuing sleek from their golden stalls—a pickled bishop—a sacred band, the elite of the squirearchy—with a corresponding sprinkling of superior noblemen from lords to dukes—and then to compare them, cheek by jowl, with an equal number of external objects taken from the common run of Cockneys. This, Doctor, is manifestly what you are etting at—but you must clap your hand, Doctor, without discrimination, on the great body of the rural population of England, male and female, and take whatever comes first—be it a poor, wrinkled, toothless, blear-eyed, palsied hag, tottering horizontally on a staff, under the load of a premature old age, (for she is not yet fifty,) brought on by annual rheumatism and perennial poverty;—Be it a young, ugly, unmarried woman, far advanced in pregnancy, and sullenly trooping to the alehouse, to meet the overseer of the parish poor, who, enraged with the unborn bastard, is about to force the parish bully to marry—yes, to marry—the parish prostitute;—Be it a landlord of a rural inn, with pig eyes peering over his ruby cheeks, the whole machinery of his mouth so deranged by tippling, that he simultaneously snorts, stutters, slavers and snores—put-bellied—shanked like a spindle—strac—and certainly to be buried on or before Saturday week;—Be it a half-drunk horse-couper, swinging to and fro in a wrap-rascal on a bit of broken-down blood, that once won a fifty, every sentence, however short, having but

two intelligible words, an oath and a lie—his heart rotten with falsehood, and his bowels burned up with brandy, so that sudden death, in all probability, will pull him from his saddle before he puts spurs to his sporting filly, that she may hilk the turnpike-man, and carry him more speedily home to beat or murder his poor pale industrious char-woman of a wife;—Be it—not a beggar, for beggars are prohibited from this parish—but a pauper in the sulks, dying on her pittance from the poor-rates, which altogether amount in merry England but to about the paltry sum of, more or less, ten millions a-year,—her son, all the while, being in a thriving way as a general merchant in the capital of the parish, and with clear profits from his business of L.300 per annum, yet suffering the mother that bore him, and suckled him, and washed his childish hands, and combed the bumpkin's hair, and gave him Epsoms in a cup when her dear Johnny-raw had the belly-ach, to go down, step by step, as surely and as obviously as one is seen going down a stair with a feeble hold of the banisters, and stumbling every footfall, down that other flight of steps, that consist of flags that are mortal damp and mortal cold, and lead to nothing but a parcel of rotten planks, and overhead a vault dripping with perpetual moisture, green and slobbery, such as toads delight in crawling heavily, with now and then a bloated leap, and hideous things more worm-like, that go wriggling briskly in and out among the refuse of the coffins, and are heard, by imagination at least, to emit faint angry sounds, for that the light of day has hurt their eyes, and the air from the upper world weakened the rank savoury smell of corruption, that clothes, as with a pall, all the inside walls of the tombs;—Be it a man yet in the prime of life, as to years, six feet and an inch high, and measuring round the chest forty-eight inches, (which is more, reader, than thou dost, we bet a sovereign, member although thou even be'st of the Edinburgh Six Feet Club,) to whom Washington Irvine's Jack Tibbuts was but a Tims—but then six gamekeepers met him all alone in my Lord's pheasant-preserve, and though two of them died within the month, two within the year, and two are now

in the workhouse,—one a mere idiot, and the other a madman,—both shadows,—so terribly were their bodies mauled, and so sorely were their skulls fractured ;—yet the poacher was taken, tried, hulked ; and there he sits now, sunning himself on a bank by the edge of the wood whose haunts he must thread no more—for the keepers were grim bone-breakers enough in their way,—and when they had gotter him on his back, one gouged him like a Yankee, and the other bit off his nose like a Bolton Trotter,—and one smashed his os frontis with the nailed heel of a two-pound wooden clog, a Preston Purrier ;—so that Master Allonby is now far from being a beauty, with a face of that description attached to a head wagging from side to side under a powerful palsy, while the Mandarin drinks damnation to the Lord of the Manor in a horn of eleemosynary ale, handed to him by the village blacksmith, in days of old not the worst of the gang,—and who, but for a stupid jury, a merciful judge, and something like prevarication in the circumstantial evidence, would have been hanged for a murderer—as he was—dissected and hung in chains ;—Be it a red-haired woman, with a pug nose, small fiery eyes, high cheek-bones, bulging lips, and teeth like swine—tusks,—bearded—flat-breasted, as a man—tall, scrambling in her gait, but swift, and full of wild motions in her weather-withered arms, all starting with sinews like whipcord—the Pedestrian Post to and fro the market town twelve miles off—and so powerful a pugilist, that she hit Grace Maddox senseless in seven minutes—tried before she was eighteen for child-murder, and not hanged, although the man-child, of which the drab was self-delivered in a ditch, was found with blue finger-marks on its wind-pipe, bloody mouth, and eyes forced out of their sockets, buried in the dunghill behind her father's hut—not hanged, because a surgeon, originally bred a sow-gelder, swore that he believed the mother had unconsciously destroyed her offspring in the throes of travail, if indeed it had ever breathed, for the lungs would not swim, he swore, in a basin of water—so the incestuous murderess was let loose, her brother got hanged in due time for the mutiny at the Nile—and her father, the fishmonger—why, he went red raving

mack—as if a dog had bitten him—and  
 did, as the same surgeon and sow-  
 gelder averred, of the hydrophobia,  
 foaming at the mouth, gnashing his  
 teeth, and some said cursing, but that  
 was a calumny, for something seemed  
 to be the matter with his tongue, and  
 he could not speak—only splutter—  
 nobody venturing, except his amiable  
 daughter,—and in this particular act  
 of filial affection she was amiable,—to  
 hold the old man's head :—Be it that  
 moping idiot that would sit, were she  
 suffered, on, on, on—night and day—  
 for ever, till she ceased to be—on the  
 self-same spot, whatever that spot might  
 be, on which she happened to squat  
 at morning, mound, wall, or stone—  
 motionless, dumb, and, as a stranger  
 would think, also blind, for the eye-lids  
 are still shut—never opened in sun or  
 storm ;—yet that figure—that which  
 is now, and has for years been, an ut-  
 ter and hopeless idiot, was once a gay,  
 laughing, dancing, singing, girl, whose  
 blue eyes seemed full of light, whether  
 they looked on earth or heaven, the  
 flowers or the stars. I have heard her  
 sweetheart—a rational young man, it  
 would appear—leapt out upon her  
 suddenly, as she was passing through  
 the church-yard at night, from be-  
 hind a tombstone, in a sack—which  
 she, having little time for considera-  
 tion, and being naturally superstitious,  
 supposed to be a shroud, and the wear-  
 er thereof, who was an active stripling  
 of sound flesh and blood, a ghost or  
 skeleton, all one horrid rattle of bones.  
 The trick succeeded far beyond the  
 most sanguine expectation of the Tail-  
 lor who played the principal part—and  
 sense, feeling; memory, imagination,  
 and reason, were all felled by one blow  
 of fear—as butcher's felleth ox—while  
 by one of those mysteries, which nei-  
 ther we, nor you, nor any body else,  
 can understand, life remained not only  
 unimpaired, but even invigorated, and  
 there she sits, like a clock wound up  
 to go a certain time, the machinery  
 of which being good, has not at all  
 felt the shock that sorely cracked the  
 case, and will work till the chain is  
 run down, and then it will tick no  
 more ;—Be it that tall, fair, lovely  
 girl, so thin and attenuated, that all  
 wonder she can walk by herself—that  
 she is not blown away even by the  
 gentle summer breeze that wows the  
 hectic of her cheek—dying as all see  
 —and none better than her poor old

mother—and yet herself thoughtless of the coming doom, and cheerful as a nest-building bird. Her lover—too deep in despair to be betrayed into tears—as he carries her to her couch, each successive day feels the dear and dreadful burden lighter and lighter in his arms. Small strength will it need to support her bier! The coffin, as if empty, will be lowered unfelt by the hands that hold those rueful cords, into the grave!

In mercy to our readers and ourselves, we shall endeavour to prevent ourselves from pursuing this argument any farther—and perhaps quite enough has been said to show, that Dr Kitchiner's assertion, that persons who live in the country have firmer health and finer spirits than the inhabitants of towns—is exceedingly problematical. But even admitting the fact to be as the Doctor has stated it, we do not think he has attributed the phenomenon to the right cause. He attributes it to "their enjoying plenty of sound sleep." The worthy Doctor is entirely out in this conjecture. The working classes—in the country—enjoy, we don't doubt it, sound sleep—but not plenty of it. They have but a short allowance of sleep; and whether it be sound, or not, depends chiefly on themselves, while as to the noises in towns and cities, they are nothing to what one hears in the country—unless, indeed, you perversely prefer private lodgings at a pewterer's. Did we wish to be personal, we could name a single waterfall, that, even in dry weather, keeps all the visitors from town awake within a circle of six miles diameter; and in wet weather, not only keeps them all awake, but impresses them with a constantly recurring conviction during the hours of night, that there is something seriously amiss about the foundation of the river, and that the whole parish is about to be overflowed, up to the battlements of the old castle that overlooks the linn. Then, on another point, we are certain—namely, that rural thunder is many hundred times more powerful than villatic. London porter is above admiration—but London thunder below contempt. An ordinary hackney-coach beats it hollow. But, my faith! a thunder-storm in the country—especially if it be mountainous, with a few fine Woods and Forests, makes

you inevitably think of that land from whose bourne no traveller returns—and even our town readers will acknowledge that country thunder much more frequently proves mortal than the thunder you meet with in cities. In the country few thunder-storms are contented to pass over without killing at least one horse, some milch-kine, half-a-dozen sucking pigs or turkeys, an old woman or two, perhaps the Minister of the parish, a man about 40, name unknown, and a nursing mother at the ingle, the child escaping with singed eyebrows, and a singular black mark on one of its great toes. We say nothing of the numbers stupified, who awake the day after, as from a dream, with strange pains in their heads, and not altogether sure about the names or countenances of the somewhat unaccountable people whom they see variously employed about the premises—and making themselves pretty much at home. In towns, not one thunder-storm in fifty, that performs an exploit more magnanimous than knocking down an old wife from a chimney-top—singing a pair of worsted stockings that, knit in an ill-starr'd hour, when the sun had entered Arics, had been hung out to dry on a line in the back-yard or garden, as it is called—or cutting a few inches off the tail of an old whig weather-cock that had been pecking the eyes out of all the airs the wind can blow, greedy of some still higher preferment.

Our dear deceased author proceeds to tell his Traveller how to eat and drink; and remarks, that people are apt to imagine that they may indulge a little more in high living when on a journey. Travelling itself, however, he says, acts as a stimulus; therefore less nourishment is required than in a state of rest. What you might not consider intemperance at home, may occasion violent irritation, fatal inflammations, &c. in situations where you are least able to obtain medical assistance.

All this is very loosely stated, and must be set to rights. If you shut yourself up for some fifty hours or so in a mail-coach, that keeps wheeling along at the rate of ten miles an hour, and changes horses in half a minute, certainly, for obvious reasons, the less you eat and drink the better; and perhaps a few hundred daily drops of

laudannum, or equivalent grains of opium, would be advisable, so that the transit from London to Edinburgh might be performed in a phantasma. But a free agent ought to live well on his travels—some degrees better, without doubt, than when at home. People seldom live very well at home. There is always something requiring to be eaten up, that it may not be lost, which destroys the soothing and satisfactory symmetry of an unexceptionable dinner. We have detected the same duck through many unprincipled disguises, playing a different part in the farce of domestic economy, with a versatility hardly to have been expected in one of the most generally depised of the web-footed tribe. When travelling at one's own sweet will, one feeds at a different inn every meal; and, except when the coincidence of circumstances is against you, there is an agreeable variety both in the natural and artificial disposition of the dishes. True, that travelling may act as a stimulus—but false that therefore less nourishment is required. Would Dr Kitchiner, if now alive, presume to say that it was right for him, who had sat all day with his feet on the fender, to gobble up, at six o'clock of the afternoon, as enormous a dinner as we who had walked since sunrise forty or fifty miles? Because our stimulus had been greater, was our nourishment to be less? We don't care a curse about stimulus. What we want, in such a case, is lots of fresh food; and we hold that, under such circumstances, a man with a sound Tory Church and King stomach and constitution cannot overeat himself—no, not for his immortal soul. We shall say nothing of what might be considered intemperance at home. But in this inn—say the Crown at Penrith—or the Salutation, Ambleside—or the White Lion, Bowness—we shall sport Sardanapalus and Heliogabalus, and Sir William Curtis and Christopher North, and play such a set of knives and forks as shall frighten the female waiters into fits of laughter, and set the whole house upon the titter. As to violent irritation and fatal inflammation—these are complaints to which no writer in this Magazine is subject. Should any of us be so attacked, he has only to compose for himself an Opening Article.

We had almost forgot to take the

deceased Doctor to task for one of the most free-and-easy suggestions ever made to the ill-disposed, how to disturb, and destroy the domestic happiness of eminent literary characters.—“An introduction to eminent authors may be obtained,” quoth he slyly, “from the booksellers who publish their works.”

The booksellers who publish the works of eminent authors have rather more common sense and feeling, it is to be hoped, than this comes to—and know better what is the province of their profession. Any one man may, if he chooses, give any other man an introduction to any third man in this world. Thus the tailor of any eminent author—or his bookseller—or his parish minister—or his butcher—or his baker—or his man of business—may, one and all, give such travellers as Dr Kitchiner and others, letters of introduction to the said eminent author in prose or verse. This, we have heard, is often done—but fortunately we cannot speak from experience, not being ourselves an eminent author—although we have been occasionally bothered as a friend of Christopher North. The more general the intercourse between men of taste, feeling, cultivation, learning, genius, the better; but that intercourse should be brought about freely and of its own accord, as fortunate circumstances permit, and there should be no impatient interference of selfish go-betweens or benevolent blockheads. It would seem that Dr Kitchiner thought the commonest traveller, one who was almost as it were bordering on a Bagman, had nothing to do but call on the publisher of any great writer, and get a free admission into his house. Had the Doctor not been dead, we should have given him a severe rowing and blowing up for this vulgar folly—but as he is dead, we have only to hope that the readers of the Oracle, who intend to travel, will not degrade themselves, and disgust authors of eminence, by thrusting their ugly or comely faces—both are equally odious—into the privacy of gentlemen who have done nothing to exclude themselves from the protection of the laws of civilized society,—or subject their firesides to be infested by one-half of the curious men of the country, two-thirds of the clever, and all the blockheads.

Having, thus briefly instructed travellers how to get a look at Lions, the Doctor suddenly exclaims—"IMPRIMIS, BEWARE OF DOGS!" "There have," he says, "been many arguments, *pro* and *con*, on the dreadful disease their bite produces—it is enough to prove that multitudes of men, women, and children have died in consequence of having been bitten by dogs. What does it matter whether they were the victims of bodily disease or mental irritation? The life of the most humble human being is of more value than all the dogs in the world—dare the most brutal cynic say otherwise?"

Dr Kitchiner always travelled, it appears, in chaises; and a chaise of one kind or other he recommends to all his brethren of mankind. Why, then, this intense fear of the canine species? Who ever saw a mad dog leap into the mail-coach, or even a gig? The creature, when so afflicted, hangs his head, and goes snapping right and left at pedestrians. Poor people like us, who must walk, may well fear hydrophobia—though, thank Heaven, we have never, during the course of a tolerably long and well-spent life, been so much as once bitten by "the rabid animal." But what have rich authors, who loll in carriages, to dread from dogs, who always go on foot? We cannot credit the very sweeping assertion, that multitudes of men, women, and children, have died in consequence of being bitten by dogs. Even the newspapers do not run up the amount above a dozen per annum, from which you may safely deduct two-thirds. Now, four men, women, and children, are not a multitude. Of those four, we may set down two as problematic—having died, it is true, *in*, but not *of* hydrophobia—states of mind and body wide as the poles asunder. He who drinks two bottles of pure spirit every day he buttons and unbuttons his breeches, generally dies *in* a state of hydrophobia,—for he abhorred water, and knew instinctively the jug containing that insipid element. But he never dies at all of hydrophobia, there being evidence to prove, that for twenty years he had drunk nothing but brandy. Suppose we are driven to confess the other two—why, one of them was an old woman of eighty, who was dying as fast as she

could hobble; at the very time she thought herself bitten—and the other a four-year-old brat, in whooping cough and measles, who, had there not been such a quadruped as a dog-created, would have worried itself to death before evening, so lamentably had its education been neglected, and so dangerous an accomplishment is an imish temper. The twelve cases for the year 1827, of that most horrible disease hydrophobia, have, we flatter ourselves, been satisfactorily disposed of—eight of the alleged deceased being at this moment engaged at various handicrafts, on low wages indeed, but still such as enable the industrious to live—two having died of drinking—one of extreme old age, and one of a complication of complaints incident to childhood, their violence having, in this particular instance, been aggravated by neglect and a devilish temper. Where now the multitude of men, women, and children, who have died in consequence of being bitten by mad dogs?

Gentle reader—a mad-dog is a bugbear; we have walked many hundred times the diameter and the circumference of this our habitable globe—along all roads public and private—with stiles or turnpikes—metropolitan streets and suburban paths—and at all seasons of the revolving year—but never, as we padded the hoof along, met we nor were overtaken by greyhound, mastiff, or cur, in a state of hydrophobia. We have many million times seen them with their tongues lolling out about a yard—their sides panting—flag struck—and the whole dog showing symptoms of severe distress. That such travellers were not mad, we do not assert—they may have been mad—but they certainly were fatigued—and the difference, we hope, is often considerable between weariness and insanity. Dr Kitchiner, had he seen such dogs as we have seen, would have fainted on the spot. He would have raised the country against the harmless jog-trotter. Pitchforks would have gleamed in the setting sun—and the flower of the agricultural youth of a midland county, forming a *levy en masse*, would have offered battle to a turnspit. The Doctor sitting in his coach—like Napoleon at Waterloo—would have cried "*tout est perdu—sauve qui peut*"—and re-galloping to a provincial town, would have found

refuge under the gateway of the Hen and Chickens.

"The life of the most humble human being," quoth the Doctor, "is of more value than all the dogs in the world—dare the most brutal cynic say otherwise?"

This question is not put to us; for so far from being the most brutal Cynic, we do not belong to the Cynic school at all—being an Eclectic, and our Philosophy composed chiefly of Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Peripateticism—with a fine, pure, clear, bold dash of Platonism. The most brutal Cynic, if now alive and snarling, must therefore answer for himself—while we tell the Doctor, that so far from holding, with him, that the life of the most humble human being is of more value than all the dogs in the world, we on the contrary verily believe that there is many a dog whose life far transcends in value the lives of many men, women, and children. Whether or not dogs have souls, is a question in philosophy never yet solved; although we have ourselves no doubt on the subject, and firmly believe that they have souls. But the question, as put by the Doctor, is not about souls, but about lives;—and as the human soul does not die when the human body does, the death of an old woman, middle-aged man, or young child, is no such very great calamity, either to themselves or to the world. Better, perhaps, that all the dogs now alive should be massacred, to prevent hydrophobia, than that a human soul should be lost;—but not a single human soul is going to be lost, although the whole canine species should become insane to-morrow. Now, would the Doctor have laid one hand on his heart and the other on his Bible, and taken a solemn oath that rather than that one old woman of a century and a quarter should be suddenly cut off by the bite of a mad dog, he would have signed the warrant of execution of all the packs of harriers and fox-hounds, all the pointers, spaniels, setters, and cockers, all the stag-hounds, grey-hounds, and lurchers, all the Newfoundlanders, mastiffs, bull-dogs, and terriers, the infinite generation of mongrels and crosses included, in Great Britain and Ireland? To say nothing of the sledge-drawers in Kamshatka, and in the realms slow-moving

at the Pole? To clench the argument at once, What are all the old women in Europe, one-half of the men, and one-third of the children, when compared, in value, with Christopher North's Newfoundland dog—Bronte? Finally, does he include in his sweeping condemnation the whole brute creation, lions, tigers, panthers, ounces, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, camelopardales, zebras, quagga, cattle, horses, asses, mules, cats, the ichneumon, cranes, storks, cocks of the wood, geese, and how-towdies?

Semi-drowning in the sea—he continues—and all the pretended specifics, are mere delusions,—there is no real remedy but cutting the part out immediately. If the bite be near a blood-vessel, that cannot always be done, nor when done, however well done, will it always prevent the miserable victim from dying the most dreadful of deaths. Well might St Paul tell us to "*beware of dogs.*" First Epistle to Philippians, chap. iii. v. 2.

Semi-drowning in the sea is, we grant, a bad specific—and difficult to be administered. It is not possible to tell, *a priori*, how much drowning any particular patient can bear. What is mere semi-drowning to James, is total drowning to John;—Tom is easy of resuscitation—Robert will not stir a muscle for all the Humane Societies in the United Kingdoms. To cut a pound of flesh from the rump of a fat dowager, who turns 16 stone, is within the practical skill of the veriest bungler in the anatomy of the human frame—to scarify the fleshless spindle-shank of an antiquated spinstress, who lives on a small annuity, might be beyond the scalpel of an Abernethy or a Liston. A large blood-vessel, as the Doctor well remarks, is an awkward neighbour to the wound made by the bite of a mad dog, when a new excision has to be attempted—but will any Doctor living inform us how, in a thousand other cases besides hydrophobia, the miserable victim may always be prevented from dying? There are, probably, more dogs in Britain than horses; yet a hundred men, women, and children, are killed by kicks of sane horses, for one by bites of insane dogs. Is the British army, therefore, to be deprived of its left arm, the cavalry? Is there to be no flying artillery? What is to become of the horse marines?

Still the Doctor, though too dogmatical, and rather puppyish above, is, at times, sensible on dogs.

"Therefore," quoth he, "never travel, without a good tough Black Thorn in your Fist, not less than three feet in length, on which may be marked the Inches, and so it may serve for a Measure.

"Pampered Dogs, that are permitted to prance about as they please, when they hear a Knock, scamper to the Door, and not seldom snap at unwary Visitors.—Whenever *Counsellor Cautious* went to a House, &c. where he was not quite certain that there was no Dog, after he had rapped at the Door, He retired three or four Yards from it, and prepared against the Enemy: when the Door was opened, he desired if there was any Dog, that it might be shut up till he was gone, and would not enter the House till it was.

"*Sword and Tuck Sticks*, as commonly made, are hardly so good a weapon as a stout Stick—the Blades are often inserted into the Handles in such a slight manner, that one smart blow will break them out—if you wish for a *Sword-Cane*, you must have one made with a good Regulation Blade, which alone will cost more than is usually charged for the entire Stick.—I have seen a Cane made by Mr PRICE, of the *Stick and Umbrella Warehouse*, 221 in the Strand, near Temple Bar, which was excellently put together.

"A powerful weapon, and a very smart and light-looking thing, is an *Iron Stick* of about four-tenths of an inch in diameter, with a Hook next the Hand, and terminating at the other end in a Spike about five inches in length, which is covered by a Ferule, the whole painted the colour of a common walking Stick: it has a light natty appearance, while it is in fact a most formidable Instrument."

Thus armed against the canine species, the Traveller, according to our Oracle, must also provide himself with a portable case of instruments for drawing—a sketch and note-book—paper—ink—and PINS,—NEEDLES,—AND THREAD! A ruby or Rhodium pen made by Doughty, No. 10, Great Ormond Street—pencils from Langdon's of Great Russel Street—a folding one-foot rule, divided into eighths, tenths, and twelfths of inches—a hunting-watch, with seconds, with

a detached lever, or Duplex's escape-ment, in good strong silver cases—Dolland's achromatic opera-glass—a night-lamp—a tinder-box—two pair of spectacles, with strong silver frames—an eye-glass in a silver ring slung round the neck—a traveller's knife, containing a large and a small blade, a saw, hook for taking a stone out of a horse's shoe, turn-screw, gun-pick-er, tweezers, and long cork-screw—galoshes or paraloses—your own knife and fork, and spoon—a Welsh wig—a spare hat—umbrella—two great-coats, one for cool and fair weather (*i. e.* between 45° and 55° of Fahrenheit,) and another for cold and foul weather, of broad cloth, lined with fur, and denominated a "dreadnought."

Such are a few of the articles with which every sensible traveller will provide himself before leaving Dulce Domum to brave the perils of a Tour through the Hop-districts.

"If circumstances compel you," continues the Doctor, "to ride on the outside of a coach, put on two shirts and two pair of stockings, turn up the collar of your great-coat, and tie a handkerchief round it, and have plenty of dry straw to set your feet on."

In our younger days we used to ride a pretty considerable deal on the outside of coaches, and much hardship did we endure before we hit on the discovery above promulgated. Frequently have we ridden outside from Edinburgh to London, in winter, without a great-coat, in nankeen trowsers, sans drawers, and all other articles of our dress thin and light in proportion. That we are alive at this day, is no less singular than true—no more true than singular. We have known ourselves so firmly frozen to the leathern ceiling of the mail coach, that it required the united strength of coachman, guard, and the other three outsiders, to separate us from the vehicle, to which we adhered as part and parcel. All at once the device of the double shirt flashed upon us—and it underwent signal improvements before we reduced the theory to practice. For first of all we endowed ourselves with a leather shirt—then with a flannel one—and then, in regular succession, with three linen shirts. This concluded the Series of Shirts. Then commenced the waistcoats. A plain woollen waistcoat without buttons—with hooks and eyes—took the

lead, and kept it; it was closely pressed by what is, in common parlance, called an under waistcoat—the body being flannel, the breast-edges bearing a pretty pattern of stripes or bars—then came a natty red waistcoat, of which we were particularly proud, and of which the effect on landlady, bar-maid, and chamber-maid, we remember was irresistible—and, fourthly and finally, to complete that department of our investiture, shone with soft yet sprightly lustre—the bright-buttoned Buff. Five and four are nine—so that between our carcase and our coat, it might have been classically said of our dress,—“*Novies interfusa coeret.*” At this juncture of affairs began the coats, which—as it is a great mistake to wear too many coats—never exceeded six. The first used generally to be a pretty old coat—that had lived to moralize over the mutability of human affairs—thread-bare—napless—and what ignorant people might have called, shabby-genteel. It was followed by a plain, sensible, honest, unpretending, common-place, every-day sort of a coat—and not, perhaps, of the very best material. Over it was drawn, with some little difficulty, what had, in its prime of life, attracted universal admiration in Prince’s Street, as a blue surtout. Then came your regular olive-coloured great-coat—not braided and embroidered *à la militaire*—for we scorned to sham travelling captain—and to close this strange eventful history, the seven-caped Dreadnought, that loved to dally with the sleets and snows—held in calm contempt Boreas, Notus, Auster, Eurus, and “the rest”—and drove baffled winter howling behind the Pole.

The same principle of accumulation was made applicable to the neck. No stock. Neckcloth above neckcloth—beginning with singles—and then getting into the full uncut squares—the amount of the whole being somewhere about a dozen: The concluding neckcloth worn cravat-fashion, and flowing down the breast in a cascade, like that of an attorney-general. Round our cheek and ear, leaving the lips at liberty to breathe and imbibe, was wreathed, in undying remembrance of the brave, a Jem Belcher Fogle—and beneath the cravat-cascade a comforter netted by the fair hands of her who had kissed us at our departure,

and was sighing for our return. One hat we always found sufficient—and that a black beaver—for a lily castor suits not the knowledge-box of a friend to “a limited and hereditary monarchy.”

Now for a short description of our lower extremities. One pair only of roomy shoes—one pair of stockings of the finest lambs-wool—another of common close worsted, knit by the hand of a Lancashire witch—thirdly, Shetland hose. All three pair reaching well up towards the fork—each about an inch-and-a-half longer than its predecessor. Flannel drawers—one pair only—within the lambs-wool, and touching the instep—then one pair of elderly cassimirs, of yore worn at balls, one pair of Manchester white cords—strong black quilt trowsers, “capacious and serene,” and at or beneath the freezing point—overalls of the same stuff as “Johnny’s grey breeks”—neat but not gaudy—mud-repellers—themselves a host—never in all their lives “thoroughly wet through”—frost-proof—and often mistaken by the shepherd on the wold, as the Telegraph hung for a moment on the misty upland, for the philibeg of Phœbus in his dawn-dress, hastily slipped on, as he bade farewell to some star-paramour, and like a giant about to run a race, devoured the cerulean course of day, as if impatient to reach the goal set in the Western Sea.

Pray, reader, do you know what line of conduct you ought to pursue, if you are to sleep on the road? “The earlier you arrive,” says the Doctor, “and the earlier after your arrival you apply, the better the chance of getting a good bed—this done, order your luggage to your room. A travelling bag, or a ‘*sac de nuit*,’ in addition to your trunk, is very necessary—it should be large enough to contain one or two changes of linen—a night shirt—shaving apparatus—comb, clothes, tooth and hair-brushes, &c. Take care, too, to see your sheets well aired, and that you can fasten your room at night. Carry fire-arms also, and take the first unostentatious opportunity of showing your pistols to the landlord. However well made your pistols, however carefully you have chosen your flint, and however dry your powder, look to the prining and touch-hole every night. Let your pistols be double barrelled, and with spring bayonets.”



Now, really, it appears to us, that in lieu of double-barrelled pistols with spring bayonets, it would be advisable to substitute a brace of black-puddings, for day-light, and a brace of Oxford or Bologna sausages, for the dark hours. They will be equally formidable to the robber, and far safer to yourself. Indeed we should like to see duelling black-puddings, or sausages, introduced at Chalk-Farm;—and that etiquette might not be violated, each party might take his antagonist's weapon, and the seconds, as usual, see them loaded. Surgeons will have to attend as usual. Far more blood, indeed, would be thus spilt, than according to the present fashion. The Doctor, as might be expected, makes a mighty rout—a prodigious fuss—all through the Oracle, about damp sheets—he must immediately see the chambermaid, and overlook the airing with his own hands and eyes. He is also an advocate of the warming-pan—and for the adoption, indeed, of every imaginable scheme for excluding death from his chamber. He goes on the basis of everything being as it should not be in inns—and often reminds us of our old friend Death-in-the-Pot. Nay, as Travellers never can be sure that those who have slept in the beds before them were not afflicted with some contagious disease, whenever they can, they should carry their own sheets with them—namely, a light eider down quilt, and two dressed hart skins, to be put on the mattresses, to hinder the disagreeable contact. These are to be covered with the traveller's own sheets—and if an eider down quilt be not sufficient to keep him warm, his coat put upon it will increase the heat sufficiently. If the traveller is not provided with these accommodations, it will sometimes be prudent not to undress entirely; however, the neckcloth, gaiters, shirt, and everything which checks the circulation, must be loosened.

Clean sheets, the Doctor thinks, are rare in inns; and he believes that it is the practice to take them from the bed, sprinkle them with water, fold them down, and put them into a press. When they are wanted again, they are, literally speaking, shown to the fire, and, in a reeking state, laid on the bed. The traveller is tired and sleepy, dreams of that pleasure or

business which brought him from home, and the remotest thing from his mind is, that from the very repose which he fancies has refreshed him, he has received the rheumatism. The receipt, therefore, to sleep comfortably at inns, is to take your own sheets, to have plenty of flannel gowns, and to promise, and take care to pay, a handsome consideration for the liberty of choosing your bed.

Now, Doctor, suppose all travellers behaved at inns on such principles, what a perpetual commotion there would be in the house! The kitchens, back-kitchens, laundries, drying-rooms, would at all times be crammed choke-full of a miscellaneous assemblage of Editors, Authors, Lords, Baronets, Squires, Doctors of Divinity, Fellows of Colleges, Half-pay Officers, and Bagmen, oppressing the chambermaids to death, and in the headlong gratification of their passion for well-aired sheets, setting fire so incessantly to public premises, as to raise the rate of insurance to a ruinous height, and thus bring bankruptcy on all the principal establishments in Great Britain. But shutting our eyes, for a moment, to such general conflagration and bankruptcy, and indulging ourselves in the violent supposition, that some inns would still continue to exist, think, O think, worthy Doctor, to what other fatal results this system, if universally acted upon, would, in a very few years of the transitory life of man, inevitably lead! In the first place, in a country where all travellers carried with them their sheets, none would be kept in inns, except for the use of the establishment's own members. This would be inflicting a vital blow, indeed, on the inns of a country. For mark, in the second place, that the blankets would not be long of following the sheets. The blankets would soon fly after the sheets on the wings of love and despair. Thirdly, are you so ignorant, Doctor, of this world and its ways, as not to see, that the bedsteads would, in the twinkling of an eye, follow the blankets? What a wild, desolate, wintry appearance, would a bedroom then exhibit!

The foresight of such consequences as these may well make a man shudder. We have no objections, however, to suffer the Doctor himself, and a few other occasional damp-dreading old

quizzes, "to see the bed-clothes put to the fire in their presence," merely at the expense of subjecting themselves to the derision of all the chambermaids, cooks, scullions, boots, ostlers, and painters.\* Their feverish and restless anxiety about sheets, and their agitated discourse on damps and deaths, hold them up to vulgar eyes in the light of lunatics. They become the ground-work of practical jokes—perhaps are bitten to death by fleas. For a chambermaid, of a disposition naturally witty and cruel, has a dangerous power put into her hands, in the charge of blankets. The Doctor's whole soul and body are wrapt up in well-aired sheets; but the insidious Abigail, tormented by his flustering, becomes in turn the tormentor—and selecting the yellowest, dingiest, and dirtiest pair of blankets to be found throughout the whole gallery of garrets, (those for years past used by long-bearded old-clothesmen Jews,) with a wicked leer that would lull all suspicion asleep in a man of a far less inflammable temperament, she literally envelopes him in vermin, and after a night of one of the plagues of Egypt, the Doctor rises in the morning, from top to bottom absolutely tattooed!

The Doctor, of course, is one of those travellers who believe that unless they use the most ingenious precautions, they will be uniformly robbed and murdered in inns. The villains steal upon you, during the midnight hour, when all the world is asleep. They leave their shoes down stairs, and, leopard-like, ascend with velvet, or—what is almost as noiseless—woisted steps, the wooden stairs. True, that your breeches are beneath your bolster—but that trick of travellers has long been "as notorious as the sun at noon-day;" and although you are aware of your breeches, with all the ready money perhaps that you are worth in this world, eloping from beneath your parental eye, you in vain try to cry out—for a long, broad, iron hand, with ever so many iron fingers, is on your mouth; another, with still more numerous digits, compresses your windpipe, while a low hoarse voice, in a whisper to which Sarah Sid-

dons' was empty air, on pain of instant death, enforces silence from a man unable for his life to utter a single word; and after pulling off all the bed-clothes, and then clothing you with curses, the ruffians, whose accent betrays them to be Irishmen, inflict upon you divers wanton wounds with a blunt instrument, probably a crow-bar,—swearing by Satan and all his saints, that if you stir an inch of your body before day-break, they will instantly return, cut your throat, knock out your brains, hang you, and carry you off for sale to a surgeon: Therefore you must use pocket-door-bolts, which are applicable to almost all sorts of doors, and on many occasions save the property and life of the traveller. The cork-screw-door-fastening the Doctor recommends as the simplest. This is screwed in between the door and the door post, and unites them so firmly, that great power is required to force a door so fastened. They are as portable as common cork-screws, and their weight does not exceed an ounce and a half. The safety of your bed-room should always be carefully examined; and in case of bolts not being at hand, it will be useful to hinder entrance into the room by putting a table and chair upon it against the door. Take a peep below the bed, and into the closets, and every place where concealment is possible—of course, although he forgets to suggest it, into the chimney. A friend of the Doctor's used to place a bureau against the door, and thereon he set a basin and ewer in such a position as easily to rattle, so that, on being shook, they instantly became "*molto agitato*." Upon one alarming occasion, this device frightened away one of the chambermaids, or some other Paulina Pry, who attempted to steal on the virgin sleep of the travelling Joseph, who all the time was hiding his head beneath the bolster. Joseph, however, believed that it was a horrible midnight assassin, with mustachios and a dagger, "The chattering of the crockery gave the alarm, and the attempt, after many attempts, was abandoned."

With all these fearful apprehensions in his mind, Dr Kitchiner must

\* The painter is the artist who is employed in inns to paint the buttered toast. He always works in oils. As the Director-General would say—he deals in buttery touches.

have been a man of great natural personal courage and intrepidity, to have slept even once in his whole lifetime from home. What dangers must we have passed, who used to plump in, without a thought of damp in the bed, or scamp below it—closet and chimney uninspected, door unbolted and unscrewed, exposed to rape, robbery, and murder! It is mortifying to think that we should be alive at this day. Nobody, male or female, thought it worth their while to rob, ravish, or murder us! There we lay, forgotten by the whole world—till the crowing of cocks, or the ringing of bells, or blundering boots, insisting on it that we were a Manchester Bagman, who had taken an inside in the Heavy at five, broke our repose, and Sol laughing in at the unshuttered and uncurtained window, shewed us the floor of our dormitory, not streaming with a gore of blood. We really know not whether to be most proud of having been the favourite child of Fortune, or the neglected brat of Fate. One only precaution did we ever use to take against assassination, and all the other ills that flesh is heir to, sleep where one may, and that was to say inwardly a short fervent prayer, humbly thanking our Maker for all the happiness—let us trust it was innocent—of the day; and humbly imploring his blessing on all the hopes of to-morrow. For, at the time we speak of, we were young—and every morning, whatever the atmosphere might be, rose bright and beautiful, with hopes, that far as the eyes of the soul could reach, glittered on earth's, and heaven's, and life's horizon!

But suppose that after all this trouble to get himself bolted and screwed into a paradisaical tabernacle of a dormitory, there had suddenly rung through the house the cry of FIRE—FIRE—FIRE! how was Dr Kitchiner to get out? Tables, bureaux, benches, chairs, blocked up the only door—all laden with wash-hand basins and other utensils, the whole crockery-shepherdesses of the chimney-piece, double-barrelled pistols with spring bayonets ready to shoot and stab him, without distinction of persons, as their proprietor was madly seeking to escape the roaring flames! Both windows are iron-bound, with all their shutters, and over and above tightly fastened with "the cork-screw-

fastening, the simplest that we have seen." The wind-board is in like manner, and by the same most unhappy contrivance, firmly jammed into the jaws of the chimney, so egress to the Doctor up the vent is wholly denied—no fire-engine in the town—but one under repair. There has not been a drop of rain for a month, and the river is not only distant but dry. The element is growling along the galleries like a lion, and the room is filling with something more deadly than back-smoke. A shrill voice is heard, crying—"Number 5 will be burned alive! Number 5 will be burned alive! Is there no possibility of saving the life of Number 5?" The Doctor falls down before the barricado, and is stretched all his hapless length fainting on the floor. At last the door is burst open, and landlord, landlady, chambermaid, and boots—each in a different key—from manly bass to childish treble, demand of Number 5 if he be a murderer or madman—for, gentle reader, it has been a—Dream!

We must hurry to a close, and shall perform the short remainder of our journey on foot. The first volume of the Oracle concludes with "Observations on Pedestrians." Here we are at home—and could, we imagine, have given the Doctor a mile in the hour in a year-match. The strength of man, we are given distinctly to understand by the Doctor, is "in the ratio of the performance of the restorative process, which is as the quantity and quality of what he puts into his stomach, the energy of that organ and the quantity of exercise he takes." This statement of the strength of man may be unexceptionably true, and most philosophical to those who are up to it—but to us it resembles a definition we have heard of thunder, "the conjection of the sulphur congeals the matter." It appears to us that a strong stomach is not the sole constituent of a strong man—but that it is not much amiss to be provided with a strong back, a strong breast, strong thighs, strong legs, and strong feet. With a strong stomach alone—yea, even the stomach of a horse—a man will make but a sorry Pedestrian. The Doctor, however, speedily redeems himself by saying admirably well, that nutrition does not depend more on the state of the stomach, or of what we put into

it, than it does on the stimulus given to the system by exercise, which alone can produce that perfect circulation of the blood which is required to throw off superfluous secretions, and give the absorbents an appetite to suck up fresh materials. This requires the action of every petty artery, and of the minutest ramifications of every nerve and fibre in our body. Thus, he remarks, a little farther on, by way of illustration, that a man, suffering under a fit of the vapours, after half an hour's brisk ambulation, will often find that he has walked it off, and that the action of the body has exonerated the mind.

The Doctor warms as he walks—and is very near leaping over the fence of Political Economy. Providence, he remarks, furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up for ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced to produce its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen persons out of twenty; and as for those who are, by the condition in which they are born, exempted from work, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they daily and duly employ themselves in that VOLUNTARY LABOUR WHICH GOES BY THE NAME OF EXERCISE. Inflexible justice, however, forces us to say, that although the Doctor throws a fine philosophical light over the most general principles of walking, as they are involved in “that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exercise,” yet he falls into frequent and fatal error when he descends into the particulars of the practice of pedestrianism. Thus, he says, that no person should sit down to a hearty meal immediately after any great exertion, either of mind or body—that is, one might say, after a few miles of Plinlimmon, or a few pages of the *Principia*. Let the man, quoth he, who comes home fatigued by bodily exertion, especially if he feel heated by it, throw his legs upon a chair, and remain quite tranquil and composed, that the energy which has been dispersed to the extremities may have time to return to the stomach, when it is required. To all this we say—Fudge! The

sooner you get hold of a leg of roasted mutton the better; but, meanwhile, off rapidly with a pot of porter—then leisurely on with a clean shirt—wash your face and hands in gelid—none of your tepid water. There is no harm done if you should shave—then keep walking up and down the parlour rather impatiently, for such conduct is natural, and in all things act agreeably to nature—stir up the waiter with some original jests by way of stimulants, and to give the knave's face a well-pleased stare—and never fearing “that the energy which has been dispersed to the extremities,” has had ample time to return to the stomach, in God's name fall to! and take care that the second course shall not appear till there is no vestige left of the first—a second course being looked on by the judicious moralist and pedestrian very much in the light in which the poet has made a celebrated character consider it—

“Nor fanie I slight—nor for her favours call—  
She comes unlooked-for—if she comes at all.”

To prove how astonishingly our strength may be diminished by indolence, the Doctor tells us, that meeting a gentleman who had lately returned from India, to his inquiry after his health, he replied, “Why, better—better, thank ye—I think I begin to feel some symptoms of the return of a little English energy. Do you know that the day before yesterday I was in such high spirits, and felt so strong, I actually put on one of my stockings myself?”

The Doctor then asserts, that it has been repeatedly proved, that a man can travel farther for a week or a month than a horse. When he read this sentence to Will Whipcord—“Yes, sir,” replied that renowned Professor of the Newmarket Philosophy, “that's all right, sir—a man can beat a horse.”

Now, Will Whipcord may be right in his opinion, and a man may beat a horse. But it never has been tried: There is no match of pedestrianism on record between a first-rate man and a first-rate horse; and as soon as there is, we shall lay our money on the horse; only mind, the horse carries no weight, and he must be allowed to do his work on turf. We know that Arab horses will carry their riders, and all their arms and accoutrements, (no light

weight,) across the desert, 70 and 80 miles a-day, for a good many days—and that for three days they often go a hundred miles a-day. That would have puzzled Captain Barclay in his prime, the Prince of Pedestrians. However, be that as it may, the comparative pedestrian powers of man and horse have never yet been ascertained by any accredited match in England.

The Doctor then quotes an extract from a Pedestrian Tour in Wales, by a Mr Shepherd, who, we are afraid, is no great head-piece, though we shall be truly happy to find ourselves in error. Mr Shepherd, speaking of the inconveniences and difficulties attending a pedestrian excursion, says, "that at one time the roads are rendered so muddy by the rain, that it is almost impossible to proceed;"—"at other times you are exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and by wasting time under a tree or a hedge are benighted in your journey, and again reduced to an uncomfortable dilemma." "Another disadvantage is, that your track is necessarily more confined—a deviation of ten or twelve miles makes an important difference, which, if you were on horseback, would be considered as trivial." "Under all these circumstances," he says, "it may appear rather remarkable that we should have chosen a pedestrian excursion—in answer to which, it may be observed, that we were not apprised of these things till we had experienced them." What! Mr Shepherd, were you, who, we presume, have reached the age of puberty, not apprised, before you penetrated as a pedestrian into the Principality, that "roads are rendered muddy by the rain?" Had you never met, either in your experience of life, or in the course of your reading, proof positive that pedestrians "are exposed to the inclemency of the weather?" That, if a man will linger too long under a tree or a hedge when the sun is going down, "he will be benighted?" Under what serene atmosphere, in what happy clime, have you pursued your preparatory studies in the open air—subdilo? But, our dear Mr Shepherd, why waste time under the shelter of a tree or a hedge? Waste time nowhere, our young and unknown friend. What the worse would you have been of being soaked to the skin? Besides, consider the

danger you ran of being killed by lightning, had there been a few flashes, under a tree? Further, what will become of you, if you addict yourself on every small emergency to trees and hedges, when the country you walk through happens to be as bare as the palm of your hand? Button your jacket, good sir—scorn an umbrella—emerge boldly from the sylvan shade, snap your fingers at the pitiful pelting of the pitiless storm—poor spite indeed in Densissimus Lumber—and we will insure your life for a presentation copy of your Tour, against all the diseases that leapt out of Pandora's box, not only till you have reached the Inn at Chapel-Cerig, but your own home in England, (we forget the county,)—ay, till your marriage, and the baptism of your first-born.

Dr Kitchiner seems to have been much frightened by Mr Shepherd's picture of a storm in a puddle, and proposes a plan of alleviation of one great inconvenience of pedestrianizing. "Persons," quoth he, "who take a pedestrian excursion, and intend to subject themselves to the uncertainties of accommodation, by going across the country and visiting unfrequented paths, will act wisely to carry with them a piece of oil-skin, to sit upon while taking refreshment out of doors, which they will often find needful during such excursions." To save trouble, the breech of the pedestrian's breeches should be a patch of oil-skin. Here a question of great difficulty and importance arises—Breeches or trowsers? Dr Kitchiner is decidedly for breeches. "The garter," says he, "should be below the knee, and breeches are much better than trowsers. The general adoption of those which, till our late wars, were exclusively used by 'the Lords of the Ocean,' has often excited my astonishment. However convenient trowsers may be to the sailor who has to cling to slippery shrouds, for the landsman nothing can be more inconvenient. They are heating in summer, and in winter are collectors of mud. Moreover, they occasion a necessity for wearing garters. Breeches are in all respects much more convenient. These should have the knee-band three quarters of an inch wide, lined on the upper side with a piece of plush, and fastened with a buckle, which is much

easier than even double strings, and, by observing the strap, you always know the exact degree of tightness that is required to keep up the stocking; any pressure beyond that is prejudicial, especially to those who walk long distances."

We are strongly inclined to agree with the Doctor in his panegyric on breeches. True, that in the forenoons, especially if of a dark colour, such as black, and worn with white, or even grey or bluish, stockings, they are apt, in the present state of public taste, to stamp you a schoolmaster, or a small grocer in full dress, or an exciseman going to a ball. We could dispense too with the knee-buckles and plush lining—though we allow the one might be ornamental, and the other useful. But what think you, gentle reader, of walking with a Pedometer? A Pedometer is an instrument cunningly devised to tell you how far and how fast you walk, and is a perambulator in miniature. The box containing the wheels is made of the size of a watch-case, and goes into the breeches-pocket, and by means of a string and hook, fastened at the waist-band, or at the knee, the number of steps a man takes, in his regular paces, are registered, from the action

of the string upon the internal wheel-work at every step, to the amount of 30,000. It is necessary to ascertain the distance walked, that the average length of one pace be precisely known, and that multiplied by the number of steps registered on the dial-plate.

All this is very ingenious; and we know one tolerable pedestrian who is also a Pedometrist. But no Pedometrician will ever make a fortune in a mountainous island, like Great Britain, where pedestrianism is indigenous to the soil. A good walker is as regular in his going, as clock-work. He has his different paces—three, three and a half—four, four and a half—five, five and a half—six miles an hour—*toe and heel*. A common watch, therefore, is to him, in the absence of mile-stones, as good as a Pedometer—with this great and indisputable advantage, that a common watch continues to go even after you have yourself stopped, whereas, the moment you sit down on your oil-skin, why, your Pedometer (which indeed from its name and construction, is not unreasonable,) immediately stands still. Neither, we believe, can you accurately note the pulse of a friend in a fever by a Pedometer. We must conclude.

\* MISCELLANEA CRITICA, &c. No. II.

5.

TRUTH is required of Poetry. But what truth?—Evidently not exact and literal truth. Our personages speak in verse. It is not meant to be intimated that the real persons did so; any more than that the speaker, whom we introduce in soliloquy, had the habit of conversing with himself. It is, in like manner, a departure, undisguised and not to be mistaken, from the formal truth of the subject, when the inhabitants of different countries, concerning whom we have no ground for conjecturing that they knew each other's, or possessed a common language, address and understand one another without difficulty. But we go further. For it is possible, that the speeches, which we put into their mouths, were never delivered by them even in substance, nor any that resembled them. For how much then, of all that he appears to propose to our belief, would the poet be held to an-

swer?—That the events, at least, fell out in the order and connexion, in which he has presented them,—to the minutest particular?—No; not in many instances, that they ever happened:—or that any one of the persons, whose action and suffering he has involved with them, and to whose characters and fortunes he wins the throbbing interest of spell-bound solitary readers, and breathless audiences, had existence.

It is not then, we are driven to infer, truth particular and actual, that is required in Poetry. What else?—Truth general and possible—if there be any such?—Neither this. For the dramatic poet, for example, would unwillingly be thought to entertain the opinion, that a numerous mixed company of friends and enemies, such as he sets before us, would under the supposed, or could under any possible circumstances, conduct their living tragedy, throughout, in measured and

harmonious numbers:—or, if his Muse used the Athenian stage, that a Chorus could be found in the world, performing the part which he has assigned to it:—A number of men, or women, Citizens, Captives, or Furies, in most cases, (not indeed in the last,) observers without being participators, of the most momentous transactions;—public confidants of the most deservedly private emotions and purposes;—and chanting, with admirable consent and contemporaneousness, as well as extemporaneousness of thought and feeling, the calmest, noblest morality, inwoven with the loftiest and most splendid imagery, in the richest, boldest, and most powerful words and sounds of song.—So much for the form, or scheme of Poetry.—Then, for the matter:—of those who, at this day, look with most favour on Jupiter and his bright synod in the *Iliad*, or on the ghosts, witches, and fairies, of any later verse, few, we must presume, do so under a persuasion of their *possible* reality.—To one part of this last observation, indeed, it may perhaps be urged in answer, that Homer believed in his own Pantheon; that we, who do not, confess ourselves no longer at liberty to put it in action, in our verse:—and that hence it would appear as if the moral truth of the poet's own acceptance of the creed in which he founds his story were the condition of its further reception. But it might be justly replied, that this is not sufficient,—that if the belief (as possible) of that which is represented, made the truth required, we may fairly, for half the question, leave the author out of it, and say that the power, to those who are to receive it, of a poetry resting upon an extinct mythology, must have expired with it:—which misfortune as yet has not fallen upon the *Iliad*. Besides, it has not yet been satisfactorily shown, that the poet is indeed restrained from using a faith not his own, any otherwise than by the difficulty of treating it, as if it were. Did Shakspeare believe in Oberon and Ariel?

Is the truth said to be required anything more than the satisfaction of the rule,—that every being shall be drawn self-consistently?—that is, consistently with its *once-determined conditions*,—let these be proposed, or accepted, by the poet?—When he imagines a nature, he gives the conditions. When

he draws men, or the appearances of the material universe, he receives them. If he draw imaginary beings that have been objects of human belief, he receives, in part, at least, the conditions.

But even when he will represent subjects that exist under human observation,—Man and the world in which he lives,—if he receives some conditions from Nature, he receives others from Art. That men, whose usual discourse is without measure, should speak in verse, as in all Poetry they must,—that they, who understand different languages only, should converse in one and the same, as is poetically unavoidable,—that silent thought has become audible, in dramatic soliloquy,—are deviations from reality, falsifications of natural truth, made in obedience to such conditions,—compliances—thence justified—with the requisitions of Art. Many others may easily be suggested:—As, *selection*;—to wit, that discourse and action, which would unavoidably find place in the real transaction, but are unnecessary to the causation of the event, and irrelevant to the feelings intended to be maintained, should be rejected:—As, that discourse shall be of a strain, not strictly suited to the persons speaking, but frequently, perhaps throughout, somewhat more touched with poetry:—As, that events, and changes of mind, which must have happened in many days, should be crowded not only into an actual, but even into a poetical, or represented hour.

The truth required from a poet, even when professing to exhibit realities, is, therefore, one subject to, and controuled by, *conditions of Art*:—which might seem to be of two orders:—springing, in the first place, from the limitations or necessities—in the second, from the legitimate endeavours, or the purposes—of Art. Instances of both kinds have been here mentioned.

It appears probable that the more faithfully, within these limits, the truth of possible, or general—perhaps it might even be said, of actual and individual nature—can be preserved, the more excellent the work will be:—that is, supposing, what is by no means necessary, the subject to be taken in general or individual, in possible or actual nature.

It should be noted, that the poet may, if he pleases, in delineating real beings—as MEN—add external conditions to which they have not been, and cannot be subject;—conditions of wholly imaginary situation;—may describe Knight-errantry, Arcady, a human being transported to Fairy-land, &c.

The intention of the above observations is to shew—what?—that the business of the poet is not—TRUTH. Why, who ever supposed it? Do we not allow, all of us, the essence of poetry to be Fiction?—No, we do not. On the contrary, we assert, almost as its highest praise, that it is true—true to some standard or model—if that standard or model is Nature, or supposed to be so, true to Nature:—the illustrious, universal praise of Homer and Shakspeare:—and, as we said at first, we require this Truth.—In fact, we make the assertion at once of the two, seemingly, contrary and mutually distinctive propositions,—that Poetry is falsehood,—that it is Truth. To know what it is that we really do maintain, it seemed necessary to ascertain generally what the Truth is which we do not require.

5. It might have been remarked, or explained, under the second head, that departures from the custom, or law, of the verse are, often, among the most powerful means, which the poet can use, to give, what has just been spoken of, EXPRESSION to his versification.

With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound.

*Par. Lost.*

Armaque, corporaque, et permisti cæde virorum

Semianimes voluntur equi.—*Æneid.*

Would they make peace?—Terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*Rich. II.*

Not indeed that it is always easy, or perhaps possible to distinguish between the law, and the custom. Which, for example, is violated in this last instance?—Or in the spondee for the fifth foot of the Roman hexameter, rarely used, and always for EXPRESSION?—

## 6.

Among the difficulties that are met with in the attempt to expound the philosophy of poetry, one of the ear-

liest which presents itself, is to assign the reason of the pleasure of verse. Probably the reason is not one. But of many reasons, the following may be some of the more obvious and important.

1. That the measure of numbers does—as order, in all subjects, and symmetry, in the works of various arts, are wont to do—enable the understanding to command, or comprehend them.

2. That it introduces into numbers the power of expectation,—or, at least, by much more strictly defining expectation, greatly augments the power. As the measure is accomplished, the expectation—of the ear, we should say, but the expression is figurative—is satisfied;—the first and simplest pleasure from this source;—the most easily and generally felt and understood.—By departing from the custom, though not from the law of the measure—as in respect to the caesura, or pause, for instance—and, in rare instances, by violation of the law itself, the poet plays with, eludes, suspends expectation, or substitutes for its fulfilment—surprise;—in all which, aptly and happily managed, there is pleasure, from the same source, of a second kind,—more artful,—most felt with most culture,—and not always easily explained.

3. There is fixed, grateful association with verse,—as with a FORM of language, appropriated to—and which has been regularly known in—composition, having power over the imagination and feelings.

4. The measure, by marking out the SOUND of language peculiarly to our notice, appears to increase our susceptibility for all the qualities of the sound. And hence the ear is found to be more apprehensive of the beauty—i. e. the general pleasing qualities—as softness, richness, stateliness, above all, if it be not the aggregate of all, melody—as well as of the adaptation to the specific thought or feeling—the expressiveness—of Sound, in verse, than in prose.

## 7.

The language of verse has been different from that of prose among all nations,—the FORM (metre) having first evidently and strongly separated them.

They differ—



1. In the greater liberty of collocation allowed to the language of verse; which, being freed to a certain degree from the obligation of the settled custom of speech, more faithfully follows the feeling:—A character of language conspicuous in the *Paradise Lost*, the *Edda*, the *Æneid*, the *Iliad*.

2. The language itself is *historical*—different—to a certain extent,—or, *by present invention*. Words, forms of words, and locutions are known in verse, that are not known, or no longer known, out of it:—

As, in Virgil—*aurai simplicis ignem*:—

In Milton—*laden with stormy blasts*:—

In Spenser—*Kings and Ætars*:—

In Milton— - - from among  
Thousand celestial Ardors, where he  
stood:—

In Shakspeare— - - Will these  
moss'd trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page  
thy heels,

And skip where thou point'st out?—

In the Greek poets—*ἰσχυροί, ἀφελήματα, πύλοισι, ἀναξίφορμι, &c.* and innumerable similar words,—a great ornament to their style,—doubtless found out for verse, and for the most part confined to it. As among our own—*oak-cleaving, thunder-clasping, star-paved, &c.*

3. Aristotle has observed that in verse (poetry) it is possible to say “the white milk,” but in prose (eloquence) not. That is to say, that in verse we are allowed simply to render an impression:—without the privilege of verse, it is required that some further intellectual purpose be satisfied:—as, that what is offered should be either in itself an accession to our knowledge, or the ground of—the first step towards—such an accession:—&c.

This is evidently not a difference of the language only, but also of the *manner of thought*, in metrical and unmetrical discourse.

As Verse, it has been observed, allows more liberty to the collocation of words, in compliance with the movement of the mind, touched with various affection. In like manner, it allows a greater freedom and boldness in the use of certain *modes of speech*, or, it might indeed be said as properly, *of thought*, which are the result, or natural product, of moved states of the mind;—and commonly receive the de-

nomination of rhetorical, or poetical, figures.

In unmetrical composition, and the common discourse of men, such figures are in use, but are either less frequent, or less strongly characterized. The indulgence granted to emotion, in composition in verse, renders them in it either of more ordinary occurrence, or of more prominent, bolder, more peculiarly defined character. So much difference, then, between the language, (or between the manner of thought,) prevalent in compositions distinguished by metre, and that suitable to the other uses of speech,—being the result of more continuous, or more highly excited emotion—is natural, inevitable,—and must be without blame.—But those who have cultivated the different species of metrical composition—Poets—seem to have gone something further, in adopting what they have considered as a fit style for their purpose with language,—Poetry,—a deliberate and systematic poetical diction. Which has consisted, in great part, in the employment—beyond what the mere emotion, by its amount and quality, would give—of these forms of speech (or thought); not now the proper and pure birth of the mind, excited by feeling to the act of imagination, but imitated and taken over from one poet to another,—a sanctioned and accepted—but withal an artificial—LANGUAGE OF POETRY.

It is concerning *this excess, beyond what nature dictates, in the use of these forms*, (and the same in respect to the freer collocation of words,) as constituting an authorized, separate and peculiar dialect of poetry, that some discussion has of late arisen in our literature. There can be no doubt that by the poets both of our own, and many other countries, the excess has, if one may say so, been carried to excess: but those, who call upon us to recover to poetry its pristine strength and truth, deny that it may be admitted in any measure.

The weight of authority appears to be against them, which they, however, do not allow as conclusive of the question.

Is there not here, and everywhere else, something granted to Art, that is not known to Nature, to supply, or cover its necessary, adhering imperfection?

## SCHMELZLE'S JOURNEY TO FLATZ.\*

MOST men are cowards; and that will be seen, felt, proved, and confessed, as soon as there have been a few centuries of universal peace. Of all the virtues, as they are called, courage is the most artificial. It is created and cockered up by war. Let all swords be once fairly converted into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and the natural cowardice of the human race will exhibit itself in an infinite variety of unexpected forms. It would be tedious to trace the causes which in our country have so long concealed, in some measure diminished,—but it is to be trusted, not destroyed, the cowardice of the people. Such an inquiry would lead us back to a period long antecedent to the Invasion of Great Britain by Julius Cæsar; however cruel, wicked, and unnatural man has always been, war has still been at the bottom of the business—and if, instead of Whig or Tory, or Tory-Whig Administration, we could contrive to form and keep together for a few years, a Quaker Administration—a Drab Cabinet—cowards, as we are bold enough to avow ourselves to be, we should then fear not to wager all we might happen to be worth, that the natural character would soon reappear in all its natural timidity, and that not a person in Great Britain would be found so valiant and irrational as to volunteer leading a forlorn hope.

It is cheering to know, however, how much hypocrisy there is in what is called courage. Hypocrisy in a large congregation praying in a church is bad, but hypocrisy in two large armies fighting in a field is good. Were they really the blood-thirsty murderous ruffians, that to a shallow spectator of their conduct they appear to be, words would be wanting to express the abhorrence and detestation with which all good men must regard battalion, light infantry, and grenadiers. But it is refreshing and consolatory to reflect, that there are not above some score of men in either armament, who on the morning of a pitched battle, do not, half in fear, half in anger, curse the day on which

they sold themselves for food to the cannon. Both armies are trembling from head to foot. What would not that fine Irish regiment give to be handling the useful spade on a lazy bed of potatoes, or flourishing the harmless shillela in a fight down at the Bridge? The brave Forty-Second, often as they have been cut in pieces, have never come to like it; and the heart of every true Gael is sighing for the still life of his Highland hills.

But it is not till the armies have joined battle, that the natural cowardice of man is conspicuous in all its terrible energy. From a position completely commanding our left wing, to which we shall suppose ourselves to belong—called, we think, a Key—opens a hundred great gun battery, which, in the language of flattery, is said “to be playing upon our line.” Under cover of this facetious fire, several squadrons of French cavalry come thundering upon our broken squares—a kind of horse-play, almost as rough as the gambols of the sportive battery. No want of heads of columns of foot advancing with fixed bayonets at the *pas de charge*. Previous to all this entertaining din, confusion, and clamour, the day was too hot to hold us—but now the whole of the left wing is in an oven, and seems to be running a strong risk of being thoroughly roasted before the right wing has had a single turn before the fire. The ranks a little while ago were certainly too thick for comfort, but they are now fast falling into the opposite extreme—some men sinking down gently with a prayer, as if dropping asleep—some knocked suddenly off their pins—some falling in strange vagaries as they would dance—some cut in two with the utmost precision—some mangled curiously—some blown to atoms;—yet do not think that the left wing has been idle all this time, for, would you believe it? it is victorious! There had been tit for tat. In a paroxysm of fear, the whole left wing, with three times three, flies towards the Key, and before their cowardice has had time to cool, carries it on the point of the bayonet.

Why then should cowardice, thus

\* Four Volumes, Tait, Edinburgh and London. 1827.

seen in the most glaring colours to be a universal attribute of man, be held in such low repute? The ladies don't like it, they say, and therefore the gentlemen declare that they carry nothing of the kind about with them—but why don't the ladies like it? Because they have read romance, and the age of chivalry is not yet quite gone. Why do they read romance, and why is the age of chivalry not gone? Nay, now we are getting on the back of the tortoise, so let what is written pass for a preamble, and now for the main body of our article.

All the world has read the English Opium-Eater's eloquent eulogy in the London Magazine on Jean Paul Richter—and his exquisitely translated extracts from the writings of that extraordinary man. All the world, too, has read the translator of Wilhelm Meister's eloquent eulogy in the Edinburgh Review on Jean Paul Richter, unfortunately, if not injudiciously, unaccompanied by any exquisitely translated extracts from the writings of that most extraordinary man. Not one billionth part of the world has read the translator of Wilhelm Meister's Translations of Specimens of the Chief Authors of German Romance, containing, among much other most amusing, and interesting, and original matter, what appears to us a most admirable memoir of a person of the most distinguished cowardice. It is a piece of autobiography from the pen of Army-chaplain Schmelzle, in the shape of a letter, wherein he describes to his friends his journey to the metropolitan city of Flätz.

The courage of the Army-chaplain had been impugned by rumour, and he sets himself boldly to work to give lying Rumour the squabash. A more triumphant refutation of the calumnies of that arch malignant, than that of the worthy Schmelzle; never, in his own opinion, had been indited; while throughout his exposé it is delightful to see the fine, simple, sincere, honest, broad, cowardice, native to the man, beaming in every sentence—to feel how the Army-chaplain ingratiates himself into our affections by a thousand little unconscious traits of timidity, that absolutely make us "wish that Heaven had made us such a man."

He entitles his letter, "Circular Letter of the proposed Catechetical Professor Attila Schmelzle to his

Friends; containing some account of a Holiday's Journey to Flätz, with an Introduction, touching his Flight and his Courage as former Army-chaplain."

He begins with telling his friends, that nothing can be more ludicrous and diverting than to hear people stigmatizing a man as cowardly and base-hearted, who perhaps all the time is struggling desperately with the very opposite faults, namely those of a lion—though indeed the African lion himself, since the time of Sparrmann's Travels, passes among us for a poltroon. Such, however, is his case—and he wishes to say a few words upon it, before describing his journey.

But we also wish to say a very few words about the libel on the lion. From time immemorial up to Sparrmann, the lion stood high for courage. He is now pretty generally considered to be on a par, with respect to that quality, with General Whitelock and Major Mullens.

It is long since we have dipped into Aristotle's Natural History; but, if we rightly remember, in his time the lion was not suspected of being a cat. It was not indeed, we believe, till some centuries after the Christian era that this calumny was first thrown on his character. Since the days of Linnaeus, Buffon, and others, the calumny has assumed not only a tangible, but a scientific shape. A lion, in all the treatises of naturalists, is treated as a cat; and we wonder how it has happened that Pidcock and Wombwell have never thought of feeding him on toasted cheese. He who, by the great poets of old, was never named without awe, admiration, or reverence, is now suffered to figure in verse but as a ludicrous image; while his courage is constantly called in question by the fry of small living poets, the whole shoal of whom he could extinguish beneath a paw. Of old, the Greek and Roman eye saw in him the brave—the generous—the noble animal. The pupils of the modern school discover in him but the crafty, cruel, and cowardly lapper of blood. Once he was the king of the forest—and, when taken captive, he fought with men. Now he is the subject of derision even in the desert; and when we get him over to Warwick, he is baited with dogs. Nay, we have seen him caricatured (not by George Cruikshank) as Puss in Boots. We should

tain hope that all this arises from the single circumstance of considering him a cat. He is not a cat—and we should despise ourselves were we to condescend to prove that patriotic assertion. Sure we are, that no reader of this Magazine will for a moment believe that the British Lion himself is a cat. If he be, alas! for heraldry. “The ruddy lion ramped in gold,” is a fine line in Marmion—but if the ruddy lion be only a red cat, we insist on Sir Walter expunging him forthwith. Mercy on us, if a lion be indeed a cat, what would become of Sir David Lindsay—

“Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount,  
Lord Lion King at Arms.”

Lord Cat King at Arms! The Cat King! nay, the Cat! instead of Lord Lion King at Arms—the Lion King—the Lion! Then what becomes of the Independence of the Country, and Smollett's famous Ode to Independence—

“Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye!”

Bonaparte pretended not to know the sharp-eared heads of the British lion, and went the length of calling them leopards. But even he, in his affected scorn, did not venture to call them cats. If lions be cats, the two following fine lines lose all their grandeur:—

“And in the vault of Heaven, serenely  
fair,  
The lion's fiery mane floats through the  
ambient air!”

A lion and an unicorn look nobly—as the heart of every true Scotchman feels—but, alas! and alack-a-day, a cat and a unicorn!

“The lion and an unicorn  
Fighting for the Crown;  
The lion chased the unicorn  
All through the town.”

This popular verse—though rather out in its heraldry—is at least natural, and practically true; but what unicorn would suffer himself to be chased through a Scottish town by a cat? Having thus backed Army-chaplain Schmelzle's vindication of the courage of the lion, against the calumnies of Sparrmann and others, let us see how the Army-chaplain proclaims his own courage, at the point of the pen, against all the world. What follows is excellent.

“You in truth are all aware that, directly in the teeth of this calumny, it is courage, it is desperadoes, (provided they be not braggarts and tumultuous persons,) whom I chiefly venerate; for example, my brother-in-law, the Dragoon, who never in his life bastinadoed one man, but always a whole social circle at the same time. How truculent was my fancy, even in childhood, when I, as the parson was toning away to the silent congregation, used to take it into my head: ‘How now, if thou shouldst start up from thy pew, and shout aloud—I am here too, Mr Parson!’ and to paint out this thought in such glowing colours, that for very dread, I have often been obliged to leave the church! Anything like Rugenda's battle-pieces; horrid murder-tumults, sea-fights or stormings of Toulon, exploding fleets; and, in my childhood, Battles of Prague on the harpsichord; nay, in short, every map of any remarkable scene of war: these are perhaps too much my favourite objects; and I read—and purchase nothing sooner; and doubtless, they might lead me into many errors, were it not that my circumstances restrain me. Now, if it be objected that true courage is something higher than mere thinking and walling, then you, my worthy friends, will be the first to recognise mine, when it shall break forth into, not barren and empty, but active and effective words, while I strengthen my future Catechetical Pupils, as well as can be done in a course of College Lectures, and steel them into Christian heroes.

“It is well known that, out of care for the preservation of my life, I never walk within at least ten fields of any shore full of bathers or swimmers; merely because I foresee to a certainty, that in case one of them were drowning, I should that moment (for the heart overbalances the head) plunge after the fool to save him, into some bottomless depth or other, where we should both perish. And if dreaming is the reflex of waking, let me ask you, true Hearts, if you have forgotten my relating to you dreams of mine, which no Caesar, no Alexander, or Luther, need have felt ashamed of? Have I not, to mention a few instances, taken Rome by storm; and done battle with the Pope and the whole elephantine body of the Cardinal College, at one and the same time? Did I not once on horseback, while simply looking at a review of military, dash headlong into a *bataillon quarre*; and then capture, in Aix-la-Chapelle, the Peruke of Charlemagne, for which the town pays yearly ten reichsthalers of barbed money; and carrying it off to Halberstadt von Gleim.

there in like manner seize the Great Perick's Hat; put both Peruke and Hat on my head, and yet return home, after I had stormed their batteries and turned the cannon against the cannoneers themselves? Did I not once submit to be made a Jew of, and then be regaled with hams; though they were spe-hams on the Orinocco (see Humboldt)? And a thousand such things: for I have thrown the Consistorial President of Flütz out of the Palace window; those alarm-fulminators, sold by Heinrich Backofen in Gotha, at six groschen the dozen, and each going off like a cannon, I have listened to so calmly that the fulminators did not even awaken me; and more of the like sort."

Nothing can be more triumphant—But some one seems to whisper in to Schmelzle's ear—"Who took leg-bail, Schmelzle, in a certain battle? On what well-foughten field was it, Schmelzle, that, on the chaplain's being called for to preach a thanksgiving sermon for the victory, no chaplain whatever was to be found?" To this malignant whisper, which could only have proceeded from the Devil or one of his imps, the Army-chaplain exultingly replies—"What say you, when I tell you that I never was in any action; but have always been accustomed, several hours prior to such an event, to withdraw so many miles to the rear, that our men, as soon as they are beaten, may be sure where to find me? A retreat is reckoned the masterpiece in the art of war; and at no time can a retreat be executed with such order, force, and security, as just before the battle, when you are not yet beaten."

The force of this reasoning seems to us altogether irresistible; but the Army-chaplain, like a bold man as he is, gives his adversaries no quarter, but returns to the charge—drives them before him—and finally leaves them "*hors de combat*." "To many good folks," he exclaims, "any park looks kindlier, and smiles more sweetly, than a sulphurous park of artillery; and the Warlike Foot, which the age is placed on, is to them the true Devil's cloven foot of human nature."

"But for my part I think not so: almost as if the party spirit of my Christian name, Attila, had passed into me more strongly than was proper, I feel myself impelled still farther to prove my courageousness; which, dearest Friends! I shall here in a few lines again do. This

proof I could manage by mere inferences and learned citations. For example, if Galen remarks that animals with large hind-quarters are timid, I have nothing to do but turn round, and shew the enemy my back, and what is under it, in order to convince them that I am not deficient in valour, but in flesh. Again, if by well-known experience it has been found that flesh-eating produces courage, I can evince, that in this particular I yield to no officer in the service; though it is the habit of these gentlemen not only to run up long scores of roastmeat with their landlords, but also to leave them unpaid, that so at every hour they may have an open document in the hands of the enemy himself, (the landlord,) testifying that they have eaten their own share, (with some other people's too,) and so put common butcher-meat on a War-footing, living not like others by bravery, but *for* bravery. As little have I ever, in my character of chaplain, shrunk from comparison with any officer in the regiment, who may be a true lion, and so snatch every sort of plunder, but yet, like this King of Beasts, is afraid of fire, or who,—like King James of England, that scampered off at sight of drawn swords, yet so much the more gallantly, before all Europe, went out against the storming Luther with book and pen,—does, from a similar idiosyncrasy, attack all warlike armaments both by word and writing. And here I recollect with satisfaction, a brave sub-lieutenant, whose confessor I was, (he still owes me the confession-money) and who, in respect of stout-heartedness, had in him perhaps something of that Indian dog which Alexander had presented to him, as a sort of Dog-Alexander. By way of trying this crack dog, the Macedonian made various heroic or heraldic beasts be let loose against him: first a stag; but the dog lay still: then a sow; he lay still: then a bear; he lay still. Alexander was on the point of condemning him, when a lion was let forth: the dog rose, and tore the lion in pieces. So likewise the sub-lieutenant. A challenger, a foreign enemy, a Frenchman, are to him only stag, and sow, and bear, and he lies still in his place: but let his oldest enemy, his creditor, come and knock at his gate, and demand of him actual smart-money for long bygone pleasures, thus presuming to rob him both of past and present: the sub-lieutenant rises, and throws his creditor down stairs. I, alas, am still standing by the sow; and thus, naturally enough, misunderstood."

Almost the only fear to which the At-

my-chaplain will confess himself subject, is the fear that he is thought subject to other fear. This fear that other people may fear that he is subject to fear, he has expressed in a very touching manner; but we fear that we have not time at present (our reluctance proceeds from no other fear) to collect together the various little ingenious sentences in which his fear almost fears, as it were, to give itself vent. He publicly confesses that there are peculiarities in the conduct and appearance of his outward man that in some degree account for, although they do not justify, the popular delusion that has gone abroad on the subject of his courage.

"Whoso, for instance, shall see me walking under quite cloudless skies, with a wax-cloth umbrella over me, to him I shall probably appear ridiculous, so long as he is not aware that I carry this umbrella as a thunder-screen to keep off any bolt out of the blue heaven (whereof there are several examples in the history of the Middle Ages) from striking me to death. My thunder-screen, in fact, is exactly that of Reimarus: on a long walking-stick, I carry the wax cloth roof; from the peak of which, depends a string of gold-lace as a conductor; and this, by means of a key fastened to it, which it trails along the ground, will lead off every possible bolt, and easily distribute it over the whole superficies of the earth. With this *Paratonnerre Portatif* in my hand, I can walk about for weeks, under the clear sky, without the smallest danger. This Diving-bell, moreover, protects me against something else; against shot. For who, in the latter end of Harvest, will give me black on white that no lurking ninny of a sportsman somewhere, when I am out enjoying Nature, shall so fire off his piece at an angle of 45°, that in falling down again, the shot needs only light directly on my crown, and so come to the same as if I had been shot through the brain from a side?

"It is bad enough, at any rate, that we have nothing to guard us from the Moon; which at present is bombarding us with stones like a very Turk: for this paltry little Earth's-train-bearer and errand-maid thinks, in these rebellious times, that she too must begin, forsooth, to sling somewhat against her Mother! In good truth, as matters stand, any young Catechist of feeling may go out o' nights, with whole limbs, into the moonshine, a-meditating; and ere long (in the midst of his meditation the villainous Sa-

telite hits him) come home a pounded jelly. By Heaven! new proofs of courage are required of us on every hand! No sooner have we, with great efforts, got thunder-rods manufactured, and comet-tails explained away, than the enemy opens new batteries in the Moon, or somewhere else in the Blue!"

Such is the perversity of the minds of the million, that the merits of foresight obtain from them less admiration than those of courage, and Schmelzle thinks it, therefore, necessary to recount an equestrian exploit which he performed, to manifest how ludicrous the most serious foresight, with all imaginable inward courage, often externally appears in the eyes of the multitude. Many equestrians are well acquainted with the dangers of a horse that *runs* away—few with those of a horse that *walks* away—but we cannot help, by way of contrast to the adventure which the Army-chaplain is about to recount, describing, in a very few words, our sensations on one occasion, when we were run away with on horseback by a half-blood mare, who we verily believe must have been got by Satan out of Devil's Dam. We give our honour—and our name if desired—that the statement is verbatim and literatim true.

We were sitting rather negligently on this infernal animal, which, up to that day, had seemed quiet as a lamb—kissing our hand to Mrs Davison, then Miss Duncan, and in the blaze of her fame, when a Highland regiment, no doubt the Forty-second, that had been trudging down the Mound, so silently that we never heard them, all at once, and without the slightest warning, burst out, with all their bagpipes, into one pibroch! The mare—to do her justice—had been bred in England, and ridden, as a charger, by an adjutant of an English regiment. She was even fond of music—and delighted to prance behind the band—unterrified by cymbals or great drum. She never moved in a roar of artillery at reviews—and, had the Castle of Edinburgh—Lord bless it—been self-involved, at that moment, in a storm of thunder and lightning round its entire circle of cannon, that mare would not so much as have pricked up her ears, whisked her tail, or lifted a hoof. But the pibroch was more than horse-flesh and blood could endure—and off we two went

like a whirlwind. Where we went—that is to say, what were the names of the few first streets along which we were borne, is a question which, as a man of veracity, we must positively decline answering. For some short space of time, lines of houses reeled by without a single face at the windows—and these, we have since conjectured, might be North and South Hanover Street, and Queen Street. By and by we surely were in something like a square—could it be Charlotte Square? and round and round it we flew—three, four, five, or six times, as horsemen do at the Caledonian amphitheatre—for the animal had got blind with terror, and kept viciously reasoning in a circle. What a show of faces at all the windows then! A shriek still accompanied us as we clattered, and thundered, and lightened along; and, unless our ears lied, there were occasional fits of stifled laughter, and once or twice a guffaw; for there was now a ringing of lost stirrups—and much holding of the mane. One complete round was executed by us, first on the shoulder beyond the pommel, secondly, on the neck; thirdly, between the ears; fourthly, between the forelegs, in a place called the counter, with our arms round the jugular veins of the flying phenomenon, and our toes in the air. That was, indeed, the crisis of our fever, but we made a wonderful recovery back into the saddle—righting like a boat capsized in a sudden squall at sea—and once more, with accelerated speed, away past the pillared front of St George's Church!

The Castle and all its rocks, in peristrepthic panorama, then floated cloudlike by—and we saw the whole mile-length of Prince's-Street stretched before us, studded with innumerable coaches, chaises, chariots, carts, waggons, drays, gigs, shandrydans, and wheel-barrows, through among which we dashed, as if they had been as much gingerbread—while men on horseback were seen flinging themselves off, and drivers dismounting in all directions, making their escape up flights of steps and common stairs—mothers or nurses with broods of young children flying hither and thither in distraction, or standing on the very crown of the causeway, wringing their hands in despair. The wheel-barrows were easily disposed of—nor was there much greater difficulty with the gigs and

shandrydans. But the hackney-coaches stood confoundedly in the way—and a waggon, drawn by four horses, and heaped up to the very sky with beer-barrels, like the Tower of Babel or Babylon, did indeed give us pause—but ere we had leisure to ruminate on the shortness of human life, we broke through between the leaders and the wheels with a crash of leathern breeching, dismounted collars, riven harness, and tumbling of enormous horses that was perilous to hear; when, as Sin and Satan would have it—would you believe it, there, twenty kilts deep at the least, was the same accursed Highland regiment, the Forty-second, with fixed bayonets, and all its pipers in the van, the pibroch yelling, squeaking, squealing, grunting, growling, roaring, as if it had only that very instant broken out—so, suddenly to the right—about went the bag-pipe-haunted mare, and away up the Mound, past the pictures of Irish Giants—Female Dwarfs—Albinos—an Elephant indorsed with towers—Tigers and Lions of all sorts—and a large wooden building, like a pyramid, in which there was the thundering of cannon—for the battle, we rather think, of Camperdown was going on—the Bank of Scotland seemed to sink into the Nor Loch—one gleam through the window of the eyes of the Director-General—and to be sure how we did make the street-stalls of the Lawn-market spin! The man in St Giles's steeple was playing his One o'Clock Tune on the bells, heedless in that elevation of our career—in less than no time John Knox, preaching from a house half-way down the Canongate, gave us the *gr-by*—and down through one long wide sprawl of men, women, and children, we wheeled past the Gothic front, and round the south angle of Holyrood, and across the King's Park, where wan and withered sporting debtors held up their hands and cried, Hurra—hurra—hurra—without stop or stay, up the rocky way that leads to St Anthony's Well and Chapel—and now it was manifest that we were bound for the summit of Arthur's Seat. We hope that we were sufficiently thankful that a direction was not taken towards Salisbury Crags, where we should have been dashed into many million pieces,—in which case this Magazine "must have slept in uncreated dust." Free now from

even the slightest suburban impediment, obstacle, or interruption, we began to eye our gradually rising situation in life—and looking over our shoulder, the sight of city and sea was indeed magnificent. There in the distance rose North Berwick Law—but though we have plenty of time now for description, we had scant time then for beholding perhaps the noblest scenery in Scotland. Up with us—up with us into the clouds—and just as St Giles's bells ceased to jingle, and both girths broke, we crowned the summit, and sat on horseback like King Arthur himself, eight hundred feet above the level of the sea!\*

Now, it is with this little incident that befell ourselves, that we wish to contrast an adventure of the Army-chaplain, Schmelzle, as recorded in his autobiography. It is as follows:

"My evil star would have it, that I should once in Vienna get upon a hack-horse; a pretty enough honey-coloured nag, but old and hard-mouthed as Satan; so that the beast, in the next street, went off with me; and this in truth—only at a *walk*. No pulling, no tugging took effect; I, at last, on the back of this Self-riding-horse, made signals of distress, and cried: 'Stop him, good people, for God's sake stop him; my horse is off!' But these simple persons, seeing the beast move along as slowly as a Reichshofrath law-suit, or the Daily Post-wagen, could not in the least understand the matter, till I cried as if possessed: 'Stop him, then, ye blockheads and jolt-heads; don't you see that I cannot hold the nag?' But now, to these noodles, the sight of a hard-mouthed horse going off with its rider step by step, seemed ridiculous rather than otherwise; half Vienna gathered itself like a comet-tail behind my beast and me. Prince Kaunitz, the best horseman of the century, (the last,) pulled up to follow me. I myself sat and swam like a perpendicular piece of drift-ice on my honey-coloured nag, which stalked on, on, step by step: a many-cornered, red-coated letter-carrier, was delivering his letters, to the right and left in the various stories, and he still

crossed over before me again, with satirical features, because the nag went along too slowly. The Schwanschleuderer, or Train-dasher, (the person, as you know, who drives along the streets with a huge barrel of water, and besplashes them with a leathern pipe of three ells long from an iron trough) came across the haunches of my horse, and, in the course of his duty, wetted both these and myself in a very cooling manner, though, for my part, I had too much cold sweat on me already, to need any fresh refrigeration. On my infernal Trojan Horse (only I myself was Troy, not beridden but riding to destruction), I arrived at Malzlein, (a suburb of Vienna,) or perhaps, so confused were my senses, it might be quite another range of streets. At last, late in the dusk, I had to turn into the Prater; and here, long after the Evening Gun, to my horror, and quite against the police-rules, keep riding to and fro on my honey-coloured nag; and possibly I might even have passed the night on him, had not my brother-in-law, the Dragoon, observed my plight, and so found me still sitting firm as a rock on my runaway steed. He made no ceremonies; caught the brute; and put the pleasant question: Why I had not vaulted, and come off by ground-and-lotty tumbling? though he knew full well, that for this a wooden-horse, which stands still, is requisite. However, he took me down; and so, after all this riding, horse and man got home with whole skins and unbroken bones."

We are now sufficiently well acquainted with the character of the army chaplain, to feel an interest in his fortunes—and ask ourselves what is taking him to Flätz? You shall hear—he goes to present to the Minister, and General von Schabacker, a petition, praying that he would be pleased to indemnify and reward him, as an unjustly deposed Army-chaplain, by a catechetical professorship. The distance to Flätz from his own home is not great, and he has taken his place in the post-coach. "The 22d of July," writes Schmelzle, "about five in the afternoon, was now, by the

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\* It is right to mention, that our mare had a few weeks before (ridden by Colonel Leigh, then in the Castle) performed a match against time, (we forget the number of minutes,) from the draw-bridge of the esplanade to the summit of Arthur's Seat. As her confusion subsided, she naturally enough conceived that she was engaged in doing the match over again—and the fact, therefore, independently of its merits as a mere sporting achievement, is valuable also as a "psychological curiosity," in the philosophy of the Horse.



way-bill of the regular post-coach, irrevocably fixed for my departure." His wife Bergelchen, as he called his Teutoberga, is to follow on the 24th, the intermediate day, the 23d, being that on which he purposes to present his petition. He, therefore, assembles his little knot of domestics, and promulgates to them the household law and valedictory rescript, which, after his departure, in the first place, *before* the outset of his wife, and, in the second place, *after* her outset, they were rigorously to obey,—explaining to them especially whatever, in cases of conflagrations, house-breakings, thunder-storms, or transits of troops, it would behoove them to do. To his wife he delivers an inventory of the best goods in their little register-ship, which goods she, in case the house takes fire, is in the first place to secure.

"I ordered her, in stormy nights, (the peculiar thiet-weather,) to put our Eolian harp in the window, that so any villainous prowler might imagine I was fantasizing on my instrument, and therefore awake: for like reasons, also, to take the house-dog within doors by day, that he might sleep then, and so be livelier at night. I farther counselled her to have an eye on the focus of every knot in the panes of the stable-window, nay, on every glass of water she might set down in the house; as I had already often recounted to her examples of such accidental burning-glasses having set whole buildings in flames. I then appointed her the hour when she was to set out on Friday morning to follow me; and recapitulated more emphatically the household precepts, which, prior to her departure, she must afresh inculcate on her domestics."

The parting from his wife, for the long space of thirty-six hours, is very pathetic, and may not be read without tears. His last words to her are,—*"Now, Berga, if there be a re-union appointed for us, surely it is either in Heaven or Flatz, and I hope in God it is the latter."* With these words, the post-coach whirled stoutly away—and Schmelzle looks round through the back-window at his own good little village of Neusattel, the steeples of which are rising aloft like an epitaphium over his life, or over his body, perhaps, to return a lifeless corpse. But before setting off, we forgot to mention that—

"I now packed in two different sorts of medicines, heating as well as cooling,

against two different possibilities; also my old splints for arm or leg breakages, in case the coach overset; and (out of foresight) two times the money I was likely to need. Only here I could have wished, so uncertain is the stowage of such things, that I had been an Ape with cheek-pouches, or some sort of Opposum with a natural bag, that so I might have repositised these necessities of existence in pockets which were sensitive. Shaving is a task I always go through before setting out on journeys; having a rational mistrust against stranger blood-thirsty barbers; but, on this occasion, I retained my beard; since, however close shaved, it would have grown again by the road to such a length that I could have fronted no Munster and General with it."

The Army-chaplain takes with him, as a safeguard, his brother-in-law, a bold dragoon, and a fire-eater. But he frankly confesses that the assemblage in the Post-coach, and conversational pic-nic, is far from being to his taste, the whole of them suspicious unknown rattle whom the Flatz cattle-market was alluring to its scent. "Beside me," he writes, "sat a person, who, in all human probability, was a harlot; on her breast, a dwarf intending to exhibit himself at the fair; on the other side a rat-catcher gazing at me; and a blind passenger, in a red mantle."

"That rascals among these people would not study me, and my properties and accidents, to entangle me in their snares, no man could be my surety. In strange places. I even, out of prudence, avoid looking long up at any pul-window, because some losel, sitting behind the bars, may, in a moment, call down out of mere malice: 'How goes it, comrade Schmelzle?' or farther, because any lurking catchpoll may fancy I am planning a rescue for some confederate above. From another sort of prudence, little different from this, I also make a point of never turning round when any booby calls, 'Tut!' after me."

As to the dwarf, the Army-chaplain had no objection to travelling with him whithersoever he pleased; but, the wretch thought to raise a particular delectation in his mind by promising that his Pollux and brother in trade, an extraordinary giant, would overtake the Post-coach by midnight. Both of these noodles (for so Schmelzle calls them in his peevish fears) are in the habit of going in company

to *faits*, as reciprocal exaggerators of opposite magnitudes; the dwarf being the convex magnifying glass to the giant, and the giant the concave diminishing glass of the dwarf. The rat-catcher greatly disturbed the Army-chaplain. For besides the unprepossessing profession of poisoning followed by this destroying angel of rats, this *Mous-Atropos*, he had many dangerous features—a stabbing look, piercing you like a stiletto—and a lean, sharp, boney visage, conjoined with his enumeration of his stock of poisons; while there was a sly stillness about him—a sly smile, as if in some corner he noticed a mouse as he would notice a man.

"Nor was I far wrong, I believe; for soon after this, he began quite coolly to inform the company, in which were a dwarf and a female, that, in his time, he had, not without enjoyment, run ten men through the body; had with great convenience hewed off a dozen men's arms; slowly split four heads, torn out two hearts, and more of the like sort; while none of them, otherwise persons of spirit, had in the least resisted: 'but why?' added he, with a poisonous smile, and taking the hat from his odious bald-pate; 'I am invulnerable. Let any one of the company that chooses lay as much fire on my bare crown as he likes, I shall not mind it.'

"My brother-in-law, the Dragoon, directly kindled his tinder-box, and put a heap of the burning matter on the Rat-catcher's poll; but the fellow stood it, as it it had been a mere picture of fire, and the two looked expectingly at one another; and the former smiled very foolishly, saying—'It was simply pleasant to him, like a good warming-plaster; for this was always the wintry region of his body.'

"Here the Dragoon groped a little on the naked skull, and cried with amazement, that 'it was as cold as a kneecap.'

"But now the fellow, to our horror, after some preparations, actually lifted off the quarter-skull, and held it out to us, saying—'He had it sawed off a murderer, his own having accidentally been broken;' and withal explained, that the stabbing and arm-cutting he had talked of was to be understood as a jest, seeing he had merely done it in the character of *Fatulus* at an Anatomical Theatre."

Nor is the red-mantled blind passenger less charming in his own peculiar way than the rat-catcher.

"I come now to the red-mantled Blind Passenger; most probably an *Emigré* or *Refugié*; for he speaks German not worse than he does French; and his name, I think, was *Jean Pierre* or *Jean Paul*, or some such thing, if, indeed, he had any name. His red cloak, notwithstanding this his identity of colour with the Hlang-man, would in itself have remained heartily indifferent, to me, had it not been for this singular circumstance, that he had already five times, contrary to all expectation, come upon me in five different towns, (in great Berlin, in little Hol, in Coburg, Memingen, and Bayreuth,) and each of these times, had looked at me significantly enough, and then gone his ways. Whether this *Jean Pierre* is dogging me with hostile intent or not, I cannot say; but to our fancy, at any rate, no object can be gratifying that thus, with corps of observation, or out of loopholes, holds and aims at us with muskets, which for year after year it shall move to this side and that, without our knowing on whom it is to fire. Still more offensive did Redcloak become to me, when he began to talk about his soft mildness of soul; a thing which seemed either to betoken pumping you or undermining you.

"I replied: 'Sir, I am just come, with my brother-in-law here, from the field of battle, (the last affair was at Pimpelstadt,) and so perhaps am too much of a humour for fire, pluck, and war-fury; and to many a one, who happens to have a roaring waterspout of a heart, it may be well if his clerical character (which is mine) rather enjoins on him mildness than wildness. However, all mildness has its iron limit. If any thoughtless dog chance to anger me, in the first heat of rage, I kick my foot through him; and after me, my good brother here will perhaps drive matters twice as far, for he is the man to do it. Perhaps it may be singular; but I confess, I regret to this day, that once when a boy I received three blows from another, without tightly returning them; and I often feel as if I must still pay them to his descendants. In sooth, if I but chance to see a child running off like a dastard from the weak attack of a child like himself, I cannot for my life understand his running, and can scarcely keep from interring to save him by a decisive knock.'

"The Passenger meanwhile was smiling, not in the best fashion. He gave himself out for a Legation-Rath, and seemed fox enough for such a post; but a mad fox will, in the long run, bite me

as rabidly as a mad wolf will. For the rest, I calmly went on with my eulogy on courage; only that, instead of ludicrous gasconading, which directly betrays the coward, I purposely expressed myself in words at once cool, clear, and firm.

"I am altogether for Montaigne's advice," said I: "Fear nothing but fear."

"I again," replied the Legationsman, with useless wiredrawing, "I should fear again that I did not sufficiently fear fear, but continued too dastardly."

"To this fear, also," replied I coldly, "I set limits. A man, for instance, may not in the least believe in, or be afraid of ghosts; and yet by night may bathe himself in cold sweat, and this purely out of terror at the dreadful sight he should be in, (especially with what whiffs of epilepsies, falling-sicknesses, and so forth, he might be visited,) in case simply his own too vivid fancy should create any wild fever-image, and hang it up in the air before him."

The Army-chaplain is beginning to wish most devoutly that he had never put his foot into the Post-coach that jogs between Neusattel and Flötz, filled, as it is, with "such a dreadful company," more than enough to appal the stoutest heart, and freeze with horror the blood in the veins of a Diomed or Achilles. At this crisis, there is a thunder-storm.

"A loud storm of thunder, overtaking the stage-coach, altered the discourse. You, my Friends, knowing me as a man not quite destitute of some tincture of Natural Philosophy, will easily guess my precautions against thunder. I place myself on a chair in the middle of the room, (often, when suspicious clouds are out, I stay whole nights on it,) and by careful removal of all conductors, rings, buckles, and so forth, I here sit thunder-proof, and listen with a cool spirit to this elemental music of the cloud-kettledrum. These precautions have never harmed me, for I am still alive at this date: and to the present hour, I congratulate myself on once hurrying out of church, though I had confessed but the day previous; and running, without more ceremony, and before I had received the sacrament, into the charnel-house, because a heavy thunder-cloud (which did, in fact, strike the churchyard lindentree) was hovering over it. So soon as the cloud had dislodged itself, I returned from the charnel-house into the church, and was happy enough to come in after the Hangman, (usually the last,) and so still participate in the Feast of Love.

"Such, for my own part, is my manner of proceeding: but in the full stage-coach, I met with men to whom Natural Philosophy was no philosophy at all. For when the clouds gathered dreadfully together over our coach-canopy, and, sparkling, began to play through the air, like so many fire-flies, and I at last could not but request that the sweating coach-conclave would at least bring out their watches, rings, money, and such like, and put them all into one of the carriage-pockets, that none of us might have a conductor on his body; not only would no one of them do it, but my own brother-in-law, the Dragoon, even sprang out, with naked drawn sword, to the coach-box, and swore that he would conduct the thunder all away himself. Nor do I know whether this desperate mortal was not acting prudently; for our position within was frightful, and any one of us might every moment be a dead man. At last, to crown all, I got into a half altercation with two of the rude members of our leathern household, the Poisoner and the Harlot; seeing, by their questions, they almost gave me to understand, that, in our conversational picnic, especially with the Blind Passenger, I had not always come off with the best share. Such an imputation wounds your honour to the quick; and in my breast there was a thunder louder than that above us: however, I was obliged to carry on the needful exchange of sharp words as quietly and slowly as possible; and I quarrelled softly, and in a low tone, lest in the end a whole coachful of people, set in arms against each other, might get into heat and perspiration; and so, by vapour steaming through the coach-roof, conduct the too near thunderbolt down into the midst of us. At last, I laid before the company the whole theory of Electricity, in clear words, but low and slow, (striving to avoid all emission of vapour,) and especially endeavoured to frighten them away from fear. For, indeed, through fear, the stroke—nay, two strokes, the electric or the apoplectic—might hit any one of us; since in Erxleben and Reimarus, it is sufficiently proved, that violent fear, by the transpiration it causes, may attract the lightning. I accordingly, in some fear of my own and other people's fear, represented to the passengers that now, in a coach so hot and crowded, with a drawn sword on the coach box piercing the very lightning, with the thunder cloud hanging over us, and even with so many transpirations from inipient fear; in short, with such visible danger on every hand, they

must absolutely fear nothing, if they would not, all and sundry, be smitten to death in a few minutes.

"O Heaven! cried I, 'Courage! only courage! No fear, not even fear of fear! Would you have Providence to shoot you here sitting, like so many hares hunted into a pincold? Fear, if you like, when you are out of the coach; fear to your heart's content, in other places, where there is less to be afraid of; only not here, not here!'

"I shall not determine—since among millions scarcely one man dies by thunder-clouds, but millions perhaps by snow-clouds, and rain-clouds, and thin mist—whether my Coach-sermon could have made any claim to a prize for man-saving; however, at last, all uninjured, and driving towards a rainbow, we entered the town of Vierstädten, where dwelt a Post-master, in the only street which the place had."

The brave Army-chaplain has now, with no inconsiderable heroism, undergone one stage—and, having probably fortified himself with some schnaps, proceeds magnanimously from Vierstädten towards Nierdhereschona. About ten o'clock the whole party, himself excepted, including the postilion, fall asleep, and a new source of fear is thus opened up, and continues to flow over him during the dark hours.

"I had now a glorious opportunity of following Lavater's counsel, to apply the physiognomical ellwand specially to sleepers, since sleep, like death, expresses the genuine form in coarser lines. Other sleepers not in stage-coaches I think it less advisable to mete with this ellwand; having always an apprehension lest some fellow, but pretending to be asleep, may, the instant I am near enough, start up as in a dream, and deceitfully plant such a knock on the physiognomical measurer's own facial structure, as to exclude it for ever from appearing in any Physiognomical Fragments, (itself being reduced to one,) either in the stippled or line style. Nay, might not the most honest sleeper in the world, just while you are in hand with his physiognomical dissection, lay about him, spurred on by honour in some cudgelling-scene he may be dreaming; and in a few instants of clapperclawing, and kicking, and trampling, lull you into a much more lasting sleep than that out of which he was awakened?"

It is a fine moonlight night, and in a little village, while Schmelzle's bro-

ther-in-law the Dragoon, and the Postilion, are sitting at their liquor, the Dwarf, Harlot, and Blind Man in the red mantle, still asleep, he "happily fronts a small terror, destiny being twice on his side." This adventure he must be allowed to tell in his own words:

"Not far from a Hunting Box, beside a pretty clump of trees, I noticed a white tablet, with a black inscription on it. This gave me hopes that perhaps some little monumental piece, some pillar of honour, some battle memento, might here be awaiting me. Over an untrod-den flowery tangle, I reach the black on white; and to my horror and amazement, I decipher in the moonshine: *Beware of Spring-guns!* Thus was I standing perhaps half a nail's breadth from the trigger, with which, if I but stirred my heel, I should shoot myself off, like a forgotten ramrod, into the other world, beyond the verge of Time! The first thing I did was to slutch down my toe-nails, to bite, and, as it were, eat myself into the ground with them; since I might at least continue in warm life so long as I pegged my body firmly in beside the Atropos-scissors and hangman's block, which lay beside me; then I endeavoured to recollect by what steps the Fiend had led me hither unshot, but in my agony I had perspired the whole of it, and could remember nothing. In the Devil's village close at hand, there was no dog to be seen and called to, who might have plucked me from the water; and my Brother-in-law and the Postilion both carousing with full can. However, I summoned my courage and determination; wrote down on a leaf of my pocket-book my last will, the accidental manner of my death, and my dying remembrance of Berga; and then, with full sails, flew helter-skelter through the midst of it the shortest way; expecting at every step to awaken the murderous engine, and thus to clap over my still long candle of life the *bousoir*, or extinguisher, with my own hand. However, I got off without shot. In the tavern, indeed, there was more than one fool to laugh at me; because, forsooth, what none but a fool could know, this Notice had stood there for the last ten years, without any gun, as guns often do without any notice. But so it is, my Friends, with our game-police, which warns against all things, only not against warnings."

The Army-chaplain now embarks in the Post-coach on the third and last stage, from Niederschöna to Flätz. Seasoned, as he has been, by the many fiery ordeals through which he has

passed, he is well prepared to face heroically a danger, long ago predicted by the Dwarf, and now about to be realized. Deeply stooping through the high posthouse door, issues the Giant, heightened by the ell-long bonnet and feather on his huge jobbernowl. There being no room inside, the Giant is mounted on the roof, in the character of luggage. To Schmelzle such a back-wall and rear-guard could not be particularly gratifying, and his imagination is immediately on the alert. What manifold murderous projects may not the knave of a Giant behind him be contriving? Say that he breaks in and assails the Army-chaplain by the back window, or with Titanian strength lays hold of the coach-roof and demolishes the whole party in the lump! The Giant, however, falls asleep—and far and wide the silence of night is cheered by his mighty snore. The darkness is over and gone, and Aurora and the Post-coach arrive together in the precincts of Flätz.—

"I looked with a sharp yet moistened eye at the steeples: I believe, every man who has anything decisive to seek in a town, and to whom it is either to be a judgment-seat of his hopes, or their anchoring-station, either a battle-field, or a sugar-field, first and longest directs his eye on the steeples of the town, as upon the indexes and balance-tongues of his future destiny; these artificial peaks, which, like natural ones, are the thrones of our Future. As I happened to express myself on this point perhaps too poetically to *Jean Pierre*, he answered, with sufficient want of taste: 'The steeples of such towns are indeed the Swiss Alpine peaks, on which we milk and manufacture the Swiss cheese of our Future.' Did the Legations-Peter mean with this style to make me ridiculous, or only himself? Determine!"

They all alight together at the Tiger. Our hero looks out from the windows of the overflowing Inn, and down on the rushing sea of marketers, and begins to reflect, that except Heaven and the rascals and murderers themselves, none knew how many of the latter two classes were floating among the tide, purposing perhaps to lay hold of the most innocent strangers, and in part cut their purses, in part their throats.

"The whole rabble of the stage-coach stopped at the Tiger; the Harlot, the

Rat-catcher, *Jean Pierre*, the Giant, who had dismounted at the Gate of the town, and carrying the huge block-head of the Dwarf on his shoulders as his own, (cloaking over the deception by his cloak,) had thus, like a ninny, exhibited himself gratis by half a dwarf more gigantic, than he could be seen for money.

"And now for each of the Passengers, the question was how he could make the Tiger, the heraldic emblem of the Inn, his prototype; and so, what lamb he might suck the blood of, and tear in pieces, and devour. My brother-in-law too left me, having gone in quest of some horse-dealer; but he retained the chamber next mine for his sister: this, it appeared, was to denote attention on his part. I remained solitary, left to my own intrepidity and force of purpose.

"Yet among so many villains, encompassing if not even beleaguering me, I thought warmly of one far distant, faithful soul,—of my Berga in Neusattel; a true heart of pith, which perhaps with many a weak marriage-partner might have given protection rather than sought it."

Amid the tempests of the world, a clergyman readily makes for a free harbour, for the church—the church-wall is his casemate-wall—and behind it are to be found more peaceful and more accordant souls than in the market-place.

It is obvious, however, on a very little reflection, that there are few more dangerous places than a church. It is very infectious: a different disease may be in every pew. Behind you the small-pox is joining ruefully in the psalm—in close juxtaposition on either side screams a sore-throat—and in your front, staring on you like a madman, lo! scarlet fever. But it is needless to particularize. Hundreds of incipient, critical, or convalescent occult complaints are interspersed through the main body of the church and both its wings,—and should a little bit of plaster drop from the ceiling, or wood crack, or pane of glass be brittle than usual, the whole audience rises with a yell, like one man or woman, and you are of course trodden to death. The clergyman is generally the second cause of this catastrophe—leaping out of the pulpit like a Harlequin on the first alarm, with a view, it is supposed, of making for the door, in the circumstances a most hopeless, and absurd, and pre-

posterous attempt. True, that the alarm is false—but what better would it be if it were true—and if the cupola, so beautifully painted by an artist of celebrity with cherubs, should in good faith drop down like an extinguisher on the many-twisted wick of life? Here candour forces us to confess that roofs of churches do not very often tumble down—that when they do, the odds are seven to one in favour of the Sunday—and that, should the odds be floored—it is happily a hundred to one in favour of your not being present on the occasion; still in a matter of life and death, such odds are not sufficiently great—and we wonder to see churches filled as they are, more especially considering the shortness of human life. But hear the Army-chaplain!

“In short, I went into the High Church. However, in the course of the psalm, I was somewhat disturbed by a Heiduc, who came up to a well-dressed young gentleman sitting opposite me, and tore the double opera-glass from his nose, it being against rule in Flatz, as it is in Dresden, to look at the Court with glasses which diminish and approximate. I myself had on a pair of spectacles, but they were magnifiers. It was impossible for me to resolve on taking them off; and here again, I am afraid, I shall pass for a fool-hardy person and a desperado; so much only I reckoned fit, to look invariably into my psalm-book; not once lifting my eyes while the Court was rustling and entering, thereby to denote that my glasses were ground convex. For the rest, the sermon was good, if not always finely conceived for a Court-church; it admonished the hearers against innumerable vices, to whose counterparts, the virtues, another preacher might so readily have exhorted us. During the whole service, I made it my business to exhibit true deep reverence, not only towards God, but also towards my illustrious Prince. For the latter reverence I had my private reason: I wished to stamp this sentiment strongly and openly as with raised letters on my countenance, and so give the lie to any malicious imp about Court, by whom my contravention of the *Panegyric on Nero*, and my free German satire on this real tyrant himself, which I had inserted in the *Flitz Weekly Journal*, might have been perverted into a secret characteristic portrait of my own Sovereign. We live in such times at present, that scarcely can we compose a pasquinade on the

Devil in Hell, but some human Devil on Earth will apply it to an angel.”

When the Court at last issued from church, and are getting into their carriages, the Army-chaplain keeps at such a distance that his face may not be noticed, for he is alarmed lest it should assume an indifferent, or proud, or fierce expression. He is well aware that nature has made him a laughing hyena, and illustrates the unaccountable ferocity of his reckless temper by the following anecdote:—

“God knows, who has kneaded into me those mad desperate fancies and crochets, which perhaps would sit better on a Hero-Schabacker than on an Army-chaplain under him. I cannot here forbear recording to you, my Friends, one of the maddest among them, though at first it may throw too glaring a light on me. It was at my ordination to be Army-chaplain, while about to participate in the Sacrament, on the first day of Easter. Now, here while I was standing, moved into softness, before the balustrade of the altar, in the middle of the whole male congregation,—nay, I perhaps more deeply moved than any among them, since, as a person going to war, I might consider myself a half-dead man, that was now partaking in the last Feast of Souls, as it were, like a person to be hanged on the morrow,—here, then, amid the pathetic effects of the organ and singing, there rose something—were it the first Easter-day which awoke in me what primitive Christians called their Easter-laughter, or merely the contrast between the most devilish predicaments and the most holy,—in short, there rose something in me, (for which reason, I have ever since taken the part of every simple person, who might ascribe such things to the Devil,) and this something started the question: ‘Now, could there be aught more diabolical than if thou, just in receiving the Holy Supper, wert madly and blasphemously to begin laughing?’ Instantly I took to wrestling with this hell-dog of a thought; neglected the most precious feelings, merely to keep the dog in my eye, and scare him away; yet was forced to draw back from him, exhausted and unsuccessful, and arrived at the step of the altar with the mournful certainty that in a little while I should, without more ado, begin laughing, let me weep and mourn inwardly as I liked. Accordingly, while I and a very worthy old Bürgermeister were bowing down together before the long parson, and the latter (perhaps

kneeling on the low cushion, I fancied him too long) put the wafer in my clenched mouth, I felt all the muscles of laughter already beginning sardonically to contract; and these had not long acted on the guiltless integument, till an actual smile appeared there; and as we bowed the second time, I was grinning like an ape. My companion, the Bürgermeister, justly expostulated with me, in a low voice, as we walked round behind the altar: 'In Heaven's name, are you an ordained Preacher of the Gospel, or a Merry-Andrew? Is it Satan that is laughing out of you?'

"Ah, Heaven! who else?" said I; and this being over, I finished my devotions in a more becoming fashion."

The Army-chaplain has now to encounter the dangers of dinner at a *table-d'hôte* in a strange town. But hunger is itself one of the boldest of appetites, and, armed with a knife and fork, he feels that he could fight the devil.

"From the church (I now return to the Flätz one) I proceeded to the Tiger Inn, and dined at the *table-d'hôte*, being at no time shy of encountering men. Previous to the second course, a waiter handed me an empty plate, on which, to my astonishment, I noticed a French verse scratched in with a fork, containing nothing less than a lampoon on the Commandant of Flätz. Without ceremony, I held out the plate to the company; saying, I had just, as they saw, got this lampooning cover presented to me, and must request them to bear witness that I had nothing to do with the matter. An officer directly changed plates with me. During the fifth course, I could not but admire the chemico-medical ignorance of the company; for a hare, out of which a gentleman extracted and exhibited several grains of shot, that is to say, therefore, of lead alloyed with arsenic, and then cleaned by hot vinegar, did, nevertheless, by the spectators (I expected) continue to be pleasantly eaten.

"In the course of our table-talk, one topic seized me keenly by my weak side, I mean by my honour. The law custom of the city happened to be mentioned, as it affects natural children; and I learned that ~~here~~ a loose girl may convict any man she pleases to select into the father of her brat, simply by her oath. 'Horrible!' said I, and my hair stood on end. 'In this way may the worthiest head of a family, with a wife and children, or a clergyman lodging in the Tiger, be stript

of honour and innocence, by any wicked chambermaid whom he may have seen, or who may have seen him, in the course of her employment!'

"An elderly officer observed: 'But will the girl swear herself to the Devil so readily?'

"What logic! 'Or suppose,' continued I, without answer, 'a man happened to be travelling with that Vienna Locksmith, who afterwards became a mother, and was brought to bed of a baby son; or with any disguised Chevalier d'Eon, who often passes the night in his company, whereby the Locksmith or the Chevalier can swear to their private interviews: no delicate man of honour will in the end risk travelling with another; seeing he knows not how soon the latter may pull off his boots, and pull on his woman's pumps, and swear his companion into fatherhood, and himself to the Devil!'

"Some of the company, however, misunderstood my oratorical fire so much, that they, sheep-wise, gave some insinuations as if I myself were not strict in this point, but lax. By Heaven! I no longer knew what I was eating or speaking. Happily, on the opposite side of the table, some jingling story of a French defeat was started: now, as I had read on the street corners that French and German Proclamation, calling before the Court Martial any one who had heard war rumours (disadvantageous, namely), without giving notice of them,—I, as a man not willing ever to forget himself, had nothing more prudent to do in this case, than to withdraw with empty ears, telling none but the landlord why."

He had chosen no improper time for retiring; for he had previously determined to have his beard shaven about half past four, so that, towards five, he might present himself with a chin just polished by the razor smoothing-iron, sleek as wove-paper, and without the smallest root-stump left on it, to Von Schabacker, the General and Minister,—with true disgust, and contrary, he admits, to all sanitary rules, he pours down into his stomach a torrent of Pontac, that unappalled he may face the Barber.

We are not ashamed to confess that we never yet have had courage (we use that word laxly, for want of a better) to put ~~ourselves~~ under the hands of a Barber. We began shaving for a beard in our fourteenth year, being somewhat precocious; and to the secret which it was necessary to ob-

serve in *then shaving ourselves*—for we had to steal the minister's razors for the nonce—we must partly attribute our invincible repugnance *now* to the idea of *being shaved* by another, which always necessarily involves a certain degree of publicity. A metaphysical analysis, therefore, of our general unwillingness to be shaved, would occupy a small volume; as it would be absolutely necessary, in the first place, to define, with the strictest accuracy, many of the simple emotions,—which has never yet, that we know of, been done,—and then to reduce into their components or constituents some of the chief complex ones, before the analyst could advance a single step towards the reduction into something like regular order and natural subordination, of the states of mind in which we necessarily exist, during what may be vaguely called an aversion to being shaved—states of mind, let it be marked, not consecutive, as people might imagine, little accustomed to turn the eyes of the mind inward upon itself, but strictly synchronous—the whole seemingly separate series being, without great difficulty, reducible to virtual co-existence.

It would, in all probability, be made to appear—were the analysis performed with the finest instruments—that fear was far from being the chief constituent of that one great ruling complex emotion, which we suffer under the imagination of being subjected to a Barber. For, in tracing the development of our character, we should have to treat at great length of the pride of boyhood bursting into puberty—and, *per fas et nefas*, self-sworn to raise a beard—then all the hopes and fears that kindle hope, alternately beholding, as in a mirror, our chin bristling with virility, or still smooth as a maiden's cheek—then the love of solitude, endeared to us from watching the silent progress of nature and art—then the force of habit—then the joy of skill—and all the crowd of subsequent feelings—among which are conspicuous, contempt, pity, scorn, disgust, aversion, and hatred, to the whole race of Barbers—mysteriously, we confess it, mingled with fear. Yet that fear is with us rather an impersonal than a personal emotion. We do not fear for ourselves, that our particular and especial throat will be cut by one particular and especial Barber,

whom we now know to be one of the most humane and harmless of men—at least, if we do, that fear is but as the faintest breath that dims, yet cannot be said to be seen to dim, the clear glass, over which, from some unknown quarter, it has been unaccountably breathed. Our fear is imaginative, and from afar. All the most barbarous murders suddenly perpetrated by men of that profession upon their helpless patients, tucked up in swaddling clothes to the very chin—and sitting perhaps on a Saturday night, after a week's labour and growth of beard, vainly dreaming how smug and decent they will look to-morrow forenoon in church—crowd upon our imagination, till the Beau Ideal of the Barber rises before it, dipped up to his bare elbows in blood. The very unreal images of blocks, within the abstract idea of the no-where-existing shop of this uncreated murderer, who is supposed to assassinate the phantoms he does not shave—look most ghastly decapitations in silent rows, prophetic of doom—placed there in horrid mockery of the yet headed passengers hurrying along the streets—and in a hellish refinement of cruelty known but to fiends, familiarly called blocks; and some of them—O ruth! O misery! bedizened with lawyers' wigs, such as we have heard Sir James Scarlett speaking in at Lancaster assizes, and, in our opinion, much more eloquently, also Mr Henry Brougham.

“The common Hotel Barber was ushered in to me; but at first view you noticed in his polygonal zigzag visage, more of a man that would finally go mad, than of one growing wiser. Now, madmen are a class of persons whom I hate incredibly; and nothing can take me to see any madhouse, simply because the first maniac among them may clutch me in his giant fists if he like; and because, owing to infection, I cannot be sure that I shall ever get out again with the sense which I brought in. In a general way, I sit (when once I am lathered) in such a posture on my chair as to keep both my hands (the eyes I fix intently on the barbering countenance) lying clenched along my sides, and pointed directly at the midriff of the barber; that so, on the smallest ambiguity of movement, I may dash in upon him, and overset him in a twinkling.

“I scarce know rightly how it happened; but here, while I am anxiously studying the foolish twisted visage of a



shaver, and he just then chanced to lay his long whetted weapon a little too abruptly against my bare throat, I gave him such a sudden bounce on the abdominal viscera, that the silly varlet had wellnigh suicidally slit his own wind-pipe. For me, truly, nothing remained but to indemnify the man; and then, contrary to my usual principles, to tie round a broad stuffed cravat, by way of cloak to what remained unshorn."

Thus equipped, he boldly sallies from the Tiger to the Audience Hall of Schabacker, and prevails on a lackey to deliver his Petition.

"The lackey, however, did not keep me long waiting; but returned with—I may say, the text of this whole Circular—the almost rude answer (which you, my Friends, out of regard for me and Schabacker, will not divulge) that, 'In case I were the Attila Schmelzle of Schabacker's Regiment, I might hit my pigeon-liver flag again, and fly to the Devil, as I did at Pompeistadt.' Another man would have dropt dead on the spot. I, however, walked quite stoutly off, answering the fellow, 'With great pleasure indeed, I fly to the Devil; and so Devil a fly I care.' On the road home, I examined myself whether it had not been the Pontac that spoke out of me; (though the very examination contradicted this, for Pontac never examines;), but I found that nothing but I, my heart, my courage, perhaps, had spoken, and why, after all, any whimpering? Does not the patrimony of my good wife endow me better than ten Clerical Professors? And has she not furnished all the corners of my book of Life with so many golden clasps, that I can open it for eve, without wearing it? Let henhearts cackle and pip; I flapped my pinions, and said, 'Dash boldly through it, come what may!' I felt myself excited and exalted; I fancied Republics, in which I, as a hero, might be at home; I longed to be in that noble Grecian time, when one hero readily put up with bastinadoes from another, and said, 'Strike, but hear!' and out of this ignoble one, where men will scarcely put up with hard words, to say nothing of more. I painted out to my mind how I should feel, if, in happier circumstances, I were uprooting hollow Thrones, and before whole nations mounting on mighty deeds as on the Temple-steps of Immortality; and in gigantic ages, finding quite other men to outman and outstrip, than the mite-popular about me, or, at the best, here and there a Vulcanello. I thought

and thought, and grew wilder and wilder, and intoxicated myself, (no Pontac intoxication therefore, which, you know, increases more by continuance than cessation of drinking,) and gesticulated openly, as I put the question to myself—'Wilt thou be a mere stute lap-dog? A dog's-dog, a *pium desiderium* of an *impium desiderium*, an Ex-Ex, a Nothing's-Nothing?—Fire and Fury!'"

The Army-chaplain, returned to the Tiger, prepares to go to bed. And here we find that Dr Kitchiner is one of his disciples. For he tells us that the wine did not take from him the good sense to look under the bed, before going into it, and examine whether any one was lurking there; for example, the Dwarf, or the Giant, or the Rat-catcher, or the Legations-Rath, that is the BlindRouge-mantle, also to shove the key under the latch, (the best bolting arrangement of all,) and then, by way of farther assurance, to bore his night-screws into the door, and pile all the chairs in a heap behind it; and, lastly, to keep on his breeches and shoes, wishing absolutely to have no care on his mind, and ready for a start at the shortest and slightest notice. Dr Kitchiner, it appears, therefore, was a plagiarist; but the Army-chaplain far transcends the Doctor.

"But I had still other precautions to take in regard to sleep-walking. To me it has always been incomprehensible how so many men can go to bed, and lie down in their ease there, without reflecting that, perhaps, in the first sleep, they may get up again as Somnambulists, and crawl over the tops of roofs and the like; awakening in some spot where they may fall in a moment and break their necks. While at home, there is little risk in my sleep; because, my right toe being fastened every night with three ells of tape (I call it, in jest, our marriage-tie) to my wife's left hand, I feel a certainty that, in case I should start up from this bed-arrest, I must with the tether infallibly awaken her, and so by my Bergen, as by my living bridle, be again led back to bed. But here in the Inn, I had nothing for it but to knot myself once or twice to the bed-foot, that I might not wander; though in this way, an irruption of villains would have brought double peril with it.—Alas! so dangerous is sleep at all times, that every man, who is not lying on his back a corpse, must be on his guard, lest, with the general system, some limb or other also fall asleep.

in which case the sleeping limb (there are not wanting examples of it in Medical History) may next morning be lying ripe for amputation. For this reason, I have myself frequently awakened, that no part of me fall asleep.

"Having properly tied myself to the bed-posts, and at length got under the coverlid, I now began to be dubious about my Pontac Fire-bath, and apprehensive of the valorous and tumultuous dreams too likely to ensue; which, alas, did actually prove to be nothing better than heroic and monarchic feats, castle-stormings, rock-throwings, and the like. This point also I am sorry to see so little attended to in medicine. Medical gentlemen, as well as their customers, all stretch themselves quietly in their beds, without one among them considering whether a furious rage, (supposing him also directly after to drink cold water in his dream,) or a heart-devouring grief, all which he may undergo in vision, does harm to life or not."

Most unwillingly do we skip over the recital of his midnight encounter with spirits and apparitions raised to frighten the "bravest of the brave," by his wicked brother-in-law, the Dragoon. The noblest natures are not alive to superstitious terrors—and the Army-chaplain wrestles all night long with blasts from hell breathed through the key-hole with a pair of bellows, with enchanted coxets that fly up to the ceiling—such utensils that keep crawling out from below the bed, up and down the door, at the command of a necromancer—with the wash-hand basin supernaturally waltzing with the jug—and with the general clatter of all the furniture—all the articles of which reciprocally interchange their several offices, and join in a general dance of death—when lo! blooming like a rose, he beholds his own Tuctoberga in a corner, who had, in her fond anxiety for her husband's safety, flown to Flatz on the wings of love, a day before the appointed time; and it seems as if the bridal morning were again breaking upon his soul. After many embraces, Schmelzle finds it necessary to bite or cut the colloquinta-apple, and give her the half of it, that is to say, in plain language, he must communicate to her the news of his rejected petition for the Catechetical Professorship:—

"Wishing to spare this joyful heart the sadness of the whole truth, and to

subtract something from a heavy burden, more fit for the shoulders of a man, I began: 'Bergeichen, the Professorship affair is taking another, though still a good enough course: the General, whom may the Devil and his Grandmother teach sense, will not be taken except by storm; and storm he shall have, as certainly as I have on my nightcap.'

"Then, thou art nothing yet?" inquired she.

"For the moment, indeed, not!" answered I.

"But for Saturday night?" said she.

"Not quite," said I.

"Then am I sore stricken, and could leap out of the window," said she, and turned away her rosy face, to hide its wet eyes, and was silent very long. Then, with painfully quivering voice, she began: "Good Christ stand by me at Neusattel on Sunday, when these high-prancing prideful dames look at me in church, and I grow scarlet for shame!"

"Here in sympathetic woe I sprang out of bed to the dear soul, over whose brightly blooming cheeks warm tears were rolling, and cried: 'Thou true heart, do not tear me in pieces so! May I die, it yet in these dog-days I become not all and everything that thou wishest! Speak, wilt thou be Munz-räthin, Baill-räthin, Court-räthin, War-räthin, Chamber-räthin, Commerce-räthin, Legations-räthin, or Dev'l and his Dia's räthin. I am here, and will buy it, and be it. To-morrow I send riding posts to Saxony and Hesse, to Prussia and Russia, to Priesland and Katzenellenbogen, and demand patents. Nay, I will carry matters further than another, and be all things at once, Bauchschneid-räthin, Scheer-räthin, Eisen-räthin, Haarlhaar Building-räthin, Pestitz Chamber-räthin, (for we have the cash;) and thus, alone and single-handed, represent with one *penis* and *corpus* a whole Rath-session of Select Raths; and stand, a complete Legion of Honour, on one single pair of legs: the like no man ever did.'

"O! Now thou art angel-good!" said she, and gladder tears rolled down; "thou shalt counsel me thyself which are the finest Raths, and these we will be."

"No," continued I, in the fire of the moment, "neither shall this serve us: to me it is not enough that to Mrs Chaplain thou canst announce thyself as Building-räthin, to Mrs Town-parson as Legations-räthin, to Mrs Burgermeister as Court-räthin, to Mrs Road-and-toll-surveyor as Commerce-räthin, or how and where thou pleasest——"

"Ah! my own too good Ättelchen!" said she.

"—But," continued I, "I shall likewise become corresponding member of the several Learned Societies in the several best capital cities, (among which I have only to choose;) and truly no common actual member, but a whole honorary member; then thee, as another honorary member, growing out of my honorary membership, I uplift and exalt."

The Army-chaplain now feels that he has triumphed over fate and fortune:

"But now came bright and brightest hours. I had conquered time, I had conquered myself and Berga: seldom does a conqueror, as I did, bless both the victorious and the vanquished party. Berga called back her former Heaven, and pulled off her dusty boots, and on her flowery shoes. Precious morning beverage, intoxicating to a heart that loves! I felt (if the low figure may be permitted) a double-beer of courage in me, now that I had one being more to protect. In general it is my nature—which the honourable Premier seems not to be fully aware of—to grow bolder not among the bold, but fastest among poltroons, the bad example acting on me by the rule of contraries. Little touches may in this case shadow forth man and wife, without casting them into the shade: When the trim waiter with his green silk apron brought up cracknels for breakfast, and I told him, 'Johann, for two!' Berga said, 'He would oblige her very much,' and called him Herr Johann.

"Bergelchen, more familiar with rural burghs than capital cities, felt a good deal amazed and alarmed at the coffee-trays, dressing-tables, paper-hangings, sconces, alabaster inkholders, with Egyptian emblems, as well as at the gilt bell-handle, lying ready for any one to pull out or to push in. Accordingly, she had not courage to walk through the hall, with its lustres, purely because a whistling whiffing Cap-and-feather was gesturing up and down in it. Nay, her poor heart was like to fail when she peeped out of the window at so many gay promenading town's-people, (I was briskly that in a little while, at my side, she must break into whistling a Gascon air down over them;) and thought the middle of this dazzling courtly throng. In a case like this, reasons are of less avail than examples. I tried to elevate my Bergelchen, by reciting some of my nocturnal dream-teasts; for example, how, riding on a whale's back, with a three-pronged fork, I had pierced and eaten three eagles; and by more of the like sort: but I pro-

duced no effect; perhaps, because to the timid female heart the battle-field was presented rather than the conqueror, the abyss rather than the overleaper of it.

"At this time a sheaf of newspapers was brought me, full of gallant decisive victories. And though these happen only on one side, and on the other are just so many defeats, yet the former somehow assimilate more with my blood than the latter, and inspire me (as Schiller's *Hobbers* used to do) with a strange inclination to lay hold of some one, and thrash and curry him on the spot. Unluckily for the waiter, he had chanced even now, like a military host, to stand a triple bell-order for march, before he would leave his ground and come up. 'Sir,' began I, my head full of battle-fields, and my arm of inclination to baste him; and Berga feared the very worst, as I gave her the well-known unger and alarm signal, namely, shoved up my cap to my hindhead—'Sir, is this your way of treating guests? Why don't you come promptly? Don't come so again; and now be going, friend!' Although his retreat was my victory, I still kept briskly cannonading on the field of action, and fired the louder (to let him hear it) the more steps he descended in his flight. Bergelchen,—who felt quite horror-struck at my fury, particularly in a quite strange house, and at a quality waiter with silk apron, mustered all her soft words against the wild ones of a man-of-war, and spoke of dangers that might follow. 'Dangers,' answered I, 'are just what I seek; but for a man there are none; in all cases he will either conquer or evade them. either show them front or back.'"

The whole morning till noon passes in viewing the sights and trafficking for wares, for the most part, in the broad street of their Hotel, the Tiger. Berga is blessed. In her care for household gear, she forgets that of dress, and in the potter-market, the toilette-table fades from her thoughts.

"I, for my share, full of true tedium, while gliding after her through her various marts, with their long cheapenings and chafferings, merely acted the Philosopher hid within me: I weighed this empty Life, and the heavy value which is put upon it, and the daily anxiety of man lest it, this lightest down-feather of the Earth, fly off, and feather him, and take him with it. These thoughts, perhaps, I owe to the street-try of boys, who were turning their market-freedom to account, by throwing stones at one another all round me—for, in the midst of

this tumult, I vividly figured myself to be a man, who had never seen war; and who, therefore, never having experienced that often of a thousand bullets not one will hit, feels apprehensive of these few silly stones lest they beat in his nose and eyes. Oh! It is battle-field alone that sows, manures, and nourishes true courage even for daily, domestic, and smallest perils. For not till he comes from the battle-field can a man both sing and cannonade; like the canary-bird, which, though so melodious, so timid, so small, so tender, so solitary, so soft-feathered, can yet be trained to fire off cannon, though cannon of smaller calibre."

'They dine together—alone—in their own room—and then issue from the purgatory of the market-tumult—where Berga, at every booth, had something to order and load her attendant maid with—into Heaven, into the Dog Inn, as the best Flätz public and pleasure-house without the gates is named,—on the way thither, his little wife, his elbow-tendrill, extracting from him such a measure of courage, that while going through the gate, (the Army-chaplain aware of the military order, that you must not pass *near* the sentry, threw himself over to the other side,) she quietly glided on, close by the very guns and fixed bayonets of the City Guard. In the pleasure-house, Schmelzle in his secret heart all along keeps looking down, with success, on Schabacker's refusal of the Catechetical Professorship. But about one in the morning, he is destined to find a windmill to tilt with, a windmill which truly lays about it with somewhat longer, stronger, and more numerous arms than a giant, for which Don Quixote might easily have taken it. Having retired for a minute behind one of the booths, while Berga walks on—

"Lo! steering hither with dart and spear, comes the Booth-watcher, and coins and stamps me, on the spot, into a sletcher and housebreaker of his Booth-street; though the simpleton sees nothing but that I am standing in the corner, and doing anything but—taking. A sense of honour without callosity is never blunted for such attacks. But how in the dead of night was a man of this kind, who had nothing in his head—at the utmost beer, instead of brains—to be enlightened on the truth of the matter?

"I shall not conceal my perilous resource. I seized the fox by the tail, as

to we say; in other words, I made as if I had been muddled, and knew not rightly, in my liquor, what I was about: I therefore mimicked everything I was master of in this department; staggered hither and thither; played out my feet like a dancing-master; got into zigzag in spite of all efforts at the straight line; nay, I knocked my good head (perhaps one of the clearest and emptiest of the night) like a full one, against real posts.

"However, the Booth-bailiff, who probably had been oftener drunk than I, and knew the symptoms better, or even felt them in himself at this moment, looked upon the whole exhibition as mere craft, and shouted dreadfully: 'Stop, rascal; thou art no more drunk than I! I know thee of old. Stand, I say, till I speak to thee! Wouldst have thy long finger in the market, too? Stand, dog, or I'll make thee!'

"You see the whole *nodus* of the matter: I whisked away zigzag among the booths as fast as possible, from the claws of this rude Tossopot; yet he still hobbled after me. But my Teutoberga, who had heard somewhat of it, came running back; clutched the tipsy market-warder by the collar, and said (shrieking, it is true, in village wise): 'Stupid sot, go sleep the drink out of thy head, or I'll teach thee! Dost know, then, whom thou art speaking to? My husband, Army-chaplain Schmelzle under General and Minister von Shabacker at Pimpelstadt, thou blockhead!—Fye! Take shame, fellow!' The watchman mumbled: 'Meant no harm,' and reeled about his business. 'O thou Lioness!' said I, in the transport of love, 'why hast thou never been in any deadly peril, that I might show thee the Lion in thy husband?'

His out-of-door adventures and dangers are now over for the night;—but the Catechetical Professor in Posse has yet another trial of his indomitable courage to undergo!—

"Thus lovingly we both reached home, and perhaps in the sequel of this Fair day might still have enjoyed a glorious after-midnight, had not the Devil led my eye to the ninth volume of Lichtenberg's Works, and the 206th page, where this passage occurs: 'It is not impossible that at a future period, our Chemists may light on some means of suddenly decomposing the Atmosphere by a sort of Ferment. In this way the world may be destroyed.' Ah! True indeed! Since the Earth-ball is lapped up in the larger Atmospheric ball, let but any chemical scoundrel, in the remotest scoundrel-island, say in New Holland, devise some

decomposing substance for the Atmosphere, like what a spark of fire would be for a powder-waggon: in a few seconds, the monstrous devouring world-storm catches me and you in Flätz by the throat; my breathing, and the like, in this choke-air is over, and the whole game ended! The Earth becomes a boundless gallows, where the very cattle are hanged; worm-powder, and bug-liquor, Bradly ant-ploughs, and rat-poison, and wolf-traps, in this universal world-trap and world-poison, no longer specially needful; and the Devil takes the whole, in the Bartholomew-night, when this cursed 'Ferment' is invented."

From his Teutoberga, Schmelzle conceals these deadly night-thoughts, and merely gives order that next morning she shall be standing booted and ready, at the outset of the returning coach—if so were, that she would have him speedily to fulfil her wishes in regard to the stock of Rathships, which lay so near her heart:

"At the appointed hour, all gaily started from the Staple, I excepted; for I still retained, even in the fairest daylight, that nocturnal Devil's-Ferment and Decomposition (of my cerebral globe as well as of the Earth-globe) fermenting in my head; a proof that the night had not affected me, or exaggerated my fear. The Blind Passenger, whom I liked so ill, also mounted along with us, and looked at me as usual, but without effect; for on this occasion, when the destruction not of myself only, but of worlds, was occupying my thoughts, the Passenger was nothing to me but a joke and a show: as a man, while his leg is a-sawing off, does not feel the throbbing of his heart; or amid the humming of cannon, does not guard himself from that of wasps; to me any Passenger, with all the fire-brands he might throw into my near or distant Future, could appear but ludicrous, at a time when I was reflecting that the 'Ferment' might, even in my journey between Flätz and Neusattel, be, by some American or European man of science, quite guiltlessly experimenting and decomposing, lighted upon by accident and let loose. The question, nay prize-question now, however, were this—'In how far, since Lichtenberg's threatening, it may not appear world-murderous and self-murderous, if enlightened Potentates of chemical nations do not enjoin it on their chemical subjects, who in their decompositions and separations may so easily separate their soul from their body and unite Heaven with earth, not in future to make any other chemical experi-

ments than those already made, which hitherto have profited the State rather than harmed it?"

"Unfortunately, I continued sunk in this Domsday of the Ferment with all my thoughts and meditations, without, in the whole course of our return from Flätz to Neusattel, suffering or observing anything, except that I actually arrived there, and at the same time saw the Blind Passenger once more go his ways.

"My Bergelchen alone had I constantly looked at by the road, partly that I might still see her, so long as life and eyes endured; partly that, even at the smallest danger to her, be it a great, or even an all-over-sweeping Deluge and World's-doom, I might die, if not for her, at least by her, and so united with that stanch true heart, cast away a plagued and plaguing life, in which, at any rate, not half my wishes for her have been fulfilled."

Such was Schmelzle, the Army-chaplain, and would-be Catechetical Professor, as his character is set out by himself in his choice piece of autobiography, bearing the name of Jean Paul Richter. Will our friend Mr Carlyle—with whose translation we have made free—a man of talent, genius, and enthusiasm—please to go along with us in a few off-hand remarks on this very singular and original production?

Schmelzle is not represented as subject to habitual and invincible obtuseness: from anticipation of possible constructions and consequences of every word he is disposed to utter; a symptom which it strikes us must offer itself in every case of genuine and well-developed fear, except where resisted by an immense and uncontrollable—or accidental—constitutional—but morbid tendency to garrulity—which ought then to be distinctly stated—or by that peculiar well-known different affection of the same disease, in which the urgency of the present impression of fear absolutely takes away the power of understanding danger removed in the very next degree of futurity, and in fact of understanding the very danger that is feared; so that the person or creature thus affected is carried by the fear directly and with volition into the danger, the well-known philosophical explanation of fascination in particular instances of Natural History, and from which we might take into the language of

Moral Pathology, to describe this case, the general expression, for which we have present use, of the Fascination of Fear.

We have no idea, then, that a truly timid man could ever speak in cases of the simple disease, (putting garb-  
rality out of the question,) except under this fascination of fear, and where by speaking he would inevitably incur the danger he wished to avoid, or a greater. We conceive that if he were possessed of the secret of a prime Minister's treason, in a country where deportation, perpetual imprisonment, and the process which renders a short imprisonment perpetual, are well managed, the first and only person to whom he would communicate his knowledge, would be the Minister himself:—that in a free country he would draw his breath under a perennial torrent of actions of damages and prosecutions for libels, fractured in all his limbs, and occasionally beaten to death for having broken off marriages, injured parties in their professional prospects, good reputation, &c. by the indiscreetly directed disclosure of particulars which he had acquired in closets, under sofas, and other places of concealment, into which he had been driven by the fear of being discovered lurking, which he was not doing, about the house, and prying, which he was not intending to do, into its mysteries, &c.—for we can easily imagine him, when once he has unfortunately got into a house, pursued in the most extraordinary manner about the stairs and closets by the housemaid, the children, the cat, the wind; till there is no one place or thing about it, of which he would wish to have remained ignorant, which he does not know like his pockets.

Nothing of all this occurs with our hero. We can suppose the truly timid patient from this turn of the complaint, in all "feasts, societies, and throngs of men," as much an object of fear to others as they are to him, and more justly:—no man knowing what incommunicable matters, touching himself, he may contain; and all looking upon him with horrible apprehensions of the next eruption of volcanic matter which the madness of fear may produce, and in perplexity and terrors equal to his own, not knowing whether it is safer to look at him with denunciation which will infallibly extort what you wish to

suppress, or, with complacency, which may either inspire him with a sudden delirium of confidence, and so unawares, and in a moment, with a jump, force up the lid which he is himself endeavouring to keep down, or be construed by him into what it is—an acknowledgment of your own fears—and thus both guide his thoughts irresistibly to the point from which you are in agony to divert them, and by contagiously inflaming his fears, produce your secret—of which probably he knows nothing; or, on the other hand, to turn away from him altogether, which, again, if it should be done in a marked manner, or if it should by possibility strike him as being so, would be liable to all the same misconstructions by him, and misconsequences, as any contrivable way of looking at him.

When a man is represented to us, and in the whole exposition not a syllable of this kind occurs, we cannot seriously persuade ourselves that the intention of the Biographer, or fancy-painter, has been to give us the portrait of a man characterised by the ruling passion of fear. We have a better opinion of Jean Paul as an observer and imaginer of human nature, than to believe that he thought of anything of the sort; nor have we any idea that he meant, in Herr Schmelzle, to shew us the commixture of fear and daring in other proportions than those required to compound the ordinary courage of the human being. We have remarked, that he does many things which we ourselves, and we do not hold ourselves peculiarly meticulous, will not venture upon. We go indeed in stage-coaches: but even that asks something of the spirit of adventure. A man who had "the sense of death" fully, and to that degree which would entitle him to be designated a faint-heart, a lily-liver, or by any other of those (intended) opprobrious appellations, by which the rash and foolhardy endeavour to depreciate the virtue of prudence, in apprehension certainly would not. It may be particularly remarked that our German adventurer, in taking his place, entirely neglects the precaution, in which we never remember ourselves to have failed, of leaving the positively engaging it till the others were all disposed of, and he could know everything that could be known beforehand of his travelling party. It is inconceivable to

what hazards the man exposes himself, (*illi robur et æs triplex*—he has a heart of oak, and ought to have three coats of mail,) who thinks no more of his life, than to open the first stage-coach door he comes up to, and step in. But, indeed, we are of opinion that this whole affair of courage is generally and greatly misrepresented and misunderstood. One hero, a friend and companion-in-arms of our fifth Harry, whose character has, in these later times, been cleared up from current misconception, viewed it correctly, and has said well on it. We would reason thus. To what end is valour sought, acquired, lauded?—Possibly for the destruction of other men's lives; surely not for that of our own. It is excellent only by its protecting quality. Homer, the great poet of war, speaks of it emphatically under this notion; and we here beg leave to correct a false translation we have this moment made of another classical authority, where, for the sake of a pretty play on the words, we have wrenched and torn out, like other conceited triflers with other men's senses, the pith of the saying,—for Horace does not attribute to the man who could put himself on board the steam-vessel a heart of oak, but some sort of oaken *indumentum* or integument—*illi robur et æs—circa pectus*—evidently pointing to the defensive energy of great daring:—and possibly in the first-mentioned piece of *dress*, if it is to be so taken, glancing not obscurely at a cork-jacket. But this digressively.

What we would say is briefly this. No man fights for nothing. A soldier for ninepence a-day. A quiet man for a quiet life. "Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just," viz. so adjusted that he is in no danger of coming off second best. The long and the short of the matter is, the depths of the subject are as follows—courage is a composed force. It results from the perception of a danger, and the desire to avoid it: and is that oblique or diagonal motion which carries the man safely out of it. If the shortest road out happens to lie through the line of infantry advancing opposite to him, the courageous man goes through.

If it leads in any other direction, he takes that other direction. The Indians of America, noted among the heroic races of the earth, hold it quite a point of courage in a warrior to steal himself well out of danger. Here then is the ground laid on which the skillful speculator will easily build. If any metaphysician will shew the perception of danger to be something different from the fear of it, he is welcome, and we shall with pleasure receive and read his book. *We have no idea of any difference.* This being established, than which we believe nothing can be clearer, it follows, as of itself, we think, to the reader's complete satisfaction, first, that courage is, as we have said, a compound of fear and daring, i. e. the desire or impulse to escape, or pass out, from danger; and, secondly, that there is no degree of fear which may not enter into the composition of genuine courage. This slight analysis will, we hope, remove any difficulty or error under which the reader may hitherto have laboured, in his ideas on a subject which, as we have already had occasion to remark, has been, in general, but indifferently understood, and will allow us to return to ours. The timid man is not he who fears danger, for that is the man in his senses, but he who seeing, and, of course, unless he is mad or drunk, fearing, does not know to extricate himself from it.

We here offer ourselves an example of the very species of fear we have particularly endeavoured to explain. For two hours past have we sat hearing on our stair the steps of the swart imp empowered to torment us,—and who was not on them,—and fearing that it would be impossible for us to bring the matter to a just and perfect conclusion, ere the last line should be required from our hands. *This has actually happened.* There is his step. That is his snail, but imperative tap. The last line goes irrevocably, and the reader, half-illuminated and half-darkened, staggers in perplexity to bed, trusting, between sleeping and waking, to puzzle out for himself the mysterious and unresolved Philosophy of Fear.

## MONTGOMERY'S PELICAN ISLAND, &amp;c.\*

Poetry, it is said, has long been a drug in the market—there has for many years been a glut of that commodity—nor will either wholesale or retail dealers, nor yet persons not in trade, on any account buy any sorts of it, even at the most reduced prices. This assertion seems to us to be made in the teeth of the Principles of Political Economy. There cannot be a long-continued glut of any article, for a demand of which there is provision made in the very constitution of human nature. Poetry is at once a necessary and a luxury of life. If too much of it has been produced, there will and must be a temporary cessation of its manufacture, the stock in hand must be disposed of perhaps at a loss, and the people formerly employed in it, must either remain idle or turn themselves to some other employment. But it is plain that things must speedily come round; and as it is said, and, with certain limitations, truly said, that there cannot be two rates, at the same time, of profits of capital, poets and prose-writers will soon find themselves again on an equality, and advance with equally rapid strides to the wealthy condition of Cræsus King of Lydia, or Mr Rothschild.

Supposing, then, that about some half dozen years ago the thing was rather overdone; that the genius of poetry was too creative under the desire which it had awakened for its own products; that the muses, forgetting the law of markets, continued too long in a state of inspiration; that Messrs Longman and Co., Mr Murray, Mr Blackwood, and Mr Constable, would launch out into speculation and adventure in Parnassian produce, even after the reading public had exhibited symptoms of a nausea or over-dose—has not the evil cured itself? Are not the gates of all the markets again patent for poetry? Are not the old hands all re-engaged; and is not the reading public hungry as of yore, and walking about with her hands in her petticoat pockets, most anxious to purchase poetry at any price?

The truth is, that so far from their being no demand for poetry, the demand for it is too great, and there is for the present a deficiency in the supply. Our old poets have all become rich, and consequently fat and indolent. It is unreasonable to expect that an old, fat, rich poet, who has incessantly been buying into the stocks for the last quarter of a century, or eating up all the small farms round about him, till he has become a landed proprietor of the third degree, should not finally retire from business, and in *otio cum dignitate*, prepare himself for another and a better world.

This, we are truly happy to see, is the case with most of our elderly bards. But what, it may be said, are our younger ones about? All working away, we have no doubt, most industriously—at the silk, cotton, or woollen trade—and preparing goods of the most beautiful and various patterns, designed by the Nine Muses, under the immediate superintendence of Apollo. The demand has been calling, if not loudly, yet with a firm steady voice, for the supply—and we shall ere long hear the supply answering the demand in pleasant murmurs, and see her stepping forth with alacrity to meet her lord and master, deprived of whose countenance and embraces she pines and dies.

There never was such an opening as there is now for young poets about to enter into business, and to set up for themselves. Many men of great skill and experience in that trade have retired, as we have seen, in easy or in affluent circumstances, and ready to give new adventurers the full benefit of their example and advice, in all departments of the art. And it pleases us to know, that many young poets there are, who have sufficient capital to enable and to inspirit them to embark, at first in moderate undertakings—not sufficient to tempt and betray them into hazardous speculations, too generally terminating in bankruptcy, in *Cessio Bonorum* or Benefit of the Insolvent Act.

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\* The Poetical Works of James Montgomery: 3 vols. London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown. 1825.—The Pelican Island, 1827.  
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And where is the necessity for all those dissuasive warnings addressed by old cankered critics, to young hopeful poets, against entering into what, we have chosen to call, the Trade in Parnassian Produce? They have heard that the culture of the cane is uncertain—and that sugars and rums are addicted to unaccountable and ruinous fits of abstraction, in which it is impossible to conjecture whether they are going to look up or down. And, therefore, they keep croaking about the variableness of the seasons, and exhaustion of soils, and so forth—as if the atmosphere of the mind were like that of matter, and decay incident to what is immortal. We are no great chemists,—yet we have chemistry enough to know that there are not a great many earths. Nay, the outward elements themselves are but Four in number at the most. But the elements of the spirits of men—who knows their number? Who knows not that even their happiest combinations, all comprehended under the name of genius, may better be called infinite than the sands of the sea, or the stars of Heaven, for these are all numbered—those continuing incessantly to be bright with power and beauty, till the human destinies shall have been completed on earth.

Even we, who are only a middle-aged prose-writer, with few or no sparks of poetry in our constitution, cannot but look with a generous envy on the young poet entering on life. Yet, it is a mistake, we suspect, to say that the portrait before his eyes is all brightness and glory. Much—perhaps more of it is darkness and glory—in which, although he enters it with a fearless spirit, he is often bewildered—sometimes lost. Yet nature allows him no guide but his own prophetic soul—

And like a re-appearing star,  
Like a glory from afar,

he rises when least expected, perhaps when wholly forgotten, before the dazzled eyes of men—loving—admirer—adoring—perhaps dreading—hating—persecuting, and at last destroying him—speak, spirit of Byron—speak—till the earth that rang with pæans to hail his rising light, wails forth a remorseful and unavailing elegy, when it sinks in sudden sunset—and all the isles are darkened.

But we were not meaning to say a

word about such spirits as these—“like angel visits few and far between.” We were thinking on young poets—in general—of whom many, we hope, are born every year—if not every month—every day—for, if it be otherwise, whence over all human hearts the power of song? Shall we believe that a feeling for the beautiful—that is, for poetry—is almost universal—that the finest perception of its approach, and the most exquisite taste and judgment, as to the means Art employs to produce or enhance its emotion, are so far from being rare, “the mere product of the common day”—and yet shall we, at the same time, believe that a genius for the creation of the Beautiful, that is, for Poetry, is God-given but to a few—that the darkness of one age has but its single star—that of another perhaps a constellation, composed of a few stars of various degrees of brightness—that of most of the ages starless altogether—and if here and there lighted up—with artificial lamps merely—not even oil-gas—or coal-gas—that are perpetually requiring to be fed and trimmed with common train oil, often going out one by one when the gloom is thickest, sometimes extinguished all at once as if by one consent of suicide, and what is perhaps the worst case of all, now and then, during the whole winter of some unhappy century, not lighted at all, so that the people of what is properly called the dark age, go groping about, jostling in the streets, and tumbling even over the steps of churches and temples, within whose pillars’ shade there is not a glimmer of radiance—but all black as Nox and Erebus?

For our own single selves, we shall never believe anything of the kind. True, that the number of poets who write poetry is unfortunately to those who do not but small; and had we time and room, which we have not, we could find such an explanation of that as would be instantly satisfactory to all mankind. This is equally clear and certain, that hitherto in different ages and countries there has been precisely the proper number of poets, great and small. We defy you to show any era that, having had but one great poet, would have been the better of two; nay, any era that, having had no great poet, could have been the better of one. Thank Heaven, that

there is but one Iliad, one Divine Comedy, one Paradise Lost. Homer, Dante, Milton, each were suns. And one sun at a time is sufficient. Then such suns!

But perhaps it may be said, although we grant that there have not been too few great poets, we cannot help thinking that there have been a great deal too many small. No. There you are out again. There has been just the precisely proper number of small. For the smallest poet that ever sung, provided that, small as he was, he was a poet at all, was, we must say it, far from meaning to give so worthy a reader as you, my dear sir, the slightest offence, and sincerely begging your pardon, and offering an apology if we have done so, was, we say, many times greater than you, well-employed Advocate as you are, both on account of your own eloquence, ingenuity, business talents, and knowledge of the law, and on that of the talents and integrity of your wife's three brothers and two of your own, all rejoicing in the highly respectable title of W.S.

What do you mean by small? There is "small beer," for example. Well, then, is not the smallest beer better than absolute water? And if small beer be the best of its kind, what better light drink for quenching thirst in existence? Perhaps, you who have been on the Grand Mulet despise Ben Nevis; and in the height of your impertinence call it contemptuously a small mountain. But Ben Nevis, though only about four thousand feet high, will be respected and admired for centuries after your very surname has become extinct. A royal Bengal Tiger of the first class is about fourteen and a half hands high; but would you venture, with only your two selves in a jungle, to call one about the height of a trotting Galloway, small? The smallest wild elephant would, in your eyes, seem great enough, as he kept wreathing his trunk round a tree in whose top branches you had taken shelter; and you are one of the last men in the world to call a serpent, whose mouth might be preparing to suck you in, small, although he might be less than him who of old stopped the march of a Roman army.

It has thus appeared that there has always been, at all times, and in all places, precisely the right number of

poets, great and small, neither more nor less—it has also appeared that a small poet, when looked at in a proper light, looms in the distance considerably larger than even large men who are not poets at all—and we shall next find, on a very little inquiry, that there has, at all times, and in all places, been precisely the proper proportion kept between the respective quantities, and also qualities, of poetry and prose. We are anxious to insist on this, because we have been told by persons who can themselves write neither, that at present prose flourishes and poetry decays, whereas the truth is, that there never was a time when so many authors excel in both; the principle of the division of labour not being, *in rerum naturâ*, necessarily applicable, it would appear, to men of genius in the cultivation of the various fields of literature, but rather, *in rerum naturâ*, inapplicable, as the works of Voltaire, Rousseau, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Dr Johnson, Scott, Southey, and others—some of them incomplete in a hundred volumes—do most irrefragably demonstrate.

That there has lately been something of a leaning towards prose fiction, is true; but it has not been what Wordsworth calls the great "stream of tendency." That has flowed on with a mingled tide. It is not easy to say what should be written in prose, and what in rhyme. There is much that may and should be written in either—much that may and should be written in both. Probably the very highest passion—certainly the very highest imagination, prefers pure poetry, both in spirit and form. But all of both kinds, under the very highest, courts, and is within the compass of prose. It may be, that the difference chiefly lies in the difference of the music. There is a power both of awe and beauty in the versification of Milton, for example, which would still reside in Milton's words, arrange them as you will, in any order that is consistent with the genius of the English language. But it would be a diminished and obscured power—shorn, not of all, but of many of its beams. There would be no "false glitter"—much "permissive lustre"—but we should no longer have the "fulgent head and shape star-bright." So we feel that in some passages of Burke's prose, and of Coleridge's—nothing

but another kind of music is wanting—to make “the strain of a higher mood” that is—poetry.

This being the case, it would be odd were our age—far advanced in civilization—to possess great writers in poetry, and none in prose, on the same or kindred subjects—or great prose-writers of an impassioned and imaginative genius, and none in rhyme. True, that a mighty poet may be so swallowed up, as it were, in some one great design—a poem,—and equally true that a great prose-writer of fiction, we use the word in its widest meaning, may be so swallowed up in some one great design—a picture of the life of man—that neither has any other passion, or, if he had, time or opportunity to indulge it—but except in such cases, it is natural that such nobly endowed minds should try all modes of moving the passions and imaginations of their fellow creatures, and that their genius should alternate between prose and poetry.

It is natural, we say, that this should always happen; although there may be circumstances at particular junctures, calculated to favour especially the one mode or the other; but we should think, that such circumstances must belong only to particular junctures, and that as, to whatever side they may turn the prevalent genius, they are in themselves transitory, that genius will, in the long run, be found to act freely of itself in the way we have noticed—and swayed by its own bias, or rather its own essential conformation, addict itself either to what is called poetry exclusively, or to prose exclusively, or to both—excelling in both—or if inferior in the one or in the other, inferior but to itself in its more successful department.

Critics—by profession—and we beg leave positively to assert, that we are not of the number—being all great philosophers, and of course happy in knowing the causes of things, think they perceive the reason why the literature of this age is especially strong in prose declinations of the passions and progress of human life. It might puzzle them, however, to show why Sir Walter Scott was born about the year 1766—not to speak of others who made their appearance thereabouts, or a little later. Now, almost all the works they have in their eye, when philosophizing, have been produced within these fifteen

years, some of them within these fifteen months. What a small segment is that of the circle of time? Might they not, just as rationally, give general views of the causes that have acted on the character of our literature within the three last days? What if an author of the highest genius, and also new and perfectly original, were to rise up to-morrow? Must he be immediately accounted for by the philosophical critics? Because certain subjects are for a certain number of years treated in a certain manner by a certain number of writers of genius, why seek to show that this proceeds from the peculiar Spirit of the Age, when a moment's reflection tells us that, if so, then twenty years ago, or far less, the Spirit of the Age was another Spirit altogether; and that, if twenty days hence a great poet, different entirely from Wordsworth, Scott, or Byron, should appear, therefore the Spirit of the Age would all at once be changed, and a set of new theories would have to be spun for the occasion, to account for the existence of a human being of transcendent power, who, we humbly think, would be sufficiently accounted for, by urging that it was the will of God he should be created early in the 18th century? For a good many years, everything that happened—the greatest and the most trifling occurrences—every book that was published, good, bad, or indifferent, was laid to the charge of the French Revolution. Now, will the profoundest philosopher of them all account satisfactorily, even for one single individual who has flourished since that event, Christopher North and the *Rise and Progress of Blackwood's Magazine*?

In short, for a few years—or months—it may be—one kind of literature seems rather to prevail over other congenial kinds; and all the wiseacres and cause-mongers are enditing philosophical paragraphs to account for such a most extraordinary or wonderful phenomenon. Before they can prevail on a bookseller to publish their speculations, the order of things undergoes a system-smashing reverse. All the while, it has been known to all who know anything of the geography of the mind, that the great river of Thought which so many supposed had taken a mysterious turn—say westward or eastward—in direct

opposition to its former flow, and showed itself determined to disappear by degrees into the distant desert, or, all at once, to plunge into an adjacent sea—was rolling on as it had ever rolled—having merely made a few slight deviations from its usual channel, in the natural exultation of a flood, reinforced by many torrent tributaries from the high lands, sweeping away a few old obsolete landmarks here, a few crazy buildings there, but behind the solemn forests gliding along its ancient course, with the same name it had borne for unnumbered ages, and flinging up on its grand natural mounds and embankments, its inexhaustible treasures of diamonds and gold.

We seldom remember at all, and never distinctly one month, a single syllable of what we wrote the month before,—though we understand that every word is not so soon forgotten by the forgetful world; but we have a suspicion that we touched lightly on this ground in our review of the Epicurean. Did not we start the idea of worn-out soils, &c. &c. &c.? Let us now, therefore, say a very few words on another point of our creed, on which we have heard heterodoxy sported by some who might have known better, and who have, indeed, very nobly refuted their theory by their practice.

The question is one which must often have perplexed those who have reasoned upon the art of poetry. Is it beneficial to a poet, or to a critic, to have investigated its laws? The natural grounds of the doubt are first, Theoretical. The poet writes by feeling—the true critic judges by feeling. But the investigation of laws seems to be removing both composition and criticism from the dominion of feeling, and transferring it to an inadequate faculty—reason—intellect. Secondly, from the result—viz. that certain poets, as well as other artists, have been too scientific—as Milton in his language seems so—Wordsworth in thought is so. Is there any such necessary consequence? If there were, it might not much signify—it might be merely the sacrifice of a particular poet to the progress of the art. But it does not appear that thought must necessarily destroy feeling. The natural result ought to be, that it will support and guard it.

Two ways may be conceived in which the injurious effect will happen, both resolvable into this one, that the Poet thus loses the native original passion of his art. One is, that he becomes changed in his intellectual dispositions, seeking principles not in subordination and subserviency to his art,—but for themselves,—turning from a poet into a philosophical critic. Perhaps, if the secret be searched, gradually uniting his pleasure of self-consciousness more with intellectual discovery, and less with the proper work and love of poetry. So that he may come at last to write, in order to illustrate his theories—making the art subordinate and subservient to that science which should have been so to it; reversing precedence—causation—everything. To the philosopher, this must be a right precedence. To the poet a wrong one. The second way is very like the last part of the first, more particularized. Laws are a light to the mind, if they guide it unfelt: if they are distinctly present, they are usually fetters. That is to say, if the law is distinctly present before it is obeyed, it subjects the mind; if it only gradually becomes present at last, from having been obeyed, that is good. Laws belong to the calm of the mind. But the temper of composition is impetuous self-will: seeming lawlessness, only that there is an unperceived instinct-like law, that is really vigilant and regulates. A tutored, trained-up poet of rule is conceived of as the extinction of poetry—a perfect no-poet. His mind is subjected to laws given him from others; and, therefore, a certain degree of fear and unself-reliance reigns over his work. He obeys no bidding within; but a memory of rules. Everything has been done to withdraw him from trusting to impulse, by giving him another trust, the least like impulse which is perpetually and essentially variable,—namely, an invariable Code.

Will it not happen that the poet who has studied too deeply, (this is feebly expressed—he cannot study too deeply,) but who has withdrawn himself too much out of the passion into the speculation of the art, will put himself into the condition of the trained poet?—that he will destroy his reliance upon his own impulses?—that he will make up a false and factitious trust in rules, that is, in no-

tions intellectually conceived? and become, like the other, subject to a memory of rules. He is in this happier, that the rules are of his own discovery; but in this, on the same footing that they are external to the present moments, though brought from former moments, of his own mind; and, therefore, in contradiction to the spirit of composition, which is essentially a spirit born, as it were, at every moment of the moment.

This seems the cause of the effect. It is not, however, necessary. All that is requisite is, that the Poet should not imagine, that to have thought on his art, is to exempt him from feeling it, but know that the more he thinks, he lays on himself an obligation to the more feeling.

It is not easy to believe that no great broad lights have been thrown on the mysteries of men's minds since the days of the great poets, moralists, and metaphysicians of the ancient world. We seem to feel more profoundly than they—to see, as it were, into a new world. The things of that world are of such surpassing worth, that in certain awe-struck moods, we regard them as almost above the province of Poetry. Since the revelation of Christianity, all moral thought has been sanctified by Religion. Religion has given it a purity, a solemnity, a sublimity, which, even among the noblest of the heathen, we shall look for in vain. The knowledge that shone but by fits and dimly on the eyes of Socrates and Plato, “that rolled in vain to find the light,” has descended over many lands into “the huts where poor men lie,”—and thoughts are familiar there, beneath the low and smoky roofs, higher—sublimar far, than ever flowed from the lips of Grecian sage, meditating among the magnificence of his pillared temples. The whole condition and character of the Human Being—in Christian countries—has been raised up to a loftier elevation; and we may say that human nature may be looked at in the face without a sense of degradation, even when it wears the aspect of poverty and distress. Since that Religion was given us, and not before, has been felt the meaning of that sublime expression—*The Brotherhood of Man*.

Yet it is just as true—that there is as much misery and suffering in Christendom—nay, far more of them

all—than troubled and tore men's hearts during the reign of all those superstitions and idolatries. But with what different feelings is it all thought of—spoken of—looked at—alleviated—repented—expiated—atoned for—now? In the olden time, such was the prostration of “the million,” that it was only when seen in high places that even Guilt and Sin were felt to be appalling—Reinorse was the privilege of Kings and Princes—and the Furies shook their scourges but before the eyes of the high-born, whose crimes had brought eclipse across the ancestral glories of some ancient line.

But we now know that there is but one origin, from which flow all disastrous issues, alike to the King and the beggar. It is Sin that does “with the lofty equalize the low,”—and the same deep-felt community of guilt and groans which renders Religion awful—has given to poetry, in a lower degree, something of the same character—has made it far more profoundly tender, more overpowerfully pathetic, more humane and thoughtful far, more humble as well as more high, like Christian Charity, more comprehensive; nay, we may say, like Christian Faith, felt by those to whom it is given, to be from on high; and if not utterly destroyed, darkened and miserably weakened by a wicked or vicious life.

We may affirm, then, that as human nature has been so greatly purified and elevated by the Christian Religion, Poetry, which deals with human nature in all its dearest and most intimate concerns, must have partaken of that purity and that elevation—and that it may now be a far holier and more sacred inspiration, than when it was fabled to be the gift of Apollo and the Muses. We may not circumscribe its sphere. To what cerulean heights shall not the wing of Poetry soar? Into what dungeon-gloom shall she not descend? If such be her powers and privileges, shall Poetry not be the servant and minister of Religion?

If from moral fictions of life, Religion be altogether excluded, then, it would indeed be a waste of words, to show that they must be worse than worthless. They must be, not imperfect merely, but false, and not false merely, but calumnious against human nature. The agonies of passion fling men down to the dust on their

knees, or smite them motionless as stone-statues, sitting alone in their darkened chambers of despair. But sooner or later, all eyes, all hearts look for comfort to God. The coldest metaphysical analyst could not avoid *that*, in his sage enumeration of "each particular *hair*," that is twisted and untwisted by him into a sort of moral tie—and surely the impassioned and philosophical poet will not, dare not, for the spirit that is within him, exclude *that* from his elegies, his hymns, and his songs, which, whether mournful or exulting, are inspired by the life-long, life-deep conviction that all the greatness of the present is but for the future, that the praises of this passing earth are worthy of his lyre, only because it is overshadowed by the eternal heavens.

But though the total exclusion of Religion from Poetry aspiring to be a picture of the life or soul of man, be manifestly destructive of its very essence—how, it may be asked, shall we set bounds to this spirit—how shall we limit it—measure it—and accustom it to the curb of critical control? If Religion be indeed all-in-all, and there are none openly who deny that, must we, nevertheless, deal with it only in allusion—hint it as if we were half afraid of its spirit, half ashamed—and cunningly contrive to save our credit as Christians, without subjecting ourselves to the condemnation of critics, whose scorn, even in this enlightened age, has,—the more is the pity, by men conscious of their genius and virtue,—been feared as more fatal than death?

No: Let there be no compromise between false taste and true Religion. Better to be condemned by all the periodical publications in Great Britain than your own conscience. Let the dunce, with diseased spleen, who edits one obscure Review, revile and rail at you to his heart's discontent, in hollow league with the black-billed blackguard who, sickened by your success, has long laboured in vain to edit another still more unpublishable—but do you hold the even tenor of your way, assured that the beauty which nature, and the Lord of nature, have revealed to your eyes and your heart, when sown abroad, "in words that breathe and thoughts that burn," will not be suffered to perish, but will have immortal life. Your books—

humble and unpretending though they be—yet if here and there a page, not uninspired by the spirit of Truth, and Faith, and Hope, and Charity—that is religion—will be held up before the ingle light, close to the eyes of the pious patriarch, sitting with his children's children round his knees—nor will any one sentiment, chastened by that fire that tempers the sacred links that bind together the brotherhood of man, escape the solemn search of a soul, simple and strong in its Bible-taught wisdom, and happy to feel and own communion of holy thought with one unknown—even perhaps by name—that although dead yet speaketh—and, without superstition, is numbered among the saints of that lowly household.

He who knows that he writes in the fear of God, and in the love of man, will not arrest the thoughts that flow from his pen, because he knows that they may—will be—insulted and profaned by the name of cant, and he himself held up as a hypocrite. In some hands, ridicule is, indeed, a terrible weapon. It is terrible in the hands of indignant genius, branding the audacious forehead of falsehood or pollution. But ridicule in the hands, either of cold-blooded or infuriated Malice, is harmless as a birch-rod in the palsied fingers of a superannuated beldam, who, in her bleary-eyed dotage, has lost her school. The Bird of Paradise might float in the sunshine unharmed all its beautiful life-long, although all the sportsmen of Cockaigne were to keep firing at the star-like plumage, during the Christmas holidays of a thousand years.

On some other occasion, we shall endeavour to apply these imperfect remarks, in commendation or censure, to the works of our great living poets. Meanwhile, we must say a few words about Mr Montgomery, whose name we are happy to write down among that sacred band.

Mr Montgomery is a religious poet. His popularity, which is great, has, by some scribes of the above stamp and school, been attributed chiefly to the power of sectarianism. He is, we believe, a sectary; and if all sects were animated by the spirit that breathes throughout his poetry, we should have no fears for the safety and stability of the Established Church. For in that self-same spiri-

was she built, and by that self-same spirit were her foundations dug in a rock. Many are the lights—solemn and awful all—in which the eyes of us mortal creatures may see the Christian dispensation. Friends, looking down from the top of a high mountain, on a city-sprinkled plain, have each his own vision of imagination—each his own sinking or swelling of heart. They urge no inquisition into the peculiar affections of each other's secret souls—all assured from what each knows of his brother, that every eye there sees God—that every tongue that has the gift of lofty utterance, will sing his praises aloud—that the lips that remain silent, are mute in adoration—and that all the distinctions of habits, customs, professions, modes of life, even natural constitution and form of character, are, if not lost, blended together in mild amalgamation under the common atmosphere of emotion, even as the towers, domes, and temples, are all softly or brightly interfused with the huts, cots, and homesteads—the whole scene below harmoniously beautiful, because all inhabited by beings created by the same God—in his own image—and destined for the same immortality.

It is base, therefore, and false, to attribute, in an invidious sense, any of Mr Montgomery's fame to any such cause. No doubt many persons read his poetry on account of its religion, who, but for that, would not have read it; and, no doubt, too, many of these neither feel nor understand it. But so, too, do many persons read Wordsworth's poetry on account of its religion—the religion of the woods—who, but for that, would not have read it; and so too, many of these neither feel nor understand it. So is it with the common manners painting poetry of Crabbe—the dark passion painting poetry of Byron—the high romance painting poetry of Scott—and so on with Moore, Coleridge, Southey, &c. &c. &c. But it is to the *mens divinitus*, however displayed, that they all owe their fame. Had Mr Montgomery not been a true poet, all the Religious Magazines in the world would not have saved his name from forgetfulness and oblivion. He might have flouted his day like the melancholy Poppy—melancholy in all its ill-scented gaudiness—but as it is, he is like the Rose of Sharon, whose balm and beauty

shall not wither, planted on the banks of "that river whose streams make glad the city of the Lord."

Indeed, we see no reason why poetry, conceived in the spirit of a most exclusive sectarianism, might not be of a very high order, and powerfully impressive on minds whose religious tenets were most irreconcilable and hostile to those of the sect. Feelings by being unduly concentrated, are not thereby necessarily enfeebled—on the contrary, often strengthened; and there is a grand austerity, which the imagination more than admires—which the conscience scarcely condemns. The feeling the conviction from which that austerity grows, is in itself right; for it is a feeling,—a conviction of the perfect righteousness of God—the utter worthlessness of self-left man—the awful sanctity of duty,—and the dreadfulness of the judgment-doom, from which no soul is safe, till the seals have been broken, and the Archangel has blown his trumpet. A religion planted in such convictions as these, may become dark and disordered in its future growth within the spirit; and the tree, though of good seed, and in a strong soil, may come to be laden with bitter fruit, and the very droppings of its leaves may be pernicious to all who rest within its shade. Still such shelter is better in the blast, than the trunk of a dead faith; and such food, unwholesome though it be, is not so miserable as famine to a hungry soul.

Grant, then, that there may be in Mr Montgomery's poetry certain sentiments, which, in want of a better word, we call Sectarian. They are not necessarily false, although not perfectly reconcilable to our own creed, which, we shall suppose, is true. On the contrary, we may be made much the better and the wiser men, by meditating upon them; for while they may, perhaps, (and we are merely making a supposition,) be too strongly felt by him—they may be too feebly felt by us—they may, perhaps, be rather blots on the beauty of his poetry than of his faith—and if, in some degree, offensive in the composition of a poem, far less so, or not at all, in that of a life.

It is somewhat too late in the day to publish a formal disquisition on the peculiar powers of this poet; yet there is no impropriety in our throw-

ing out a few sentences of cordial panegyric on his very delightful genius, for it has so happened, that no perfectly fitting opportunity has, for a good many years, been afforded us, of criticising any of his productions. We have always spoken kindly of Mr Montgomery, yet we do take some little shame to ourselves for not having more frequently mentioned his name, along with those of Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, Southey, Moore, Coleridge, and "the rest." We rejoice to see all his poetry collected, and we have placed the volumes alongside of those of whom we love to say—

" Blessings be with them, and eternal  
praise,  
The poets who on earth have made us  
heirs  
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly  
lays."

His *Wanderer of Switzerland* was waylaid, and, as some thought, murdered on his first making his appearance in Scotland. But a mountaineer stands much mauling; and he is alive, though with a few scars on his forehead, and merry to this day. That, however, is certainly the least successful of all Mr Montgomery's more ambitious poems. The plan of it is without originality, or felicity of any kind, and the versification, though easy and flowing, is very monotonous—very much in the style of the *see-saw* school. We cannot sincerely say that it contains any very fine passages; and had Mr Montgomery written nothing else, his name would have had but a faint sound to our ears. Most of it is simple and natural enough; many of the descriptions of scenery are warm and glowing; and the whole is agreeably animated with the spirit of freedom. But that is not enough for a poem that has any pretensions to a long life. It never thrills the blood—we mean it never thrilled our blood—and although we are proud that Mr Montgomery is a Scotsman, we should not have found that out from his talk about torrents, waterfalls, woods, and mountains, in that poem. It is still read, however, and will continue to be—but chiefly for that reflected light that has fallen on it from his genius since risen to the meridian—yet, we trust, far from its setting—bright and beautiful in its decline.

"*The West Indies*" displays far greater power, and contains many vigorous, some magnificent passages. But we cannot think the subject a good one. It was written in honour of the abolition of the Slave Trade by the British Legislature, and ought, therefore, to have been a high, holy, exulting, and triumphant Hymn. But it is a laboured composition, in four parts, and extremely historical. The heart of Montgomery—the man—never gets cold throughout the whole composition; but the imagination of Montgomery—the poet—frequently does; he often speaks from book rather than bosom, and shews, that he not only feels his subject, but has studied it—that he has read all the pamphlets on both sides of the question, and that there was not a single syllable deserving any answer but abuse in all those of the anti-abolitionists. His indignation is not always dignified—his Muse sometimes is a scold—and he trusts too much, in exciting pity and terror, to the clank of chains. Still it is by far the best poem we ever saw on the subject—there are strokes of power and touches of pathos in every other page—the episodic passages are very beautiful,—and the common-places about the future civilization of Africa, along all her coasts, and through the heart of her central deserts, are expressed in vivid and majestic imagery, so that the poem has a "diapason" close, and the reader, as he lays it down, devoutly wishes that fetters may never more enchain the

"Kings of the desert—men whose state-  
ly tread  
Brings from the dust the sound of liber-  
ty."

The "*West-Indies*" might be written about, now, in a very different strain, by such a man, and such a poet, as Mr Montgomery. Nobody defends slavery—nobody but abhors it; but it exists—and must exist—not for ever—but for ages. Let good laws take place of bad—let Justice be there, and her sister Mercy will not be far. This has not been yet done—but it is doing—and let the holy work be watched over by all the eyes of the free, for that may be done, although the Atlantic roars between. But a truce to all indiscriminate abuse of West India proprietors. *Let us not*



fear to look in a Dictionary at the word—Planter. Let us seek to spread the light of Christianity in these unhappy islands, in the spirit of Christianity. Let us know, that even a state of slavery has its own peculiar virtues. All slaves are not flogged from morning to night—their backs are not all kept raw, from debarkation to death. All slaves are not in perpetual conspiracy against their masters and mistresses, in whose blood they burn to dip their sable hands, avenging the martyrdom of him of the Blood Royal of Congo, who was kept three days dying in a cage, beneath the tearing hunger of birds of prey, and the insatiable thirst of a cloud of insects—till he added a codicil to his last oral will and testament, bequeathing to every negro a portion of his revenge—and then poured out his soul in an agony of curses against his murderers, in his own fierce country's tongue, beneath the flappings of the vulture's wings.

Such horrors are now no more—though horrors enow there must ever be, as long as that hideous chasm yawns that divides the Freeman and the Slave. But the philanthropists of this country have already “supped full of horrors”—more especially the Ladies. Let them turn their eyes towards whatever there may be of peace, and contentment, and resignation, and humility, and death-strong love toward their white masters and mistresses, and all their pale picconies, in the black bosoms of grizzly-pated nourices, who have been slaves for a century and a half—for negresses live, in spite of all their torments, to incredibly extreme old age. Let them not shut their eyes against such pleasant and soothing sights as these, although they should force them to modify their horror, and to wonder—if he were to hear of such unnatural nourices among negresses—what Mr Wilberforce would say. The less happiness—the less kindness—the less love—and the less liberty (“Alas!” said Madam Roland, at the foot of the scaffold—“Alas! liberty, what crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!”) there are in any land, the more ought to be made of them—the more tenderly they ought to be spoken and written of, that they may strengthen and extend—that they who, in such circumstances, enjoy them, may value them the more, and that they, who in such circumstances bestow them, may

not it defrauded of their just praise, nor branded with undeserved contumely, contempt, scorn, and hate, by those who, living themselves among “England’s majestic race of men,” do nevertheless—such things have been—discharge their servants at every term, without characters—would if they could, without wages—and, if they durst, not without blows—who have frowned their wives into melancholy, and their children into sullen mutes—who, rather than a pheasant should be poached from a preserve, would see the finest lads of the village mangled in man-traps, or shot through the heart by spring-guns—who sell their ancient hereditary honours, to enable, perhaps, one of the very worst and wickedest West Indian planters that ever propagated mulattoes to vote, not only against the liberties of England, but the cause of liberty all over the world.

“Greenland” is in all things—conception—design—plan—execution—infinitely superior to the “West Indies,” and of itself proves Mr Montgomery’s title to the honours of the lyre. The subject is admirably well suited to his genius—and the poem is pervaded by a noble enthusiasm. The descriptions of scenery are truly beautiful—the holy zeal of the Moravian Missionaries finds in him a poet fervently pious as themselves, and his soul burns within him as he muses and meditates on their unwearied and triumphant virtue. We are with them on the voyage—poetically, yet not too poetically described—live with the brethren—and love and venerate and bless them—more and more—as they pursue their saving conquests under the sign of the Cross. There is no violent vituperation here—no angry remonstrances—no fierce, yet feeble fighting—in the poet’s heart, as in his poem of the “West Indies,” against a system of evil which Time himself, perhaps, must overthrow. The Moravian missionaries have gone to some of nature’s dreariest and most solitary shores, to lift up those whom nature’s own severity seemed to have there condemned to a lasting lot of darkness and distress. They are left free to carry on their work, except by the ice, and the frost, and the snow. The terrors of an unknown region to their imaginations, are as nothing,—and they are calm and unruffled in the howl of all the storms.

Cold and hard must that heart be that is not sublimely moved by the devotion of those true and faithful servants of the Lord; yet even if there be a Christian with such a heart, his fancy will be affected by the wildness—the loneliness—the dreariness—the remoteness of the regions in which the Poet's genius confines him by a spell,—and the Deist himself, who loves his kind, will be almost kindled into a Christian. The Fifth Canto, describing the depopulation of the Norwegian Colonies, on the Eastern Coast of Greenland, and the abandonment of intercourse with it from Europe, in consequence of the Arctic ices, about the beginning of the fifteenth century—is throughout—we do not hesitate to say—sublime.

The "World, before the Flood," teems with the finest poetry; but although we have much to say about it, both of praise and censure, we must refrain; for, if not, what is to become of the "*Pelican Island*?"

Nevertheless—a few words—and but a few—we must say about Mr Montgomery's numerous smaller poems.

They are all stamped with the character of the man. Most of them are breathings of his own devout spirit, either delighted or awed by a sense of the Divine goodness and mercy towards itself, or tremblingly alive, not in mere sensibility to human virtues and joys, crimes and sorrows, for that often belongs to the diseased and depraved, but in solemn, moral, and religious thought, to all of good or evil befalling his brethren of mankind. "A sparrow cannot fall to the ground"—a flower of the field cannot wither immediately before his eyes—without awakening in his heart such thoughts as we may believe God intended should be awakened even by such sights as these; for the fall of a sparrow is a scriptural illustration of his providence, and his hand framed the lily, whose array is more royal than was that of Solomon in all his glory. Herein he resembles Wordsworth—less profound, certainly—less lofty—for in its holiest hours the divine spirit of Wordsworth walks by itself—unapproachable—on the earth it beautifies. Mr Montgomery's poetical piety seems, more prevalent over his whole character, to belong more permanently to the man. Perhaps, although we shall not say so, it may be more

simple, natural, and true. More accordant, it certainly is, with the sympathies of ordinary minds. The piety of his poetry is far more Christian than that of Wordsworth's. It is in all his feelings, all his thoughts, all his imagery; and at the close of most of his beautiful compositions, which are so often avowals, confessions, prayers, thankgivings, we feel, not the moral, but the religion of his song. He "improves" all the "occasions" of this life, because he has an "eye that broods on its own heart;" and that heart is impressed by all lights and shadows, like a river or lake, whose waters are pure, pure in their sources, and in their course. He is, manifestly, a man of the kindest home-affections; and these, though it is to be hoped, the commonest of all, preserved to him in unabated glow and freshness, by innocence and piety, often give vent to themselves, in little hymns, and ode-like strains, of which the rich and even novel imagery shews how close is the connexion between a pure heart and a fine fancy, and that the flowers of poetry may be brought from afar, nor yet be felt to be exotics—to intertwine with the very simplest domestic feelings and thoughts—so simple, so perfectly human, that there is a touch of surprise on seeing them capable of such adornment, and more than a touch of pleasure on feeling how much that adornment becomes them—brightening without changing, and adding admiration to delight—wonder to love.

Mr Montgomery, too, is almost as much of an egotist as Wordsworth; and thence, frequently, his power. The poet who keeps all the appearances of external nature, and even all the passions of humanity, at arm's length, that he may gaze on, inspect, study, and draw their portraits, either in the garb they ordinarily wear, or in a fancy-dress, is likely to produce a strong likeness indeed; yet shall his pictures be wanting in ease and freedom—they shall be cold and stiff—and both passion and imagination shall desiderate something characteristic, in nature, of the mountain or the man. But the poet who hugs to his bosom everything he loves or admires—themselves or the thoughts that are their shadows—who is himself still the centre of the enchanted circle—who, in the delusion of a strong creative ge-

nias, absolutely believes that were he to die, all that he now sees and hears delighted, would die with him—who not only sees

"Poetic visions swarm on every bough,"

but the history of all his own most secret emotions written on the very rocks—who gathers up the many beautiful things that in the prodigality of nature lie scattered over the earth, neglected or unheeded, and the more dearly, the more passionately loves them, because they are now appropriated to the uses of his own imagination, who will by her alchemy so further brighten them, that the thousands of eyes that formerly passed them by unseen or scorned, will be dazzled by their rare and transcendent beauty—he is the "prevailing poet!" Mr Montgomery neither seeks nor shuns those dark thoughts that will come and go, night and day, unbidden—bidden—across the minds of all men—fortified although the main entrances may be—but when they do invade his secret, solitary hours, he turns even such visitants to a happy account,—and questions them, ghost-like as they are, concerning both the future and the past. Melancholy as often his views are, we should not suppose him a man of other than a cheerful mind; for whenever the theme allows or demands it, Mr Montgomery is not averse to a sober glee, a composed gaiety that, although we cannot say ever it so far speaks out as to deserve to be called absolutely brilliant, yet lends a charm to his lighter-toned compositions, which it is peculiarly pleasant now and then to feel in the writings of a man whose genius is naturally, and from the course of life, not gloomy, indeed, but pensive, and less disposed to indulge itself in smiles than in tears.

At last we come to the "Pelican Island," the best of all Mr Montgomery's poems—in idea the most original—in execution the most powerful—although in both very imperfect. It seems to have evolved itself, like a beautiful tree from a germ, out of a single passage in Captain Flinders's Voyage to Terra Australia, in which he describes one of the numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands, one of which is the undisturbed abode of Pelicans. In

Captain Basil Hall's Voyage to the Island of Loo Choo, in the Chinese Seas, Mr Montgomery met with another passage, descriptive of the formation of coral reefs, which impressed his imagination; and from a few words about Pelicans and coral reefs, has his genius constructed a fine poem.

He supposes himself to be a Spirit fastened by some unimaginable chain to one spot or region of the globe, apparently at the time of its infancy or creation. Here he remains and witnesses the slow and silent progress of things; the gradual multiplication, first of inanimate, then of living phenomena, delighted with continually increasing beauty and wonder, but unsatisfied, and with an innate human sympathy, (for with purely spiritual condition of existence he seems to be conceived with a human nature,) desiring that there should be given to his contemplation beings in whom his ingenerate and unsuppressible yearnings of love may be appeased. There is something very beautiful, if not wholly original, in Mr Montgomery's delineation of the successive degrees in which this desire is gratified always more and more, yet always imperfectly, by the various kinds which are brought in succession upon this theatre to which he is confined, progressively peopling the world:—till the utmost approximation of the inferior races to that hitherto unknown *like* kind, in which alone this uneasy and craving appetite can find rest, seems to be attained in the humanly-afflicted, and, we suppose we must say, with the requisite qualifications, humanly-mannered Pelicans.

We must give a quotation or two, however, before we come to the noble Pelicans—and they will speak for themselves.

"Night, silent, cool, transparent, crown'd the day  
The sky receded further into space,  
The stars came lower down to meet the eye,  
Till the whole hemisphere, alive with light,  
Twinkled from east to west by one consent  
The constellations round the Arctic pole,  
That never set to us, here scarcely rose,  
But in their stead, Orion through the north  
Pursued the Pleiads; Sirius, with his keen,  
Quick constellations, in the zenith reign'd.  
The south unveil'd its glories:—there, the Wolf,  
With eyes of lightning, watch'd the Centaur's  
spear;  
Through the clear hyaline, the Ship of Heaven  
Came sailing from eternity: the Dove,  
On silver pinions, wing'd her peaceful way;  
There, at the footstool of Jehovah's throne,  
The Altar, kindled from his presence, blazed;  
There, too, all else excelling, meekly shone  
The Cross, the symbol of redeeming love;

The Heavens declared the glory of the Lord,  
The firmament display'd his handy-work.

"With scarce inferior lustrous gleam'd the sea,  
Whose waves were spangled with phosphoric fire,  
As though the lightnings there had spent their shafts,  
And left the fragments glittering on the field.

"Next morn, in mockery of a storm, the breeze  
And waters skirmish'd; bubble-armies fought  
Millions of battles on the crested surges,  
And where they fell, all cover'd with their glory,  
Traced in white foam on the cerulean main  
Paths, like the milky-way among the stars.

"Charm'd with the spectacle, yet deeply touch'd  
With a forebode and not untender feeling—  
'Why,' said my thoughts within me, 'why this waste

Of loveliness and grandeur unenjoy'd?  
Is there no life throughout this fair existence?  
Sky, sun, and sea, the moon, the stars, the clouds,  
Wind, lightning, thunder, are but ministers:  
They know not what they are, nor what they do:  
O for the beings for whom these were made!

"Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,  
Keel upward from the deep emerged a shell,  
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is fill'd;  
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,  
And moved at will along the yielding water.  
The native pilot of this little bark  
Put out a tier of oars on either side,  
Spread to the wafting breeze a two-fold sail,  
And mounted up and glided down the billow  
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,  
And wander in the luxury of light.  
With all the dead creation, in that hour,  
To me appear'd this lonely Nautilus,  
My fellow-being, like myself *adine*,  
Entranced in contemplation vague yet sweet,  
I watch'd its vagrant course and rippling wake,  
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.

"It closed, sunk, dwindled to a point, then no-  
thing:

While the last bubble crown'd the dimpling eddy,  
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,  
A joyous creature vaulted through the air,—  
The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,  
On long light wings, that flung a diamond shower  
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,  
Spring into light, and instantly descended.  
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,  
Or mourn his quick departure,—on the surge,  
A shoal of Dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,  
Glow'd with such orient tints, they might have been

The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean  
In that resplendent vision I had seen.  
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,  
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,  
As though the conscious colours came and went  
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes,—  
Enormous o'er the flood Leviathan  
Look'd forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent  
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged again  
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

"These were but preludes to the revelry  
That reign'd at sunset: then the deep let loose  
Its bith adventurers to sport at large,  
As kindly instinct taught them; buoyant shells,  
On stormless voyager, in fleets or single,  
Wherried their tiny mariners: aloof,  
On wing-like fins, in bow-and-arrow figures,  
The flying-fishes darted to and fro;  
While spouting Whales projected wat'ry columns,  
That turn'd to arches at their height, and seem'd  
The skeletons of crystal palaces,  
Built on the blue expanse, then perishing,  
Frail as the element which they were made of:  
Dolphins, in gambols, lent the lucid brine  
Hues richer than the canopy of eve,  
That overhung the scene with gorgeous clouds,  
Decaying into golden mists more beautiful  
Than the sun's golden liveries which they lost:  
Till light that hides, and darkness that reveals  
The stars,—exchanging guard, like sentinels  
Of day and night,—transform'd the face of nature:  
Above was wakefulness, silence around,

Beneath, repose,—repose that reach'd even me.  
Power, will, sensation, memory, fail'd in turn;  
My very essence seem'd to pass away,  
Like a thin cloud that melts across the moon,  
Lost in the blue immensity of heaven."

The "Spirit" sees many other won-  
drous creations taking place of ani-  
mated beings—beneath the ocean; but  
we must pass some fine passages by,  
that we may have room to quote the  
Formation of the Coral Island, which  
is afterwards to be the dwelling-place  
of the Pelicans.

"Here, on a stony eminence, that stood,  
Girt with inferior ridges, at the point,  
Where light and darkness meet in spectral gloom,  
Midway between the height and depth of ocean,  
I mark'd a whirlpool in perpetual play,  
As though the mountain were itself alive,  
And catching prey on every side, with feelers  
Countless as sunbeams, slight as gossamer:  
Ere long transfigured, each fluc film became  
An independent creature, so, employ'd,  
Yet but an agent in one common work,  
The sum of all their individual labours.  
Shapeless they seem'd, but endless shapes assumed.  
Elongated like worms, they writhed and shrunk  
Their tortuous bodies to grotesque dimensions;  
Compress'd like wedges, radiated like stars,  
Branching like sea-weed, whirl'd in dazzling rings;  
Subtle and variable as flickering flames,  
Sight could not trace their evanescent changes,  
Nor comprehend their motions, till minute  
And curious observation caught the clew  
To this live labyrinth,—where every one,  
By instinct taught, perform'd its little task;  
—To build its dwelling and its sepulchre,  
From its own essence exquisitely modell'd;  
There breed, and die, and leave a progeny,  
Still multiplied beyond the reach of numbers,  
To frame new cells and tombs; then breed and die,

As all their ancestors had done,—and rest,  
Hermetically seal'd, each in its shrine,  
A statue in this temple of oblivion!  
Millions of millions thus, from age to age,  
With simplest skull, and toil unweariable,  
No moment and no movement unimproved,  
Laid hue on hue, on terrace terrace spread,  
To swell the heightening, brightening gradual  
mound,  
By marvellous structure climbing tow'ards the day  
Each wrought alone, yet all together wrought,  
Unconscious, not unworthy, instruments,  
By which a hand invisible was rearing  
A new creation in the secret deep.  
Omnipotence wrought in them, with them, by  
them:

Hence what Omnipotence alone could do,  
Worms did. I saw the living pile ascend,  
The mausoleum of its architects,  
Still dying upwards as their labours closed:  
Slime the material, but the slime was turn'd  
To adamant, by their petrific touch;  
Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,  
Their masonry impersurable. All  
Life's useful functions, food, exertion, rest,  
By nice economy of Providence  
Were overruled to carry on the process,  
Which out of water brought forth solid rock

"Atom by atom thus the burthen grew,  
Even like an infant in the womb, till Time  
Deliver'd ocean of that monstrous birth,  
—A coral island, stretching east and west,  
In God's own language to its parent saying,  
'Thus far, no farther, shalt thou go; and here  
Shall thy proud waves be stay'd!—A point at  
first

It peer'd above those waves; a point so small,  
I just perceived it, fix'd where all was floating;  
And when a bubble cross'd it, the blue film  
Expanded like a sky above the speck;  
That speck became a hand-breadth; day and night  
It spread, accumulated, and ere long  
Presented to my view a dazzling plain,  
White as the moon amid the sapphire sea:

Bare at low water, and as still as death,  
But when the tide came gurgling up the surface,  
'Twas like a resurrection of the dead :  
From graves innumerable, punctures fine  
In the close coral, capillary swarms  
Of reptiles, horrent as Medusa's snakes,  
Cover'd the bald-pate reef ; then all was life,  
And indefatigable industry ;  
The artisans were twisting to and fro,  
In idle-seeming convolutions ; yet  
They never vanish'd with the ebbing surge,  
Till pellicle on pellicle, and layer  
(On layer, was added to the growing mass.  
Ere long the reef o'erleapt the spring-flood's height,  
And mock'd the billows when they leapt upon it,  
Unable to maintain their slippery hold,  
And falling down in foam-wreaths round its  
verge.

Steep were the flanks, sharp precipices,  
Descending to their base in ocean-gloom.  
Chasms few, and narrow, and irregular,  
Form'd harbours, safe at once and perilous,—  
Safe for defence, but perilous to enter.  
A sea-lake-shoal amidst the fossil isle,  
Reflecting in a ring its cliffs and caverns,  
With heaven itself seen like a lake below.

" Compared with this amazing edifice,  
Raised by the weakest creatures in existence  
What are the works of intellectual man :  
Towers, temples, palaces, and sepulchres ;  
Ideal images in sculptured forms,  
Thoughts hewn in columns, or in domes expand-  
ed,  
Fancies through every maze of beauty shown ;  
Pride, gratitude, affection turn'd to marble,  
In honour of the living or the dead ;  
What are they ?—fine-wrought miniatures of art,  
Too exquisite to bear the weight of dew,  
Which every morn lets fall in pearls upon them,  
Till all their pomp sinks down in mouldering ro-  
lies.

Yet in their ruin lovelier than their prime !  
—Dust in the balance, atoms in the gale,  
Compared with these achievements in the deep,  
Were all the monuments of olden time,  
In days when there were giants on the earth :  
—Babel's stupendous folly, though it aim'd  
To scale heaven's battlements, was but a toy,  
The plaything of the world in infancy ;—  
The ramparts, towers, and gates of Babylon,  
Built for eternity,—though where they stood,  
Ruin itself stands still for want of work,  
And Desolation keeps unbroken Sabbath ;—  
Great Babylon, in its full moon of empire,  
Even when its 'head of gold' was smitten off,  
And from a monarch changed into a brute ;—  
Great Babylon was like a wreath of sand,  
Left by one tide, and cancell'd by the next :—  
Egypt's dread wonders, still defying Time,  
Where cities have been crumbled into sand,  
Scatter'd by winds beyond the Libyan desert,  
Or melted down into the mud of Nile,  
And east in tillage o'er the corn-sown fields,  
Where Memphis flourish'd, and the Pharaohs  
reign'd ;—

Egypt's grey piles of hieroglyphic grandeur,  
That have survived the language which they  
speak,  
Preserving its dead emblems to the eye,  
Yet hiding from the mind what these reveal ;  
—Her pyramids would be mere pinnacles,  
Her giant statues, wrought from rocks of granite,  
But puny ornaments for such a pile  
As this stupendous mound of catacombs,  
Fill'd with dry mummies of the builder-worms."

The bare coral rocks, by a process  
finely described, become a beautiful  
and magnificent island. Shew us any-  
thing better than this in modern de-  
scriptive poetry :—

" Here was the infancy of life, the age  
Of gold in that green isle, half new-born,  
And all upon it in the prime of being,  
Love, hope, and promise ; 'twas in miniature  
A world unsoil'd by sin ; a Paradise  
Where Death had not yet enter'd ; Bliss had newly  
Alighted, and shut close his rainbow wings,

To rest at ease, nor dread intruding ill.  
Plants of superior growth now sprang apace,  
With moon-like blossoms crown'd, or starry glo-  
ries ;

Light flexible shrubs among the greenwood play'd  
Fantastic freaks,—they crept, they climb'd, they  
budded,

And hung their flowers and berries in the sun ;  
As the breeze taught, they danced, they sung,  
they twined

Their sprays in bowers, or spread the ground  
with net-work.

Through the slow lapse of undivided time,  
Silently rising from their buried germs,  
Trees lifted to the skies their stately heads,  
Tufted with verdure, like depending plumage,  
O'er stems unknotted, waving to the wind :  
Of these in graceful form, and simple beauty,  
The fruitful cocoa and the fragrant palm  
Excell'd the wilding daughters of the wood.  
That stretch'd unwieldy their enormous arms,  
Clad with luxuriant foliage, from the trunk,  
Like the old eagle, feather'd to the heel ;  
While every fibre, from the lowest root  
To the last leaf upon the topmost twig,  
Was held by common sympathy, diffusing  
Through all the complex frame unconscious life.  
Such was the locust with its hydra boughs,  
A hundred heads on one stupendous trunk ;  
And such the mangrove, which, at full-moon  
flood,

Appear'd itself a wood upon the waters,  
But when the tide left bare its upright roots.  
A wood on piles suspended in the air ;  
Such too the Indian fig, that built itself  
Into a sylvan temple, arch'd aloof  
With airy aisles and living colonnades,  
Where nations might have worshipp'd God in  
peace.

From year to year their fruits ungather'd fell ;  
Not lost, but quickening where they lay, they  
struck

Root downward, and brake forth on every hand,  
Till the strong saplings, rank and file, stood up.  
A mighty army, which o'erran the isle,  
And changed the wilderness into a forest.

" All this appear'd accomplish'd in the space  
Between the morning and the evening star :  
So, in his third day's work, Jehovah spake,  
And Earth, an infant, naked as she came  
Out of the womb of chaos, straight put on  
Her beautiful attire, and deck'd her robe  
O'er verdure with ten thousand glorious flowers,  
Exhaling incense : crown'd her mountain-heads  
With cedars, train'd her vines around their gir-  
dles.

And pour'd spontaneous harvests at their feet.

" Nor were those woods without inhabitants  
Besides the epicureans of earth and air ;  
—Where glid the sunbeams through the latticed  
boughs,

And fell like dew-drops on the spangled ground,  
To light the diamond-berle on his way ;  
—Where cheerful openings let the sky look down  
Into the very heart of solitude,  
On little garden-plots of social flowers,  
That crowded from the shades to peep at day-  
light ;

—Or where unpermeable foliage made  
Midnight at noon, and chill, damp horror reign'd  
O'er dews, fall'n leaves and slimy fungus ;  
—Reptiles were quicken'd into various birth,  
Loathsome, unsightly, swoln to obscene bulk,  
Lurk'd the dark load beneath the infected turf ;  
The slow-worm crawl'd, the light camelion  
climb'd,

And changed his colour as his place he changed ;  
The nimble lizard ran from bough to bough,  
Glancing through light, in shadow disappearing ;  
The scorpion, many-eyed, with sting of fire.  
Bred there,—the legion-fiend of creeping things ;  
Terribly beautiful, the serpent lay,  
Wreath'd like a coronet of gold and jewels,  
Fit for a tyrant's brow ; anon he flew  
Straight as an arrow shot from his own rings,  
And struck his victim, shrieking ere it were  
Down his strain'd throat, that open sepulchre.

" Amphibious monsters haunted the lagoon ;  
The hippopotamus, amidst the flood,

Flexible and active as the smallest swimmer;  
But on the bank, ill balanced and infirm,  
He grazed the herbage, with huge head declined,  
Or lean'd to rest against some ancient tree.  
The crocodile, the dragon of the waters,  
In iron panoply, fell as the plague,  
And merciless as famine, cranch'd his prey.  
While, from his jaws, with dreadful fangs all  
serried,  
The life-blood dyed the waves with deadly  
streaks.

The seal and the sea-lion, from the gulf  
Came forth, and couching with their little ones,  
Slept on the shelving rocks that girt the shores,  
Securing prompt retreat from sudden danger:  
The pregnant turtle, stealing out at eve,  
With anxious eye, and trembling heart, explored  
The loneliest cove, and in the loose warm sand  
Deposited her eggs, which the sun hatch'd:  
Hence the young brood, that never knew a parent,  
Unburrow'd and by instinct sought the sea;  
Nature herself, with her own gentle hand,  
Dropping them one by one into the flood,  
And laughing to behold their antic joy,  
When launch'd in their maternal element.

"The vision of that brooding world went on;  
Millions of beings yet more admirable  
Than all that went before them now appear'd;  
Flitting from every point of heaven, and filling  
Eye, ear, and mind, with objects, sounds, emo-  
tions

Akin to livelier sympathy and love  
Than reptiles, fishes, insects, could inspire;  
—Birds, the free tenants of land, air, and ocean,  
Their forms all symmetry, their motions grace;  
In plumage, delicate and beautiful,  
Thick without burliness, close as fishes' scales,  
Or loose as full-blown poppies to the breeze;  
With wings that might have had a soul within  
them,

They bore their owners by such sweet enchant-  
ment;

—Birds, small and great, of endless shapes and  
colours,  
Here flew and perch'd, there swam and dived at  
pleasure;

Watchful and agile, uttering voices wild  
And harsh, yet in accordance with the waves  
Upon the beach, the winds in caverns moaning.  
On winds and waves abroad upon the water,  
Some sought their food among the flimsy shoals,  
Swift darting from the clouds, emerging soon  
With slender captives glittering in their beaks;  
These in recesses of steep crags constructed  
Their eyries inaccessible, and train'd  
Their hardy broods to forage in all weathers;  
Others, more gorgeously apparell'd, dwelt  
Among the woods, on Nature's dainties feeding,  
Herbs, seeds, and roots; or, ever on the wing,  
Pursuing insects through the boundless air;  
In hollow trees or thickets these conceal'd  
Their exquisitely woven nests; where lay  
Their callow offspring, quiet as the down  
On their own breasts, till from her search the dam  
With laden bill return'd, and shared the meal  
Among her clamorous suppliants, all agape;  
Then, cowering o'er them with expanded wings,  
She felt how sweet it is to be a mother.  
Of these, a few, with melody untaught,  
Turn'd all the air to music within hearing,  
Themselves unseen; while bolder clarionists  
On loftier branches strain'd their clarion-pipes,  
And made the forest echo to their screams  
Discordant,—yet there was no discord there,  
But temper'd harmony: all tones combining,  
In the rich confluence of ten thousand tongues,  
To tell of joy and to inspire it. Who  
Could hear such concert, and not join in chorus?  
Not I;—sometimes entranced, I seem'd to float  
Upon a buoyant sea of sounds: again  
With curious ear I tried to disentangle  
The maze of voices, and with eye as nice  
To single out each minstrel, and pursue  
His little song through all its labyrinth,  
Till my soul enter'd into him, and felt  
Every vibration of his thrilling throat,  
Pulse of his heart, and flutter of his pinions.  
Often, one among the multitude,  
I sang from very fullness of delight;  
Now like a winged fisher of the sea,  
Now a reecher among the woods,—enjoying  
The bliss of all at once, or each in turn."

This Paradise is destroyed by a hur-  
ricane—but the Spirit, after a momen-  
tary flight of many years, sees it re-  
stored to its former beauty—and then  
comes the Vision of the beautiful and  
stately Pelicans—in perhaps the finest,  
and certainly the most fervent strain,  
in all the Poem—

"The sun had sunk where sky and ocean meet,  
And each might seem the other; sky below,  
With richest garniture of clouds inland;  
Ocean above, with isles and continents,  
Illumined from a source no longer seen:  
Far in the east, through heaven's intenser blue,  
Two brilliant sparks, like sudden stars, appear'd;  
Not stars indeed, but birds of mighty wing.  
Retorted neck, and javelin-pointed bill,  
That made the air sigh as they cut it through.  
They gaur'd upon the eye, and as they came,  
Enlarged, grew brighter, and display'd their forms  
Amidst the golden evening; pearly-white,  
But ruby-tintured. On the loftiest cliff  
They settled, hovering ere they touch'd the  
ground,

And uttering, in a language of their own,  
Yet such as every ear might understand,  
And every bosom answer, notes of joy.  
And gratulation for that resting-place.  
Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapt  
Their van-broad pinions, streak'd their ruffled  
plumes,

And ever and anon broke off to gaze,  
With yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs,  
On that strange land their destined home and  
country.

Night round them threw her brown transparent  
gloom,  
Through which their lonely images yet shone,  
Like things unearthly, while they bow'd their  
heads

On their fall bosoms, and reposed till morn.  
I knew the Pelicans, and cried—'All hail!  
Ye future dwellers in the wilderness!'

"At early dawn I mark'd them in the sky,  
Catching the morning colours on their plumes,  
Not in voluptuous pasture revelling there,  
Among the rosy clouds, while orient heaven  
Flamed like the opening gates of Paradise,  
Whence issued forth the Angel of the sun,  
And gladden'd Nature with returning day:  
—Eager for food their searching eyes they fix'd  
On ocean's untold volume, from an height,  
That brought immensity within their scope;  
Yet with such power of vision look'd they down,  
As though they watch'd the shell-fish slowly glid-  
ing

O'er sunken rocks, or climbing trees of coral,  
On indefatigable wing upheld,  
Breath, pulse, existence, seem'd suspended in  
them;

They were as pictures painted on the sky;  
Till suddenly, aslant, away they shot,  
Like meteors changed from stars to gleams of  
lightning,  
And struck upon the deep."

"Love found that lonely couple on their isle,  
And soon surrounded them with blithe compa-  
nions.

The noble birds, with skill spontaneous, framed  
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,  
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil.  
There, in sweet thraldomy, yet unweaning why,  
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known  
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,  
Long ere she found the curious secret out,  
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.  
Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey  
Tamed by the kindly process, she became  
That gentlest of all living things—a mother.  
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,  
Fiercest when stirr'd by anger to defend them.  
Her mate himself the softening power confess'd  
Forgot his sloth, restrain'd his appetite,  
And tamed the sky and fish'd the stream for her.  
Or, when o'erwarded Nature forced her off

To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,  
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,  
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,  
While the plump nestlings throbb'd against his  
heart,

The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;  
Yes, half unwillingly his post resign'd,  
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,  
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat  
With pecking bill, and cry of fond distress,  
Answer'd by him with murmurs of delight,  
Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own  
music.

Then, settling down, like foam upon the wave,  
White, thickening, effervescent, soon subsiding,  
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;  
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,  
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest,  
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind  
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,  
—Nor dreams the halcyon of sadder days,  
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,  
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,  
When the warm tumults of affection sunk  
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,  
—Dreams more delicious than reality.  
—He sentinell'd her stood and watch'd,  
With jealous eye, the raven in the clouds,  
And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.  
Woe to the r-pile thea that ventured nigh;  
The snap of his tremendous bill was like  
Death's scythe, down-cutting every thing it struck.  
The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peep'd  
Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,  
But paid the instant forfeit of his life:  
Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude  
Capture, when gliding by, nor in defence  
Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

" Erelong the thriving brood outgrew their  
cradle,  
Ran through the grass, and dabbled in the pools;  
No sooner denizens of earth than made  
I see both of air and water; day by day,  
New lessons, exercises, and amusements  
Employ'd the old to teach, the young to learn.  
Now floating on the blue lagoon behold them;  
The sire and Dam in swanlike beauty steering.  
Their Cygnets following through the foamy wake,  
Picking the leaves of pinks, pursuing insects,  
Or catching at the bubbles as they broke:  
Till on some minor fry, in reedy shallows,  
With flapping pinions and unsparring beaks,  
The well-taught scholars plied their double art,  
To fish in troubled waters, and secure  
The petty captives in their maiden pouches;  
Then hurry with their banquet to the shore,  
With feet, wings, breast, half-swimming and half-  
flying.

But when their pens grew strong to fight the  
storm,  
And buffet with the breakers on the reef,  
The Parents put them to severer proof:  
On beetling rocks the little ones were marshall'd;  
There, by endearments, stripes, example, urged  
To try the void convexity of heaven,  
And plough the ocean's horizontal field.  
Timorous at first they flutt'r'd round the verge,  
Balanced and furl'd their hesitating wings,  
Then put them forth again with steeper aim;  
Now, gaining courage as they felt the wind  
Dilate their feathers, fill their airy frames  
With buoyancy that bore them from their feet,  
They yielded all their burthen to the breeze,  
And sail'd and soar'd where'er their guardians  
led;

Ascending, hovering, wheeling, or alighting,  
They search'd the deep in quest of nobler game  
Than yet their inexperience had encounter'd;  
With these they battled in that element,  
Where wings or fins were equally at home,  
Till, conquerors in many a desperate strife,  
They dragg'd their spoils to land, and gorged at  
leisure.

" Thus perfected in all the arts of life,  
The simple Pelicans require,—save one,  
Which mother-bird did never teach her daughter,  
—The immutable art to build a nest;  
Love, for his own delightful school, reserving  
That mystery which none ever fail'd  
To learn infallibly when taught by him;

—Hence that still masterpiece of Nature's art,  
Still unimpaired, still unimproved, remains  
The same in site, material, shape, and texture,  
While every kind a different structure frames,  
All build alike of each peculiar kind:  
The nightingale, that dwelt in Adam's bower,  
And pour'd her stream of music through his  
dreams:

The soaring lark, that led the eye of Eve  
Into the clouds, her thoughts into the heaven  
Of heavens, where lark nor eye can penetrate;  
The dove that perch'd upon the Tree of Life,  
And made her bed among its thickest leaves;  
All the wing'd habitants of Paradise,  
Whose songs once mingled with the songs of An-  
gels,

Wove their first nests as curiously and well  
As the wood-minstrels in our evil day,  
After the labours of six thousand years,  
In which their ancestors have fall'd to add,  
To alter or diminish anything  
In that, of which Love only knows the secret,  
And teaches every mother for herself,  
Without the power to impart it to her offspring.  
—Thus perfected in all the arts of life,  
That simple Pelicans require, save this,  
That se Parents drove their young away: the young  
Gaily forsook their parents. Soon enthral'd  
With love-alliances among themselves,  
They built their nests, as happy instinct wrought  
Within their bosoms, wakening powers unknown.  
Till sweet necessity was laid upon them;  
They bred, and rear'd their little families,  
As they were train'd and disciplined before."

" Thus wings were multiplied from year to  
year,  
And ere the patriarch-wren, in good old age,  
Resign'd their breath beside that ancient nest,  
In which themselves had nursed a hundred  
broods,  
The isle was peopled with their progeny."

But the Spirit sees now a more ex-  
tended vision—for,

" Meanwhile, not idle, though unwatch'd by man,  
The coral-architects in silence rear'd  
Tower after tower beneath the dark abyss.  
Pyramidal in form the towers rose,  
From ample basements narrowing to the height,  
Till they pierc'd the surface of the flood,  
And dimpling eddies sparkled round their peaks.  
Then (of great things with small may be compared)  
They spread like water-lilies, whose broad leaves  
Make green and sunny islets on the pool,  
For golden flies, on summer-days, to haunt,  
Safe from the lightning-seizure of the trout;  
Or yield their laps to catch the minnow, springing  
Clear from the stream to 'scape the ruffian pike,  
That prowls in disappointed rage beneath,  
And wonders when the little wretch found refuge.

" One headland topt the waves, another fol-  
low'd;  
A third, a tenth, a twentieth soon appear'd,  
Till the long-barren gulf in travail lay  
With many an infant struggling into birth.  
Larger they grew and livelier, when they breathed  
The vital air, and felt the genial sun:  
As though a living spirit dwelt in each,  
Which, like the inmate of a flexible slough,  
Moulded the shapeless slough with its own motion,  
And painted it with colours of the morn.  
Amidst that group of younger sisters, stood  
The Isle of Pelicans, as stands the moon  
At midnight, queen among the minor stars,  
Differing in splendour, magnitude, and distance,  
So look'd that archipelago: small isles,  
By interwinding channels link'd yet sunder'd;  
All flourishing in peaceful fellowship,  
Like forest oaks that love society:  
—Of various growth and progress; here, a rock  
On which a single palm-tree waved its banner;  
There, sterile tracts unmoor'd into soil;  
Yonder, dark woods whose foliage swept the  
water,

Without a speck of turf, or line of shore,  
As though their roots were anchored in the ocean.  
But most were gardens replete with flowers,  
And orchards bending with Hesperian fruit,  
That realized the dreams of olden time.

" Throughout this commonwealth of sea-sprung  
lands,

Life kindled in ten thousand happy forms,  
Earth, air, and ocean, were all full of life.  
Still highest in the rank of being, soar'd  
The *Alas* amphibious, and the inland tribes  
Of dainty plumage or melodious song.  
In gaudy robes of many-colour'd patches,  
The parrots swam like blossoms on the trees,  
While their harsh voices undecieved the ear.  
More delicately pencil'd finer drawn  
In shape and lineament; too exquisite  
For gross delights; the Birds of Paradise  
Floated aloof, as though they lived on air,  
And were the orient progeny of heaven.  
Or spirits made perfect, veild in shining raiment.  
From flower to flower, where wild bees flew and  
sung,

As countless, small, and musical as they.  
Showers of bright humming-birds came down,  
and plied

The same ambrosial task, with slender bill  
Extracting honey, hidden in those bells,  
Whose richest blooms grew pale beneath the  
blaze

Of twinkling windlets hovering o'er their petals,  
Brilliant as rain-drops, when the western sun  
Saw his own miniature of beams in each.

" High o'er the cliffs, down on the shelly reef,  
Or gliding like a silver shaded cloud  
Through the blue heaven, the mighty albatross  
Inhaled the breeze, sought his humble food,  
Or, where his limited like a flock reposed,  
Waltz'd on a phœnix on the grassy downs,  
Smooth'd his white fleece, and slumber'd in their  
arms."

" Wading through marshes, where the rank  
sea weed

With spiky moss, and faced helens strove,  
Flammonet, in their common tunic stalk'd  
On stately legs, with far-exploring eye;  
Or fed and slop'd in rampant lines,  
Watch'd by the sentinels, whose clatter scream'd  
At an intruder's voice the startled troop,  
That rambled like a glorious exhalation,  
And vanish'd through the welkin far away,  
Not paused till a lonely lonely coast-aching,  
Again their gorgeous cohort took the field.

" The fierce, majestic, humble in attire,  
In potentia, from his lonely eyrie,  
His chief barthen for the latest deed,  
Look'd down o'er land and sea as his dominions;  
Now, from deep clay, deepening with his prey,  
A clamor of dolphyn, in his deadly clutch,  
He led his eagles in the noon day sun;  
Now, at midnight rang'd the deep-ton game;  
At length outlapp'd with his own talons, struck  
Too deep to be withdrawn, where a strong shark,  
Droog'd by the anguish, with impetuous plunge,  
Struggling in vain for liberty and life;  
His young ones heard their parent's dying shrieks,  
And wail'd in vain for his returning wing."

Agon again elapse—all compressed  
into one moment—and the Spirit turns  
again to look upon the Isle whence  
from one pair all those colonies had  
issued, moving at freedom through  
the Cyclades.

" When lo! a spectacle of strange extremes  
Awaken'd sweet and melancholy thoughts:  
All that is helpless, beautiful, endearing  
In infancy, in prime of youth, in love;  
All that is mournful in decay, old age;  
And dissolution: all that awes the eye,  
And chills the bosom, in the sad remains  
Of poor mortality, which last awhile,  
To show that life hath been, but is no longer;  
—All these in banded images appear'd,  
Exulting, brooding, perishing before me.

" It was a land of births.—Unnumber'd nests,  
Of reeds, and rushes, studded all the ground,  
A few were desolate and fall'n to ruin;  
Many were buildings from those waste materials;

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On some the dams were sitting, till the stroke  
Of their quick bills should break the prison-shells,  
And let the little captives forth to light,  
With their first breath demanding food and shelter.  
In others I beheld the brood new-fledged,  
Struggling to clamber out, take wing and fly  
Up to the heavens, or fathom the abyss.  
Meanwhile the parent from the sea supplied  
A daily feast, and from the pure lagoon  
Brought living water in her sack, to cool  
The impatient fever of their clamorous throats.  
No need had she, as hieroglyphics feign,  
(A mystic lesson of maternal love,)  
To pierce her breast, and with the vital stream,  
Warm from its fountain, slake their thirst in  
blood.

—The blood which nourish'd them ere they were  
hatch'd.

While the crude egg within herself was forming.

" It was a land of death.—Between those nests,  
The quiet earth was feather'd with the spoils  
Of aged Pelicans that hither came  
To die in peace, where they had spent in love  
The sweetest periods of their long existence.  
Where they were wont to build, and breed their  
young,

There they lay down to rise no more for ever,  
And close their eyes upon the dearest sight  
On which their living eyes had loved to dwell.  
—The nest where every joy to them was centred,  
There the corruption tainted them so lightly,  
The moisture seem'd to vanish from their relics,  
As dew from gossamer, that leaves the net-work  
Spread on the ground, and glistening in the sun;  
Thus when a breeze the ruffled plumage stirr'd,  
That lay like drifted snow upon the soil,  
The slender skeletons were seen beneath,  
So delicately framed, and half transparent,  
That I have marvel'd how a bird so noble,  
When in his full magnificent attire,  
With pinions wider than the king of vultures',  
And down elastic, thicker than the swan's,  
Should leave so small a cage of ribs to mark  
Where vigorous life had dwelt a hundred years.

" Such was that scene: the dying and the dead  
Next neighbours to the living and the unborn.  
How much happiness was here enjoy'd!  
How little misery had been suffer'd here!  
These humble Pelicans had each fulfill'd  
The utmost purpose of its span of being,  
And done its duty in its native circle,  
As such as the sun, in his career,  
Accomplishes the glorious end of his."

All readers must lament that the  
Pelicans have vanished—for theirs is,  
out of all sight, the most beautiful  
part of the poem. But now the is-  
lands all begin to move like circles  
upon water, expanding till they touch  
each other, close up all the interja-  
cent straits, and thus become a spa-  
cious continent filling the sea. The  
pageant of a universe on which the Spi-  
rit had gazed, is fled, with all its isles  
and vales. The Spirit is translated to  
another world, like the unconscious  
act of waking from a pleasant dream,  
with a sweet relapse into a more trans-  
porting vision.

" The nursery of brooding Pelicans,  
The dormitory of their dead, had vanish'd,  
And all the minor spots of rock and verdure,  
The abodes of happy millions, were no more:  
But in their place a shadowy landscape lay,  
On whose extremest western verge, a gleam  
Of living silver, to the downward sun,  
Intensely glittering, mark'd the boundary line,  
Which ocean, held by chains invisible,  
Fretted and foam'd in vain to overleap.  
Woods, mountains, valleys, rivers, glens, and  
plans,

3 T



Diversified the scene:—that scene was wild,  
Magnificent, deform'd, or beautiful,  
As framed expressly for all kinds of life,  
With all life's labours, sufferings, and enjoy-  
ments;

Untouch'd as yet by any meaner hand  
Than His who made it, and pronounced it good.  
And good it was:—free as light, air, fire, water,  
To everything that breathed upon its surface,  
From the small worm that crept abroad at mid-  
night

To sip cool dews and feed on sleeping flowers,  
Then slunk into its hole, the little vampire!  
Through every species which I yet had seen,  
To animals, of tribes and forms unknown  
In the lost islands:—beasts that ranged the forests,  
Grazed in the valleys, bounded o'er the hills,  
Reposed in rich savannahs, from grey rocks  
Pick'd the thin herbage sprouting through their  
fissures;

Or in waste howling desert: found oases,  
And fountains pouring sweeter strains than ne-  
tar,

And more melodious than the nightingale,  
—So to the faint and perishing they seem'd.

"I gazed on ruminating herds of kine,  
And sheep for ever wandering: goats that swung  
Like spiders on the crags, so slight their hold;  
Deer, playful as their fawns, in peace, but tell  
As battling bulls in wars of jealousy:  
Through flowery champagnes roam'd the fleet ga-  
zelles,

Of many a colour, size, and shape,—all graceful;  
In every look, step, attitude prepared,  
Even at the shadow of a cloud, to vanish,  
And leave a solitude where thousands stood,  
With heads declined, and nuzzling eagerly  
As locusts when they light on some new soil,  
And move no more till they have shorn it bare.  
On these, with famine unappeasable,  
Lithe, muscular, huge-boned, and limb'd for leap-  
ing,

The branded tyrant, of brute nature prey'd.  
The weak and timid bow'd before the strong,  
'The many by the few were hourly slaughtered,  
Where power was right, and violence was law.

"Here couch'd the panting tiger, on the  
watch:

Impatient but unmoved, his fire-ball eyes  
Made horrid twilight in the sunless jungle;  
Till on the heedless buffalo he sprang,  
Dragg'd the low-bellowing monster to his lair,  
Crash'd through the ribs at once into his heart,  
Quaff'd the hot blood, and gorged the quivering  
flesh,

Till drunk he lay as powerless as the carcass.

"There, to the solitary lion's roar,  
So many echoes answer'd, that there seem'd  
Ten in the field for one;—Where'er they turn'd,  
The flying animals, from cave to cave,  
Heard his voice issuing: and recoil'd aghast,  
Only to meet it nearer than before.  
Or, ere they saw his shadow or his face,  
Fall dead beneath his thunder-striking paw.

"Calm amidst scenes of havoc, in his own  
Huge strength impregnable, the elephant  
Offended none, but led his quiet life  
Among his old contemporary trees,  
'Till Nature laid him gently down to rest  
Beneath the palm, which he was wont to make  
His prop in slumber; there his relics lay  
Longer than life itself had dwelt within them.  
Beet in the ample hollow of his skull  
Piled their wax-citadels, and stored their honey;  
Thence sallied forth to forage through the fields,  
And swarm'd in emigrating legions thence;  
There, little burrowing animals threw up  
Hillocks beneath the overreaching ribs;  
While birds, within the spiral labyrinth,  
Contrived their nests:—so wandering Arabs pitch  
Their tents amidst Palmyra's palaces;  
So Greek and Roman peasants build their huts  
Beneath the shadow of the Parthenon,  
Or on the ruins of the Capitol."

The Spirit at last beholds some of  
those Human Beings, whom he has

been longing for and desiring—and  
there are some two cantos or so of hu-  
man description, from which, though  
there are many very striking and  
powerful passages in them, we must  
utterly withhold the praise of beauty  
and of exquisite imagination, which  
we bestow without reserve on those  
which relate to the ante-human pe-  
riod of the Spirit's vision. Without  
entering into any criticism of them—  
we shall simply say, that we do not  
like them. We have nothing to do  
with what they are in themselves—  
in themselves although sometimes re-  
pulsive, they are often excellent—nay,  
admirable—but we object that they  
suddenly oppress with excessively dis-  
agreeable reality a Poem, which, so far  
was one of pure delight, and if read  
still one of visionarily pictured reality.

I'p to the Pelicans, the Poem is on-  
nearly of unmixed beauty: and the  
reader is led on with an interest of  
a new kind, which he may be surpris-  
ed to find capable of engaging him so  
long. This depends principally, we  
think, on three causes. The first is  
the well-conducted, poetical gradua-  
tion of augmenting sympathy in the  
imaginary spectator, with the imma-  
nate and irrational parts of creation  
successively presented to his view.  
The second is, the various minute,  
picturesque, and lavished knowledge of  
the natural world, which has enabled  
Mr Montgomery to endow his relation  
of the changes and transformation  
supposed to be wrought before the  
sight of this contemplating intelligence  
with historic and graphic reality.—  
brought home to the reader's concep-  
tion and belief by a strength, vivacity,  
beauty, truth, and music of descriptive  
expression, of which we have found  
many scattered specimens in Mr Mon-  
gomery's writings, but have not seen,  
nor had reason to attribute to him,  
the power of pouring out in the continuous  
flow in which it is here employed.  
The third and last is, the expectation  
of attaining, as the poem shall proceed,  
to a clear and satisfactory discovery of  
the scope and governing idea of the  
whole, of which certain dim and un-  
defined glimpses are, indeed, caught,  
from time to time—at least we hope  
we have not been entirely mistaken in  
thinking so—but at which we certain-  
ly do not flatter ourselves that we  
have hitherto completely arrived.

That sympathy with the material

Universe, as touched or informed, in some unconceived manner and undefined measure, with the sensibilities and powers of higher natures,—which has of late been much acknowledged and cultivated in our poetry,—which is the secret source of our attribution either of beauty or sublimity to inanimate existence,—and which is owing to the illusion of our spirit, receiving back as originally external to and independent of itself the light, reflected from all outward things, of its own illuminations—is made very happily effective by Mr Montgomery, who, with great boldness, relying, at the outset, for the sympathy of his reader, upon this affection in its simplicity, rounds the *first* movement of the poem upon it alone:—the incidents of this first portion being changes solely of animating Nature—day in mid-Ocean—night—a breeze—“the moon through all her phases”—the planets in motion—a storm—an evening-rainbow—and a starry night—and the mimic play of the winds and waters on the following morning. The spiritual beholder of these varying appearances and events, possessed, as we have said, with an unappeasable desire of finding something out of himself, for and with which he may feel, is, with just and delicious appropriation of this imaginative feeling, represented as first *obtaining* the gratification of his desire by this sympathy. Only, when by exhausting it he finds its insufficiency to fill the capacities of love in him, other living objects are given to his observation, and of these, first, those most remote from his own similitude, the inhabitants of the waters. The family history of the Pelicans is recorded by the Spirit, with intense emotions, as exhibiting in the power of instinct much of what was longed for as the attributes of reason—and we confess that the shock which our heart sustained was great, from finding, in the Cantos which we have been obliged to dislike, even the natural feelings described as less beautiful and energetic in the human beings brought before us, than in these irrational creatures—not only less beautiful, indeed, but from the first depraved, and polluted, and perverted.

This dark colouring of human nature is felt as the more rudely violating the placid and delightful temper of feeling with which all the earlier part

of the Poem is read, by the selection of the most repulsive traits in the picture of lost humanity. Possibly the author had his own good reasons for the choice. He may have had grounds lying in the intention of the Poem for inflicting on us the pain of this contrast. Perhaps the idea is this: that having shown us in the irrational creation the purposes of Providence fulfilled, and meaning in human beings to show them, if we may so speak, frustrated, it was relevant to his design to place these two parts of the Poem in the most glaring opposition. We could wish, however, either, if it had been lawful, that the transition might have been softened; or, if this could not be done without giving up too much of the author's purpose, that some deep-toned notes should have been struck, which might have wholly changed our mood, and carried us willingly into this new strain, if any art can make us look willingly upon our own degradation:—in a word, that the reader, before he was made to taste the bitterness of the necessity, should have been made clearly to see it. We have only, long after, by much reasoning, inferred it, from observing that Mr Montgomery, in his *Cannibal and Infanticide-Mother*, displays the utmost moral—in his *Idiot* the utmost intellectual, ruin of the human spirit by Sin; the sole cause of all departure in the human being, as known to us, from his original brightness.

From this abyss we are lifted up in the two last Cantos, by the allegorical delineation, as we are half-inclined to suppose, in the personage of an ancient Patriarchal chieftain, of Man, by the instinctive struggles of natural religion in his soul, for we can understand nothing else, carried out of the idolatrous practices which have taken root in the world, back to his Maker. It is impossible to read the part in which this personage is introduced, very abruptly indeed, and in a manner to provoke a thousand conjectures of the reader and satisfy very few of them, without being strongly reminded of the great Patriarch, acknowledged even by those who have corrupted his faith, as the Father of the Faithful. Yet neither is it possible, from the circumstances and history, that Abraham himself is to be here understood. The reader is here again perplexed and bewildered by the

suggestion of historical reality, again lost in forms merely ideal. The allegorical character is unsatisfactory, because it does not image to us anything general in the condition or progress of the human race. And we would, in like manner, remark generally, that the mind is throughout held fluctuating in a similar suspense and uncertainty, in respect to what is brought into sight, both of the human and natural world. We cannot tell what is meant to be taken as an adoption of the scriptural narrative, or of facts as they have actually happened known from other sources, and what, though we are very certain there is nothing intended as anti-scriptural in Mr Montgomery, is merely ideal and poetical.

On a full consideration, we are convinced that there can be no other purport of the Poem, than to illustrate the Divine government of the universe, at least of so much of it as is immediately and obviously connected with man: his natural and moral world. Of this we cannot, indeed, doubt, since there is no other purpose that could give unity to the parts already before us. 'The greater part, as it may be conjectured, of the Poem is announced as yet to be written—and the obscurity of design of which we have complained, must be understood as produced not so much by the difficulty of divining the main scope of the author, which can hardly fail to suggest itself from the outset, and is, in truth, pretty plainly intimated in the opening lines, as of referring the several parts to their proper place in such a scheme, and ascertaining their bearing upon one another.

But, having urged these objections, which ought to have been explained and illustrated, that it might have been seen whether they are well-founded or no, with far greater pleasure do we again express our high admiration of the very delightful and original genius so conspicuous in the poem. Had its faults been far greater and more numerous, its beauties fewer and less, still it would have been allowed "by gods, men, and columns."

With nothing were we so much surprised and charmed as with the verification. We do not remember having previously read any of Mr Montgomery blank verse; and to write blank verse well, is one of the most dif-

ficult of all human achievements. It does not appear to us that Mr Montgomery has thought much of the principles of its structure. Indeed, our ear gave us notice of a few lines here and there that want the due number of feet; and of a few others, that, to make up that deficiency, possess more feet than any line of the class to which they belong is entitled to; but these are trifles, and evidently mere accidents. There are not three consecutive pages, in which we would not, had we our will, change the position of some words, and for others substitute new ones. Yet the music of the whole, in spite of such defects, is delightful. It keeps murmuring along, like a strong-sourced stream that is never sluggish; and that, choosing its own channel, without any impediment of artificial embankments, chafes cheerfully among the rocks—there flows broadly on along the levels—and ever and anon rouses with the din of a waterfall. Let the imagination but be well kindled, and all the feelings a-glow, and the poet will not fail "to warble melody." Milton wrote almost the noblest blank verse in the world; and with the finest ear, he wrote, we verily believe, every single line on principle. He is felt to be a great master in that music; and, perhaps, in his loftiest and most magnificent strain, he soars in sound beyond all other poets. Shakspeare, again, wrote almost the noblest blank verse in the world; but, with the finest ear, we verily believe, he never wrote a single line on principle, that is to say, not consciously and deliberately. But being at all times under the influence of a strong and creative genius, and all his feelings and faculties working in delight, music steeped his speech. There is no reason why after the names of Milton and Shakspeare, we should not pronounce those of Wordsworth and Montgomery. We hate to see the dead immortals used as extinguishers. Now, with a fine natural ear, Wordsworth—is the greatest master now living of the music of blank verse. And, whether inferior or not, he may be compared to Milton, when at his greatest,—that is, when his subject demands it—when he has given his subject all his study—and when that study has been of felicitous effect—there is unequalled pomp and magnificence of rolling and echoing sound

in the music of his versification. At other times, when he labours uninspired, to "build the lofty rhyme," Nature is smothered under Art, and we fall asleep during the Excursion. We do not say that Mr Montgomery's versification bears the same resemblance to that of Shakspeare—for the unequalled and inimitable charm of Shakspeare is its infinite and appropriate variety. But, so far, at least, the blank verse of the *Pelican Island* may be likened to that of any of the Plays of our great Bard, that its structure seems to vary—on no other law than that of the present feeling—that it is "warbled native wood-notes wild," that if it occasionally be loose and careless, it soon redeems itself by freshening into cheerful melody, and, generally speaking, is nicely, but quite naturally adapted, in its character, to the fluctuations of feeling or of fancy, and the changing complexion of the objects that delay or hurry on the poet's seemingly almost unpremeditated song.

Our analysis of the Poem does not deserve the name. Our limits prevent us from doing anything like justice to the poem by longer quotations—but those we have made will be sufficient to inspire our readers with a strong desire and determination to read the Poem.

We take farewell of Mr Montgomery—with a remark addressed generally to readers of poetry. When we look philosophically and comprehensively over the history of literature, and attempt to estimate the place and power of each poet, in relation to the whole series of productions, we are brought

by this attempt into a particular state of mind for judging them, which is a proper one—that is, we do not look for perfection, and do not feel pain from what is wanting in each to our ideal of the art. We see with pleasure what is achieved, attribute the defects to the imperfection of human powers, and, on the whole, are satisfied with the acquisition which the country has made, in possessing the works of one of the powerful minds she has produced. In like manner, in the attempt to judge in general and philosophical criticism the place of any good poet among all poets, we produce in ourselves, along with a true aptitude for balancing his defects and merits, a painlessness in the contemplation of the defects of his works.

But when we take him alone, and judge him in himself, as enthusiastic lovers of the art—the proper state for *feeling* his works—then this temper is quite changed and reversed. For, it then appears to us that the art ought to be, and must be, consummated in the particular poet—say in Homer, in Virgil, or Shakspeare. We believe that it is consummated, and we close our eyes to its defects—we do not see them—we see only the power that, far transcending our own, exercises unlimited dominion over us; and when the faults are forced upon us, we feel them painfully intolerable, by destroying the perfection which we desire, and which seems on the very point of being attained.

Let all men read poetry—and judge poetry—in such a spirit—and then poetry and criticism will be kindred arts—and poets and critics—brothers.

#### THE TOMB OF DE BRUCE.

A Freedom is a noble thing;  
Freedom makes man to have liking;  
Freedom all solace to men gives;  
He lives at ease that freely lives.

BARBOT 5.

AND liest thou, great Monarch, this pavement below?  
Thou who wert in war like a rock to the ocean,  
Like a star in the battle-field's stormy commotion,—  
Like a barrier of steel to the shocks of the foe!  
All lofty thy boast, grey Dunfermline, may be,  
That the bones of King Robert, the hero whose story,  
Mid our history's night is a day-track of glory,  
Find an honour'd and holy asylum in thee.  
And here, till the world is eclipsed in decline,  
Thy chosen, O Scotland! shall kneel at this shrine.

On Luxury's hot-bed thou sprang'st not to man—  
 From childhood Adversity's storms howl'd around thee ;  
 And fain with his shackles had Tyranny bound thee,  
 When lo ! he beheld thee in Liberty's van !  
 To the dust down the Thistle of Scotland was trod ;  
 'Twas wreck and 'twas ruin, 'twas discord and danger ;  
 O'er her strongholds waved proudly the flag of the stranger ;  
 Till thy sword, like the lightning, flash'd courage abroad,  
 And the craven, that slept with his head on his hand,  
 Started up at thy war-shout, and belted his brand !

How long Treason's pit-falls 'twas thine to avoid,—  
 Was the wild-fowl thy food, and thy beverage the fountain,  
 Was thy pillow the heath, and thy home on the mountain,  
 When that hope was cast down which could not be destroy'd !  
 As the way-farer longs for the dawning of morn,  
 So wearied thy soul for thy country's awaking,  
 Unsheathing her terrible broadsword, and shaking  
 The fetters away, which in sleep she had worn :  
 At thy call she aroused her to fight ; and, in fear,  
 Invasion's fang'd bloodhounds were scatter'd like deer.

The broadsword and battle-axe gleam'd at thy call ;  
 From the strath and the corrie, from cottage and palace,  
 Pour'd forth like a tide the revengers of Wallace,  
 To rescue their Scotland from rapine and thrall ;  
 How glow'd the gaunt cheeks, long all care-worn and pale  
 As the recreant brave, to their duty returning,  
 In the eye of King Robert saw liberty burning,  
 And raised the wild gathering-cry forth on the gale !  
 Oh then was the hour for a patriot to feel,  
 As he buckled his cuirass, the edge of his steel !

When thou camest to the field all was ruin and woe .  
 'Twas dastardly terror, or jealous distrusting ;  
 In the hall hung the target and burgonet rusting ;  
 The brave were dispersed, and triumphant the foe :—  
 But from chaos thy sceptre call'd order and awe ;—  
 'Twas security's homestead ; all flourish'd that near'd thee ,  
 The worthy upheld, and the turbulent fear'd thee,  
 For thy pillars of strength were Religion and Law :—  
 The meanest in thee a protector could find—  
 Thou wert feet to the cripple, and eyes to the blind.

Oh ne'er shall the fame of the patriot decay—  
 De Bruce, in thy name still our country rejoices ;  
 It thrills Scottish heart-strings, it swells Scottish voices,  
 As it did when the Bannock ran red from the fray.  
 Thy dust in the darkness of ruin may lie ;  
 But ne'er, mighty Hero, while earth hath its motion,  
 While rises the day-star, or rolls forth the ocean,  
 Shall thy deeds be eclipsed, or their memory die ;  
 They stand, thy proud monument, sculptured sublime  
 By the chisel of Fame, on the tablet of Time.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

A new Translation of the Odes of Anacreon is just ready for publication.

A First Part of a Second Series of the Stanley Tales is announced as being nearly ready.

Mr Charles Swain is about to publish a volume, to be entitled, *Sketches of History and Imagination*.

Mr Nicholas Harris Nicolas is about to publish the *Journal of Thomas Beckington*, Secretary to Henry VI., and afterwards Bishop of Bath; Sir Robert Roos, knight, and others, during their Journey from Windsor to Bordeaux, on an Embassy to negotiate the Marriage between Henry VI. and one of the daughters of Count Arminack, in June 1412. From a contemporary MS., with Illustrative, Historical, and Biographical Notes.

Mr Henry Trevanion is about to publish a Poem, to be entitled, *The Influence of Apathy*.

Mr Irvine, of Guildford, is about to publish a Latin Grammar, with Exercises in Construing and Composition.

Jomini. *Vie Politique et Militaire de Napoleon*, racontée par lui-même, au Tribunal de Cesar, d'Alexandre, et de Frederic.

An Historical Essay on the Laws and the Government of Rome is about to appear.

The Rev. Thomas Sims has nearly ready for publication, *An Apology for the Waldenses*. Exhibiting an Historical View of their Origin, Orthodoxy, Loyalty, and Constancy; with an Appeal to several European Governments on their behalf. In 8vo.

Preparing for publication, a History of England from the earliest period to the present time; in which it is intended to consider Men and Events on Christian Principles. By a Clergyman of the Church of England. To be published in Monthly Numbers, and completed in 4 vols. 12mo.

The Second Part of the Rev. S. T. Bloomfield's *Recensio Synoptica Annotationis Sacre*; or Critical Digest of the most important Annotations on the New Testament. In 4 vols. 8vo.

A Defence of the Missions in the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, against the charges and misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review, in a letter addressed to the Editor of that Journal.

The Rev. Dr Pye Smith has in the Press a New Edition, very much enlarged, of his *Discourse on the Sacrifice, Priesthood, and Atonement of Christ*.

Mr Thomas Easton Abbott, of Bridlington, has a Poem in hand, entitled, the "Soldier's Friend," Sacred to the Memory of the late Duke of York.

Mrs West, Author of a Tale of the Times, &c. has in the press a New Novel, entitled, "Ringrove," or, "Old Fashioned Notions," in 2 vols.

Dr Scully has nearly ready for publication, *Observations on the Climate of Torquay and the Southern part of Devonshire generally*, comprising an Estimate of its Value as a Remedial Agent in Pulmonary Disorders, &c.

*Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras*. 4to, with plates.

Mr Gent has a new volume of Poems in the press.

Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. M.P., has in the press a new edition of his *Observations on Paper Money, Banking, and Overtrading*; including those parts of the evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons, which explain the Scotch System of Banking.

In the press, the first Volume of a work, entitled, *First Steps to the Study of the Healing Art*, briefly exhibiting the Structure of the Human Body, and forcibly directing the attention to the Anatomical Prints connected with the Practice of Physic, Midwifery, and Surgery. Being an Outline of Lectures delivered in London in the year 1825. By John Charles Litchfield, F.L.S. M.R.C.S., Fellow of the London Medical Society, late in the service of the Honourable East India Company, formerly Assistant Surgeon to the Hospital for Seamen, Greenwich, Lecturer on Surgery, &c.

A new and greatly improved edition of Mr Gray's valuable Supplement to the *Pharmacopœia*, including the new French Remedies, with numerous and important additions.

A new edition of the Translation of Magendie's Formulary, for the preparation and mode of employing the new French Remedies, including the valuable improvements and additions in the 5th and last Paris edition.

*The Principles of Forensic Medicine*, by J. G. Smith, M.D., Lecturer on State Medicine at the Royal Institution. Third edition, with the Author's corrections.

A complete Collection of the Parliamentary Speeches (corrected) of the Right Hon. George Canning, with an authentic Memoir, which have been some time in the press, will very shortly be published, illustrated by a finely executed and correct Portrait.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood are very nearly ready for publication.

In October will be published, No. I. Portraits of the most celebrated Painters of all the Schools, executed in Lithography, with a Memoir of their Lives, and a short Notice of their most celebrated Works. The whole is to be completed in Twenty Monthly Numbers, each containing Three Portraits.

In the press, and speedily will be published in royal octavo, with plates, Physiological Illustrations of the Organ of Hearing, more particularly of the Secretion of Cerumen, and its effects in rendering Auditory Perception accurate and acute, with further Remarks on the Treatment of Diminution of Hearing, arising from imperfect Secretion, &c., being a Sequel to the Gulfe, and to the Illustrations of Acoustic Surgery. By Thomas Buchanan, C.M., &c.

We congratulate Horticulturists, on both sides of the Tweed, on at length having a prospect of the permanent Settlement of the Nomenclature of Fruits; some of the popular of which are known by a multitude of different names. By an advertisement in our present Number, the "Horticultural Society of London," who alone could have undertaken the task, will commence, on the 1st of October, a Periodical Work, to be called the "Pomological Magazine."

Mr Stanley, of the Royal Artillery, has a work ready for publication, called "The Young Horsewoman's Compendium of the Modern Art of Riding;" by which young persons may perfect themselves, and obtain complete government of their Horses in a short period, without the aid of a Master; a difficulty which, from various causes, has too often prevented the acquisition of an accomplishment productive of so much pleasure and health.

In the press, in royal 4to, Historical Tablets and Medallions, illustrative of an Improved System of Artificial Memory, for the more easy remembrance of remarkable Events and Dates; exhibiting, in a Series of neatly tinted Engravings, (including more than one hundred medallion Portraits,) a connected Outline of Historical and Biographical Chronology, the complete succession of all the Roman Emperors, and of the Sovereigns of

England and France, down to the present time. Together with an appropriate Introduction, Appendix, and Vocabulary. Designed and arranged by John Henry Todd. The Tablets may also be had, neatly executed on card-board, and fitted up in a handsome box, so that a number of students might, with equal convenience and economy, be using them at the same time. Price L.3, 3s.

In November will be published, Ackermann's Forget Me Not for 1828; consisting of more than Eighty Compositions in Verse and Prose, by the most popular Writers of the day of both sexes; and the Embellishments comprise Thirteen highly finished Engravings, from Pictures by H. Howard, R.A., H. Thomson, R.A., R. Westall, R.A., T. Stothard, R.A., R. Smirke, R.A., H. Corbould, J. Martin, J. Stephanoff, S. Prout, M. W. Sharpe, S. Owen, H. Richter, and T. Uwins, with a beautiful embossed Presentation Plate.

We are informed that "The Amulet" for the year 1827-8, will be published on the first of November, on a scale of greater excellence than either of its predecessors. In the selection of the illustrations, the Editor has been powerfully assisted by several of the most distinguished painters of the age, who have, in many instances, given him the choice of their respective galleries. Pictures have in this manner been supplied by Howard, R.A., Ward, R.A., Jones, R.A., Pickersgil, R.A., Jackson, R.A., and Landseer, A.R.A.; and the volume will also contain an engraving from a splendid picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., from another by Smirke, R.A., and another from the celebrated painting, (in the collection at Wentworth House,) by Vandyke, of Lord Strafford and his Secretary, engraved by the express permission of Earl Fitzwilliam. The literary portion of the volume will be formed of the contributions of nearly sixty of our most celebrated authors, among whom are several who have not before exerted their talents in this popular and interesting class of works. There will be also several improvements of a very novel and valuable character, which, in addition to its other advantages, are expected to add materially to the success the work has already experienced. The volume is to be contained in a case, and splendidly bound in rich watered silk.

The Literary Souvenir for 1828, under the superintendence of Mr Alaric Watts, will be published on the first of November. Besides other decorations, this work will contain twelve Line Engravings from

the burins of many of the most eminent engravers of the day, after original paintings by various distinguished artists, viz. James Thomson, R.A., C. R. Leslie, R.A., A. E. Chalon, R.A., T. Stothard, R.A., H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., W. Danby, A., W. Allan, A., W. Westall, A., W. Linton, J. Richter, R. Farrier, J. Wood, &c. &c. &c. The volume will also contain an Engraving, from a beautiful picture by Leslie, of the Duke and Duchess from Don Quixote. The Literary Contents of the Work will be composed, as usual, of a great variety of original contributions, in Prose and Verse, including productions from several pens not hitherto engaged in any publications of this class.

Shortly will appear, "A Greek Gradus," containing the Interpretation, in Latin and English, of all words which

occur in the Greek Poets, and also exhibiting the quantity marked on each syllable; thus combining the advantages of a Lexicon of the Greek Poets and a Greek Gradus. By the Rev. J. Brasse, B.D., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. One thick vol. 8vo, 20s. bound.

Mr Southey has nearly ready, *The History of Portugal from the Earliest Times to the Commencement of the Peninsular War.*

*A History of Domestic Architecture, with Critical Remarks on the Distinctions characteristic of various Styles that have been adopted in the principal Mansions of this Kingdom,* by Thos. Moule, Author of "*Bibliotheca Heraldica*," "*Neale's Views of Seats*," &c. &c., is announced.

A New Miscellany is announced, under the title of "*The Winter's Wreath.*"

## EDINBURGH.

In October will be published, *Chronicles of the Canongate*, "by the Author of *Waverley*," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo.—Tale 1st, *The Highland Widow*.—Tale 2d, *The Two Drovers*.—Tale 3d, *The Surgeon's Daughter*.

Preparing for publication, *A History of Scotland, from the Accession of Alexander III. to the Union of that Kingdom with England.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. F.R.S. &c. 6 vols. 8vo.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### LONDON.

#### AGRICULTURE.

*The British Farmer's (Quarterly) Magazine*; devoted exclusively to Agriculture and Rural Affairs. No. IV. 4s.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

*Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Theatres of London.* By Edward Wedlake Brayley, F.A.S. Illustrated with a View of each Theatre, elegantly coloured, drawn and engraved by the late D. Hanill. 4to. 1.2, 2s.

*Retreats; a Series of Designs, consisting of Plans and Elevations for Cottages, Villas, and Ornamental Buildings.* By J. Thompson, Architect. On Forty-one Plates, elegantly coloured.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Number V. of the Supplement to Cuthell's Catalogue, containing many useful and curious books, may be had gratis, or sent into the country at the expense of a single postage.

*Bibliotheca Parriana; or, a Catalogue of the Library of the late Rev. and learned Dr Parr, interspersed with his own Notes, Observations, and Opinions, on Books and their Authors.* 1 vol. 8vo, 16s.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Don Juan Van Halen's Narrative of his Imprisonment in the Dungeons of the Vol. XXII.*

*Inquisition at Madrid, and his Escape in 1817 and 1818; with his subsequent Adventures in Russia, including his Campaign with the Army of the Caucasus.* Edited from the Original Spanish Manuscript, by the Author of "*Don Esteban*" and "*Sandoval*." In 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits of the Author and General Yermolow, and other Plates, price 28s.

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*The Adventures of Naufragus.* Written by himself. Giving a faithful and lively Account of his Voyages, Shipwreck, and Travels, from his first Outset as a Midshipman in the East India Company's Service, till he became a Commander in the Indian Seas.

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*The Florist's Guide, and Cultivator's Directory*—Coloured Plates, description and mode of propagation. By Robert Sweet, F.L.S. No. III. 3s.

*Flora Australasica. The Evergreen and Scented Plants of New Holland, most applicable to Conservatories, &c.* By R. Sweet, F.L.S. No. IV. 3s.



The Hothouse and Greenhouse Manual. By Robert Sweet. Third edition. 12s.

The Botanical Register, No. VII. of Vol. XIII.; containing eight coloured Plates, and Description, Cultivation, &c. By Sydenham Edwards, F. L. S. and others. 4s.

## HISTORY.

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Memoirs of the Rival Houses of York and Lancaster, embracing a period of English History from Edward the Third to the Battle of Bosworth, and Fall of Richard III. By Emma Roberts. 2 vols. L. 1, 6s.

The First Volume of a new History of London; by Thomas Allen, (Author of the History of Lambeth,) with numerous Engravings of Antiquities, &c., on Copper and Wood. 8s. 6d.

## LAW.

Roscoe on the Law of Evidence. 8vo. 15s.

A Compendium of the Laws relating to the Poor. 2 vols. 8vo. L. 1, 1s.

Pratt's Criminal Law. 8vo, 5s. bds.

Howard's Colonial Law. 2 vols. royal 8vo, L. 3, 3s. bds.

Coventry and Hughes's Index. 2 vols. royal 8vo, L. 3, 6s. bds.

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Cases decided in the Court of Session from 1st of June to 29th of June, 1827. Reported by Patrick Shaw and Alexander Dunlop, jun. Esquires, Advocates. Vol. V. Part VI.

The Edinburgh Christian Instructor. No. CCVI.

The Edinburgh Theological Magazine. No. XXI.

The Edinburgh Annual Register for 1825. 8vo, 18s.

The Edinburgh Review. No. XCI.

Constable's Miscellany, Vols. 13 and 14, containing Mariner's Tonga Islands.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

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Lamb, per quarter	0s. 9d. to 3s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb.	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
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2d, ... 66s. 0d.	2d, ... 2s. 0d.	2d, ... 28s. 0d.	2d, ... 40s. 0d.	2d, ... 46s. 0d.
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Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Aug. 31.

Wheat, 58s. 11d.—Barley, 34s. 8d.—Oats, 26s. 5d.—Rye, 3s. 10d.—Beans, 49s. 11d.—Pease, 42s. 10d.

Aggregate Average by which the duty is now regulated.—Wheat, 60s. 0d.—Barley, 37s. 2d.—Oats, 27s. 2d.

—Rye, 40s. 3d.—Beans, 50s. 0d.—Pease, 43s. 7d.

## London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 3.

Wheat, red, old	50 to 61	White pease	42 to 44	Wheat, per 70 lb.	8 6 to 9 0	Amer. p. 196 lb.	40 0 to 43 0
Red, new	50 to 55	Ditto, bolvers	— to —	Eng.	8 3 to 8 9	Sweet, bond	31 0 to 32 0
Fine ditto	53 to 57	Small Beans, new	50 to 51	Scotch	8 3 to 8 9	Our, free	31 0 to 32 0
Superfine ditto	58 to 60	Ditto, old	52 to 57	Irish	8 3 to 8 9	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	33 0 to 35 0
White, new	52 to 56	Tiek ditto, new	45 to 47	Foreign	7 6 to 8 2	Irish	26 0 to 34 0
Fine ditto	58 to 60	Ditto, old	50 to 54	Do. in bond	0 0 to 0 0	Scotch	— to —
Superfine ditto	62 to 64	Feed oats	18 to 22	Barley, per 60 lbs.	3 10 to 4 2	Irish	26 0 to 34 0
Rye	36 to 38	Fine ditto	24 to 26	Eng.	3 0 to 2 6	2 Bran, p. 24 lb.	0 to 0
Barley	28 to 32	Poland ditto	21 to 25	Scotch	3 0 to 2 6	Butter, p. cwt.	89 0 to 90 0
New	32 to 36	Fine ditto	24 to 26	Irish	3 0 to 2 6	Belfast	89 0 to 90 0
Superfine ditto	— to —	Polato ditto	33 to 36	Foreign	0 0 to 0 0	Newry	84 0 to 85 0
Malt	— to —	Fine ditto	— to —	Oats, per 15 lb.	0 0 to 0 0	Waterford	84 0 to 85 0
Fine	— to —	Scotch	— to —	Eng.	0 0 to 0 0	Cork, p. cwt.	76 0 to 77 0
Hog Pease	40 to 42	Flour, per sack	50 to 55	Irish	3 0 to 2 6	2d dry	82 0 to 84 0
Maple	45 to 47	Ditto, seconds	45 to 50	Scotch	3 0 to 2 6	Beef, p. tierce.	105 0 to 115 0
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran	8 to 9	For. in bond	3 0 to 2 6	Mess	105 0 to 115 0

## Seeds, &amp;c.

	s.	s. d.	s.	s. d.	Malt per qr.	0 to	0	p. barrel	0 to	0
Tares, per bush	8 to 12	0	Rye Grass,	26 to 35	0	0	0	Pork, p. bl.		
Must. White,	8 to 10	0	Ribgrass,	20 to 35	0	0	0	Mess	52 0 to	60 0
Brown, new	14 to 20	0	Clover, red ext.	35 to 75	0	0	0	half do.	0 to	0
Turnips, bush	35 to 45	0	White	62 to 105	0	0	0	Bacon, p. cwt.		
Red & green	— to —	0	Foreign red	45 to 75	0	0	0	Short mids.	52 0 to	0
White,	— to —	0	White	64 to 76	0	0	0	Sides	48 0 to	0
Caraway, cwt.	— to —	0	Coriander	26 to 32	0	0	0	Stams, dry,	0 to	0
Canary, per qr.	80 to 110	0	Trefoil	23 to 45	0	0	0	Flour, English	44 0 to	0
Cinque Fou	— to —	0	Lintseed feed,	32 to 45	0	0	0	Green	44 0 to	0
					Irish,	40 0 to	43 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	0 to	0

Rape Seed, per last, £20, to £22.

August 1st to 22d Aug. 1827.

Rape Seed, per last, £20, to £22.

## Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Aug. 1827.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	216 217	212	216	216
3 per cent. reduced,	89 1/2	87 3/4	89 1/2	88 1/2
3 per cent. consols,	88 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2
3 1/2 per cent. consols,	96 1/2	94 1/2	96 1/2	94 1/2
New 4 per cent. cons.	102 1/2	100 1/2	101 1/2	100 1/2
India bonds,	94 95p.	87 88p.	93p.	—
— stock,	263	256	260 1/2	—
Long Annuities,	20 1/2	19 15-16	20 3-16	19 15-16
Exchequer bills,	60 62p.	57 58p.	58 60p.	60 62p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	89 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2
Consols for acc.	103f. 30c.	103f. 25c.	104f. 25c.	104f. 20c.
French 5 per cents.	—	—	—	—

*Course of Exchange.*—Sept. 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3, Ditto, at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburg, 36 : 10. Altona, 37 : 3. Paris 3 days' sight, 26 : 40. Ditto, 25 : 65. Bourdeaux, 25 : 65. Frankfort on the Maine, 152 : 0. Petersburg, per rbl. 10 : 0. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 6. Trieste, 0 : 0. Madrid, 35½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 35½. Barcelona, 34½. Seville, 34½. Gibraltar, 45. Leghorn, 48. Genoa, 25 : 55. Venice, 46. Malta, 0. Naples, 36½. Palermo, p. oz. 115. Lisbon, 48½. Oporto, 48½. Rio Janeiro, 38. Bahia, 46 0. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, 1½. Cork, 1½.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Doubleons, £3 : 15 : 0. New Dollars, 4s. 9½d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0½d.

## LONDON PRICES CURRENT, Sept. 7.

ASHES, Canada Pot, 1st, cwt.	29s 0	to	0 0	SPIRITS.				
Pearla . . . . .	30 0	0	0	Brandy, Cognac, imp. gal.	3s 2	to	4 3	
United States Pot . . . . .	30 0	0	0	Geneva . . . . .	2 7	0	0	
Pearla . . . . .	31 0	0	0	Rum, Jamaica, 14 & 20 O.P.	3 2	3	6	
Russia Pearla . . . . .	28 0	29	0	Leeward Islands, P. & U.P.	2 2	2	3	
BRISTLES, St Petersburg, cwt.	L13 15	14	0	SUGAR, per cwt.				
COFFEE, in Bond				Jamaica, Brown . . . . .	£3 4	to	3 6	
Jamaica ordinary . . . . .	35s 0	40	0	Middling . . . . .	3 7	2	9	
good ordinary . . . . .	42 0	50	0	Good . . . . .	3 10	3	13	
fine ordinary . . . . .	52 0	62	0	Fine . . . . .	3 14	3	15	
low middling . . . . .	63 0	68	0	Demerara and St Kitt's . . . . .	3 4	3	12	
middling . . . . .	70 0	77	0	Grenada . . . . .	3 4	3	13	
good do. and fine . . . . .	78 0	91	0	Barbadoes . . . . .	3 5	4	2	
Mocha . . . . .	66 0	110	0	Ilavannah, Brown . . . . .	1 15	1	16	
CORR, Spanish, ton . . . . .	L50 0	60	0	White . . . . .	2 0	2	3	
Oporto . . . . .	25 0	30	0	Fine ditto . . . . .	2 4	2	8	
Baro . . . . .	48 0	60	0	East India, brown . . . . .	1 13	1	16	
French . . . . .	80 0	100	0	White . . . . .	1 17	2	3	
COTTON, per lb.				REFINED SUGARS.				
Grenada . . . . .	— 7½	— 8	0	Lumps . . . . .	4 5	4	6	
Berbice and Demerara . . . . .	— 7	— 9½		Fine . . . . .	4 8	5	2	
New Orleans . . . . .	— 6	— 8		Loaves . . . . .	4 6	4	10	
Blowed Georgia . . . . .	— 5½	— 6½		Fine . . . . .	4 12	0	0	
Bahia . . . . .	— 7½	— 8½		Powder . . . . .	4 7	4	12	
Perambucca . . . . .	— 8½	— 9		Double, ordinary . . . . .	5 7	0	0	
Madras . . . . .	— 4½	— 5½		Fine . . . . .	5 10	6	0	
Bengal . . . . .	— 4	— 5		Molasses . . . . .	2½	0	27 6	
Smyrna . . . . .	— 8	— 9		TALLOW, Peterbg. Y.C. cwt.	36s 6	36	9	
FLAX, Riga PTR, ton, new	L40 0	41	0	White . . . . .	39 0	40	0	
DC . . . . .	35 10	37	0	Soap . . . . .	35 6	36	0	
Petersburg, 12 head . . . . .	36 0	37	0	Archangel . . . . .	36 6	0	0	
Liebau, 4 brand . . . . .	32 0	34	0	Siberia . . . . .	36 8	36	6	
FUSTIC, Jamaica . . . . .	L7 0	7	7	Horne melted . . . . .	31 0	0	0	
Cuba . . . . .	10 10	11	0	TAR, Virginia . . . . .	brl.	13	0	0
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton . . . . .	L40 0	43	0	Archangel . . . . .	14 6	0	0	
Petersburg clean . . . . .	38 0	38	10	Stockholm . . . . .	16 6	0	0	
Outshot . . . . .	35 0	36	0	TOBACCO, Kentucky, per lb.	0 24	0	54	
Half clean pass . . . . .	28 0	30	0	Virginia ordinary . . . . .	0 24	0	3	
HOPS, New East Kent Pockets	L4 0	5	5	Part blacks . . . . .	0 34	0	0	
New Kent Pockets . . . . .	4 0	4	10	Middling black . . . . .	0 4	0	44	
Sussex . . . . .	3 10	4	4	Maryland scrubs . . . . .	0 4	0	5	
East Kent Bags . . . . .	3 10	4	10	Brown and leafy . . . . .	0 4	0	6	
Mid Kent do. . . . .	3 10	4	0	Colour and yellow . . . . .	0 6½	1	5	
IRON, CCND, bd. ton . . . . .	L19 10	20	0	WINE, per pipe.				
PSI . . . . .	17 0	17	10	Port, per 156 gallons . . . . .	£28 0	to	46 0	
Swedish . . . . .	14 0	14	10	Lisbon, per pipe . . . . .	28 0	32	0	
INDIGO, E.I. fine blue, bd. lb.	12s 4	13s 6		Madaira, per 110 gallons . . . . .	50 0	60	0	
Fine Violet and Purple . . . . .	11 1	12 3		West India, ditto . . . . .	42 0	65	0	
good and mid. do. . . . .	9 10	11	0	East India, ditto . . . . .	45 0	80	0	
LEATHER, per lb.				Sherry, per butt . . . . .	25 0	70	0	
Butts, 50 to 56 . . . . .	1s 8	1s 9		Mountain, per 126 gallons . . . . .	28 0	40	0	
Ditto, 60 to 66 . . . . .	1 11	1 10		Teneriffe, per 120 gallons . . . . .	24 0	26	0	
Hides, crop, 45 to 50 . . . . .	1 5	1 7		Spanish, red, per 126 gallons . . . . .	12 0	18	0	
Do. 35 to 40 . . . . .	1 2½	1 4½		Claret, per hhd. for Dy. . . . .	36 0	50	0	
British for dress . . . . .	1 1	1 6		French, White, ditto . . . . .	34 0	36	0	
Calf skins . . . . .	1 4	2 4		WOODS, per ton.				
Horse hides . . . . .	1 1	1 4		Fustic, Jamaica . . . . .	£ 7 15	8	10	
LIME JUICE, . . . . .	1 0	2 0		Cuba . . . . .	10 10	11	0	
OIL, per ton, 252 gallons.				South American . . . . .	6 0	0	0	
Whale, Green, without casks	L28 0	29	0	Boxwood . . . . .	18 0	21	0	
Cod, in casks . . . . .	29 0	—	—	Lignumvite . . . . .	4 10	10	0	
Seal, Pale . . . . .	30 9	—	—	Nicaragua . . . . .	8 0	19	0	
— Brown . . . . .	27 0	11	1	Loowood, Jamaica . . . . .	6 5	6	10	
Spermaceti . . . . .	77 0	—	—	Honduras . . . . .	6 0	6	15	
Whale, South Sea . . . . .	26 0	30	0	Campeachy . . . . .	8 0	7	10	
Linseed, per cwt. . . . .	1 2	—	—	St Domingo . . . . .	6 5	6	10	
Galipoli, per ton of 236 galls.	48 0	50	0	MAHOGANY, per foot.				
FITCH, British, per cwt. . . . .	6 0	0	0	Jamaica . . . . .	16d	10	20d	
Stockholm . . . . .	8 0	0	0	Honduras . . . . .	9d	12d		
American . . . . .	5 0	0	0	Cuba . . . . .	14d	14d		
Archangel . . . . .	7 0	0	0	St Domingo . . . . .	19d	27d		
PIMENTO, Jamaica, per lb.	0s 2½	0	10½	CORRWOOD, Spanish . . . . .	£5s 0	0	0	

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.

June.

	Ther.	Barom.	A. Therm.	Wind.			Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.		
June 1	M. 54	28.892	M. 60	W.	Flying shrs. sunshine.	June 16	M. 63	29.4	M. 69	Cble.	Warm, with sh. rain.
2	54	29.275	A. 57	Cble.	Day shrs. hail, even. rain.	17	64	.353	A. 69	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
3	52	.305	M. 59	W.	showery with thun. & light.	18	58	.506	M. 48	W.	Ditto.
4	50	.216	A. 57	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	19	59	.542	A. 65	W.	Dull, slight shrs. rain.
5	51	.346	M. 60	Cble.	showers rain very cold.	20	54	.650	M. 64	SW.	Dull, heavy shrs. rain.
6	53	.362	A. 58	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	21	55	.243	M. 60	SW.	Variable with shrs. rain.
7	53	.554	M. 60	W.	Dull, showers, rain.	22	45	.240	M. 60	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.
8	60	.202	A. 60	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.	23	54	.242	A. 55	W.	Heavy sh. rain aftern.
9	62	.860	M. 63	Cble.	Ditto.	24	57	.725	M. 57	W.	Fair, sunsh. very warm.
10	60	.969	A. 65	W.	sunsh. very warm.	25	55	.860	M. 60	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
11	62	.999	M. 68	W.	Ditto.	26	55	.839	A. 60	SW.	Dull, warm, heavy sh. rain.
12	65	.075	A. 67	NE.	Ditto.	27	60	.684	M. 62	SW.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. showy.
13	62	.968	M. 69	E.	Morn. fog, day sunsh.	28	60	.567	M. 64	W.	Dull, showy aftern.
14	60	.998	A. 70	NE.	sunsh. and very warm.	29	60	.120	M. 65	Cble.	Dull, with shrs. rain.
15	65	.856	M. 65	NE.	Ditto.	30	54	.121	A. 65	SW.	Cold, heavy shrs. rain.
		.648	M. 64					.164	M. 64		
		.409	A. 66					.225	A. 64		
								.315	M. 64		
								.596	A. 65		

Average of rain, 1.151.

July.

	Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.	
July 1	M. 60	29.367	M. 64	W.	Heavy shrs. rain.	July 17	M. 67	29.614	M. 72	W.	Aftern. gentle shrs. rain.
2	60	.335	A. 59	SW.	Day fair, rain night.	18	60	.542	A. 70	SW.	Foren. slight shrs. rain.
3	53	.537	A. 62	SW.	Thun. & light. rain and hail.	19	59	.564	M. 68	Cble.	Heavy rain aftern.
4	50	.265	M. 60	Cble.	Sunsh. fair, warm.	20	56	.304	M. 65	Cble.	Thun. & light heavy rain.
5	60	.540	A. 61	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	21	55	.125	M. 65	W.	Dull, cold, with min.
6	61	.836	M. 64	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	22	61	.568	A. 61	SE.	Fair, with sunshine.
7	59	.999	M. 67	W.	Fair with sunsh.	23	60	.692	M. 63	E.	Sunsh. very warm.
8	61	.158	M. 67	SW.	Ditto.	24	67	.688	A. 62	Cble.	Dull, sh. rain.
9	60	.714	M. 65	SW.	Dull, flying shrs. rain.	25	63	.776	A. 69	SW.	Rain foren. fair aftern.
10	60	.986	A. 65	SW.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.	26	60	.550	M. 70	SW.	Dull, with shrs. rain.
11	58	.568	M. 65	Cble.	Morn. dull; day sunsh.	27	56	.082	M. 68	SW.	Day sunsh. rain night.
12	57	.458	A. 61	E.	Very warm.	28	56	.587	A. 61	W.	Fair, but dull.
13	56	.840	M. 62	Cble.	Sunsh. and very warm.	29	61	.725	M. 66	NE.	Foren. warm, aftern. rain.
14	59	.956	M. 65	E.	Ditto.	30	64	.632	M. 66	SW.	Fair and warm.
15	65	.936	A. 70	E.	Thun. & light with sh. rain.	31	58	.861	A. 65	SW.	
16	66	.532	M. 68	E.	Sunshine, and fair.			.972	M. 68		
		.840	A. 68					.692	A. 68		
		.461	M. 70					.266	M. 68		
		.752	A. 72					.394	A. 66		
		.720	A. 74					.962	M. 64		
								.811	A. 65		

Average of rain, 1.251.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &amp;c.

## July.

- Brevet** Lt. Col. Hill, R. Horse Guards, to be Colonel in the Army. 21 June 1827
- Lt. Brown, Hon. E. I. Co.'s Service, attached to the Co.'s Depot at Chatham, to have the Temporary Rank of Lt. in the Army while so employed. do.
- 1 Life Gds.** Lt. Chetwynd, Capt. by purch. vice De Roos, prom. 9 do.
- Cor. and Sub-Lt. Blackett, Lt. do.
- W. A. West, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
- Vet. Surg. Percival, from h. p. R. Art. Drivers, Vet. Surg. vice Bloxam, ret. allowance 30 May
- R. H. Gds.** Cor. A. Marq. of Douro, Lt. by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 1 July
- R. S. Gascoigne, Cor. by purch. do.
- 10 Dr.** Capt. Lord T. Cecil, Maj. by purch. vice Grange, prom. 28 June
- 2 F.** Ens. Golden, from 10 F. Lt. vice Carmac, prom. do.
- Lloyd, from 96 F. Lt. vice Burchell, prom. 29 do.
- 8** — Whitty, Adj. vice Calder, res. Adj. only 28 do.
- 9** — Heron, 86 F. Ens. vice Brown, 40 F. 26 do.
- 10** Lt. Onslow, from h. p. Lt. vice Jauncey, prom. 5 July
- 16** Lt. O'Neil, from h. p. 95 Ft. Lt. vice Hutchison, prom. 26 June
- 19** Ens. Deacon, from h. p. Ens. vice Elliot, 40 F. do.
- 20** Ens. O'Kelly, from 92 F. Lt. vice O'Brien, dead 21 do.
- J. C. Best, Ens. by purch. vice Houstoun, prom. do.
- 25** Lt. Conyngham, from h. p. Lt. vice Croke, 56 F. do.
- 32** Ens. Payne, from h. p. 6 W. I. R. Ens. vice Ross, 54 1. 26 do.
- 34** Lt. Col. Campbell, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Taunt, ret. 28 do.
- 40** Brevet Lt. Col. Balfour, Lt. Col. 25 do.
- Maj. Tarton, Maj. do.
- Lt. Millar, Capt. do.
- Capt. Jauncey, from h. p. Capt. vice Turton 26 do.
- Lt. Pickering, from h. p. 96 F. Lt. 25 do.
- Ellis, from h. p. 66 F. Lt. do.
- Moir, from 11 F. Lt. do.
- Stanford, from 57 F. Lt. do.
- Radford, from h. p. 17 F. do.
- Slade, from 51 F. Lt. do.
- Ramsay, from 57 F. Lt. do.
- Ens. M'Duff, from 42 F. Lt. 26 do.
- M'Kenzie, from 76 F. Lt. do.
- Browne, from 9 F. Lt. do.
- Elliot, from 19 F. Lt. do.
- Phibbs, from 41 F. Lt. do.
- G. Keane, Ens. vice Nicholls, dead 21 do.
- 41** Capt. Booth, Maj. by purch. vice Bell, ret. 28 do.
- Lt. Vincent, Capt. do.
- Ens. Dainty, from 54 F. Lt. do.
- 42** Lt. Finne, from h. p. (Gent. Cad. from R. Mil. Col.) Ens. vice M'Duff, 40 F. 26 do.
- 43** Ens. Hon. A. A. Spencer, Lt. by purch. vice Lushington, ret. 5 July
- J. Haverfield, Ens. do.
- 44** Ens. Lewis, from h. p. Ens. vice Daniell, 76 F. 26 June
- 49** Gent. Cadet, M. R. S. Whitmore, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Phibbs, 40 F. do.
- 50** Ens. Otway, Lt. by purch. vice Willes, app. Qu. Mast. 28 June
- H. Gunton, Ens. do.
- 54** Ens. Ross, from 32 F. Lt. vice Slade, 10 F. 26 do.
- 56** Lt. Croke, from 26 F. Lt. vice Finnis, 82 F. 21 do.
- Fns. Souter, from 96 F. Ens. vice Fargar, 48 F. do.
- 62 F.** A. L. Gwynne, Ens. by purch. vice Binne, prom. 5 July
- 69** Capt. Downing, Maj. by purch. vice Peel, 53 F. 21 June
- Ingram, from h. p. 101 F. Capt. do.
- Ens. O'Halloran, Lt. by purch. vice Hopwood, prom. 28 do.
- R. H. Kinchant, Ens. by purch. vice O'Halloran, prom. do.
- 75** F. P. Walton, Ens. by purch. vice O'Hara, prom. 5 July
- 76** Ens. Daniell, from 44 F. Ens. vice M'Kenzie, 40 F. 26 June
- 82** Lt. Finnis, from 56 F. Lt. vice Donellan, prom. 21 do.
- 85** S. W. Blackhall, Ens. by purch. vice Fitzpatrick, prom. 26 do.
- 86** Ens. Daubrawa, from h. p. 35 F. Ens. vice Heron, 9 F. do.
- 88** Lt. Heath, from h. p. 2 Prov. Bn. of Mil. Payn. vice Robinson, ret. h. p. 28 do.
- 89** Ens. Poole, Lt. by purch. vice Barrett, 86 F. 21 do.
- 2d Lt. Hope, from Ceyl. Reg. Ens. 28 do.
- 92** T. Ormsby, Ens. vice O'Kelly, 20 1. 21 do.
- 96** R. J. Murray, Ens. by purch. vice Souter, 56 F. do.
- 98** Lt. Macalister, from 77 F. Lt. vice Barrett, prom. 5 July
- Rifle Brig. R. H. Fitzherbert, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Cumme, prom. 5 do.
- 1 W. I. R. Lt. Downie, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Johnston, prom. 21 June
- Ceyl. Reg. J. F. Field, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Hope, 89 F. 28 do.
- R. Afr. Col. Corps, Capt. Fancourt, from 6 Dr. Mar. by purch. vice Croke, ret. do.
- Ens. Murray, Lt. vice Godwin, h. p. 5 July
- Dennis, Lt. vice Bulton, h. p. do.
- Vernon, 1. vice Calder, h. p. do.
- Barney, Lt. vice M'Murdo, h. p. do.
- R. Newf. Vet. Comp. Hosp. Asst. Mackesey, A. Surg. vice Strachan, dead. 12 June.**
- Ordinance Department.*
- Royal Art.** 2d Lt. Gore, 1st Lt. vice Douglas, dead 8 June 1827
- 1st As. Surg. Halahon, M.D. Surg. 56 do.
- 2d As. Surg. Tuthill, 1st As. Surg. do.
- Nixon, do. vice Halahon, h. p. do.
- J. Goldsworthy, 2d As. Surg. 12 do.
- H. J. Lucas, M.D. do. vice Tuthill, prom. do.
- Staff.*
- Bt. Col. Sir T. N. Hill, K.C.B. h. p.
- Dep. Adj. Gen. to Forces in Canada. vice Sir J. Harvey, Insp. of Arm. Clothing 25 June 1827
- Medical Department.*
- E. B. Orr, Hosp. As. vice Pittfield, ret. do.
- Unattached.*
- To be Lieut.-Col. of Infantry by purchase. Maj. Gremel from 10 Dr. 24 June 1827
- To be Captains of Infantry by purchase. Lt. Hopwood, from 69 F. 21 June 1827
- Hutchinson, from 16 F. 26 do.
- Hon. G. W. Edwards, from 2 Life Gds. 5 July
- To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase. Ens. Houston, from 20 F. 21 June 1827
- Fitzpatrick, from 65 F. 26 do.
- Binny, from 62 F. 8 July
- O'Hara, from 25 F. do.
- 2d Lt. Cumme, from Rifle Brig. do.
- Exchanges.*
- Bt. Lt. Col. U. Lord Downes, Gren. Gds. with Lt. Col. Sir J. R. Enatace, h. p.

Lt. Col. Hewett, 36 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Wyndham, h. p.  
 Major Dutton, 4 F. rec. diff. with Major Burdett, h. p.  
 Capt. Gardiner, 55 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Mills, h. p.  
 Capt. Roberts, 71 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Osborne, h. p.  
 Capt. James, 85 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Pennefather, h. p.  
 Capt. Smith, 37 F. with Capt. Skynner, 2 W. 1. R.  
 Capt. Weston, 48 F. with Capt. Dalzell, h. p.  
 Capt. Hammill, 66 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Calcraft, h. p.  
 Lieut. Best, 8 Dr. with Lieut. Christmas, h. p.  
 Lieut. Parker, 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Digby, h. p.  
 Lieut. M'Donough, 97 F. repay. diff. to h. p. fund, with Lieut. Gordon, h. p. 31 F.  
 Lieut. Hornsby, 1 F. with Lieut. Stamford, 33 F.  
 Lieut. Foster, 24 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Heyland, h. p.  
 Lieut. Stewart, 44 F. with Lieut. Woolhouse, h. p. 84 F.  
 Lieut. Kerr, 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. M'Donald, h. p.  
 Ens. Colyear, 74 F. with Ens. Hayntun, h. p.  
 Ens. Brooke, 80 F. with Ens. Colman, h. p. 15 F.  
 Ens. Lacy, 80 F. with Ens. Duncure, h. p.

*Resignations and Retirements.*

*Lieutenant Colonel.*  
 Faunt, 54 F.

*Majors.*  
 Bell, 41 F.  
 Croke, Royal African Colonial Corps

*Captains.*  
 Brothby, Rt. h. p. 7 C. Bn.  
 Weatherley, h. p. 60 F.

*Lieutenants.*  
 Beatty, h. p. 7 Dr.  
 Wadley, ret. list, 5 Royal Vet. Bn.

Gordon, Royal Horse Guards  
 Lushington, 43 F.  
 Blackiston, Royal Art.  
 Rogers, Royal Art.  
*Hospital Assistant.*  
 Pittfield.

*Deaths.*

*Lieutenant General.*  
 Hutton, late of R. Art. Monte, Ireland 28 June 1827

*Majors.*  
 Bayley, Ceylon Riflemen, Ceylon 9 March 1827  
 Kilvington, h. p. R. Eng. London 16 Feb. 1827

*Captains.*  
 Sullivan, 30 on board the Ganges 12 Jan.  
 Mallett, 46 F. Secunderabad 22 July  
 Malcolm, Ceylon Regiment, Chatham 3 May  
 Torriano, h. p. 86 F.

*Lieutenants.*  
 O'Brien, 20 F. 4 Feb. 1827  
 Collis, h. p. 25 F.  
 Coates, h. p. 45 F. New Romney, Kent 18 June  
 Eriscoe, h. p. 47 F. 10 July  
 Hunt, h. p. 47 F. Dublin 15 do.  
 Baillie, h. p. 100 F. near Carlow 15 June  
 McGregor, late 4 R. Vet. Bn. Canada 4 April  
 Bennett, late R. Art. Drivers 21 May  
 De Brague, R. Eng. Malta 12 do.

*Ensigns.*  
 Skene, h. p. 9 F. Annan 14 July 1827  
 Philan, h. p. 56 F. Burndale, Carlow 22 June  
 Howitt, h. p. 35 F. 21 April

*Quarter-Masters.*  
 Sellway, ret. full pay, 80 F. 25 May 1827  
 McKenac, h. p. Cape Corps, Ashosnick, Grantown, Lincolnshire 22 March  
 Calder, Royal Art. Woolwich 24 July

*Assistant Surgeon.*  
 Fraser, h. p. Royal Art. 2 March 1827.

*August.*

Local Rank Maj. Hon. J. H. Cradock, on h. p. to have the Rank of Lt.-Col. in the Army while employed on a Special Mission Abroad 31 July 1827  
 1 1 Lt. Gds. Cor. Cosby, from 5 Lt. Dr. Cor. and Sub-Lieut. by purch. vice Blacket, prom. 12 do.  
 2 Cor. and Sub-Lt. Mostyn, Lt. by purch. vice Edwards, prom. 7 do.  
 - A. Vauvattart, Cor. and Sub-Lt. 7 do.  
 2 Dr. Gds. Cor. Addison, (from h. p. as Ens.) Cor. rep. diff. he received on exchange from 6 Dr. vice Dobson, dead 12 do.  
 5 Capt. Randall, from h. p. Paym. vice Boulton, ret. h. p. do.  
 3 Dr. Gent. Cadet Coghlan, from Royal Mil. Coll. Cor. by purch. vice Spalding, 9 Dr. 14 Aug.  
 6 Lt. Mansel, Capt. by purch. vice Faircourt, prom. 12 July  
 Cor. Creighton, Lt. do.  
 D. Sykes, Cor. by purch. do.  
 8 Cor. Sir W. L. Young, Bt. Lt. by purch. vice Pousonby, prom. 25 Aug.  
 Fred. Shewell, Cor. do.  
 9 Cor. A. Fisc. Fincaeste, Lt. by purch. vice Rumley, prom. 11 do.  
 - Spalding, from 5 Dr. Cor. do.  
 10 Lt. Macdonell, Capt. by purch. vice Lord T. Cecil, prom. 9 do.  
 Cor. Masters, Lt. by purch. do.  
 Gent. Cadet Hon. W. H. Beresford, from Mil. Coll. Cor. by purch. do.  
 12 Edw. Stewright, Cor. by purch. vice Hyde, ret. do.  
 16 Cor. Everard, Lt. by purch. vice Low, prom. do.  
 5 Ft. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Standen, Capt. and Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Sandlands, ret. 12 July  
 Ens. and Lt. Hon. M. H. Ongley, Lt. and Capt. do.  
 - Rooker, Lt. and Capt. vice Berners, ret. 13 do.

F. G. H. Seymour, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Ongley 12 do.  
 D. S. Davies, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Rooke 15 do.  
 Assist. Surg. Judd, Batt. Surg. vice Ward, ret. h. p. 12 do.  
 J. Bowling, Assist. Surg. do.  
 1 F. Lt. Warde, from 25 F. Capt. by purch. vice Taylor, ret. 9 Aug.  
 3 J. Johnston, Ens. by purch. vice Kennedy, 11 F. 15 do.  
 6 W. Knight, Ens. by purch. vice Malcolm, prom. 3 F. 12 do.  
 Ens. Greene, Lt. by purch. vice Nash, prom. 7 Aug.  
 L. Brady, Ens. do.  
 11 Lt. Bell, Capt. by purch. vice Jones, ret. 16 Aug.  
 Ens. Tobbins, Lt. by purch. do.  
 - Kennedy, from 5 F. Ens. vice Richmond, 47 F. 15 do.  
 Gent. Cadet, T. H. Nembhard, from Mil. Coll. by purch. 16 do.  
 12 Lt. Wadeson, from h. p. 1 F. Paym. vice O'Keefe, 48 F. 9 do.  
 14 Lt. Grierson, from 47 F. Lt. vice Moir, 40 F. 2 do.  
 Cha. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice Rose, 72 F. 9 do.  
 20 Capt. Connor, from h. p. Capt. vice Stuart, dead do.  
 26 Rich. Hen. Strong, Ens. by purch. vice Vernon, prom. 7 do.  
 Ens. Verney, Lt. vice Lord A. Conyngham, prom. 7 do.  
 29 J. Geo. Weir, Ens. by purch. vice Hathorn, prom. 16 do.  
 30 Capt. Carden, from h. p. Capt. vice Sullivan, dead 2 do.  
 31 Paym. Matthews, from 14 F. Paym. vice Monk, dead do.  
 32 H. V. Brooke, Ens. by purch. vice Warwick, ret. 12 July  
 35 Ens. Carnie, Adj. vice Dickens, dead 26 May



37. Lt. Col. Smelt, from 41 F. Lt. Col. vice  
Le Blanc, 53 F. 9 Aug.
39. Ens. Innes, Adj. vice Meyrick, res.  
Adj. only. 26 July
41. Lt. Col. Sir E. R. Williams, K.C.B.  
from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Smelt, 37 F.  
9 Aug.
- Ellis, Capt. by purch. vice Carr,  
ret. 19 do.
- Burlington, from h. p. R. Afr. Col.  
Corps, Lt. vice Ellis do.
- Lt. Dickson, from h. p. 18 Dr. Paym.  
vice Haye, dead 26 July
47. Lt. Wainwright, Capt. vice Hill, dead  
3 Jan. 1826
- Ens. Richmond, from 3 F. Lt. by  
purch. vice Smith, 12 F. 15 Aug. 1827
48. Lt. King, from h. p. 30 F. Lt. vice  
O'Brien, R. Staff Corps. 19 July
53. Lt. Col. Le Blanc, from 37 F. Lt. Col.  
vice Peel, h. p. 9 Aug.
51. J. B. Chalk, Ens. by purch. vice Dain-  
try, 41 F. 12 July
56. Capt. Gun, Maj. by purch. vice Peddie,  
prom. 28 Aug.
- Brevet Maj. Brackenbury, from h. p.  
Capt. do.
58. Ens. Phillips, from 74 F. Ens. vice  
Blackburn, 59 F. 9 do.
59. Ens. Blackburne, from 58 F. Lt. by  
purch. vice Fuller, cane. 19 July
60. Lt. Knox, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice  
Hamnall, prom. 12 do.
61. Fra. Garnier, Ens. by purch. vice Go-  
ring, prom. 16 Aug.
65. Lt. Hansbottom, from h. p. 84 F. Lt.  
vice Stepucey, prom. 7 do.
66. Assist. Surg. Marshall, from 87 F.  
Assist. Surg. 9 do.
70. Ens. Witton, from 25 F. Ens. vice  
Cockburn, 74 F. 9 do.
72. Ens. Wm. Somerset Rose, from 14 F.  
Ens. vice Knox, 89 F. do.
74. Ens. Cockburn, from 70 F. Ens. vice  
Phillips, 58 F. do.
- T. J. Wolley, Ens. by purch. vice Pur-  
cell, ret. 19 do.
80. Maj. Faucont, from Afr. Col. Corps,  
Maj. vice Maclean, exch. 16 do.
- Ens. and Adj. Black, to have Rank of  
Lt. 12 July
81. Nath. Cha. Wentworth Thomas, Ens.  
by purch. vice Gravatt, cane. do.
82. Maj. Hogarth, from h. p. Maj. vice  
Robertson, prom. 28 do.
85. Capt. Maunsell, Maj. by purch. vice  
Fox, prom. 11 Aug.
- Lt. Cole, Capt. do.
- Ens. Blake, Lt. do.
89. Ens. Knox, from 72 F. Lt. by purch.  
vice Grover, prom. 9 do.
91. Lt. Col. J. M. Sutherland, from h. p.  
Lt. Col. Dalyell, cane. 16 do.
- Lt. Calder, from h. p. R. Afr. Col.  
Corps, Lt. vice Hawkins, prom. 19 July
96. E. Barclay, Ens. by purch. vice Irvine,  
58 F. 12 do.
- E. Hathaway, Ens. by purch. vice Lloyd,  
3 F. 26 do.
98. R. Mackenzie, Ens. by purch. vice  
Clarke, prom. 19 do.
- Ceylon R. Maj. Bircham, from h. p. 1 R. Vet.  
Bn. Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Fraser,  
exch. 16 Aug.
- Lt. Braham, Capt. vice Bayley, dead  
11 Feb.
- Capt. Penny, from h. p. Capt. vice  
Malcolm, dead 2 Aug.
- 2d Lt. Pickard, 1st Lt. vice Braham  
11 Feb.
- Ens. Bland, from h. p. 2d Lt. 2 Aug.
- 2d Lt. Rogers, Adj. vice Mainwaring,  
prom. 1 May 1826
- F. A. Morris, 2d Lt. by purch. vice  
Deakins, prom. 26 July 1827
- 2d Lt. Grant, 1st Lt. vice Tranchell,  
prom. 19 do.
- Deakins, 1st Lt. vice Rogers,  
prom. 20 do

Cape Corps Ens. Gardiner, from h. p. Ens. vice  
Rishton, app. Quar. Mast. 2 Aug. 1827

— Rishton, Quar. Mast. vice Hum-  
phreys, ret. on h. p. do.

R. Af. Col. C. Maj. Maclean, from 80 F. Maj. vice  
Fencourt, exch. 16 do.

### Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. 2d Lt. Mathias, 1st Lt. vice Blackiston,  
res. 19 July 1827

Med. Dep. 1st As. Surg. Verling, M.D. Surg. vice  
Sproull, dead 5 do.

2d As. Surg. Turner, 1st As. Surg. do.

W. Robinson, M.D. 2d As. Surg. do.

### Staff.

Col. Sir J. Dickson, K.C.B. Quar. Mast.  
Gen. to King's Troops serving in East  
Indies, vice M. Gen. Sir S. Whitting-  
ham, app. to Staff in Bengal. 12 July 1827

Bt. Lt. Col. Bainbridge, Perm. As.  
Quar. Mast. Gen. and Lt. Col. vice  
Sir J. Dickson, Quar. Mast. Gen. in  
India 2 Aug.

— Ward, from h. p. 56 F.  
Perm. As. Quar. Mast. Gen. vice Bain-  
bridge do.

### Hospital Staff.

G. H. Gordon, Hosp. As. to Forces,  
vice Stuart, 25 F. 19 July 1827

### Medical Department.

Peter Baird, M.D. Hosp. As. vice Wal-  
lace, 87 F. 13 June 1827

J. V. Skelton, do. vice Rum-  
ley, Ceylon Regt. do.

### Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Colonels of Infantry by purchase.  
Maj. Fox, from 85 F. 11 Aug. 1827

Maj. Paddie, from 56 F. 28 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Rumley, from 9 Dr. 11 Aug. 1827

— Howard from 2 Lite Gds. 7 do.

— Lord A. Conyngham, from 26 F. do.

— Nash, from 6 F. do.

— Trotter, from 7 Dr. Gds. 9 do.

— Ponsonby, from 8 Dr. 28 do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.  
Ens. Clark, from 98 F. 19 July 1827

To be Ensigns by purchase.  
T. Connor 7 Aug. 1827

The undermentioned Officers, having been at Rank  
superior to their Regimental Commissions, have  
accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay, according  
to the General Order of 25th April, 1826.

To be Lieutenant-Colonel of Infantry.

Bt. Lt. Col. Robertson, from 62 F.  
28 Aug. 1827

To be Majors of Infantry.

Bt. Maj. Hall, from 14 F. 21 July 1827

— Meado, from 88 F. 28 Aug.

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually serving  
upon Full-Pay in Regiments of the Line, whose  
Commissions are dated in or previous to the year  
1811, have accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay,  
according to the General Order of the 27th Dec.  
1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lt. Kettlewell, from 50 F. 7 Aug. 1827

— Stepucey, from 65 F. do.

— Connor, from 20 F. do.

— Elliott, from 57 F. 28 do.

— Macdonald, from 25 F. do.

### Memoranda.

The undermentioned Officers have been allowed to  
dispose of their Commissions.

Lt. Gen. William Thomas 28 Aug. 1827

Capt. A. J. N. de Raymond, h. p. 60 F.

### Exchanges.

Capt. Inge, 7 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Lord  
Crofton, h. p.

Capt. Wyndham, 2 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt.  
Clarke, h. p.

Capt. Lucke, 10 F. rec. diff. Capt. Power, h. p.

Capt. Mathews, 51 F. rec. diff. with Capt.  
Flood, h. p.

Capt. Jones, 71 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Maitland, h. p.  
 Lieut. Johnson, 10 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cumine, h. p.  
 Lieut. Dowling, 96 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bush, h. p.  
 Lieut. Dickson, 41 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Glasgow, 18 Dr.  
 Lieut. Kearnes, 2 W. I. R. rec. diff. with Lieut. Abell, h. p. New. Brunsw. Fenc.

## Resignations and Retirements.

## Major General.

Macgregor.

## Lt. Colonel.

Sandilands, 3 F. Gds.

## Captains.

Rooke, ret. full pay, R. Art.

Carr, 41 F.

Gillern, h. p. Brunsw. Oel's Inf.

Morgan, h. p. 18 F.

Berners, 3 F. Gds.

## Ensigns.

Warwick, 54 F.

Purcell, 74 F.

Dawson, h. p. 62 F.

## Paymaster.

Stoddart, h. p. 33 F.

## Deaths.

## Lieutenant-Colonel.

Campbell, late 58 F. at Jersey 29 May 1827

## Major.

Huxley, h. p. 8 W. I. R.

## Captains.

Bryett, late 3 Vet. Bn. St Servans, France

8 July 1827

Duncan Campbell, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. Rothay, Isle

14 July

Estorf, (Brig. Maj.) Foreign h. p. Staff, (Mun-

28 April

bruck

## Lieutenants.

Dickens, (Adj.) 35 F. St Lucia 25 May

Moore, 57 F. (previously of 40 F.) George Town, 7 Dec. 1826

New South Wales

Liddell, (Adj.) 60 F. Leiria, Portugal 8 July 1827

Lightbody, (Adj.) 71 F. Montreal, Canada 24 June

McLaughlin, late 1 Vet. Bn.

20 July

Lahiff, late 2do. Plymouth 22 do.

Grant, n. p. 42 F. Stratford, Essex 13 June

## Cornet.

Alexander, 14 Dr. Kensington 2 Aug.

## Ensigns.

Lanauze, 10 F. Leiria, Portugal 13 July

## Paymaster.

Phillip, h. p. 92 F. 8 July 1826

## Qua. Master.

Reilly, h. p. 6 Dr. Gds. Middleton, Ireland 27 June 1827

Ros., h. p. 62 F. Maryborough 10 Aug.

## Surgeons.

Bond, h. p. Tours in France 1 June

Mackey, h. p. 87 F.

Barnard, h. p. 94 F. 4 April

Fisher, h. p. 104 F. Bathaston 9 do.

## Asst. Surgeon.

Dunlop, Buttevant, Ireland 20 Aug.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, from 23d July to 21st Aug. 1827.

Andrews, J. Saindon, W. It lire, mercer  
 Allen, W. Lion-on-road, Surrey, dealer  
 Bell, T. Liverpool, grocer  
 Barnes, T. Wotton, h. p. linen-draper  
 Byles, D. Liverpool, cabinet-maker  
 Britton, T. Pensfold, Somersetshire, dealer  
 Burnett, H. Gloucester, musical instrument seller  
 Booth, W. Tud-estreet, Manchester-square book-seller  
 Brown, G. Banbury, Oxfordshire, miller  
 Brown, S. Old-street, straw-bonnet-manufacturer  
 Boyce, G. P. Pines-street, Haymarket, stove-maker  
 Beardmore, W. Levenshulme, Lancashire malt-dealer  
 Bent, E. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, master  
 Chisholm, J. late of Harwich, chemist  
 Croft, G. Oxford-street, mercer  
 Courtois, J. Bristol, banker  
 Cropley, E. Firth-street, Soho, merchant  
 Coupland, W. T. Liverpool, factor  
 Clark, W. Northampton, innkeeper  
 Carpenter, W. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, book-seller  
 Chiesie, R. I. Green-street, Grosvenor-square, milliner  
 Chud, D. B. auvoir-place, Kingsland-road, Piano-forte-maker  
 Chittenden, I. senior, Chittenden, I. junior, Hay's-wharf, Hay's-lane, Southwark, hop-merchants  
 D'Oyle, N. L. Vauxhall Bridge-road, painter  
 Davison, J. W. Crown-street, Westminster, flint-merchant  
 Dugdale, J. Portsmouth, coach-proprietor  
 Davies, J. Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, upholsterer  
 Denny, J. T. George-street, Baker-street, Mary-le-bone, victualler  
 Darby, W. A. Edgeware-road, builder  
 Dowder, W. Lendenhall-market, poulterer  
 Eilman, W. Lambeth, miller  
 H. C. Brighton, grocer  
 K. K. Portsea, class-dealer  
 L. V. Manchester, merchant  
 L. Upper Crown-street, Westminster, dealer in pictures

Gibbs, C. late of Cumberland-gardens, Vauxhall, tavern-keeper  
 Harrison, H. Lower Peover Cottage, Cheshire, merchant  
 Harris, T. and L. Fairman, Watling-street, warehousemen  
 Horner, M. Cottingham, Yorkshire, fell-monger  
 Hennell, F. Potten, Bedfordshire, linen-draper  
 Horsfield, P. Manchester, dealer  
 Harvey, J. Penryn, Cornwall, tanner  
 Howe, S. Devonport, carrier  
 Hall, W. Falmouth, tallow-chandler  
 Isaac, N. sen. Marshfield, Gloucestershire, maltster  
 Joseph, A. Compton-street, Brunswick-square, merchant  
 Jones, E. Alston, Warwickshire, builder  
 Jordan, F. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant  
 Lacon, T. H. and T. A. Dale, Liverpool, iron-founders  
 Letts, G. Nine-clms, Battersea, barge-owner  
 Laight, R. Worcester, coal-merchant  
 Lever, B. Woolwich, linen-draper  
 Linton, T. Crowle, Lincolnshire, ironmonger  
 Marden, R. London, merchant  
 Moseley, W. Manchester, grocer  
 Neupert, G. J. Pall-mall, East, tailor  
 Perkins, A. Cheapside, warehouseman  
 Priestly, H. High Holborn, bookseller  
 Phillips, J. and W. Gray, Platt-terrace, Somers-town, plasterers  
 Paine, T. Western-street, Hackney, carpenter  
 Pilbrow, T. Exeter, music-seller  
 Percival, W. Leicester, grocer  
 Roberts, J. Manchester, common-brewer  
 Richards, C. Manchester, cotton-spinner  
 Robinson, I. Calverley-hill, Yorkshire, worsted-manufacturer  
 Sudell, H. Woodfold-park, Mellon, Lancashire, merchant  
 Sheppard, M. H. Wilsden-cottage, Harrow-road, surgeon  
 Shearson, J. Prescott, Lancashire, money-scri-ver  
 Smart, C. Chalford, Gloucestershire, baker  
 Sarell, R. D. Bideford, Devonshire, victualler  
 Thompson, H. Manchester, merchant

Talbot, J. and H. Francis, Threadneedle-street, brokers.  
 Tunley, R. H. Lad-lane, Manchester, woollen-warehouseman.  
 Underwood, J. S. Woolwich, Kent, linen-draper.  
 Window, I. Craig's-court, Charing cross, agent.  
 West, J. L. Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, coal-merchant.

Whittenbury, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner.  
 Winder, T. Lancaster, licensed post-master.  
 Williams, R. Newtown, Montgomeryshire, nurseryman.  
 Walker, W. London, hop-merchant.  
 Warwick, C. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, braid-manufacturer.  
 Whitham, C. Sheffield, saw-manufacturer.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTTISH BANKRUPTS, from 1st July to 30th Aug. 1827.

Cotton, Elija, china, glass, and earthen ware merchant, Edinburgh.  
 Donaldson, George, builder, Brunswick Street, Edinburgh.  
 Duguid, Ingram, and Co. ironmongers, Aberdeen.  
 Forbes, Donald, tacksmen of Melness, in Sutherlandshire, and merchant and cattle-dealer there.  
 Hamilton, Mrs Alexander, and Son, grocers and wine and spirit merchants, Edinburgh.  
 Lawrence, Alexander Arbuthnot, bookbinder, bookseller, and stationer in Edinburgh.  
 Lawson, Stephen, clothier, North Bridge, and carrying on business under the firm of Mr Lawson, as a worsted merchant, St Andrew's Square, Edinburgh.  
 M'Laren, Charles, grocer and spirit-dealer, High Street, Edinburgh.

M'Comb, John, innkeeper, Kilsyth.  
 Mercer, Grace, spirit-dealer in Glasgow.  
 Millar and Co. shoemakers, Glasgow.  
 Montgomery, Peter, lately surgeon, druggist, and builder, at Ladeside, Kilbirnie, now residing in Glasgow.  
 Rhind, John, merchant, residing in Aberdeen.  
 Robertson, John, sen., James, and John, jun., builders in Edinburgh.  
 Robertson, Nicol, cattle dealer, spirit-merchant, and farmer, at Holehead, near Stirling.  
 Shireff, Alexander and Co. gunpowder manufacturers, Marfield.  
 Tolmie, Alexander and Co., merchants, Glasgow.  
 Watson and Callum, builders, Edinburgh.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

June 2). At Errol Manse, Mrs Grierson, of a son.  
 July 2. At 7, Nicolson Square, Mrs James M'Donald, of a daughter.  
 5. At No. 1, Arniston Place, Mrs David Forrest, of a daughter.  
 9. At Heriot Row, Mrs Murray of Murrays-hall, of a daughter.  
 — At Coates Crescent, the Lady of Thomas C. Hagart, Esq. of a daughter.  
 10. At Stafford Street, Mrs William Fraser, of a son.  
 — At Fettes Row, Mrs Doud, of a son.  
 12. At St James's Square, London, the Marchioness of Clanricarde, of a son and heir.  
 13. Mrs Paul, No. 9, Howe Street, of a daughter.  
 14. At Coates Crescent, Mrs C. Aytoun, of a son.  
 — At Powfoulis, the Lady of James Bruce, Esq. of Powfoulis, of a daughter.  
 15. In Grosvenor Street, London, the Countess of Kinnoul, of a son and heir.  
 — At 25, Moray Place, Mrs Aytoun, of a daughter.  
 17. At No. 79, Great King Street, the Lady of Robert Whigham, Esq. advocate, of a still-born son.  
 18. In Scotland Street, Mrs Leven, of a son.  
 19. At 61, York Place, Mrs Andrew Tawse, of a son.  
 20. At Hazlehead, the Lady of William Forbes Robertson, Esq. of a son.  
 21. At Leire Rectory, Leicester, the Lady of the Rev. J. A. Stewart, of a son.  
 22. At the White House, Mrs Alex. Gordon, of a son.  
 23. At Broughton Place, Mrs Graham Bell, of a daughter.  
 24. At Cortachy Castle, the Right Hon. the Countess of Airlie, of a daughter.  
 25. At Portobello, the Lady of Capt. Macgregor Skinner, King's Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.  
 26. At Williamfield, Mrs William Patison, jun. of a son.  
 — At 48, Potterrow, Mrs Macgill, of a son and two daughters.  
 — At Mellerstain, the Lady of George Baillic, Esq. jun. of Jarviswood, of a son and heir.

27. At Frederick Street, Mrs Thomas Rymer, of a daughter.  
 28. The Lady of the Rev. W. A. Arneil, Portobello, of a daughter.  
 — At Erskine, the Right Hon. Lady Blantyre, of a son.  
 — At 2, Glenfinlas Street, Charlotte Square, Mrs Alex. Stevenson, of a son.  
 29. At Biele, Mrs Bethune, of a son.  
 — At No. 73, Constitution Street, Leith, Mrs Edward D. Alison, of a son.  
 30. At Marseilles, the Lady of Alex. Turnbull, Esq. his Majesty's Consul at that place, of a daughter.  
 — At 67, Great King Street, Mrs Barron, of a daughter.  
 31. At No. 6, Northumberland Street, Mrs Wilson, of a son.  
 Aug. 3. In Devonshire Street, Portland Place, London, Mrs Alex. Markintosh, of a son.  
 — At Lauriston Place, Mrs Dr Burn, of a daughter.  
 4. At Bracknell, the Lady of Charles Craigie Halkett, Esq. of Hallhill, of a daughter.  
 5. At Whitehall Place, London, the Right Hon. Lady James Stuart, of a son.  
 6. At No. 1, Finsbury Street, Westminster, the Lady of Henry Hyndman, Esq. of a daughter.  
 7. At Pinkie House, Lady Hope, of a son.  
 — Mrs Grieve, 48, New Building, North Bridge, of a son.  
 8. At Edinburgh, Mrs J. R. Skinner, Roxburgh Place, of twin sons.  
 9. At Ayr, Mrs Fullarton of Skeldon, of a daughter.  
 10. At Biggar Park, the Lady of George Gillespie, Esq. of a son.  
 — At 35, Howe Street, Mrs Archibald Gibson, of a daughter.  
 11. At Claremont Crescent, Mrs James Borthwick, of a daughter.  
 — At Pau, the Lady of William Erskine, Esq. of a son.  
 12. At Surgeon's Square, Mrs Dr Fyfe, of a son.  
 — At Cassilis, Lady Georgiana Cathcart, of a daughter.  
 13. At 19, Scotland Street, the Lady of M'Kenzie, Esq. of a daughter.  
 14. At Woodfield, near Edinburgh, the Lady of George Forbes, Esq. of a son.

15. At 11, Atholl Crescent, the Lady of Humphrey Graham, Esq. W. S. of a daughter.

— At Jedburgh, Mrs William Rutherford, junior, of a daughter.

— At 11, Atholl Crescent, the Lady of Adam Hay, Esq. M.P. of a daughter.

— At 5, Moray Place, Mrs Fordyce of Aytoun, of a daughter.

16. At Sauchie House, Stirling, Mrs J. Telford, of a daughter.

17. At Pitlour, the Lady of Patriek George Skene, Esq. of Hallyards, of a son and heir.

— At 5, East Alva Street, Mrs W. H. Cockburn, premature of a son, who only survived a few hours.

— At Elliston, Mrs Tulloch of Elliston, of a son.

18. At Fettes Row, the Lady of the Rev. Archibald Brown, minister of St Andrew's Church, Demeinara, of a daughter.

— At Green Hill, the wife of Mr Richardson, Fludyer Street, Westminster, of a son.

19. At Westcroft, Surrey, the Lady of Donald Campbell, Esq. of a son and heir.

— At Dalzell Lodge, Mrs Dalzell, of a daughter.

— At 17, India Street, Mrs John Cadell, of a son.

20. In Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Murray of Congleton, of a daughter.

22. At Hermitage, Leith, Mrs Burn, of a daughter.

25. Mrs Mercer, 58, North Castle Street, of a son.

— At Gartraig, Mrs Miller, of a daughter.

— At Stranraer, the Lady of the Rev. William Symington, of a son.

26. Mrs Fisher, Brown's Square, of a daughter.

27. At Edinburgh, the Lady of Thomas Carlyle, Esq. advocate, of a son.

— At 45, George Square, the Lady of John Mackenzie, Esq. M.D. of a daughter.

29. At Poyntzfield-house, the Lady of Major G. G. Munro, of a son and heir.

30. At St Andrews, the Lady of John Anderson Robertson, Esq. writer to the signet, of a daughter.

31. At London, Mrs Robert Charles, of her seventh son.

Sept. 2. Mrs. J. S. Robertson, 18, Charlotte Square, of a son.

#### MARRIAGES.

Jan. 9. At Sidney, New South Wales, Lieutenant James Brown, 57th Regiment, to Anne, eldest daughter of Major Lockyer, of the same regiment.

July 2. George Falconar, Esq. Captain, 80th Regiment, only son of David Falconar, Esq. of Carlowie, to Isabella Christian, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Goldie of the Nunnery.

— At Castle Hill, in the county of Perth, Andrew Clarke, Esq. eldest son of Robert Clarke, Esq. of Coursier, to Jane, daughter of the late Colonel Sir John Wardlaw, Bart. of Pitreavie.

3. At Echt House, Clements Lumsden, Esq. advocate, Aberdeen, to Jane, third daughter of James Forbes, Esq. of Echt.

9. At Stirling, the Rev. Archibald Bennie, minister of the West Church, Stirling, to Eliza, only daughter of James Noble, Esq. Collector of Excise.

— At Longford, Captain Laurence Græme, 91st Foot, son of Colonel George Græme of Inchbrakie, Perthshire, N. B. to Elizabeth Frances, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Redgeway, Esq. of Ballinderry, county of Meath.

10. At North Berwick, Robert Stewart, Esq. of Alderton, to Maria, third daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple.

— At Portobello, Robert Muir, M.D. Edinburgh, to Frances Hay, daughter of James Lander, Esq. Fishishire.

— At Earnock House, Lanarkshire, Hugh William Williams, Esq. to Robina, second daughter of the deceased Alex. Miller, Esq. of Dalnair.

— At Spring Bank, Anthony McKenzie, Esq. of Provincial Bank of Ireland, to Mary, daughter of the late John McKillop, Esq. Stirling.

18. At All Soul's Church, St Mary-la-bonne, London, J. Evelyn Denison, Esq. of Ovington,

Notts, M.P. to the Lady Charlotte Bentinck, third daughter of his Grace the Duke of Portland.

16. At Edinburgh, Andrew Howden, Esq. W.S. to Laura, eldest daughter of the late Robert Richard Maitland, Esq.

16. At London, F. T. Williamson, Esq. Captain in the 73d Regiment of Foot, to Frances Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir John Murray, Bart.

17. At Edinburgh, the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk, to Miss Camilla Catherine Smythe, eldest surviving daughter of the late Hon. David Smythe of Methven, one of the Senators of the College of Justice.

— At New York, Walter Telfer, Esq. surgeon, Niagara, Upper Canada, to Euphemia, daughter of the late Mr Thomas Denhaat, of the General Register House, Edinburgh.

19. At Aberdeen, Andrew Anderson, Esq. of Terkoot, in the East Indies, to Eleonora Sophia, eldest daughter of James Gibbon, Esq. Golden Square.

— At Dunure Castle, the Rev. James Thomson, Maybole, to Agnes, daughter of Mr James Gray.

23. At Seiggie, Mr Andrew Brand, St John's, London, to Helen, daughter of John Thomson, Esq. Seiggie.

25. At Drimmin House, Colonel Macpherson, of the Hon. Esq. India Company's service, to Alexandra, eldest daughter of the late John Maclean, Esq. Boreray.

26. At the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, Lieut. Gen. Durham of Largo, to Miss Anstruther, eldest daughter of the late Colonel John Anstruther of the 62d Regiment.

— At Sprunglill, Captain Bryan Broughton, of the Hon. the East India Company's service, to Beatrice, youngest daughter of the late William Hunter, Esq. of Glenormton.

31. At Montpellier, Bruntsfield Links, Robert Hogg, Esq. George Street, to Mrs Agnes Gray, widow of the late Hugh Nimmo, Esq.

— At Knowsboth, Mr Robertson, surgeon, Jedburgh, to Sarah, fourth daughter of the late Robert Carr, Esq. of Bowden, Northumberland.

Aug. 6. At Gartcows, James Burn, Esq. W.S. to Margaret, daughter of the late John Hiegh, Esq. of Gartcows.

— At Musselburgh, Mr William Paterson, Mound Place, Edinburgh, to Margaret Jane, youngest daughter of the late Mr Robert Primrose, Musselburgh.

— At St Andrews, the Rev. George Burns, D.D., minister of the Scots Church in the city of St John, New Brunswick, British North America, to Esther, only surviving daughter of the late Rev. James Struthers, of College Street Chapel, Edinburgh.

7. At Clifton Hall, James Maitland Hog, Esq. advocate, second son of the deceased Thomas Hog, Esq. of Newliston, to Helen, third daughter of Sir Alexander Charles Maitland Gibson of Clifton Hall, Bart.

— At Newliston House, David Maitland Makgill, Esq. of Rankellour, to Eleanor Julian, second daughter of the late Thomas Hog, Esq. of Newliston.

— At Cameron Cottage, Fifeshire, Peter Wood, Esq. Leith, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Wood, S.S.C. Edinburgh.

9. At Laverpool, Thomas Ogilvy, Esq. to Eliza, daughter of John Wilson, Esq. Laverpool.

15. At Edinburgh, Colonel William Turner, of the 1st regiment Bombay Cavalry, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Francis Brodie, Esq. W.S.

— James, son of the late John Ramsay of Barra, to Maria, eldest of F. G. Campbell, Esq., and daughter of the late General Patrick Duff.

18. At Perth, the Rev. George Barlas, Dunfermline, to Jane, only daughter of Baile Clunie, Perth.

15. At Springkell, John Shaw Stewart, Esq. advocate, third son of the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, Bart. of Ardgowan and Blackhall, to Jane Stuart, second daughter of Sir John Heron Maxwell, Bart. of Springkell.

— At London, Captain Harding, Royal Horse Artillery, to Caroline Johnston, youngest daughter of the late Kenneth Callender, Esq. of Craigforth.

— At Newington, Edinburgh, Henry Anderson

Duff, Esq. sheriff-clerk of the county of Moray, to Justina, third daughter of Isaac Forsyth, Esq. bookseller, Elgin.

16. At Harrow, Captain William Marjoribanks, to Mary, eldest daughter of Henry Stone, Esq.

17. William Hamilton, Esq. M. D. Wicklow, to Frances, fourth daughter of B. Blood, Esq. of Cranaher, county of Clare, Ireland.

20. At Carlton Place, Glasgow, David Ferguson, Esq. Glasgow, to Mary, daughter of John Monteth, Esq.

21. At Lylestone, the Rev. John Archibald Bonnar, minister of Laxbert and Dunipace, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Purves, Lylestone.

— At Grove Street, Mr Daniel Munro, Munro Place, near Portobello, to Eliza, second daughter of George Munro, Esq.

23. At Edinburgh, in Friends' Meeting House, Walter Wilson, Esq. Hawick, to Rebecca, eldest daughter of William Gibb, Edinburgh.

— At Hamilton, the Rev. Thomas Grierson, minister of Kirkbean, to Russell, only daughter of Professor Walker, Glasgow.

21. At Durham, George Goldie, Esq. M. D. of York, to Mary Anne, second daughter of the late Joseph Bonomi, Esq. A. R. A.

27. At Moray House, Canongate, John Christian Cirovius, Esq. from Kell, to Helen, only daughter of Joseph Piteairn, Esq. Hamburg.

28. At Leith, Mr William Duguid, writer, Edinburgh, to Hardie, second daughter of Mr George Dickson, merchant, Bernard Street, Leith.

— At London, Charles Henegge, Esq. son of Thomas Henegge, Esq. to Louisa, third daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Graves.

30. At Linlithgow, Mr Fletcher Read Low, Rector of the Grammar School, Linlithgow, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of James Rae, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Linlithgowshire.

— John Fletcher, Macfarlane, Esq. surgeon, to Janet, daughter of the late Mr Alex. Johnstone, merchant in Edinburgh.

*Lately*, At Harper's Ferry, Mr McKenny, to Mrs Jackson, he being the lady's fifth husband, and she only in her twentieth year!

8th 4. Mr Alexander Campbell, hatter, North Bridge, to Leslie, daughter of the late James Chalmers, Esq. Solicitor at Law.

#### DEATHS.

Dec. 1826. At Annatto Bay, Jamaica, Andrew, youngest son of Lieut. Cheap, Royal Navy, Burntisland, chief mate of the Phoenix.

Jan. 20. 1827. At Mullinghur, Ensign Alex. Innes, 7th Native Infantry, Bombay Establishment.

March 15. On her passage to England, on board the ship Wellington, the wife of Lieut. Colonel Campbell, of his Majesty's 56th regiment.

19. — sea, on board the Lady Kennoway, on the passage from Ceylon, Captain William Orr, of his Majesty's 97th Regiment.

April 30. On board the Lady Kennoway Indian, as he was returning to Europe on leave of absence, the Hon. Sir Hardinge Gifford, Chief Justice of Ceylon.

May. At Jamaica, Robert, son of Peter Hill, Esq. collector of Cess, Edinburgh.

29. At Halifax, Nova Scotia, Mr John Rule, shipping officer of the Provincial Revenue Department of the port of Halifax.

June 21. At Doune, Perthshire, John Mitchell Esq.

25. At Manse of Rothemay, George Gerard Shumie, student of medicine, youngest son of the late Rev. Dr Simmie, minister of Rothemay.

26. At Eden Hall, Cumberland, Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart. M. P. for Carlisle.

— At Le Mans, in France, Anne, youngest daughter of the late John Fletcher, Esq. of Dunans.

— At New Spynic, near Elgin, Mr John Mackinnie, schoolmaster of New Spynic, aged 70.

27. At Addington, Berwickshire, Mr James Simson, of the firm of Simson and McDougal, in Manchester.

— At Perth, aged 82, Mr David Johnston, manufacturer.

28. Mr David Brown, bookseller, Edinburgh.

29. At her house in Stafford street, Miss Sophia Pringle, daughter of the late James Pringle of Bowland, Esq.

28. At No. 16, St Andrew's square, Edinburgh, James Smyth, Esq. W. S.

23. At Brighton Crescent, Portobello, Charlotte, the wife of Robert Banner, jun. Esq.

— At Hastings, Mr Andrew Harper, of Leith.

50. At Leith, Frances Bell, eldest daughter of Mr John Gellatly, agent for Carron Company at that port.

July 1. At Pulteney, Wick, Captain Robert Leck, of the smack John o' Groat of Thurso.

2. At Castle Hill, in the county of Perth, Andrew Clarke, Esq. eldest son of Robert Clarke, Esq. of Coupar, to Jane, daughter of the late Colonel Sir John Wardlaw, Bart. of Pitcair.

3. At Springfield, David Lamb, aged 72, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lanark, to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields, from the effects of which he never recovered.

— At Edinburgh, Mr George Swan, of the firm of Swan and Ewart, jewellers.

— At Drumby, Miss Lilius Montgomerie, relict of John Hampton, Esq. late of Sundrum.

5. At Horndean, Derwicksire, Mr Alexander Thomson, farmer.

— At Edinburgh, Mary, daughter of William Horn, Esq. Drudge of Ulan.

6. At Caudhane, Alex. Monteath, Esq.

— At Tiviot Row, Robert Gray, youngest son of Mr Alex. Stodart, merchant, Lawn market.

7. At Callander, Duncan McIntyre, Esq. writer.

8. At London, William Grant, Esq. of Congalton.

— At St Andrews, Major Grey, late of the Royal Marines.

9. At Harrow Bank, near Wooler, Richard Jobson, Esq. of Turvelevs, Northumberland, in his 91st year.

10. At Milburn Cottage, Morningside, Georgina Christina Kerr, third daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Robert Kerr.

— At Golden Bridge, Dublin, Mr W. Crombie.

— At Cupar Fife, Mrs D. Grace.

— At his house, at Gunpowder Park, Middlesex, Major Alexander Montan, of the Hon. East India Company's (Bengal) service, aged 60.

— At Peebles, Mr William Kestler, merchant.

11. At Forfar, Charles Webster, Esq. Chief Magistrate of Forfar, in the 76th year of his age.

— At Forfar, Mr Peter Rankine, printer and stationer.

— At Auxerre, in France, Christina Isabella, wife of Wilkins George Terrv, Esq. late of his Majesty's 1st regiment of Life Guards, and daughter of Lieut.-Col. Patrick Tytler.

12. At Brighton Crescent, Portobello, Andrew, youngest son of the late James Macrolony Esq. solicitor-at-law.

13. At his house, Brown Square, Dr J mes Miller, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

— At Meethill, Aylth, Mrs Elizabeth Ramsey, wife of the Rev. James Hay.

— At Dundee, John Macdonald, Esq. formerly of Calcutta.

14. At Martens Horn, near Bracknell, Berks, John Maslin, aged 90. He was at the taking of Quebec and Martinique, and was one of the women who helped to carry General Wolfe off the field of battle.

— At his house, Caltonhill, Mr John Bonar, merchant, Leith Street.

— At Hallside, Mrs Janet Maitland Bruce, daughter of James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird, author of "Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile," and wife of John Jardine, Esq. advocate.

15. At Manse of Ferry-Port-on-Craig, the Rev. William D. Swan, minister of that parish.

— At Taxis, his Serene Highness Prince Charles Alexander, of Latour and Taxis.

— At Mount, Newcastle, Staffordshire, aged 75, Josiah Spode, Esq.

16. At Corfu, Ann Charlotte, daughter of Major Parsons.

17. At Dalmahoy, the Right Hon. the Earl of Morton. His Lordship was in the 60th year of his age. He succeeded his father in 1774, and was a Knight of the Thistle, and Lord Lieutenant of Mid Lothian, &c. He is succeeded, in his Scottish titles, by George Sholto Douglas, Esq. son of the Hon. John Douglas, by Frances, daughter of

Edward, Lord Harewood. The British peerage of Lord Douglas of Lovelace is extinct, having been granted to his Lordship and his heirs male.

17. At Cathcart Manse, in the 69th year of his age, and 42d of his ministry, the Rev. David Dow, minister of that parish.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Christian Pyper, relict of Mr Robert Puller, Edinburgh.

19. At London, John Shaw, Esq. surgeon, second son of Charles Shaw, Esq. Ayr.

20. At her residence, Woodside, near Kelso, Lady Diana Scott, relict of Walter Scott, Esq. of Hadden.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Katharine Campbell, widow of John Yule, M.D.

21. At her house, in Forres Street, Mrs Ruthersford.

— At his house, Park Place, Edinburgh, Archibald Constable, Esq. bookseller, Edinburgh.

— At Herdmanston, East Lothian, Alexander, youngest son of Mr Peter Logan, St Katharine's Dock, London.

22. At Cherrybank, Captain James Fenwick, aged 72.

— At Balgray, Mrs Janet Goodair, wife of Mr Andrew Laidlaw, ironmonger, Glasgow.

23. At Edinburgh, Maria Hay, wife of Dr John Thacher.

— At her house, Canonmills, Mrs Mary Farquhar, relict of Mr Campbell Donovan.

— At his house, Leith, Mr Robert Paterson, late painter.

— At Hillhousefield, Mrs Christian Dow, widow of the late Rev. James Dingwall, minister of Farr.

— At No. 10, Dublin Street, Mr Robert Antchison, late farmer in Garrow, East Lothian, in his 75th year.

— At Corshellach, parish of Invercauld, Banffshire, Margaret Grant, aged upwards of 100 years.

24. At Oxford, Elizabeth, wife of Arthur Clifford, Esq.

— At Coulsart, Mr George Dickson, farmer.

— At No. 2, Thistle Court, Mrs Murray.

25. At Droughty Ferry, Mrs Jane Antken, widow of the Rev. John Russell, late of Muthill.

— At Lambhall, Alex. Smith, Esq. of Lambhall.

— At Bolton, in his 74th year, Mr S. Crompton, who invented, 1788, the spinning machine called "The Mule," now so universally used by the cotton manufacturers.

27. At the residence of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, London, after a few hours' illness, William Henry Adolphus, the infant son of Colonel and Lady Augusta Fitzclarence.

— At No. 11, George Street, Dugald Campbell, Esq. of Ballinabry.

— At his house, Raeburn Place, Edinburgh, James Ballintyne, Esq. writer in Edinburgh.

— Thomas Junor, Esq. late of the Property Tax Office.

— Drowned, whilst bathing at Gravesend, Mr John Buchan, eldest son of Mrs Buchan, 3, Hill Square, Edinburgh.

— At Tranent, Mrs Kemp, widow of the Rev. Andrew Kemp, minister of Aberlady.

28. At her house in Frederick Street, in her 97th year, Mrs Janet Beckwith, relict of Major-General John Beckwith, and daughter of the late Rev. Dr. George Wishart.

— At Edinburgh, Sarah Stockton, wife of Captain Robison, Superintendent of Police.

— At Xerez de la Frontera, Spain, George Charles, the infant son of G. Cranston, Esq. of that city.

29. At Ratho, the Rev. Dr Duncan, minister of Ratho, and Principal Clerk to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

— At Musselburgh, Andrew Heriot, Esq. late merchant, Glasgow.

— At the Manse of Killin, the Rev. Hugh Macdougall, minister of that parish, in the 59th year of his age and 52d of his ministry.

30. At the Earl Fortescue's, in Grosvenor Square, London, Susan, Viscountess Ebury.

— At Renclerkie, Fife-shire, George Ballingall, Esq. of Ballankirk.

31. At Strathpeffer Wells, Mr Robert Arthur Rogers, eldest son of Charles Mouro, Esq. of Ber ryhill, writer, Stonehaven.

31. At Glasgow, Grace Doyle, wife of Mr Thos. Duncan, printer.

Aug. At the Manse of Evie, the Rev. John Duguid, minister of Evie and Rendal.

1. At Kirkcudbright, very suddenly, Miss Wood, daughter of the late Ralph Wood, Esq. Keltonmains.

— At Sudbury Hall, Derbyshire, Right Hon. Alice Lucy Lady Vernon, spouse of Henry Lord Vernon, and daughter of the late Sir John Whiteford, bart. of Whiteford.

2. At the Castlehill, Edinburgh, John Macdonald, aged 107 years; he retained possession of all his faculties to his dissolution. He was the identical person that met Flora Macdonald and the Pretender, Prince Charles Stuart, in their great distress, in the Highlands, as two ladies, and conducted them to the "Virgin Well" to assuage their parched thirst, and afterwards escorted them to a gentleman's house, where they received protection, and he, to his surprise and admiration, discovered who they were; on which he ever after used to dilate with enthusiastic satisfaction and delight.

3. At Monti Catini, near Florence, Alexander Ramsay, Esq. formerly of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service at Bombay.

— At Ayr, Miller Ann, eldest daughter of the Hon. R. Rollo.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Gourlay, relict of Oliver Gourlay, Esq. of Craighole.

— At London, in her 74th year, Catherine, widow of the late Harlan Burnley, Esq. and mother-in-law to Joseph Burnley, Esq. M.P.

4. At Eridge Castle, county of Sussex, the Hon. Lady Henrietta Neville, aged 15 1/2, only daughter of Henry, Earl of Abergavenny, &c. &c. &c.

5. At Edinburgh, Jane, fourth daughter of James Cathcart, Esq.

6. Mr George Mainer, Bristol Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Grace Grant, wife of Captain Joseph Spear, R.N.

— At her house, Leopold Place, Mrs Ann Pyres, relict of John Thompson, Esq. naval officer, Leith.

8. At Viewfield, Trinity, Mrs Jane Buchanan, widow of Dr John Buchanan.

— At Chiswick, of indommation, the Right Hon. George Caning, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c.

9. At Hermand, the Hon. George Fergusson, Lord Hermand.

— At Haddington, Alexander Hislop, late cloth merchant there.

10. At Hillhall, near Musselburgh, Robert Vernon, Esq. late of the Royal Scots Greys.

— At Dundee, Mr Thomas Donaldson, bookseller; and, on the following morning, his daughter Jane Williamson, aged 9 years.

— At Glasgow, Wm. Scales, Esq. writer, there.

11. At Holmes House, Roxburghshire, Lieutenant Colonel James Dunsinure, formerly of the 75th regiment.

— At Archibald Place, Edinburgh, Mr Abram Combs.

12. At Edinburgh, in the 52d year of his age, Mr Alexander Lawrie, late Deacon of the Incorporation of Dyers.

— At Worthing, in his 87th year, Dr Goodenough, Bishop of Carlisle, a gentleman of great learning, and a most pious and exemplary divine.

— At Quiddendenham, the seat of her uncle the Earl of Albemarle, Mrs William Wakefield.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Hannah Black, wife of the Rev. Dr Muir.

— At Pitt Street, Bonnington, Janet Samson, wife of Lieut. Andrew Smith, Royal Navy.

13. At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Stewart, last surviving daughter of the late John Stewart, Esq. collector of excise.

14. At Well Park, John Tennant, Esq. in the 52d year of his age.

15. At Edinburgh, Robert Welch, Esq. of Collin.

— At Dryburgh Abbey, Mr George Lyon, butler to the Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan; and on the 18th, Mrs Lyon, his widow, who had previously been in good health.

16. At Woodside, East Lothian, Charlotte daughter of John Paterson, Esq. Gayfield Square, Edinburgh.

17. At London, John, Earl of Stradbroke, in the 78th year of his age.

18. At Braefoot, Mr Gen. Webb, farmer.  
19. At Ardair, Appin, Captain Dugald Carmichael, on the half-pay of his Majesty's 72d regiment.

— At Bombie Bush, Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Hay, Berthwick Hopscragg.

20. At London, Miss Jane Stevenson, daughter of the deceased Dr Alexander Stevenson, physician in Glasgow.

— At Leith, Mr Adam French, wine merchant there, in the 8th year of his age.

— At Leith, Joanna Gordon, youngest daughter of John Kay, Esq. ship-owner.

21. At Luthrie House, Fifeshire, Charles Hill, Esq. of Luthrie.

— At her house, West Richmond Street, Mrs Amelia Perry, formerly of Montreal, Lower Canada.

22. At Helensburgh, Mr Henry Abercromby, writer, Stirling.

— At Edinburgh, William Cathcart, Esq. of Tours.

23. At 42, York Place, Edinburgh, William Shigo, Esq.

24. At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Macgeorge, wife of Mr Robert Christie, tobacconist, Edinburgh.

25. At Trinity, near Edinburgh, Miss A. M. Duff, youngest daughter of the late Captain George Duff, Royal Navy.

26. At 31, Buccleuch Place, aged 31 years, Mrs Elizabeth Molyson, wife of Mr Alexander Deuchar, jun. merchant, Edinburgh.

28. At Oxenfordmans, Mrs Elizabeth Stevenson, relict of Mr David Hunter, farmer, Fala-mains.

— At Hammersmith, near London, Lord Archibald Hamilton, M.P. for Lanarkshire. His Lordship had so far recovered from his previous illness, that he was making arrangements for his departure for Scotland, but, unfortunately, the effects of a severe cold, caught from a too sudden exposure to the air, terminated his life.

29. At her house, No. 51, North Castle Street, Edinburgh, Miss Anne Macleod, daughter of the late John Macleod, Esq. of Macleod.

*Latin.* In his tent, near Nagpore, East Indies, Lieutenant Dallas, son of Major Dallas, late of Macduff, Montgomerystown, Perthshire. This promising young man was perfidiously murdered by his black servant, who had been blamed for bad conduct; the assassin escaped.

*Latin.* Mr John Drummond, parochial school-master, Courrie.

*Latin.* At Winchester, the Right Hon. Lady Mary Murray.

#### SIR HENRY MONCREIFF WELLWOOD, BART.

Aug. 9. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff Wellwood of Tullibole, Bart. one of the Ministers of St Cuthbert's, in the 76th year of his age, and 56th of his ministry. In the death of Sir Henry society has lost one of its most respected ornaments, and our church the most dignified and venerable of its Functionaries. Though he has died full of years and of honours, his loss is not the less to be deplored. Unting, in the highest degree, strong practical sense and wisdom with sterling rectitude of principle and undeviating consistency of conduct,—the most liberal and enlightened views with active and unwearied benevolence,—and a deep sense of religion with a constant illustration of its doctrines in the unobtrusive piety of his life,—Sir Henry Moncreiff formed altogether an example and a model on which the members of his sacred profession might form themselves, and admirably calculated at once to dignify and elevate the character of a clergyman. There are other men of more brilliant and versatile ability, but for strength of judgment, and penetrating sagacity, he has left no equal. Far removed on the one hand from a lukewarm profession of Christian truth, he also evinced a disdainful repugnance to all fanatical zeal and morbid sentiment. Sincere in piety, and strict in principle, to a degree which few maintain, he also exhibited by his conduct, that a devout may be also a manly character; and that there is no necessary connexion between evangelical doctrine, and those weaknesses in the mob of its professors, which have covered the best of principles with unmerited reproach.

As a preacher, Sir Henry Moncreiff was distinguished by enlarged and comprehensive views of scripture truths, as well as for the strict evangelical purity of his doctrine; and no one ever possessed in a higher degree the art of enforcing precepts in a manner at once striking and impressive. Vigorous masculine sense was his great characteristic; and it rather gained than lost its force by the homely dress in which it was sometimes clothed. He had evidently been a close and attentive observer of life; and he drew from the vast stores of his experience and observation, those apt and felicitous illustrations which impressed indelibly on the mind the precept or doctrine which it was

his object to enforce. In the most ordinary sense of the word he would not be called eloquent, yet there breathed fervour in his address, which impressed his hearers with more than the force of oratory. They who have only read his sermons, can form no adequate idea of them as they were delivered. His manner, always impressive, became peculiarly interesting in the latter years of his life; and there was something peculiarly touching on those rare occasions when he appealed to the feelings. His writings are stamped with the character of his eloquence, and exhibit a genuine picture of the predominant quality of his mind, which consisted in a strong love of the useful, mixed with a contempt for the mere elegancies and graces of ornament. He never acquired, and probably never studied, that ease and variety of illustration which is requisite to constitute a popular author.

His talents were more practical than speculative, and accordingly it was in business and debate chiefly that he excelled. His manner in debate was pointed and direct; at once, without preface or explanation, he directed his attack against the weak part of his adversary, and having shown the fallacy of his leading points adduced, took no notice of what was subordinate. Though by no means an eloquent speaker, and scarcely even a regular debater, he commanded the respect of his opponents, and the confidence of his friends, for a long period of time, abounding in contests which were keenly and ably discussed, principally by the weight of his personal character—by the manly fairness of his deportment, and the opinion entertained of the soundness and solidity of his judgment. The influence which he had acquired was merited, not only by his conduct as a leader in the Church Courts, but also by the management of the inquiries of committees, and in general business; the scheme of the Widows' Fund will remain a lasting record of his industry, filial, and benevolence. While friends venerate his memory on account of his private worth, his claims on the public regard are of no ordinary kind. He lived an exemplary member of the Church of Christ; of that congregation over which he presided so long, he was a faithful and affectionate pastor.

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## EDINBURGH:

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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## A PREFACE TO A REVIEW OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

REVIEWING, as a profession by which a certain class of men seek to instruct the public, to support themselves creditably in the middle order, and to keep their children from falling, after the decease of enlightened parents, on the parish, is at the lowest possible ebb in this country; and many is the once well-fed critic now an hungered. We think that we discern in this state of things, a beautiful proof of retributive justice. For, through the long space of how many revolving years, did the race of reviewers fatten, as it were, on the blood and tears of their poor voluminous victims! In what pitiable emaciation were poets, and other people of that description, seen crawling about, like half-starved flies in fear of the spider! and well they might, for the monster would suddenly let himself down upon the ephemerals, as they touched unawares the first invisible line of his vibratory net; and then fixing his fangs behind the ear that nodded in vain to heaven, would grimly regale on the sharp, shrill, thin, attenuated buzz of the assassinated insect! What fierce, fiery-eyed, bloated, little Tarantulas were then your critics! Farwigs were a luxury to them—Bugs nothing. They deposited their eggs in every cranny in “the worm-eaten holds” of the most obscure booksellers that lived in lanes,

“And the land stank, so numerous were the fry.”

It would be tedious, perhaps, to trace the causes of the great and salutary change or revolution that has, within the last tenth part of a century, been gradually taking place in the Critical world—and which, there is every reason to believe, will be complete before Christmas. Suffice it to say, that the prime Agent of this event was Blackwood's Magazine. Christopher North, laying down his crutch, took up his besom. Away went all the spiders' webs from all the windows—and once more, there was a clear view of the skies. The spiders themselves were given to the winds, with all the wizened\* fly-anatomies—and the air so filled with a divine ottar, distilled by vernal twilight, and gathered in urns placed within the rose-bowers of Buchanan Lodge, that Scotland, sprinkled far and wide, has been cleansed of the pest that threatened to depopulate her Poetry; and now all the Creatures of the Element again fearlessly “wave in the sun their bright coats dropt with gold.”

Dropping the images of Fly and Spider—Cobweb and Besom—we content ourselves with congratulating our country on the almost total extinction of the race of professional and periodical critics. A few of them, whom nature meant for better things—have publicly read their recantation—and belong no more to the Infallible Church. Many died of dotage in the prime of life—not a few, it is pleasant to think,

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\* See Dr Jamieson.

have been murdered ; nor is it less delightful to reflect, what numbers have committed suicide ! Some still survive

“ By yonder furze, unprofitably gay ;”

but the hand of hunger, as we hinted above, is upon them,—their cheeks how gaunt—how hollow their eye-sockets ! Such knees for feebleness were surely never seen knocking one another on this earth ! Spindle-shanks like these seem almost incredible ! And alas ! and woe is me ! what a melancholy mumble from blabber-lip and slaver-tongue of yonder Paralytic still barbarously suffered to drag himself, occasionally stall-supported, through the pity of the streets !

Only think with yourself for a single paragraph, gentle reader, of such an Othello, after his occupation is gone. Men of talents and genius, we shall suppose, have thought proper not to publish any books during the summer. Taking advantage of this, there is a general dance and minstrelsy of the dunces. Othello and his contributors scatter themselves diligently up and down as reporters ; and not an ass can bray, not a goose can gabble, but a specimen of his performance is printed with suitable and congenial remarks, and circulated through town and country, to the extent perhaps of five hundred copies ! No wonder the various old women of both sexes, kept thus constantly employed, become preternaturally void of understanding, under pressure on the brain. Such a life would be dangerous even to persons of ordinary intellect. But to the feeble it is always fatal. We have been given to understand that a contributor of this description rarely outlives the year. Within so short a period, like the poor gin-horse, he gets blind and goes to the dogs. His or her place is supplied by another hack, so like its poor predecessor, that the eye of humanity is frequently cheated into the painful belief that it is the same suffering animal. For who can be blamed for comparing the personal identity of a ceaseless succession of unhappy hacks, all rat-tailed, cow-houghed, ewe-necked, and ass-eared alike—alike, too, in that meanest of all colours, that between a dun, a grey, and a roan, comparable to nothing but that of the poorest porter with a dash of ditch-water, and at all times seen on a hide, drenched, through all its

tatters, with unhealthy sweat. To say nothing of the undistinguishable similitude of the old and new series of staring yet lack-lustre wall-eyes !

It is very painful to a portion of the public to have protruded upon their vision the mean misery of such a condition as this ; but perhaps it is more so, to see the poor Paralytic Periodical mouthing away at a volume of merit in prose or verse, like a toothless cur, perplexed by a marrow-bone, which he well knows contains most excellent matter, but whose impenetrable exterior he continues hopelessly and humbly to mumble, even long after he has come to know in anger that all his mumbling must be in vain.

At other times, and in other moods of mind, the public cannot choose but be diverted by such exhibitions. For is it not diverting to see a Periodical supported, not by the spirits of the age, but by the Small Beers, with now and then a few Ales and Porters ? Here out jumps a cork with such a pother, that the very least one expects is a discharge of thunder and lightning—but no—a mere fritter of froth, expiring with the fixed air into something fetid. That cork sounds well—a clear clunk of a decided character,—that ought to be followed instantaneously by fire and smoke, and a boiling geyser-like gurgling of foaming brown-stout, that threatens, after filling every tumbler in the house, to overflow the punch-bowl till the dining-room is like the World during the Flood, and picture after picture disappears on the walls, till not one is visible but a small Barry Corn-wall, hanging like a blackamoor by a brass nail just below the cornice. But no. The porter is sound asleep at the bottom of the bottle, with a heavy load of molasses on his shoulders ; and you may turn it upside down without waking him from his barny slumbers. Try a third. And have you the effrontery to call this ale ? Out it issues, reluctant and ropy, occupying some thirty seconds of precious time, in its cautious descent from bottle to jug, and combining in itself the characters of oil and vinegar—at once sourest and dullest of drinks, fit, out of any vegetable that ever grew, to make an emetic, or spoil a salad.

Yet we doubt not that one and all of the people employed about the concern may be, in their way, very respectable—schoolmasters, who, in small vil-

lages, cannot support themselves entirely on their own bottoms—ushers in metropolitan academies, whose annual salary rarely exceeds twenty pounds, with some board and a little washing—third-rate actors on the boards of the Surrey or Adelphi, who have generally a literary turn—a player on the hautboy in some orchestra or other—Unitarian preachers, on whose sleeve there may chance to be an undeserved slur—unfortunate men of talent in the King's Bench—a precocious boy or two in Christ's Hospital—an occasional apprentice, run away from the Row—and most probably a cousin of Tims. With such a various host of contributors, one might wonder that the concern is not more spirited—but then you see the contributions of the Editor himself—a man unknown—but naturally emulous of being a master-spirit among slaves—are as heaven to the whole mass, and render each successive Number as hard and inedible as a quatern loaf; that, crusty through excess of old age, has lain great part of a moon on the baker's counter, and after having been refused by more than one respectable pauper, is eyed suspiciously by the next-door neighbour's Newfoundland dog, who, in angry fear of *nuv vomica*, growls refusal of the proffered boon.

"Pray, gentle reader, what do you suppose may such a Periodical pay per sheet?"—"A pound."—"What! extracts included?"—"No, no—original pus or matter." There is much starvation in such terms; for suppose a worthy contributor misses a month, or has his article returned back upon his hands! Of such casualties were we thinking, when in the first sentence pronounced in this Number, we said that many a critic was now an hungered; but we abstain from following the subject into its details, and refer our readers to the Evidence delivered before the Committee appointed for Enquiring into the State of Mendicity in the Metropolis.

We cannot help feeling some surprise that any Editor should persist in being prevailed upon by the kind yet cruel charity of publishers, to continue in a situation, which, to say not a single syllable of its disreputable character merely in a literary, philosophic, and religious point of view, must subject the holder of it to such sufferings as surely need not be en-

dured by any man in this country, however feeble both his mental and bodily powers, and however neglected their cultivation, who is not hopelessly prevented by some chronic disease from busying himself in some one or other of the many sorts of simpler manual labour to which no apprenticeship is necessary, which require little strength and no skill, and by which, therefore, except in times of extraordinary national difficulty indeed, the stupidest dolt that can move his fingers without being able very accurately to count them, may gain a more honest and decent, a less scanty and precarious livelihood, than by vainly attempting to perform what are sarcastically called the "editorial duties," to a dying periodical, pronounced by the faculty past recovery, continuing to distress people by the sight of its "falling sickness," and, what is most painful of all, making use perhaps of expressions, during the fits, that are most shocking to Christians. Can there be a man so utterly friendless, and left to himself, as never to have been beseeched by a brother to give up such editorship, were it even to become tailor to a harness-maker, and to devote the remainder of his days in equal proportions to remorse, penitence, repentance, and the sewing on of the coarse woollen linings of the collars of dray-horses belonging to that powerful squadron, Meux's Entire?

Nor is our surprise less at the pertinacious—nay, obstinate conduct of Publishers. Even at a pound per sheet to the Flower of the Contributors, and fifty pounds paid in quarterly instalments to the Flower of an Editor, such must be a losing concern. Such sale would not pay paper and printing, were it got up gratis. Why then continue it at a loss? We beg, if any such Periodical there be—and it is a mere hypothesis—on the most amiable grounds, that it may be discontinued. Let the Editor's salary still go on, running up to twelve pounds ten shillings for the first quarter after the interment of the defunct, and be paid handsomely on the very day it becomes due, that he may not want such of the necessities of life as he may have been accustomed to during such an incumbency, while he is looking about for an employment that feeds better; and let various coins, from a crown to a sovereign, be doled out, if necessary.

under the care of trustees, to the contributors, according to their merits and their wants, so that the Publishers may have the pleasing reflection, that none of their discharged critical hands needed to die of hunger, within a certain period from the dissolution of the concern; nor, provided they beware of turning their plagiary of one kind of article, into pilfering of another, needed to despair of being able, as long indeed as they kept tolerably sober, to count the nail-heads on the outside of the door of the House of Correction.

Our readers will not for a moment think, that in these few hurried remarks, (the best remarks, by the way, are usually hurried,) we can mean anything like personality to any Periodical, Publisher, Contributor, or Editor. In an Essay like this, on the Extinction of Periodical Criticism in this Country, it is necessary to provide for supposable cases; and if any living Periodical Publication exist, answering to this description, which is most applicable to several dead ones, they must not be incensed at our freedom of speech; and indeed they would have been well entitled to take it deeply in dudgeon, and much amiss, had we, from political or theological odium, avoided all allusion to them, as is the use and wont of Whigs and Radicals, who foolishly think, that by a paction among themselves never to allude to an enemy, they cause him to cease to exist; whereas, instead of ceasing to exist, he, if he be a Tory, and more especially Blackwood's Magazine, comes down upon them like a roc from the sky, and grasping their gullets in his talons, squeezes the breath out of their bodies, like the dust out of that filthy vegetable by school-boys ycleped the devil's snuff-box, and hangs them up to the terror of the base and foolish, the derision of the wise and high, till the scarecrows yield to the influence of the seasons, and the things of shreds and patches, giving their last flutter to the winds, fall down, and are indistinguishably mingled for ever with their native mire.

Meanwhile the greater Reviews, the Quarterly, the Edinburgh, the Westminster, the British Critic, all keep flourishing, if not all equally in high and palmy state, still all in health and vigour, and with amplitude of shade and shelter. Because they are Reviews

—only in name. In reality, they are Essays, Pamphlets, Discourses, Sermons, Books, Lectures, Libels—the best that the men can do—and, as many of them are the picked men of England and Scotland, why should not that best be often excellent? And in spite of all the noxious ingredients sometimes unconsciously, or carelessly, or purposely mixed with the mass, why should not the bread thus baked be often the staff of life, on which the free people of this empire may live without fear of snapping it, the young and active using it like a leaping pole, or aiblins a shillela, the old and stiff like a resting perch, or a crutch on which to hobble on towards the couch of everlasting repose?

The Magazines having thus put down all the Reviews, properly so called, flourish most beautifully—each

“Like a tree that grows

Fast planted by a river,

That in its season yields its fruit,

And its leaf fadeth never.”

Every now and then, Maga herself sports reviewer, and gives an account of a new work of merit, with copious extracts. This is found to be a great relief to original matter. Then, she has the supreme satisfaction, twice or thrice a-year, (seldom oftener, for she is by nature humane, and would not, unprovoked, hurt a fly,) of sacrificing a victim to the injured shade of Duns Scotus. She, Maga—or, *alias verlis*, We Christopher North,—have relaxed much of our former ferocity—which was almost always assumed as a mask to disguise the infirmity of a too weeping eye and a too tender heart. We sometimes think, indeed, that the character of Moloch has probably been much misrepresented by writers on Idolatry. While the parents of the children who were passed through the fire in worship of Moloch, thought him, and not without reason, the most cruel of Idols, why may we not believe that his eyes dropt tears “fast as Arabian trees their medicinal gum?” and that he pitied from the bottom of his heart the little young wretches squalling in the flames? Just so with us. Parents were willing to throw their first-born into the fire, to mollify us towards their subsequent gets—and did their grim Idol the injustice to think that we enjoyed the dying shrieks of their poor puny progeny—drinking them in with greedv

cars—and wagging our long tail like a tiger purring over a nest of small Seppys in a jungle; whereas we call the conscious stars to witness, that such sacrifices stank in our nostrils, and the smoke thereof was offensive to our eyes, to a degree that could not be dreamed of by those unnatural idolators.

But whatever might have been the true character of Moloch, we know that there never was on this earth a milder and less sanguinary character than Christopher North. Many a time and oft have we hobbled out of our way to avoid a wretch whom we saw running with a volume of what he called poems in his hand, "right slick away" into the jaws of destruction. What more can an old cripple Editor do to evince his humanity, than, on the uncertain footing of a spear or crutch, to leap over a hedge and ditch, simply to avoid sacrificing a Cockney?—We even have a pleasure in seeing the young poetaster at play. And when we behold him entering the door of the front-shop, how can we help thinking of the child playing at the door of the cockatrice den? And yet here is the man against whom the Whig and Radical press so long fulminated its calumnious thunders! Meanwhile we sat two story high at Ambrose's, like "the Giants of the Western Star," and beheld, well-pleased, the harmless electricity playing a pretty knife and fork quite below our feet. On one occasion the conducting rod, we remember, got hold of a presumptuous bit of sulphur, and sent it down into the small-beer cellar with such a stramash, that we verily believed the whole inhabitation of empty bottles had perished.

Our meaning now breaks forth like a full sunburst. Our scorn of the menial, the flunky reviewing race, has been generated by our passionate love of the freedom of the press.

Let all men then who are not dumb speak out—let all men who can spell read—let all men who can write MS. send it to the Printing-office. What though there be pyramids of libels piled up in Paternoster-Row, till the sun is darkened—let Christopher North strike a single spark from the flint and steel of his patent tinder-box, and from base to apex the paper pyramid is in a blaze.

So much for all calumny—a for

nonsense—why, the weed is more delicate than any flower—and like

"The rath primrose that, forsaken, dies."

But strong, manly, intrepid sense, that scorns to revile—sound, pure, and unadulterated sensibility, that is too proud to whine—wit with the quivering lip, and humour with the eye-lid aly—fancy with the plumes that flutter, and imagination with the pinions that soar—let them, along with "Discourse of Reason," have ample room and verge enough to pursue their playful pastimes on holidays, and follow their lawful work on every other day—while Religion keeps inviolate her own Sabbath. What better freedom of the Press can there be than this? When did we ever seek to abuse or abridge it? What blow was ever struck by us against the helpless? What blow did the most powerful ever aim at us that we warded it not off, or if counters were hit, that was not returned with a high rate of interest, till the aggressor bit the dust, and on time being called, declared himself satisfied, and immediately gave in?

But we must be a little more serious—and assume as much solemnity as is compatible with the manner of a gentleman, who, though he may be prosing, is not preaching, and instead of enforcing orthodoxy from the pulpit, is instilling—or rather distilling it, in an easy chair by the side of as cheerful an evening fire as ever illuminated our bust of the Baronet smiling alongside of the sightless Milton.

This is the Age of Intellect—and though in saying so, we know that we oppose high authority, this is also the Age of Feeling. No man of genius need fear the judgment of his contemporaries. The wreath of glory may be placed sooner, with louder and more general acclaim, round these than round those temples, both equally worthy; but obscurity shall not long be the lot of any one to whom nature has given "the vision and the faculty divine." The mind of the age is the judge of what the age brings forth. All the false decisions of the inferior courts, pronounced under bribe or bile, are set aside by that Lord Chancellor. All authors get their heads into Chancery at last, and they draw them out again, either shaven or shorn, bald beyond the

power of wig, or your only "curled darlings," tressed with immortal halo.

See, then, in how few years, or months, all the sons of genius are confirmed in their birth-right. The pettifoggers are all dumbfounded with their flaws and falsehoods. Their special pleading is heard no more—stified in their mouths and throats as by the palm of a sudden hand that paralyses the tongue of the traducer. The lips, that, livid with envy, once spat law to genius, "that chartered Libertine" in Imagination's sky, are now white in despair, and utter not a word, or perhaps, in shrivelled soliloquies, mutter curses against the eagle's wing darkening in the storm, or brightening in the sunshine.

All the criticism in the world will not now-a-days defraud a man of genius, who does anything like justice to himself, one year out of any considerable portion of his full and well-assured reward. The world, thank God, thinks for itself, and, at the age of six thousand, it is entitled to do so, and to settle annuities on all its superannuated tutors. Yet the world is not rash. It takes its own time to consider. It overhauls documents, and has an eye not to be deceived by the most skilful forgeries. It holds the note between its eye and the light of heaven, and if the inimitable water-mark, the many-twisted hues of the showery bow, be not there, it crumples up the vain deception, which is suffered to circulate no more. What forgery of the year 1800 is now attempted to be passed off, even on the most credulous in the world of letters? Who refuses the hand-writing of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, or the rest who have property in the woods and forests of Parnassus—and who never can be bankrupts, till all her sacred groves shall be consumed?

If we be right in asserting, that such is the temper—disposition—spirit of the age, why all this row and rumpus, all this blarney and botheration, about educating the people? The people are all getting themselves educated as fast as is possible, and in the only way that is possible. The minds of men of talents and genius are free—their productions are freely scattered—say rather lavished all around, and in all departments of

thought. There is a general kindling all over the face of society—not merely a beacon here—or a bonfire there—but an universal and steady light, penetrating into the darkest holds, and often out of the meanest materials making glorious combustion. The fire is as innocuous as it is bright. But not innocuous only, burn where it may, but a blessing. Is it to be thought, that such light will not also enter the poor man's hut? Or that, if it does, what to others is a boon to him will be a curse? No. Knowledge is not only power, but it is virtue. Ignorance is not only weakness, but it is vice. Thus the same men, that in darkness grope their way to crime and misery, in light will walk their way to righteousness and contentment. Who is he, that under the Christian dispensation will dare to talk of the lower orders, when the question is about the rights and privileges of beings formed after God's own image? Who will grudge knowledge to the father, at whose knees he sat by the cottage ingle—to the mother who bore him—poor as they both may be—to the sisters and brothers who were rocked with him in the same cradle—although they may continue all their lives long to spin or plough, while he may every Sabbath be preaching from a pulpit, lecturing on week-days from a Professor's chair, haranguing from the benches of St Stephen's Chapel, or pronouncing doom of fortune, or of life, from the judgment seat?

If there be in the nation this love and this power of knowledge and of truth, it must spread of itself from highest to lowest—and the transmission of the light, perhaps, can neither be much hindered nor much expedited by any means or measures especially devised for one or other of such purposes. If there be a "pure religion breathing household laws," there cannot be ignorance. If there be a noble philosophy and a noble literature, their influence will not be confined to colleges and halls, but it will pervade palaces and huts. With such religion, such philosophy, and such literature, and with establishments such as ours are, preserved from perversion or decay, how can the people be uneducated? If our religion be corrupted, and its ministers idle,—if our philosophy be sceptical, and its doctors deists,—if our literature be

polluted, and our men of genius sensualists in imagination—then what shall save the people, educated or not, from wickedness and debasement?

In many parts of Great Britain, the people, from situation, are ignorant. Much may be done, and is doing, for them, to put them into a condition for acquiring knowledge. But, generally speaking, the country is educated—almost sufficiently well educated—as, for example, almost all the Lowlands of Scotland—and what is chiefly necessary, is to preserve among them a right spirit—that is, a love of the right kind of knowledge,—and not to suffer them to imagine that a superficial acquaintance with certain sorts of knowledge, confined principally to physical objects, is paramount and all-in-all. The more they can be brought to know of such things the better—and the very necessities of their conditions and occupations will force them to seek such knowledge; but never ought their teachers to lead, or allow them to think, that a knowledge of mechanical forces, useful to all, and indispensable to many, is to be pursued at the expense of indifference, or neglect of far higher and holier truths, of which the feeling and the sanction are sure to be weakened or destroyed by disuse—and the mere blunting of which, to say nothing of their extinction, is a loss that never can, in any degree whatever, be compensated by all the worldly wisdom, wit, ingenuity, dexterity, or skill, that a poor man, living and to live by labour, could ever acquire by the united felicity of genius and fortune.

Our pen has got, what may perhaps to some appear rather a rambling sort of way of its own—yet probably, we keep as close to the main road of our argument as the Jolters. We have been throwing out a few hints—desultory, but not disconnected—on the strong tendency of the spirit of this age, in this country, to think for itself—beginning, after our fashion, with a view of the subject seemingly not very important—and descending very low for illustrations—and then gradually and naturally rising to more serious speculation—and touching on the general condition and prospects of the great body of our people.

Now, we are thus led pleasantly to a point, from which we had intended to begin, on the very first dip of our pen

into the dolphin—namely, to the consideration of what are called the Lower Orders, as the subjects of fictitious composition with a moral aim, scope, and tendency. Not to go deeply or widely into such inquiry, suffice it to say, that there must be, and long have been, much of true grandeur and nobility of nature in those orders of the people, that, omitting many other names, have furnished materials for the very highest powers to mould and work upon—of Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, and Scott.

The Whigs say they are distinguished by their enlightened love of the people. If so, we are a Whig. But an enlightened love of the people may be shown in many other ways than by advocating Annual or Triennial Parliaments, wishing to extend Suffrage till it be almost universal, founding Mechanical Institutions, pulling down Hospitals, and abolishing the Poor Laws. It may be shown by studying their character, and holding it up to affection and admiration, in works of which a delight in the virtues that adorn their condition is the life and the soul. Now, most men of genius who have been Whigs,—and bigoted as we fear we are in politics, we do not deny that men of genius there have been, who have at least been but indifferent Tories—have been too highly aristocratical, to stoop to employ their genius on such vulgar subject-matter as the Poor. It seemed as if the smoke of their cribs and cabins came offensively “between the wind and their nobility.” We may be wrong—and if so, we hope, and do not fear, that some Whig magazine or newspaper will have the kindness to set us right—but we cannot help thinking that your Tory man of genius has generally had the warmest side towards the lower orders—has shewn himself, in his representation of human life, most familiar at the Farmer’s Ingle, and in the Shepherd’s Shieling, and even in the Workshop or Dwelling house of the Artificer. Mr Crabbe, we think, is a Whig—Wordsworth and Scott are Tories. Now, much as we admire Mr Crabbe’s extraordinary talents for observation and description, we cannot for our souls love and venerate him as a poet, as we love and venerate Scott and Wordsworth. Burns was Whiggish—but that is nothing to the purpose, for he was himself a poor



man and proud—and pride and poverty will make a Whig of the only and dutiful son of a father believing in the divine right of kings. Besides, he had not become a Whig, when at the plough tail he wrote the Saturday Night, and the Address to the Daisy—and during the composition of his love lyrics, he was a manifest Tory. Let us say a few words, then, about Crabbe, and Burns, and Wordsworth, and Scott—not with the view of illustrating this whim of ours about Whig and Tory poets, but simply by way of whiling away a fireside hour or two with some general discussion of their comparative merits.

Crabbe is a writer of masculine genius, who, on whatever he touches, leaves marks of a vigorous hand. It may be said, that he seldom fully treats a subject. He tells a story; he carries through his narrative right forward, from beginning to end. This the reader can depend upon. But that he will draw out the resources of his subject, that he will bring out into fulness of effect its mournfulness, its beauty, its gloomy grandeur, or even its bitterness and indignation, this is not to be counted on. What parts will be given with detail, a tedious dialogue, or a scene of anguish—what will be wrought with poetical colouring, a passage of mere indifference, or of great importance, to the whole—of this the reader can anticipate nothing. He is on no certainty with his author, till a thing is done. A defect, surely; since great part of the whole effect of poetry lies in continually raising and fulfilling expectation.

Two features of Mr Crabbe's poetry seem chiefly to characterize it in popular opinion. He is regarded as a poet having great acquaintance with the realities of ordinary life; and as a writer, making his representations of human nature just within the verge of calumny—whose statements are not false, but the impressions they leave are.

Mr Crabbe would too often seem to have no other purpose than to take from the life of the people subjects for delineation, as if he felt that his talent were to delineate, and had no higher end than to exercise it. They are studies of an artist—a great one, undoubtedly—who amuses himself with drawing from nature, without any very particular choice, as it might

seem, of the subject. The temper of his spirit, the cast of his genius, it may be said, determine a choice of the subject, as well as of the manner of handling it, as is evinced by the common impression of the gloom and bitterness of his poetry. It may be so. Yet we doubt if this will imply anything more than that he exercises the talent in which he excels, in the manner in which he excels in it. He can paint reality, often in its own vividness, sometimes in its own hardness. He does not refuse himself to greatness, to beauty, to pathos, when he finds it; but he is just as ready—it would be unjust to say readier—to paint coarseness, meaniness, and that callousness of depraved hearts, of which the sight almost shuts up the consciousness of feeling in our own. Now, there can be little doubt that a man who will walk through lower life in this country, with an eye eager to catch only striking subjects for his pencil, will paint much below the just tone of poetry, and will leave by his works an unfavourable, perhaps a revolting, impression of his genius and his subject. What is worst in such life is most conspicuous—what is good is unobtrusive.

Notwithstanding any truth there may be in these observations, it will be difficult to every one to escape from the common impression, that when Mr Crabbe begins to rail, he is at home; and that when he gets among scenes of dark passions, among revenges and hates, or begins to tread the haunts of outlaws, he walks with more command, and his verse takes more the strain of a genial inspiration. If so, he might have been a greater poet; and the absence of all purpose, the mere miscellaneousness of his poetry in general, would show that he has not sufficiently known himself.

Mr Crabbe's stories are seldom poetically hung together. His causes are not poetical causes. They are downright reality. Something that happened o' Wednesday—hard matter of fact. Not that there is any deficiency of improbable causes upon occasion, either, but there is no principle or consistency—an incongruous mixture of romance and the news of the next Parish.

Perhaps the very best parts of Mr Crabbe are unconnected passages, descriptions, anecdotes, or character

which is drawn under one purpose and dispatched—like the landlady who died holding her keys, where one conception carries the writer through, before he has got time to grow cold upon it. There certainly is a want of depth of mind in the mind of this poet—of thought. What can be thrown off at once is done well, but what goes further is incomplete. There is neither the fulness of nature, nor the fulness of an artist's composition, but a baldness and a fortuitous concatenation. For our own part, we often and often feel, in reading Crabbe, that had he known more about the matter, he would have drawn his pen through many of his very ablest compositions, from beginning to end, saying, "This seemed to me to be all true, but I now see that it is all false." For the whole imagery, and much of the sentiment of a poem, may be true to nature; and yet, either the absence or presence of *something* may utterly vitiate it, and render it libellous. The poet who composes coolly from cool observation—and Mr Crabbe seems to us to be such a poet—will be much more apt to overlook and to fall into blunders, omissions, mistakes, and errors, than the poet, whose quiet eye, (such as Wordsworth for instance,) not unwatchful of his brethren, sees where the noblest harvests are to be reaped, while "it broods and sleeps on its own heart."

It is one bold and generous enterprise of genius to draw poetry from the ordinary lives of ordinary men. It is trusting in the depth and power of nature to believe, that even in such life her spirit is not extinct nor suppressed, that it can be found there, and drawn forth into expression, and that there is a sympathy alive to receive its just representations. This Burns did by the impulse of native genius. This Wordsworth has done under the guidance of philosophic thought. This Crabbe too has done—almost unwillingly as it might seem—when the strong conceptions of his working mind have carried him away for a little while from his bare delineations of reality. For the ordinary view that has reigned in Mr Crabbe's composition of poetry, might seem to be that words and numbers might make anything into verse; and not that higher view which seems to prevail in Burns and Wordsworth, that

the spirit of delineation may make anything into poetry. What does indeed lie in common life—what it can yield to poetry—what it may bear within itself far above poetry—no one can tell; neither a town critic of one score, with a brown curled wig, nor a country minister of fourscore years, with smooth, silvery, natural hair. That it will yield materials to poetry such as would not have been expected till genius produced them, we now know as a fact of our late literature, and a fact that will be to the immortal glory of the age.

Now, observe, that in what is drawn from the life of the people, it is not to be said that life is to be exalted. In Wordsworth, indeed, it is exalted—almost universally. In Burns it is sometimes—but generally not. This much, however, seems certain,—it ought never to be degraded. In Crabbe it often is degraded. Crabbe draws the face of things—they draw its spirit. Wordsworth draws the life of the people, as a part of that universal nature which he contemplates and loves. Burns, as the life which himself has lived; in which he has found his joy and his sorrow; which he loves as his own, as having been that of his forefathers, and which he hopes and trusts, will be the life of his children. Crabbe writes of it as an observer, fond of criticizing, and somewhat inclined to disparage. If we should doubt for a moment the truth of Wordsworth's pictures, as pictures of reality, still we could not question his right to make them what they are; and such imaginary representations of men in his scenes of nature, seem fit inhabitants of those scenes. If the character be ideal, the elements of the character are in nature. But there is far more than this in that poetry of Wordsworth devoted to the delineation of humble life. For it is not enough to say, that he has drawn with love and reverence that natural life of man which he has so earnestly contemplated—but in the midst of his pictures his own presence is felt. And his reader does not go on, without feeling himself bound continually in dearer love to him who has opened up for him the secrets of his own spirit, without recognising in himself the enlarging capacity, the growing power, the unfolding sensibilities, into which a strong sympathy has infused new energies of life.

With respect to Burns, we have simple belief—and are satisfied. He writes with a genial fervour of love—with a beating heart. The tide of life which rolled in his veins flowed through his song. Yet his genius, too, has cast its own lights upon that picture. There are touches there which were not borrowed from nature, and peoplings of fancy in the midst of acknowledged realities. Every one who reads, feels that he is not moved merely, softened, amused by the representatives of living nature, but that he is borne along in an unison of feeling and thought with the poet himself. He feels himself elate in new strength, while he accompanies the steps of the fine, free, bold, rustic genius, ranging its own heights, or searching the secret paths that lead to its own beloved haunts of peculiar and appropriate inspiration. Or our patriotic heart leaps within us when we look

“On him, who walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough upon the mountain side.”

As to Crabbe, if we believe, it is often just what we try not to do. He gives us a picture of reality, which repels our belief while it commands it. He drives us out of the region of poetry; and if we are compelled to believe, we ask why we must meet that in a volume of poems, which ought to have been evidence before the Committees of Mendicity or Poverty?

Unlike to that of Burns or Wordsworth, may it not be said that the genius of this author alienates the spirit of his reader? For not only is there a continual painful sense that he is describing a life, which, though he has considered shrewdly, he has never justly known; but there is felt a yet more deadening consciousness of the repression within ourselves of feelings, of the contraction within ourselves of thought. We often make positive loss from accompanying his steps, and no acquisition. We leave off, saddened, disheartened, dispirited, and weak. We have found no friend in the poet, to whom we were willing to surrender our hearts, but too often a sneering critic, who shows us insultingly that he knows and understands the beauty we prize, and then plucks it to pieces before our very face.

How heavily in general does the narrative of Crabbe drag on! Not because there is not life in the manner of relation, but because there is no life in the story itself he relates—because there is seldom or never genius breathing in the linking together of the incidents he has selected from the on-goings of human beings before his eyes. Instead of the deep-thrilling, and often occult and mysterious causation which indeed reigns over life, and of which great poets and writers of romance have in their representations caught shadowy and fearful reflections, he binds his events together by threads lying on life's surface. His events are not the living brood of a dark and mighty Power, which spring up on the earth to affright and trouble it. They walk over it in orderly and regular procession, in mechanical obedience to the marshalling hand of their Choregus. The highest poetical conception of incident or story may be illustrated out of the old Greek Fable, by the terrific passions cast into human breasts from the hands of avenging deities—by the overhanging fate which pursues the steps of *Œdipus*, guiding him in its darkness to unwilling crime—by the decrees which enjoin *Orestes* to the act of worldly retribution, and then punish him in its fulfilment. These dark dim visions of the world of man, which show him living in part in intelligible sufferings, and in part under unintelligible agencies, if they exaggerate his condition, show it at least in the colours in which it appears to the troubled and awful imagination. They shew the strong-limbed mariner tossing on the billows which he buffets, whirling in their eddies, living yet by the struggles of his human strength, but unknowing at what moment he may be dashed in pieces, or swallowed up, and discovering, by the lightnings that blaze over him, nothing but the sea on which he is tempest-driven. The Fables of *Shakspeare*, as they appear in his works, are created in imagination, and hold a middle place between this fearful Causation, and the ordinary realities of life. They are realities half-shadowed. The stories of Crabbe are on the other extreme point of the line. His causes of events are sedulously chosen out of the most intelligible, and incontestable realities; and he makes the current of human life

run yet shallower than it appears even to the undiscerning eyes of ordinary experience.

Of Sir Walter Scott and his genius, we have said little or nothing during the last three or four years, for reasons sufficiently obvious to the meanest capacity. His works went on the wings of the wind to the uttermost corners of the earth. Somehow or other they have uniformly made their first appearance about the end or beginning of the month, just as *Maga*, like "a burnished fly in pride of May," has been bouncing out of the front-door of 17, Prince's Street, to the never-ending delight and astonishment of mankind. Now, why print, in a universally read Periodical, long screeds of extracts from a universally read Novel or Romance, published a week before? Such a proceeding could benefit neither man, woman, nor child; Sir Walter—gentle reader—piccaninny. Therefore, while all the other Monthlies were but too happy to fill their otherwise dim pages with bright passages from *Quentin Durward* and *Woodstock*, so that all their subscribers were furnished with duplicates of the tidbits, we never "fashed our thoom," as James would say, with what was justly commanding the delight and admiration of the whole world; but merely took care that "this should be an excellent Number," with a masterly political article at the beginning—in the middle, a capital critique—at the close, an inimitable Noctes. For the first fortnight, or so, not an eye looked at us; but what an atom of mortification felt we, for we knew that "there was a brow time coming," and that ere the second Sunday, the sides of our subscribers would be splitting at the scenes in *Ambrose's*; their hearts beating to a touch of the pathetic in an article on Poetry; and their minds convinced by truly British opinions and sentiments, fearlessly expressed, while the saint-hearted stood agape, in an utter demolition of *Huskisson* and *Free Trade*, and a total squabash of all Coalitions, who, strut and bluster as they may, uniformly feel themselves in an awkward predicament, and in vain endeavour to sink their names as well as their characters, hurriedly hiding in their bosoms the badges in which they once gloried, and of which the peeping edge still betrays their mutual anger, fear, and dishonour.

Neither took we ever any part, nor did we ever on any occasion so much as allude to the silliest of all recorded controversies on the Fathership of the Novels and Romances by the Author of *Waverley*. He, she, or it, that knew not that Sir Walter begot them all, was a fool of the first order, and that is all that need be said on the subject. Mr *Adolphus*, the able son of an able father, brought the charge home to the Baronet, with about as much ease to himself as he would have proved that the light that daily overflows the green earth and sea proceeded from the sun. While the *Glasgow Gander*, of whose father we know nothing, but who, we presume, on the laws of nature, was an animal of the same species, gabbled the Gorbals into a philosophical conviction that all the said works were the production of a Lady—so nice his perception and discrimination of the qualities of the female character! Thank Heaven, conversation in companies will no more be disgusting with idiot speculation on that point,—while the twenty persons and upwards, who, it seems, were, along with all the rational rest of mankind, let into Sir Walter's confidence, must no longer hold their heads higher, and their voices lower, when the Author of the *Waverley Novels* is spoken of, or put on faces of blank stupidity or brazen impudence, in case their wondrous secret might be betrayed by corner of mouth, or eye, or nose—but reduced to the rank and condition of ordinary men, with no mystery weighing on their minds, and palpitating at their hearts, and dumfounding their speech, they may now be able to drink a glass of wine with a friend across the table, without assuming the solemnity of Solomon, or the indescribable expression of *Prester John*.

If anything could ever have given us a slight sensation of sickness towards even the most indifferent things in those unequalled Works, it would have been the worse than childish and old-womanish maundering and drivelling with which sometimes, even before publication, the blue-stocking coteries of Edinburgh overflowed. Obscure people occasionally contrived by hook and crook to get what, with the most ludicrous exultation and self-huggery, they entitled a peep behind the curtain; and, oh! how

they bothered you with new names of heroes and heroines, catastrophes far more tragic than the most tragic of all that had preceded, and characters of old women such as never had before been known to exist, but that would ban or bless, remember or prophesy, to the pity and terror of the reading public next Wednesday about twelve o'clock in the forenoon! The old yellow-faced wizened\* hags that had thus the start of us by forty-eight hours,—the long-waisted, starch, breastless spinsters—the chubby-faced lads, even like the seven young men, with hair up-bristled over their low foreheads, and with large whites to their unmeaning eyes—would cluck, and chuckle, and crow critiques on the yet unpublished volumes, which, ere the setting of a second sun, were to be held up before all the eyes in Britain;—and pretty and precious critics they were, for the creatures had got the cue not to divulge too much, and thus the command of another stupifying more intensely their own strong natural obtuseness of feeling and understanding, they communicated disjointed fragments of rare literary information with a sort of hiccup, in the horror of fear and the confusion of misapprehension, cruelly murdering the unborn. We always made a point of stopping if possible the mouths of such harridans and hobbeteheys. If not, it after all mattered little. The noble book was published on the day advertised, and the privileged spake no more. On the present occasion, we have bribed a devil to steal a copy, at the risk of being banished from the Infernal Regions, and *Maga* and the *Chronicles of the Canongate* will appear on the same great day.

Neither have we ever so much as once in our whole lives degraded ourselves by the feeling or expression of fear, that the genius of the illustrious author would—run dry. We have walked too much among the mountains, and eat our solitary meal too often by the wild mossy spring, brightly and strongly *seeping*† from the inner entrails of the mighty earth, to believe in the drying up of heaven-fed fountains. Minds there are in great numbers that do run dry, down to the

very last dribble and drop, and that, fang them as you may, will never flow more. For example, there is Barry Cornwall's tiny well, of which the water was limpid enough, nor yet its margin unadorned with flowers. Lamb, bird, bee, and boy might, if not in very sore thirst, have slaked it there, but the small basin is now empty quite—unreflecting either land or sky. But the well of Wordsworth yet sleeps solemn and still, and shadowy in the solitude; and Death alone, "with his cold petrific mace," could stop the flow that issued from the spiritual depths of Byron's being.

Did we not fear, then, that the world's passion for Romance and Wonder would run dry, and that the Great Magician, rather than rule over unwilling souls, would bury his enchanting wand beneath some old cairn, or cairnlike ruin of some dilapidated keep? No. For there was no false appetite—and long as the mind is fed with natural and healthy food—food that is found to agree with her constitution, the mind will hunger and thirst after such good things—"increase of appetite will grow on what it feeds on," and the world unsated and grateful, will cry with a loud voice, "O King! mayst thou live for ever!"

The passions that play their parts in the grand fictions of this writer, are primary and permanent, and such as have at all times been chief actors on the theatre of the world. Therefore, they shall never be hissed off. As soon, indeed, as men and women weary of being men and women, and desire to cleanse their bosoms of all the stuff that is the staple of humanity, they will weary of the works of Sir Walter Scott—but a short time before they condemn his volumes to the dust, they will have burned or buried Shakespeare's Plays. To be sure, there are changes of fashion apparently so wide and deep, that they seem, for a while, to shake even the very foundations on which the works of the most transcendent genius are laid. But it is only our eyes that are dazzled or confused—the pillars remain firm, and the roof of the building is still "by its own weight immovable and steadfast."

\* Have you seen Dr Jamieson?

† See Dr Jamieson.

Mere popularity is always to a considerable extent precarious, but True Fame is a certain possession. The world are not always to be reading and extolling the novels, and romances, and poetry of Sir Walter Scott—other writers, it is to be trusted, will, at no distant interval, arise to sway the sympathies of the people of these islands. Some of the present, and many of the past, may be in many things his equal—and in some his superior—but they will seem to brighten rather than obscure his beams; for the large lustrous Star of Evening can well abide the beauty and the glory of other heavenly lights, nor is it any diminution of the sacred splendour of any one of the “eyes of heaven,” that it shines in a constellation.

Therefore, mark the fate of these noble works—the present eagerly enjoyed—the past reverently remembered—the future in calm confidence hoped for—and the Genius that yields the perennial supply more and more, as suns roll on, admired and honoured. This is as it should be—and proves that England and Scotland are England and Scotland still—and that, unlike as to common eyes they may seem to be, the Thistle with its burruff and prickly eye-lash, is a stately Flower, cognate in its threatening beauty to the Rose, that is not without its thorn too, and delicate though be its serrated leaf, is easier bent than broken, child of the sunshine, yet fearing not to blossom in the snow-storm.

Poor creatures, indeed, who mumble that Sir Walter Scott will not be read a hundred years hence! Why, to be sure, if the Rev. Mr Irving be not in the wrong box, long before that, there will be a general conflagration of all libraries; and the works of the Author of Waverley will make no exception to the general doom. But fear not, worthy mumbler, that if the world be alive and merry, Sir Walter will be forgotten, or that the venerable woods of Abbotsford will be unvisited by pilgrims from remotest regions. The soul of the world is not ungrateful, and has a long, wide memory. Old castles topple down into ruins—and the shapes of the very rocks are constantly undergoing decay. But there are monuments more enduring, than granite walls twenty feet thick, and so indurated with mortar, that you would

think Saturn would be shy of striking them with his scythe, lest the edge should be turned—and such works are Waverley, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, Old Mortality, the Bride of Lammermoor, and many of “the Rest.”

But see that you understand what you meant when you said—if, indeed, you ever did utter such perilous stuff—that the works of Sir Walter Scott will not be read an hundred years hence. If you meant that there will not be so much talking about them in dinner parties, as during the years 1812-27, you are right, and an ass notwithstanding. If you mean that they will not occupy a place in shelf A of works of Imagination in all the libraries of Europe, you are wrong, and equally an ass notwithstanding. You don't seem to know the signification of the monosyllable “read.” Books often lie for months—ay, years—in a man's library without being literally “read;”—but then, they are books that once read can never be forgotten. The outward Book, the mere husk or shell—say in four volumes—each consisting of perhaps 350 pages of Mr Cowan's beautiful paper, rejoicing in Messrs Ballantynes' beautiful printing—shut up in prison under lock and key—and reconciled to such durance, looks calmly through the wire-window. But the inward Book—that is, its immortal soul, is interfused with the light of setting suns, and the light of conscience and imagination, within the Sanctum Sanctorum of the student's, the scholar's breast. There it is read—there it will be read a hundred years hence, using the word hundred to denote all Time, for Memory is a better compositor and pressman too than the best in “The Office.” The ink she uses is purified by a process for which she holds the patent *ad infinitum*; and the eyes of mortal men, even when they have ceased to distinguish the blue skies, see clear and undimmed all those her records written within the heaven of their own breasts.

Yet even this Man is an object of spite. To whom?—God forbid we should say to whom; for there are names which even to hint at is pollution. But shutting our eyes, and ears, and noses, against such quarters, we may mention, by way of amusement to the hypochondriac, that many of the Cockneys cannot bring themselves

to admire Sir Walter Scott so much as the rest of the world—of which world, by the by, a Cockney forgets that he makes no part. Tims, for example, and the Tail of Tims, (for Tims is Chief of Clan Tims,) think Sir Walter just a very little above mediocrity of a man. We remember to have seen The Tims, when with us in the Tent—an old story—criticising an Eagle—a Golden Eagle—nine feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. The royal bird did not come up to Tims' idea of the king of the sky; yet all the while that the little cowardly Cockney was criticising him, he kept sidling away towards the Tent, afraid that the dead cloud-cleaver might come to life again, and carry him off to Cairngorm. He was dissatisfied with his beak—dissatisfied with his talons—dissatisfied with his plumage—dissatisfied with his eye, that had not yet given back its fierce lustre to the sun.

But, then, is it not the very "wonder of wonders," that Sir Walter Scott, a man engaged in the duties of active, and the pleasures of social life, should have been able to find time to write all this century of volumes? Not at all. Believe not thou—gentle reader—in the disconsolate doctrine of the shortness of Life and the fleetness of Time—for Life is long as a serpent, and Time slow as a tortoise. Through how many happy fields and fortunate groves may wise genius stray, between the rising and the setting sun, led in to all their holiest haunts by the hand of Imagination! And then the night—the silent and wondrous empire of sleep and dreams!

Few men need complain of the want of time—if they are not conscious of a want of power, or of desire to ennoble and enjoy it. Perhaps—you are a man of genius yourself—gentle reader—and though not absolutely, like Sir Walter, a witch, warlock, or wizard, still a poet—a maker—a creator.—Think, then, how many hours on hours you have lost, lying asleep so profoundly,

"That the cock's shrill clarion, or the  
echoing horn,

No more could rouse you from your  
lazy bed."

How many more have you, not absolutely lost, but to a certain extent abused, at breakfast—sip, sipping away at unnecessary cups of syrupy tea, or gob, gobbling away at jam-

buttered rolls, for which nature never called—or "to party giving up what was meant for mankind"—forgetting the loss of Time in the Times, and, after a long, blank, brown, and blue study, leaving behind you a most miserable Chronicle indeed! Then think—O think—on all your aimless forenoon saunterings—round and round about the premises—up and down the avenue—then into the garden on tip-toe—in and out among the neat squares of onion-beds—now humming a tune by the brink of abysses of mould, like trenches dug for the slain in the field of battle, where the tender celery is laid—now down to the river-side to try a little angling, though you well know there is nothing to be had but Pars—now into a field of turnips, without your double-barrelled Joe Manton, (at Mr Wilkinson's to be repaired,) to see Ponto point a place where once a partridge had pruned himself—now home again, at the waving of John's red-sleeve, to receive a coach-full of country cousins, come in the capacity of forenoon callers—endless talkers all—sharp and blunt noses alike—and grinning voraciously in hopes of a lunch—now away to dress for dinner, which will not be for two long, long hours to come—now dozing, or dazed on the drawing-room sofa, wondering if the bell is ever to be rung—now grimly gazing on a bit of bloody beef which your impatience has forced the blaspheming cook to draw from the spit ere the outer folds of fat were well melted at the fire—now, after a disappointed dinner, discovering that the old port is corked, and the filberts all pluffing with bitter snuff, except such as enclose a worm—now an unwholesome sleep of interrupted snores, your bobbing head ever and anon smiting your breast-bone—now burnt-beans palmed off on the family for Turkish coffee—now a game at cards, with a dead partner, and the Ace of Spades missing—now no supper—you have no appetite for supper—and now into bed tumbles the son of Genius, complaining to the moon of the shortness of human life, and the fleetness of time!

Now, no wonder at all, gentle reader, that you never write books at this rate; but the Author of Waverley leads another-guess sort of a life; and our only wonder is, that he does not write a great deal more. The truth is,

that he writes very little. The *Life of Huonaparte*, in nine volumes; *Woodstock*, in three; and *The Chronicles of the Canongate*, in two—What is that for all the twelve long months—not one of them with fewer than 28, and some with 31 days—of a whole year? We really fear Sir Walter is getting lazy. Why, there are ourselves—without mentioning separate works at all, who have written, within the last three years, upwards of thirty octavo volumes in this very Magazine, and would cheerfully have written thirty more, had the Magazine been large enough to hold them; yet, during all that time, we scarcely remember ever having had a pen in our hand for that purpose. We have maintained our ancient character as a constant Dinner-out, or at home a Receiver-general. We have three several times spent three months on the Continent—at Paris—Rome—Vienna. When the Shepherd has been in Edinburgh, we never have missed a Noctes. Forenoon and afternoon of the Sabbath are we seen sitting under Dr Thomson. A crony, if not in the Sanctum, is sure to find us any hour of the day, from one to six, at the Albyn Club. We seldom rise from bed before ten—from supper before two. Not one repast of our many-mealed day is hurried—and yet, how Voluminous! Gracious Heavens! had we any passion for posthumous fame, we should only have to get ourselves imprisoned for some petty state-crime, (such as too sharply cutting up the Commons,) during a single sitting of Parliament, in order to be made to beget a dozen delightful crown-octavo volumes, and a score at least of knowing duodecimos, in blue surtouts.

But we have not yet quite done with the objectors, or rather the alarmists—for, granting that there is no danger of the genius of Sir Walter running dry, and that he has plenty of time on his hands to write as much as he pleases (and why, pray, should he write either less or more?) yet, melancholy to relate, life itself is drained, the world is as old as the hills, and nothing new remains either to be said or sung. We gave this doctrine a knock on the head, we believe, last month, in our article on Mr Montgomery's beautiful poem, the *Pelican Island*. Yet there is life in a mussel, so it may still be stirring. When, where, and by whom, has everything

worth saying or singing been already said or sung? It would be much nearer the truth to say just the reverse. The same complaint was rife before Shakspeare—and there can be no doubt that Homer was twitted with it in his youth, in each of the seven cities that afterwards contended for the honour of his birth. No man till Milton's time ever thought of writing *Paradise Lost*. And we will thank you to show us just such another poem as *Childe Harold*. In metaphysics, physics, moral science, political economy, and poetry—no fear whatever that nothing remains to be done. Dr Thomas Brown was not forestalled by Dugald Stewart, Ricardo by Smith, Byron by any man of woman born, Scott—not even by the sweet Swan of Avon. How many bogs yet to be drained in Ireland! to say nothing of the much mixing up with richer loam of the central sands of Africa, when the Board of Agriculture shall have introduced the rotatory system of white and green crops into the interior of that unaccountable continent. And is it even thus with the solid globe itself, and not also even thus with "all that it inhabit?"

The truth is, that even writers of moderate genius and knowledge of this world need not either run out of materials, much as they may write, nor offensively repeat themselves. For, in the first place, the mind of a man of genius is like a kaleidoscope—give it a shake, and lo! a new world of wonders! But, in the second place, the letters of the alphabet—say twenty-four—are not susceptible of more infinite varieties than are the passions, and affections, and desires, and wills of men, say also twenty-four. A well-informed gentleman may, therefore, just as reasonably maintain, that he has heard all possible combinations of the letters of the alphabet—that is to say, that he is intimately acquainted with, and can read, write, and speak all languages that have ever existed, now exist, and ever will exist—in which case he must be a very extraordinary linguist, one to whom Sir William Jones, or Mr Bowring the Polyglott, could not hold the candle—as maintain that he is already familiar with all the combinations that the twenty-four passions have ever assumed, since

"Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
While yet in early Grecco she sung;"—



and with all they ever will assume, till Music, the heavenly maid, shall have gone through all the gradations of wife, mother, and widow, and been buried at Strathur to the sound of the drone of the last Highland Bag-pipe.

The people of this world are absolutely not so stupid as they imagine. Persons who have passed for commonplace till their heads are grey, and who would have thought you were quizzing them, had you hinted that they possessed latent genius of which they had no suspicion, have not unfrequently all at once, and without effort, in a casual fit of inspiration, produced a piece of beautiful poetry, that will live among the "Blue Bells of Scotland." The most extraordinary fancies sometimes cross the minds of the most ordinary men; and we have often hung down our heads and blushed for our stupid selves on hearing an extemporaneous burst of nature's truest eloquence from an especial blockhead. Why then may not men who are not blockheads, but, as we said, men of considerable genius, go on for a long time gignating productions, that with an agreeable family likeness, are nevertheless sufficiently kenspeckle from each other, and distinguished by different qualities of mind, and different features of face, to the confusion of all gainsayers?

Now, if this be to a great extent true, with ordinary men and ordinary materials, will it not be to the utmost extent true with extraordinary men and extraordinary materials? And this brings us to say a few words about Scotland, and about Sir Walter Scott.

With respect to Scotland, it is, in some parts of England, a popular topic of such sneer as may be extorted from the lip and nostril of a Cockney. It needs that you see such sneer, to know the intensity of the meaning of the word—*small*. But take a Tins, and put him—in perfect safety—under the arch of a Highland cataract, and he sneers no more at Scotland. Yet it must be confessed, that we people of Scotland have done, or rather written, or rather said, a good deal, within these last thirty years, to place us occasionally in a ludicrous light before the eyes even of the wise men of England. For rich as is our Scotland in treasures of scenery yet unexplored in her dim interior, and along the rock-bound bays of her sound-

ing seas,—in the romance of a variegated history stretching back into an antiquity through whose dimness appear events greatly glorious or disastrous, and wild heroic characters, all fit subjects for song,—and above all, in the virtues, and manners, and customs, and habits of her peasantry, over whom perhaps, above every other people that ever existed, Religion, purified from superstition, hangs like a benign and beautiful spirit, guarding and colouring their whole life, so that the Sabbath sanctifies her solitudes with a holiness that may be *felt*, and a thoughtful and austere faith so reigns over the corruption of human nature that lives of sublime resignation and endurance are for ever passing by, silent and unseen, in her remotest regions, while a pure and deep Christianity is kept alive by simple and venerated administrations of God's unperturbed word,—from this our own native land our men of genius turned away their eyes and their hearts, and sought in shallow, and worse than shallow, metaphysics, to extinguish all national feeling and national thought, and having first half-Frenchified themselves with the philosophy of deists and the literature of demireps, to become at last, as the consummation of their wisdom, Citizens of the World.

This was an evil that sprung from the school of Hume; its malignancy was aggravated by the Edinburgh Review. That Journal, set up and kept agoing by men of great powers, but powers by their possessors greatly overrated, assumed the dictatorship, not only of taste, but of genius—not only of the *belles lettres*, but of poetry (which God forbid should ever be so Frenchified!) and philosophy. It attempted to deal with general principles, and sometimes not in vain—for the Editor was richly and highly endowed by nature—no mean scholar—and not without a fine but evanescent enthusiasm. He began to write philosophical criticism—and we do not scruple to apply that lofty term to not a few of his compositions—at a grand era indeed—when the whole inner kingdom of the European mind was undergoing, or rather working out for itself, something, that, in the dim vastness, seemed to be a revolution. A Whig in politics, Mr Jeffrey was a Tory in poetry. Or, if that be paying him too high a com-

pliment; which, should the antithesis be severely scanned, or fully evolved, might appear to be the case—this much is certain, that he set himself, with all his might and main, in opposition to the change, and strove to support, by rule and precedent, the sway of the old Powers that were—antiquated, superannuated Authorities. Not, however, be it remembered, the hallowed influence of the true olden time—the glories, then somewhat obscured, though still unfaded, of the great ages of the native genius of England—but the cold, correct, classical school, that reigned about the same time with a Queen of the name of Anne, and that either arrogated to itself, with laughable self-sufficiency, or had bestowed upon it in melancholy ignorance, the high-sounding title of the Augustan Age.

Now, it is not to be thought that such a man as the inventor of the Edinburgh Review, who has all along continued, out of all sight, its ablest and most enlightened writer, should, at the time of starting that vehicle, have been blind to the majesty and magnificence of Milton, or to the various rainbow glories of Spenser, and other mighty poets. He had a soul to admire and love them all; but if they were, even at the time we speak of,—and we have heard as much,—the gods of his idolatry, his worship of them was chiefly in secret—his public adorations were before other shrines and far inferior deities—and the name that, as a critic, he swore by, was the name of—Pope.

It was, therefore, declared, in manifesto, that war, even *ad internecionem*, was to be waged against the heretics who had taken up arms against the old regime. Southey was selected, mistakenly we opine, as the generalissimo of all the armies of the faithless—surprised in his entrenchments—as was vainly thought routed—and his overthrow bruited abroad in a boasting bulletin. Wordsworth was attacked in his fastnesses among the mountains; but, like Pan of old, made such a dire din in the woods, that the invading army, flinging away spear, sword, and standard, fled back to Edinburgh, leaving him

“Sole king of rocky Cumberland.”

However, General Jeffrey made many other campaigns, in which it was

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pretty generally confessed, that although his courage was great, and his skill considerable, he did not show himself a Wellington.

As for the other critics on poetry in the Edinburgh Review, at that time, they were but few and utterly contemptible. Witness the knight that couched his spear against Pratt's “Bread,” and carried it off in triumph, like a local militia-man his quartern loaf on the point of his bayonet.

But nothing could so decidedly prove what a feeble hold even that most remarkable man had on the great principles which guide genius in its works of Imagination, as Mr Jeffrey's anxiety to relinquish it, at the very crisis when his adherents thought it firmest and most formidable. He had, it seemed to their purblind eyes, demolished the new school,—when, to the blank amazement of his admirers, he struck his flag, and gave up the battle. While he still continued, with a certain show of consistency, to uphold some of the principles for which he had so long been contending, and now and then to impugn some of those of his adversaries, he gave up Pope and his poetry, and confessed that Wordsworth, with all his heresies, often exhibited far higher powers; and that the subject-matter of the Lakers, being the deepest passions of man, and the grandest glories of earth, were essentially fitter far than the mere conventional forms of manners, and all the shows of artificial society, treated by the verse-men of the Pseudo-Augustan Age of Anne, for the divine inspiration of Song. Pope and all the papists were sent to the right about. The old English dramatists, who, in the elaborate reviews of Charles Lamb's John Woodville, (written, we fear, by Dr Brown,) and of Joanna Baillie's Plays, were talked of as the rudest and even poorest writers in the infancy of the Art, were ere long enthusiastically and nobly eulogized. Crabbe and Byron—not lakers, indeed, but as unlike to the wits of Queen Anne as if the one had been for forty years a curate at Keswick, and the other had learned to swim in Windermere—had ample justice done them in articles in which vain attempts were at the very same time made to prove the opposition of their principles and practice in poetry, to the Bards of the Lake-school. from

whom, nevertheless, both Parson and Peer avowedly drew much of their best inspiration, and but for whom the finest things in the Borough and Tales of the Hall—in Manfred and Childe Harold—had never been. Some of the kindred spirits in Germany, such as Goethe and Schiller, who had long been the objects of the most inconsistent and contradictory editor's real or affected contempt, came to be spoken of not unfrequently in terms of unmeasured admiration, as prime agents in the glorious revolution by which the spirit of the age had been raised from penury to affluence. Quotations, illustrations, principles, were drawn in profusion almost every quarter from the poetical works of the very men who had so long been treated as little better than fools or madmen. Jean Paul Richter, himself the foe of all formalists, and the fearless traveler of nature's wildest haunts, even to the shadowy verge and limits of unconceived existence, has found at last an eloquent eulogist, who, in the reign of Anne, would have been thought insane, and something extraordinary even in that of Elizabeth. Outwardly, the Edinburgh Review seems the same Blue and Yellow as of old. But inwardly there is a new spirit, or rather, we fear, the old spirit transformed and transfigured, with something of a celestial character, yet still of "the earth earthy;" and although oftener than in its former unregenerate state, oracular of truth, still not the true priestess of the true Apollo.

Now, has not Scotland too much reason to be ashamed of herself for having so long consulted, and so long obeyed, the responses of such an oracle? Her only excuse is, that she was tyrannized over not by a weak, but by a false power. Yet the boldness and the originality of her own native genius was thereby abased, and stunted of its free growth. Of national poetry, there was little or none. Foreign models were cried up—for what could be more foreign to the "land of brown heath, and shaggy wood," than the poetical essays of town-bred English moralists of a pragmatical age?—The native genius of Caledonia, with the holly-berries round her head, seemed to have hidden herself in some far seclusion on the death of Burns; and unless all the dicta of our great critical philosopher of poetry were untrue, no

man who sought for information within the secrets of his own heart, and the solitude of the mountains, was entitled to take up the lyre, or to hope for the name of Poet.

Under such a system of thought and feeling, it was impossible that poetry could prosper in Scotland. Under it, Thomson, one of the greatest names in our poetry, was utterly forgotten—nor, we believe, will you find, in many years of the Edinburgh Review, more than here and there a careless allusion to the author of The Seasons. Home and Ramsay seemed never to have been born, and we could wish to forget the spirit of the damning eulogy on Burns. Of Joanna Baillie—the first of female poets—the treatment by such a man was equally scandalous and inexplicable; and thus it was that a dead-set was made against the spirit of the poetry of the age, as it was manifesting itself most gloriously in Britain, North and South, East and West—a dead-set which, although it was finally brought to nought, and exposed the Prince of Critics not only to the derision of others, but, we doubt not, to painful self-contempt, a feeling which a man with such a heart, and such an intellect, might, but for the misguidance of his worse genius, have been spared—must have hopelessly depressed much noble ambition, that otherwise might have risen high—have dulled the genial spirit of poetry all over a land so critic-ridden, and chilled the *genium perfervidum Scotorum*.

Sir Walter Scott it was whose great original genius rose majestically out of the sphere of this creed's attraction, and by soaring far beyond, showed what a miserable creed it was, how incompatible with the spirit of poetry, and how powerless to chain the poet's pinions. The Lay of the Last Minstrel—which though perhaps the most beautiful, is far from being the best of his poems—rose "like a steam of rich distilled perfumes" from the wildflower-sprinkled forests of the Border. The country hailed it with a rapture of admiration; and the captious lore of philosophic critics was sent to shame, or rather oblivion, by the legendary lore of poetical woodsmen, vivified and moulded into wild and irregular, but fair and energetic forms, by the fire and the finger of a new Prometheus. True, that the critics too

admired. They durst not else. But they guarded their admiration by many reservations—they were most sadly puzzled while they were most highly pledged—and had the many sage advices with which they sought to cool the poet's fervour, and restrain his flights, been followed, The Lady of the Lake had never been seen,

"Sole-sitting by the shores of old Romance."

But the critics—we think—might have known, that there could be no use of preaching on the art of poetry to the Sheriff of Ettrick Forest. Though a Sheriff in this every-day world, he was, in the world of poetry, rather like one of the bold outlaws of old, who would have had no mercy to expect, had he surrendered himself up to what was called Justice, from his own free haunts beneath the merry greenwood shade. Pretty poetry the critics would indeed have made it! For their pruning-knife went direct to the very root from which it sprung—and where, then, would have been the "bright consummate flower?" Chaste, cold, correct, classical, wild, warm, irregular, daring, and romantic poetry, all in one breath, would, indeed, have been a miraculous phenomenon!

The Poet, therefore, as we devoutly trust all poets will ever do, took his own way—not scornfully, or tossing a haughty head—but in the best-tempered disregard of all whispering or louder warnings, but those that came to him in solitude along with the murmurs of his own Tweed, "the voices of the dead, the tales of other years." It was not likely that the country should contain one single critic capable of telling a great original poet, almost at the commencement of his career, how best to mould, into a poetry almost entirely new, materials that had been found lying in such profusion among many strange, lone, wild, and unsuspected places, and which this extraordinary man had from childhood been gathering up, less frequently for any conscious purpose or definite end, than in the pure delight of genius brooding like a miser over the hoards of Time, and loving and adoring, for their own sakes, all the old relics. What critic, indeed, it may be asked, without disparagement of the best of the tribe, knew anything at all about the matter, till he had been shown some of the heaps of wonders, by him

the very Poet, on whom, in all the impudence of the craft, he was forsooth forthwith to turn pertly round, and undertake to instruct him how to make the best use of his treasures? What critic among them all had ever so much as dreamt of a Moss-Trooper? or could, if dropped down there, have found his way out of Tarrass-Moss? As well might a Bond-street beau—say my Lord Petersham—have undertaken to dress a Highland chieftain—say Glengarry,—or a finished violinist—say Mr Yaniewicz—have proposed himself as a judge at a Competition of Pipers.

Scott was doing precisely the same thing in Scotland that Wordsworth and others were doing in England, but in a different walk and with a different genius. He seemed to have shut his eyes, (although we well know now that he had not,) to Scotland of the present, and to have fixed them, in the illumined darkness of imagination, on Scotland of the past. But it was on human life and its ongoings he looked, from peer to peasant, from castle to cot. True, that he is especially the Poet of Chivalry. But he sings not more kindly or joyously of Lord Cranstoun than of Wat Tinlin; and Lord Marmion's dying thirst is slaked by "a drop of blessed water from the spring," shaded by a stone altar, on which are a few letters of holy import,

Drink weary pilgrim—drink and pray  
For the kind soul of Sibyl Gray!

The condition of the lower orders in those days has often been represented, by liberal essayists on history, as most miserably degraded. The genial-hearted Poet of Chivalry does not so paint it. He brings out into strong light, but without any exaggeration, the virtues that met the sufferings of that condition, and rendered it not only supportable, but joyous; and the philosophical sentimentalists may repress their sighs over the wretchedness of the feudal times. There was always, time immemorial, much merriment about the Borders. To say, as has been said, that the Poet, as a Tory, despises the people, and beholds no virtue but in the noblesse, is a most flagrant falsehood. No sour Whig could ever have had the heart to understand, enjoy, respect, and love the people like our illustrious Tory Poet. Every cottar, herdsman,

moss-trooper, yeoman, groom, orsquire of low degree, that appears before us, at least "gives the world assurance of a man." If a wight be about to be hanged, he always supports his dignity, should it be but the dignity of a thief—and whatever poor men then endured, there was never heard a whimper. Sir Walter Scott's Poems teach us to respect our forefathers—whether we who read them may have been born in hall or hut. He does not, indeed, make himself answerable for the morality of his personages of high or low degree, but he paints their characters boldly as he believes them to have existed—and wiser lessons of humanity may be learned from such delineations, drawn by a faithful and fearless hand, at all times guided by a heart full of all charitable allowances, and which does not shrink away in disgust even from guilt and crime, but sympathizes with the sufferings that still so certainly attend them, and values the better qualities by which the character of their perpetrators may have in some degree been redeemed—than from pictures of human life, whatever may be its estate, painted in an austerer spirit, and darkened with a blacker hue of indignation or grief.

It is well to talk of the interesting nature of the materials with which this Poet had to work; but we verily believe they were materials that no other poet that ever existed could have made into such poems as he has produced. The Lords, and Ladies, and Castles, others we could name might perhaps have managed almost as well—Spenser or Milton; but who, at the same time, could have so greatly exulted in mastery over all the spirit of that humbler life?

True, that savages and barbarians are interesting in poetry as in real life. But the prototypes of many of the characters drawn by Sir Walter Scott were neither savages nor barbarians, although poor men, hewers of wood even, and drawers of water, diggers, ditchers, ploughmen, woodsmen, herdsmen, drovers. The pictures of such personages as these are perfectly unexaggerated and true to nature, yet bright or dark with all the passions that agitate humanity. The same genius that delights and exalts to dash on the canvass all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war yet magnificent in the age of chivalry,—to re-

build in air the lofty castle,—in the palace-hall to show the king of the land sitting on his throne, surrounded with all his peerage,—to recall to life in his lofty lays the loves of lords and ladies fair, as if no tragedy were worthy of being recited in imagination, unless its catastrophe involved the shedding of the blood-royal,—the same genius, with no less devotion of all his highest powers, equally delights and exalts to fling over as great a breadth of canvass the soft, sweet imagery of humblest peace,—to rekindle the fire on the cottage hearth,—in the little kirk to paint the minister of religion in the act of praying with his flock, or with outstretched arms imploring a blessing upon their heads beneath the open air on the heath hill-side,—to strike his harp in commemoration of lowly loves that were breathed out beneath the milk-white thorn,—and to recount, as if there were none else in this world, the rueful tragedies that are transacted among the poor, in whose hearts and veins the ignoble blood boils as fiercely as if it descended down a long line of kings.

We have been insensibly confusing in our imagination the Poems and Prose Tales and Romances; and that is not surprising, since on them all the same genius is felt working, but with somewhat different instruments, on the same materials and for the same ends. The Prose Tales and Romances are splendid continuations of the Poems on a still grander scale, and they reflect fine light on each other also, "stealing and giving odours."

Five long Poems, such as the *Lay of the Lady of the Lake*, *Marmion*, *Rokeby*, and the *Lord of the Isles*, were perhaps as much verse as ought to have been written by any one poet. Neither was the world wearied of such compositions, nor was the mind of the author at all exhausted by them—for the *Lord of the Isles* was as much admired, and as worthy of admiration, as any one of the noble series. But it seemed as if the powers of the Poet desired to be refreshed by a change in the mode of their exertion—and that his genius, exulting in a new enthusiasm, kindled by the feeling of increased rather than abated vigour, in a department of literature hitherto by it untried, never felt again so strong an impulse towards the kind of competition it had before so successfully

cultivated. This was natural. And it was also natural, that his poetical ambition should have been satisfied by as high and bright triumphs in Poetry, as had been achieved by any other man of this poetical age.

In some, perhaps, and very important points, such prose compositions have the advantage over his poetry. In the first place, they must, from the very nature of things, be written with far greater ease, and with less expense of time, so that he is enabled to paint a far greater number of pictures. It is obvious, too, that many varieties of character have been delineated in such Tales that could not have been introduced at all into poetry. Farther, although there may be, perhaps, in poetry, greater intensity of passion, and higher flights of imagination, than there well can be in prose, yet in prose far ampler room is allowed—a far greater breadth of canvass for display of the characters and actions of the personages of the drama—and, finally, it may be safely asserted, that by prose are the common sympathies of man with man, in the important transactions of this life, more generally and certainly excited than by poetry. What Homer, in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Shakspeare, more especially in his *Historical Plays*, have done in the exhibition of national characters, it is not possible to overrate. Yet we do not scruple to say, that the *Novels* and *Romances* and *Tales* of Scott, the whole glorious heap taken together, comprehend a fuller, we do not say finer, portraiture of the peculiar character of many different Peoples, under more varieties of aspect, than even those *Epics* and those *Tragedies*. We do not say that his genius was nearly so lofty and magnificent as that of Homer, (it could neither have imagined nor drawn Achilles,) or nearly so metaphysical and profound as Shakspeare, (Hamlet was out of, and beyond, and above his power,)—but that it has imaged in words more shows and exhibitions of the character of the human being than they have done—and those, too, more consistent with themselves, more vivid, and instinct with life. University men, we well know, will scorn us for saying this—and perhaps Greek Walker, for the sake of Homer, break our heads in the *Westminster Review*—while Coleridge, and Charles Lamb, and Schle-

gel, will brandish their cudgels in behalf of the myriad-minded Shakspeare. But though Christopher may be made to succumb, he will never retract.

Farther observe, philosophical reader, that all the different kinds of composition depend, for their excellence, on different principles of the same one great various art—the Art of Imaging. He who images a Statue must work with soul, eye, and hand, in the spirit of a severe simplicity, as did those Greeks of old, Praxiteles and Mycon. He who images a Picture need not so much do so; yet still there must be one central point, an apex to which all his inferior pyramids must do obeisance; and simplicity, though not so severe a simplicity as that of the statuary, must still be the spirit in which the Painter works, as wrought, on the revival of the art, Raphael and Angelo. He who images in Poetry has an ampler sphere; and simplicity, though she accompanies the poet still, is no longer a dominant, but a subordinate spirit. Now the Greeks seem, as far as it was possible, to have formed their poetry, their painting, and their statuary, all on one and the same principle of severe, austere, but celestial and divine simplicity. An ode of Pindar was composed in the same spirit as a statue of Praxiteles; nor was the kind of inspiration different in which Sophocles conceived a tragedy. With us Goths of the modern day, genius has not brooked subjection to such law. And whatever may be said of our statuary and painting, our poetry surely has a glory about it now, which never could have belonged to it under that other thralldom. The Three Stars of the tragic stage of Greece, “pale their ineffectual fires” before Shakspeare—our English Sun.

Observe, also, that in the ancient world, as far as we know at least, great prose-works, describing dramatically all the passions of human nature, and all the transactions of human life, were utterly unknown, nor ever had existence. They are the birth of another age of the world. But is it not plain that great prose-works of that kind cannot be amenable to the same laws as statues, pictures, and poems? And if our poetry, because conceived in another spirit, from that of old, has burst the bonds asunder, by which classical writers once sought

to have enchained its free limbs and wings, why must our prose be subjected to the laws of our poetry, liberal and enlightened as they are, and well-suited to that class of compositions that recognises the sanction of their authority? Above all, is it not plain, that a far greater latitude is allowable to tales, novels, and romances, in prose, than to Epic or Tragic poetry? The very verse alone is a chain that the poet drags at every step. It binds him in the very fury, storm, and whirlwind of his passion; and the consciousness of perpetually wearing it, tames down the whole tone of his mind, and makes him not only willing, but proud, to obey the laws that have sprung out of the very necessities of his condition—for here obedience is, in truth, triumph. Perhaps a great poem, conceived with perfect knowledge of the laws of its being, and executed with corresponding power, is the most august and magnificent work of man's creation. But a great prose work of imagination, although it cannot in the nature of things be so distinguished by justly-proportioned majesty and vastness, may nevertheless comprehend within itself such an almost boundless variety of animate and inanimate things, in all situations, aspects, and forms, all presented so nearly in the same light and order in which they stand or move in real life, that probably its power over mankind at large may be more prevalent, and strike more direct at their hearts. We do not doubt, for example, that *Paradise Lost*, the most sublime of all poems, owes much of its immortal fame, not to the absolute delight, great as that must be, and awe which every mind feels in perusal, as from the grand idea it gives us of Milton's mind, the pride with which we feel that "his language is our mother tongue," and that our isle has given birth to the most stupendous production of human genius.

There can be no doubt, that these works have made a great addition to the kingdom of Scotland. We have become, since their appearance, a more powerful people. For, does not the strength of a state much consist in the quantity and quality of its national thoughts and feelings? And how else are its national thoughts and feelings so thickly generated, and so genially nourished, as by Imagination bringing back the very dead—the good and

the great of former ages—and brightening up from oblivion the incidents, events, changes, revolutions, customs, manners, morals, poetry, and religion that constituted the life of our ancestors, and gave them a distinctive character among the nations? Mere matter-of-fact modern history can do unfortunately little of this, although many of our old annals are written aright, and in the proper patriotic spirit. But the hundred volumes of Poems, Tales, Novels, and Romances, by the Author of *Waverley*, are, in the best sense, true national records. There are no other "Pictures of Scotland," "Beauties of Scotland," worthy the name. Any one single small volume of them all tells us more of its native character, than all the twenty-one enormous volumes put together, of the Statistical Account, although composed by the united efforts of about nine hundred ministers.

Why then should our excellent English friends twit us so wittily with our Scotch pride? We point to our peasantry; and setting aside the mere bones, thews, and sinews of the men, ask where else, among that condition, are to be found such intelligence, knowledge, strength of mind, individuality of character, deep human affections, Faith, Hope, Charity, and Religion? What other land could have sent up from its soil the peasant Burns? Of the domestic life of what other land would the *Cotter's Saturday Night* be a picture?—What shepherd of other hills, but those of our own Ettrick, and Yarrow, and Tweed, staff in hand, with plaided shoulders, up among the mists with his flocks, could have had a heart capable of inditing that good matter the *Queen's Wake*? True, that we are but too apt to have high cheek-bones indifferently washed, sandy hair with strong natural antipathies to combs both big-teethed and small, and that, more especially when doing the genteel in company of foreigners from the south side of the Tweed, we do indeed dearily drawl in our speech; but, still depend upon it, O Cockney, that we are, long have been, and long will be, a fine people, worthy of *Waverley*, and zealous in good works.

Dugald Stewart, in his delightful letter about Burns, says—we quote from memory, but, we are sure, correctly—"In the course of the spring,

Burns called on me once or twice, at my request, early in the morning, and walked with me to Braid-hills, in the neighbourhood of the town, when he charmed me still more by his private conversation than he had ever done in writing. I recollect once he told me, when I was admiring a distant prospect in one of our morning walks, that the sight of so many smoking cottages gave a pleasure to his mind, which none could understand who had not witnessed, like himself, the happiness and the worth which they contained." None but himself assuredly could have written such a *Cotter's Saturday Night*—and such songs—so melting—glimmering, glowing, shining, burning with the concentrated essence of that passion which is the soul and sun of the poor man's life—Love. And what an interesting sight to have seen the philosopher and peasant poet walking together, in the beauty of the morning, along those beautiful hills, on that equality in which nature rejoices to see her gifted sons meet, when brought together, and introduced to each other's admiring friendship—by Genius, the only other privileged leveller of ranks, besides Virtue.

But although nobody—who has not been born in a cottage—can probably, as a man, know so fully and feel so intensely as Burns did the happiness and virtues of our Scottish cottages, another of more various and comprehensive genius may know them, and feel them too, with sufficient distinctness of perception and warmth of emotion as a Poet, to enable him to paint—not more beautiful pictures—for, with the *Cotter's Saturday Night* in our hearts, we may not say so—but pictures far excelling his in multifarious splendour—picture after picture without end, each new glory bright as the one that has disappeared, just as each fine, rainy, cloud-storm-and-sun-loving day among our mountains, seems to rejoice, as in a new birth belonging but to itself, and for the first time showing the rivered valley, in the sudden Apparition of a Rainbow.

In some such sort of relation does Walter Scott stand to Robert Burns. The latter was a man of little or no knowledge but what his own experience of life taught to his head and his heart, both by Nature noble. Probably he was the better of his ignorance—

for his mind thus became peopled with his own fancies and passions, and they expressed themselves in deathless song. We have no reason to believe from anything that Burns has written, that he ever would have been, like Scott, a great dramatist, an universal painter of character, had his knowledge of man's history and condition been increased a thousand-fold. For out of himself he was no very uncommon man. His imagination wanted wings to soar—she delighted to walk the earth—along the broomy banks and braes of the streams of Coila. There Burns is in all his glory as a poet—nor does his poetry contain thought, feeling, or image, drawn from any other region than his native parish, the hearth-stone of his father's house, the still or troubled chamber of his own generous and most passionate heart. But Scott has the whole history of his country in the core of his mind, on the tip of his tongue, and the tips of his fingers—and is almost as familiar with all the ongoinings of that lowly life which kept overflowing the vales of his native country for uncounted years, whose murmurs are now heard sounding from afar, and whose billows roll through a thick darkness, which a poet's eye alone can pierce and penetrate—as Burns was familiar with the jocund laughter of the reapers on the cornfield, which his own wit clothed in sunshine,—the tears and sighs which his own poetry had won from the eyes and bosoms of the children of nature, as they enjoyed the mid-day hour of rest beneath the shadow of the hedge-row elm-tree.

Hence, though Scott comes not before us clothed as Burns is, with that most pathetic and impressive personal power—so pathetic and impressive from all circumstances of his character and condition, as to be often felt to be truly sublime—in which the glorious poet is nobly lost in the still more glorious peasant—so that ever as we hear him singing, we think that we see him suffering, frequently "most musical, most melancholy," even in his very merriment, the transports of inspiration being in him still too closely allied with reality's kindred agonies, and the strings of his lyre happily yielding their finest music to the breath of its poor master's sighs of sorrow or repentance, yet Scott always comes before us as Burns never once



could come, with that mightier, because more majestic power, which belongs to genius when enriched by knowledge, enlightened by wisdom, and elevated by virtue. In the highest poetical elevation of his nature, we still feel its fine humanity, and never fail, if we read aright, to derive from works that seem to aim only at our amusement, lessons of high instruction—high indeed, if there be on earth no greater earthly blessings than a free, bold, generous, and contented Spirit, National Independence, Liberty, and Patriotism.

But we have often heard it said and seen it written, that his stories are ill constructed, and his catastrophes forced, violent, and unnatural. Pray, was this philosophical observation made during perusal or after it? If during perusal, then we shrewdly suspect that the philosophical observer must have been an ass—if after it, what signifies how ill constructed may be a story that has hurried you along the high road on horseback without giving you time to put your hand into your breeches pocket to pay tolls; or up and down a hundred hill bridle-paths, just allowing you glimpses of men fishing in streams, cottages all a-smoke, bell-chimneyed kirks, mountain sides variegated curiously with stone-walls on account of the straying of sheep, and clouds islanded in the sky, which nowhere else than in Scotland so well answers Byron's description, "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue." When any fault is found with a story like this, it is not the story that is ill constructed, but the critic's cerebral organization. It is not the catastrophe that is ill developed, but his skull. The general cast of the character of his own head would be found at fault, not the general cast of character in the tale. The hill and vale of the peristrepic panorama he so cruelly criticises are all they ought to be; but then the surface of his own peristrepic pericranium he so cruelly scratches is too flat by far. Without the organ of ideality, who can wonder? Without that elevation of the forehead, who trace effects to their causes? And in a single glance darting through many intervening chapters, connect the last farewell Finis with the First Introductory Flourish?

The truth seems to be, or rather is, that no story in a book ought to be

well constructed. Stories never are well constructed in real life. Why, then, should they be so in fictions reflecting real life? In common parlance, by a well-constructed story is meant a story all hanging together by the principle of nicest proportion of parts—no effect ever on any account whatever appearing without a cause at once pronounced to be adequate—no more perplexity in the progress of incidents, than is sufficient to put the reader now and then into a pleasant puzzle, from which a little page comes ere long to extricate him—and above all, we believe, a catastrophe novel and unexpected—not one of that more truly noble and glorious kind which we ourselves admire, a catastrophe of which it may be said, in the great words of Milton,

"Far off its coming shone."

"But, dear Mr North, did you not always think that Sir Walter had some assistant in his works?"

"My sweet young friend, I never did think so—although coming from your lips, the supposition sounds very natural. My dear Matilda, there is perfect unity of aim, design, purpose, execution, in all the novels and romances. Beaumont and Fletcher, my love, wrote a few dramas together, as you well know, but their very different styles are easily distinguishable,—Fletcher—you agree with me—being by far the better poet and dramatist. The few dramas they thus wrote together—begging my friend Charles Lamb's pardon—are not the best of the set, being heterogeneous, and animated with two souls, which, in any one body, are apt to disagree and fall out. Fletcher would have been a greater writer had he never seen Beaumont. Beaumont, had he never seen Fletcher, had probably been no poet at all. Fletcher's finest plays are entirely his own. But where were we, dearest?"

"Conversing, sir, about the Great Unknown."

"Ay, there is an absurd expression for you—yet it took, and served to keep up the mystery. We never could make out whether the Edinburgh Review or *Maga* had the discredit of inventing, or rather applying it—we hope the former, but fear the latter has to answer for it. It was level to the commonest capacity, yet at the same time

had something poetical about it that made it rememberable. It had a startling sound when toasted at public dinners, and most impressively headed an article. Let it be blown into the Limbo of Vanity; and those who invented or used it, take care in future how they adulterate their speech. We need not say how—when explained according to the modern meaning—it would have sounded in the ears of Old Mortality."

But

"Methinks we hear some paltry spirit cry,"

"Sir Walter is no such extraordinary genius after all; for, even by your own account, he is indebted to history for all his materials, events, and characters." And pray to whom else would you have him indebted for all his materials, events, and characters, but to history? Would you have him literally invent a new world? Time enough to do that when he or others shall have exhausted the old. Dr Johnson was not serious in those two famous lines of his about Shakspeare. History to eyes, sir, such as yours, seems to consist of some thousand folios of blank paper, fit for the snuff-shop. To eyes somewhat better than yours, the same folios appear all scrawled over in outlandish characters, so flourished or contracted, that there is no making either head or tail of them—and so dim, faded, and yellow, that they look like the ghosts of the alphabet, all pining in purgatory. But to Sir Walter's gifted ken, all those hieroglyphics tell each a tale of its own—out of all that confusion arises a glorious well-marshalled array—and he sees as in the mirror of a flood, towers, temples, castles, halls, huts, armed knights pricking on the plain, lovely ladies harping in their bowers, armies joining in conflict till all the plain seems plumed—merry outlaws, with hound and horn, hunting the fallow-deer in the woods—stone-images of warriors that have fought their fight lying in abbey-tombs, "palm to palm on their quiet breast," and down, down, far down below, in the lampless gloom of the grave, their very giant anatomies, through the chinks that Time, who loves to visit even the charnel-house, has rent with soft but sure finger in the shirts of mail, within which, ages ago, to the miseres of monks, and friars, and abbots, were

inhumed those ghastly Nobles of the Land.

But eloquence even such as ours is, lost upon you—and still

"Methinks we hear your paltry spirit cry,"

"The facts are not Sir Walter's own—he finds his facts all ready made to his hand, and he steals his facts to serve his own purposes." You ought to add, that he then hides, and conceals, and secretes them in his work. Now, answer us this question—what is a fact? Ay, there your great grey eyes begin to goggle. Was the battle of Bannockburn a fact? Was the battle of Flodden-field a fact? Then Sir Walter stole—that is, he fought them over again in poetry, in a style worthy of the Bard of Bruce, and Surrey, and King James, who fought, we believe, in prose and on horseback. Those, however, were conspicuous facts. But do you devote a summer to the Borders, fixing your headquarters in Marmion-Place, Inverleithen, and excursionizing the whole country-side from Moffat to Moss-Paul, *vid.* the Lochs, Selkirk, and Hawick, and we bet you a barrel that your bag does not contain one dozen of facts worth catching, or one single fact that weighs a pound. Facts of any size are as shy as fish in thunder, who, diving down to the bottom of deep pools, will not stir a fin for a Phin, though you tempt them with a fly burning-bright with all the colours on earth or heaven. No doubt, as you may catch plenty of poor paltry parrs in any water or weather—so may you catch any day, whenever you choose to angle for them, a gross of small insignificant occurrences. But they are no more facts, than parrs are salmon, which, with the late ingenious Æneas Morrison, writer in Glasgow, we never could believe.

But pass over away to our dear friend the Ettrick Shepherd, in his cozy bield at Mount Benger, and he will fill your wallets with facts, nor be a whit the poorer. For James, although he seems never to look at anything, and often not to understand a word that is said in company, in parlour, or on hill-side, sees and hears all things visible or audible in the heavens or on the earth. Neither flowers, fairies, nor facts, escape his noticing and noticeable eyes; and as for tradi-

tions, if there be any dearth of them in the Forest, he makes one in a trice, and hands it down to the latest posterity in Blackwood's Magazine.

Of ourselves, it would be presumptuous to speak; yet we too have gathered a few chance and stray rare plants in the desert, which we have transferred not into a *Hortus Siccus*, but into a little, snug, sheltered, irre-

gular flower-garden of our own, hanging among rocks in whose fissures the soil lies pretty deep, with a fine southern exposure, beloved by the sun, air, and dew, and a humble moss-house, hidden in a corner among some rowan-trees, in spring white as snow, and in autumn red as any gold that glorifies cloud-land in the gorgeous evening west.

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CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.\*

It is not till you have read about a hundred and fifty pages of the first volume of the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, (why were there not four instead of two?) that you come to know the meaning of the title, the very sound of which is so taking and attractive to all ancient Caledonians. You then find that the Chronicler of the Canongate is one Croftangry of that ilk, a Clydesdale Laird, who, having run through his not large estate in youth with great spirit and alacrity, had shipped himself off to India, there, in some fifteen or twenty years or so, secured for himself a comfortable competency, and home-returning before his liver had become an absolute absentee, had taken a snug house, with a walled garden, in the neighbourhood of Holyrood and the King's Park; a region endeared to him by youthful remembrances of times when he, a disconsolate debtor, used to perambulate the bounds of the Asylum. In this snug house, with a walled garden, which, if we mistake not, we know well, and in which we have often looked over poor dear old Mr Paton's well selected, neatly arranged, and regularly dusted library of rare and curious books,—Croftangry, unless *solus cum sold*, would have found himself "as melancholy as a gib-cat." He had too much sense, however, for a wife, and too much morality for a cousin; and therefore was kindly and rationally contented with Janet MacEvoiy for his housekeeper, a widow of threescore, who had always treated him in the most gentlemanly style in days of old, when he was in the Sanctuary, and she the mistress of a decent "change" within its circumvallations, and who

had hailed the Cock Laird on his return with all the unsophisticated earnestness of a true Highland heart.

But before Croftangry had thus settled himself in the house formerly possessed by Mr Paton, he had, of course, visited a few of his dearest old friends in Edinburgh, among whom there had, since he left them, been many changes of fate and fortune. His narrative of such visits, full of a manly tenderness, endears Croftangry to our hearts; and his account of his first meeting, with one whom he had left a distinguished barrister, bright in the fame of wit, wisdom, erudition, and eloquence, but now an elbow-chair-ridden paralytic, with a mere glimmer of memory, transitorily brightened into a gleam of recognition by the sudden presence of a friend returned from "long and afar," is as affecting as anything well can be, and true to nature in every line. It would not be easy to read it aloud. We, "albeit unused to the melting mood," looked about for our Bandana, as Miss Gentle, who often steps in and reads to the old man of an evening, began to make pauses out of all the laws of elocution; and after a few sentences more, sobbing almost too painfully, had to hold the green-mantled volume before her eyes, to hide from her father the fair girl's most becoming and bewitching tears.

Yet Croftangry is not unduly given to the pathetic, and forgetting the condition of his friend as much as possible, is anxious to take a look of the ancient residence of his forefathers, Glentanner, which, with the family estate, had passed into the hands of a Mr Treddles—been rebuilt and re-

christened Castle-Treddles—and, in consequence of the bankruptcy of that worthy manufacturer, found its way once more into the market.

Croftangry having taken his seat on the top of one of Mr Piper's mail-coaches driving to the westward, disguised in a grey surtout and white castor, soon beholds what was once

“The modest-looking yet comfortable house of Glentanner; its walls covered with the most productive fruit trees in that part of the country, and screened from the more stormy quarters of the horizon by a deep and ancient wood, which overhung the hill, transmogrified into a huge lumping four-square pile of freestone, as bare as my nail, except for a paltry edging of decayed and lingering exotics, with an impoverished lawn stretching before it, which, instead of boasting green tapestry, enamelled with daisies, and with crowfoot and cowslips, showed an extent of nakedness, raked, indeed, and levelled, but where the sown grasses had failed with drought, and the earth, retaining its natural complexion, seemed nearly as brown and bare as when it was newly dug up.”

This was a damper; and after a dialogue of no very satisfactory kind with the domestic of this broken-up establishment, (throughout admirably described,) Croftangry repairs to the Jointure-House of Duntarkin, which had been converted by Mr Treddles into a public-house, with a strong new sign brightly painted, independent of the mansion, displayed in an iron framework, and suspended upon two posts, with as much wood and iron about it as would have builded a brig, which hung creaking, and groaning, and screaming in every blast of wind, and frightening for five miles' distance, the nests of thrushes and linnets, the ancient denizens of the little glen—a sign displaying a heraldic shield, three shuttles in a field diapré, and a web partly unfolded for crest, and two stout giants for supporters, each holding a weaver's beam proper. And who should be the landlady but that ancient maiden, Christie Steel, once Croftangry's own Lady-Mother's veil-keeper and body-guard! Christie's religious principles, feelings, and opinions, had been grievously shocked of old by the young Laird's reckless evil-doings, and she had ranked him among the reprobate and eternally lost. He half suspects, that the stern old Calvinist

knows him now; and finding that he is not likely ever again to stand high in her affections or esteem, notwithstanding her unobliterated love of the decayed family, he very philosophically returns by Mr Piper to Auld Reekie; and as aforesaid, provides himself with Mrs Janet M'Evoy, and the late Mr Paton's house, on the edge of the King's Park.

Finding that he has much leisure time on his hands, he bethinks him of his literary turn and powers, and contrives to lose time and gain eternity, by composing *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

He has, however, some misgivings with respect to the fertility or originality of his genius, and therefore avails himself of some manuscripts bequeathed to him by a dear friend, Mrs Martha Bethune Baliol, formerly of Baliol's Lodging, an antique mansion on the south-side of the Canongate, which, with the character, appearance, manner, and pursuits of its deceased proprietress, is described at considerable length, and in the author's very happiest vein of mingled tenderness and humour, opened up by his all-embracing enthusiasm for everything dead or alive, appertaining to the oldest time.

This is a very slight sketch indeed of the first 150 pages of what may be called the Introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*. It is as good as a tale in itself—which we are almost inclined to think Sir Walter originally intended it to be—but Tale or no Tale, it is at once ingenious, picturesque, and natural, and of all the Introductions to his Novels or Romances, some of which have not been very happy, it is beyond all comparison and infinitely the best.

Among much other valuable matter, Mrs Bethune Baliol's legacy was found to contain a story, called “The Highland Widow,” which Croftangry has selected for publication, (Croftangry being *redacteur*;) chiefly, he says, on account of its possessing great power over the feelings of his critical housekeeper, Janet M'Evoy, who filled to him the office that other old women did to Moliere, and who, as we can well believe, wept most bitterly when he read it to her. To this story we shall now confine ourselves—and of it we shall be able, by the

confining ourselves, to give our readers the very essence and the very soul.

Mrs Bethune Baliol had, some thirty or forty years before, to relieve the dejection of spirits occasioned by a great family loss, undertaken the short Highland Tour. She had a guide and cicerone, almost equal to Greathcart in the Pilgrim's Progress, in no less a person than Donald MacLeish, the postilion, whom she hired at Stirling, with a pair of able-bodied horses, as steady as Donald himself, to drive her carriage, her duenna and herself, wheresoever it was her pleasure to go. Mrs Baliol had spent the greater part of a morning at the delightful village of Dalmally, and had gone upon the Lake under the guidance of the excellent clergyman,\* who was then incumbent at Glenorchy, and had heard an hundred legends of the stern chiefs of Lochowe, Duncan with the thrum-bonnet, and the other lords of the now mouldering towers of Kilchurn. Thus, it was later than usual when she set out on her journey, after a hint or two from Donald concerning the length of the way to the next stage, as there was no good halting-place between Dalmally and Oban.

Turning round the shoulder of Bea Cruachan, and descending the course of the foaming and rapid Awe, the party fixed their eyes amidst that noble scene of rocks, precipices, and woods, on one large oak, which grew on the left hand towards the river.

"It seemed a tree of extraordinary magnitude and picturesque beauty, and stood just where there appeared to be a few roods of open ground lying among huge stones, which had rolled down from the mountain. To add to the romance of the situation, the spot of clear ground extended round the foot of a proud-browed rock, from the summit of which leaped a mountain stream in a fall of sixty feet, in which it was dissolved into foam and dew. At the bottom of the fall the rivulet with difficulty collected, like a routed general, its dispersed forces, and, as if tamed by its descent, found a noiseless passage through the heath to join the Awe."

Mrs Baliol was desirous of leaving the carriage to get a nearer view of this wonder of the woods, but Donald opposed the motion with a face over-spread with a strange shadow of superstitious fear. Mrs Baliol's purpose was confirmed by Donald's mysterious aspect, and he was ordered to drive on to a point where she might descend by a zig-zag path down the wooded steep to the said, in all probability, haunted Oak-tree.

"At length the promised turn of the road brought us within fifty paces of the tree which I desired to admire, and I now saw, to my surprise, that there was a human habitation among the cliffs which surrounded it. It was a hut of the least dimensions, and most miserable description that I ever saw in the Highlands. The walls of sod, or *dirot*, as the Scotch call it, were not four feet high—the roof was of turf, repaired with reeds and sedges—the chimney was composed of clay, bound round by straw ropes—and the whole walls, roof and chimney, were alike covered with the vegetation of house-leek, rye-grass, and moss, common to decayed cottages formed of such materials. There was not the slightest vestige of a kale-yard, the usual accompaniment of the very worst huts; and of living things we saw nothing, save a kid which was browsing on the roof of the hut, and a goat, its mother, at some distance, feeding betwixt the oak and the river Awe.

"What man," I could not help exclaiming, "can have committed sin deep enough to deserve such a miserable dwelling?"

"Sin enough," said Donald MacLeish, with a half-suppressed groan; "and God he knoweth, misery enough too;—and it is no man's dwelling neither, but a woman's."

"A woman's!" I repeated, "and in so lonely a place—What sort of a woman can she be?"

"Come this way, my leddy, and you may judge that for yourself," said Donald. And by advancing a few steps, and making a sharp turn to the left, we gained a sight of the side of the great broad-breasted oak, in the direction opposed to that in which we had hitherto seen it.

"If she keeps her old wont, she will be there at this hour of the day," said Donald; but immediately became silent, and pointed with his finger, as one afraid of

\* No doubt, Dr Joseph Macintyre—whose memory will endure in the Highlands as long as the memory of worth, piety, talent, and learning, devoted for more than half a century to the eternal interests of his Christian brethren, may endure on earth.—C. N.

being overheard. I looked, and beheld, not without some sense of awe, a female form seated by the stem of the oak, with her head drooping, her hands clasped, and a dark-coloured mantle drawn over her head, exactly as Judah is represented in the Syrian medals, as seated under her palm-tree. I was infected with the fear and reverence which my guide seemed to entertain towards this solitary being, nor did I think of advancing towards her to obtain a nearer view until I had cast an inquiring look on Donald; to which he replied in a half whisper—‘She has been a fearful’ bad woman, my laddy.’

“‘Mad woman, said you,’ replied I, hearing him imperfectly; ‘then she is perhaps dangerous?’

“‘No—she is not mad,’ replied Donald; ‘for then it may be she would be happier than she is; though when she thinks on what she has done, and caused to be done, rather than yield up a hair-breadth of her ain wicked will, it is not likely she can be very well settled. But she neither is mad nor mischievous; and yet, my laddy, I think you had best not go nearer to her.’ And then, in a few hurried words, he made me acquainted with the story which I am now to tell more in detail. I heard the narrative with a mixture of horror and sympathy, which at once impelled me to approach the sufferer, and speak to her the words of comfort, or rather of pity, and at the same time made me afraid to do so.”

This, Mrs Baliol, who was a lady of good learning, continues to say in her narrative, was indeed the feeling with which Elspat MacTavish, or the Woman of the Tree, as they called her, was regarded by the Highlanders in the neighbourhood, as the Greeks considered those who were pursued by the Furies, and endured the mental torment consequent on great criminal actions. They regarded such unhappy beings as Orestes and *Cedipus*, as being less the voluntary perpetrators of their crimes, than as the passive instruments by which the terrible decrees of Destiny had been accomplished; and the fear with which they beheld, was not unmingled with veneration.

“I am not sure if my own courage would have carried me so close to Elspat, had not he followed. There was in her countenance the stern abstraction of hopeless and overpowering sorrow, mixed with the contending feelings of remorse, and of the pride which struggled to conceal it. She guessed, perhaps, that it was curiosity, arising out of her uncommon story, which induced me to intrude on her solitude—and she could not be pleased that a fate

like hers had been the theme of a traveller’s amusement. Yet the look with which she regarded me was one of scorn instead of embarrassment. The opinion of the world and all its children could not add or take an iota from her load of misery; and, save from the half smile that seemed to intimate the contempt of a being rapt by the very intensity of her affliction above the sphere of ordinary humanities, she seemed as indifferent to my gaze, as if she had been a dead corpse or a marble statue.

“Elspat was above the middle stature; her hair, now grizzled, was still profuse; and it had been of the most decided black. So were her eyes, in which, contradicting the stern and rigid features of her countenance, there shone the wild and troubled light that indicates an unsettled mind. Her hair was wrapt round a silver bodkin with some attention to neatness, and her dark mantle was disposed around her with a degree of taste, though the materials were of the most ordinary sort.

“After gazing on this victim of guilt and calamity till I was ashamed to remain silent, though uncertain how I ought to address her, I began to express my surprise at her choosing such a desert and deplorable dwelling. She cut short these expressions of sympathy, by answering in a stern voice, without the least change of countenance or posture—‘Daughter of the stranger, he has told you my story.’ I was silenced at once, and felt how little all earthly accommodation must seem to the mind which had such subjects as hers for rumination. Without again attempting to open the conversation, I took a piece of gold from my purse, (for Donald had intimated she lived on alms,) expecting she would at least stretch her hand to receive it. But she neither accepted nor rejected the gift—she did not even seem to notice it, though twenty times as valuable, probably, as was usually offered. I was obliged to place it on her knee, saying involuntarily, as I did so, ‘May God pardon you, and relieve you!’ I shall never forget the look which she cast up to Heaven, nor the tone in which she exclaimed, in the very words of my old friend, John Home—

‘My beautiful—my brave!’

It was the language of nature, and arose from the heart of the deprived mother, as it did from that gifted imaginative poet, while furnishing with appropriate expressions the ideal grief of Lady Randolph.”

It would not be easy to imagine a finer opening than this, of a Tale of Pity and Terror. The young, beautiful, high-born, and high-bred Lowland Lady, under the guidance of an old superstitious Highlander, brought

suddenly, in a scene of wild and solitary grandeur,

"Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,

And everything unreconciled,

A dim, complaining, lone retreat

For Fear and Melancholy meet"—

into the presence and almost personal contact of a withered Beldam of the desert, all dreadfully laden and bowed down with the weight of remorseful and inextinguishable crime. With how few simple, sweeping, and grand touches is the scenery brought before the imagination! The few figures, how finely contrasted and combined!

The very old, lumbering post-chaise, left by itself on the mountain-road, up among the cliffs and trees, the pannelling, we may suppose, not very splendid, nor the harness very bright, although the lady's own travelling carriage, the horses somewhat rough in the coat, with heels not a little hairy, and tails neither short nor long—absolutely grows poetical! There is the deep, black, sullen loch, narrowing into a river beneath the Pass of the Brander! That river, the roughest river in the world, rushes over a thousand rock-ledges, mad to mingle its fresh foam with the tumbling sea-water-cataract of Connal, tumultuating Loch Etive, far as the gull's wing can be seen twinkling in the sun-light!

Verily, in all the works of this author, there is not such another subject for a picture. Our dear William Allan—thou whom the Magician delighteth to honour—return speedily from Holland,—shut thyself up for the three winter months, and early in March exhibit to thy admiring country "The Woman of the Tree."

But now for the story.

Elspat MacTavish had long been the fitting mate of Hamish MacTavish, a famous Cateran, for whom his strength and feats of prowess had gained the title of MacTavish Mhor. He had long defied and eluded the "Sindier Roy;" but at last surprised, like the wild-cat in his lair among the rocks, he was killed after a deadly resistance—his widow flying away from the dead body, with her only child at her bosom, in grief and rage, farther into the wilderness.

Her wild and desolate life among the mountains, till her Hamish Bean, or Fair-haired James, had risen to manhood, is, in a few pages, dashed off

with all the gloomy grandeur of the pencil of "savage Rosa." Hamish, though not equal to his father in stature and strength, is nevertheless a noble child—and the fierce mother, whose memory retains, deeply stamped, the traces of all the desperate passions of her prime, washed, as it were, in her husband's blood, exults, like an eagle sitting alone on the rock, after its mate that used to hunt for her had felt the rifle-ball, in the sight of her eaglet ripe to try his beak and talon on prey. In the desert, still haunted by the ghost of her murdered husband, her eyes are blind to the vital changes that have been working in all the modes, and very spirit of life, throughout the Highlands. She still sees a region in which the Cateran may subsist by rightful plunder, and such prosperity as he sternly loves in the wilderness, be ensured by the gun, the dirk and the claymore of the hereditary robber, if need be, shedder of blood.

Fair-haired James is of milder mood—he sees that the land has become a land of ordered peace, and would fain support the widowhood of his unhappy mother by industry working under the security and safeguard of the laws. Hitherto he has fed by fishing and hunting—but the salmon and the deer are now protected in flood and on fell—and famine always threatens, and sometimes enters their hut. His mother, indignant at the degeneracy of her son, urges him fiercely not to disgrace his sire. Sorely agitated, during such colloquies, by the conflict of many opposing passions, the miserable youth can no longer endure his mother's reproaches, and all the alternate bans and blessings with which she assails him, in order to break his peaceful purposes, and drive him in madness into a marauder among the mountains—and one day, in desperation, flies from their shieling beneath the Oak Tree, as if he never would return, and was resolved to leave her widowhood utterly desolate. A day or two after his flight, a man on horseback comes to the shieling—assures her that her son is well—that he sends her his dutiful remembrance, "and this," putting into Elspat's hand a small purse, containing four or five dollars.

"He is gone, he is gone!" exclaimed Elspat; "he has sold himself to be the

servant of the Saxons, and I shall never more behold him. Tell me, Miles MacPhadraick, for now I know you, is it the price of the son's blood that you have put into the mother's hand ?

" ' Now, God forbid ! ' answered MacPhadraick, who was a tackaman, and had possession of a considerable tract of ground under his Chief, a proprietor who lived about twenty miles off—' God forbid I should do wrong, or say wrong, to you, or to the son of MacTavish Mhor ! I swear to you by the hand of my Chief, that your son is well, and will soon see you ; and the rest he will tell you himself.' So saying, MacPhadraick hastened back up the pathway—gained the road, mounted his pony, and rode upon his way."

Elspat remained " gazing on the money, as if the impress of the coin could have conveyed information how it was procured." Her mind is bewildered—but still she dares to hope that all is right—and that this MacPhadraick has indicated to the young cateran the glen in which he has commenced with success his perilous trade, and converted for him his booty into money.

" She imagined that her son had only to proclaim himself his father's successor in adventure and enterprise, and that a force of men as gallant as those who had followed his father's banner, would crowd around him to support it when again displayed. To her, Hamish was the eagle who had only to soar aloft and resume his native place in the skies, without her being able to comprehend how many additional eyes would have watched his flight, how many additional bullets would have been directed at his bosom. To be brief, Elspat was one who viewed the present state of society with the same feelings with which she regarded the times that had passed away. She had been indigent, neglected, oppressed, since the days that her husband had no longer been feared and powerful, and she thought that the term of her ascendance would return when her son had determined to play the part of his father. If she permitted her eye to glance farther on futurity, it was but to anticipate that she must be for many a day cold in the grave, with the coronach of her tribe cried duly over her, before her fair-haired Hamish could, according to her calculation, die with his hand on the basket-hilt of the red claymore. His father's hair was grey, ere, after a hundred dangers, he had fallen with arms in his hands—That she should have seen and survived the sight, was a natural con-

sequence of the manners of that age. And better it was—such was her proud thought—that she had seen him so die, than to have witnessed his departure from life in a smoky hovel—on a bed of rotten straw, like an over-worn hound, or a bullock which died of disease. But the hour of her young, her brave Hamish, was yet far distant. He must succeed—he must conquer, like his father. And when he fell at length,—for she anticipated for him no bloodless death,—Elspat would ere then have lain long in the grave, and could neither see his death-struggle, nor mourn over his grave sod.

" With such wild notions working in her brain, the spirit of Elspat rose to its usual pitch, or rather to one which seemed higher. In the emphatic language of Scripture, which in that idiom does not greatly differ from her own, she arose, she washed and changed her apparel, and ate bread, and was refreshed.

" She longed eagerly for the return of her son, but she now longed not with the bitter anxiety of doubt and apprehension. She said to herself that much must be done ere he could in these times arise to be an eminent and dreaded leader. Yet when she saw him again, she almost expected him at the head of a daring band, with pipes playing, and banners flying, the noble tartans fluttering free in the wind, in despite of the laws which had suppressed, under severe penalties, the use of the national garb, and all the appurtenances of Highland chivalry. For all this, her eager imagination was content only to allow the interval of some days.

" From the moment this opinion had taken deep and serious possession of her mind, her thoughts were bent upon receiving her son at the head of his adherents in the manner in which she used to adorn her hut for the return of his father.

" The substantial means of subsistence she had not the power of providing, nor did she consider that of importance. The successful caterans would bring with them herds and flocks. But the interior of her hut was arranged for their reception—the usquebaugh was brewed or distilled in a larger quantity than it could have been supposed one lone woman could have made ready. Her hut was put into such order as might, in some degree, give it the appearance of a day of rejoicing. It was swept and decorated with boughs of various kinds, like the house of a Jewess upon what is termed the Feast of the Tabernacles. The pro-



duce of the milk of her little flock was prepared in as great variety of forms as her skill admitted, to entertain her son, and his associates whom she expected to receive along with him.

"But the principal decoration, which she sought with the greatest toil, was the cloud-berry, a scarlet fruit, which is only found on very high hills, and there only in small quantities. Her husband, or perhaps one of his forefathers, had chosen this as the emblem of his family, because it seemed at once to imply by its scarcity the smallness of their clan, and by the places in which it was found, the ambitious height of their pretensions.

"For the time that these simple preparations of welcome endured, Elspat was in a state of troubled happiness. In fact, her only anxiety was that she might be able to complete all that she could do to welcome Hamish and the friends who she supposed must have attached themselves to his band, before they should arrive, and find her unprovided for their reception.

"But when such efforts as she could make had been accomplished, she once more had nothing left to engage her save the trifling care of her goats; and when once these had been attended to, she had only to review her little preparations, renew such as were of a transitory nature, replace decayed branches and fading boughs, and then to sit down at her cottage door and watch the road, as it ascended on the one side from the banks of the Awe, and on the other wound round the heights of the mountain, with such a degree of accommodation to hill and level as the plan of the military engineer permitted. While so occupied, her imagination, anticipating the future from recollections of the past, formed out of the morning mist or the evening cloud the wild forms of an advancing band, which were then called 'Sidier Dhu,'—dark soldiers dressed in their native tartan, and so named to distinguish them from the scarlet ranks of the British army. In this occupation she spent many hours of each morning and evening."

It was in vain, we are told, that Elspat's eyes surveyed the "distant path, by the earliest light of the dawn, and the latest glimmer of the twilight. No rising dust awakened the expectation of nodding plumes or flashing arms—the solitary traveller trudged listlessly along, in his brown lowland great-coat, his tartans died black or

purple, to comply with or evade the law which prohibited their being worn in their variegated hues." "Night by night, as darkness came, she removed from her unclosed door, to throw herself on her restless pallet, not to sleep, but to watch. The brave and the terrible, she said, walk by night—their steps are heard in darkness, when all is silent save the whirlwind and the cataract. The timid deer comes only forth when the sun is upon the mountain's peak; but the bold wolf walks in the red light of the harvest-moon."

"'Hope deferred,' saith the royal sage, 'maketh the heart sick:' and strong as was Elspat's constitution, she began to experience that it was unequal to the toils to which her anxious and immoderate affection subjected her, when early one morning the appearance of a traveller on the lonely mountain-road, revived hopes which had begun to sink into listless despair. There was no sign of Saxon subjugation about the stranger. At a distance she could see the flutter of the belted-plaid, that drooped in graceful folds behind him, and the plume that, placed in the bonnet, showed rank and gentle birth. He carried a gun over his shoulder, the claymore was swinging by his side, with its usual appendages, the dirk, the pistol, and the *sporrán-molloch*.\* Ere yet her eye had scanned all these particulars, the light step of the traveller was hastened, his arm waved in token of recognition—a moment more, and Elspat held in her arms her darling son, dressed in the garb of his ancestors, and looking, in her maternal eyes, the fairest among ten thousand.

"The first outpouring of affection it would be impossible to describe. Blessings mingled with the most endearing epithets which her energetic language affords, in striving to express the wild rapture of Elspat's joy. Her board was heaped hastily with all she had to offer; and the mother watched the young soldier, as he partook of the refreshment, with feelings how similar to, yet how different from, those with which she had seen him draw his first sustenance from her bosom!

"When the tumult of joy was appeased, Elspat became anxious to know her son's adventures since they parted, and could not help greatly censuring his rashness for traversing the hills in the Highland dress in the broad sunshine, when the penalty was so heavy, and so many

\* The goat-skin pouch worn by the Highlanders round their waist.

red soldiers were abroad in the country.

" 'Fear not for me, mother,' said Hamish, in a tone designed to relieve her anxiety, and yet somewhat embarrassed; 'I may wear the *brecan*\* at the gate of Fort-Augustus, if I like it.'

" 'Oh, be not too daring, my beloved Hamish, though it be the fault which best becomes thy father's son—yet be not too daring! Alas, they fight not now, as in former days, with fair weapons, and on equal terms, but take odds of numbers and of arms, so that the feeble and the strong are alike levelled by the shot of a boy. And do not think me unworthy to be called your father's widow, and your mother, because I speak thus; for God knoweth, that, man to man, I would peril thee against the best in Breadalbane, and broad Lorne besides.'

" 'I assure you, my dearest mother,' replied Hamish, 'that I am in no danger. But have you seen MacPhadraig, mother, and what has he said to you on my account?'

" 'Silver he left me in plenty, Hamish; but the best of his comfort was, that you were well, and would see me soon. But beware of MacPhadraig, my son; for when he called himself the friend of your father, he better loved the most worthless stirk in his herd, than he did the lie-blood of MacTavish Mhor. Use his services, therefore, and pay him for them—for it is thus we should deal with the unworthy; but take my counsel, and trust him not.'

" Hamish could not suppress a sigh, which seemed to Elspat to intimate that the caution came too late. 'What have you done with him?' she continued, eager and alarmed. 'I had money of him, and he gives not that without value—he is none of those who exchange barley for chaff. Oh, if you repent you of your bargain, and if it be one which you may break off without disgrace to your truth or your manhood, take back his silver, and trust not to his fair words.'

" 'It may not be, mother,' said Hamish; 'I do not repent my engagement, unless that it must make me leave you soon.'

" 'Leave me! how leave me? Silly boy, think you I know not what duty belongs to the wife or mother of a daring man? Thou art but a boy yet; and when thy father had been the dread of the country for twenty years, he did not despise my company and assistance, but of-

ten said my help was worth that of two strong gillies.'

" 'It is not on that score, mother; but since I must leave the country—'

" 'Leave the country!' replied his mother, interrupting him; 'and think you that I am like a bush, that is rooted to the soil where it grows, and must die if carried elsewhere? I have breathed other winds than these of Ben Cruachan—I have followed your father to the wilds of Ross, and the impenetrable deserts of Y Mac Y Mhor—Tush, man, my limbs, old as they are, will bear me as far as your young feet can trace the way.'

" 'Alas, mother,' said the young man, with a faltering accent, 'but to cross the sea—'

" 'The sea! who am I that I should fear the sea? Have I never been in a birling in my life—never known the Sound of Mull, the Isles of Treshornish, and the rough rocks of Harris?'

" 'Alas, mother, I go far, far from all of these—I am enlisted in one of the new regiments, and we go against the French in America.'

" 'Enlisted!' uttered the astonished mother—'against *my* will—without *my* consent—You could not—you would not,'—then rising up, and assuming a posture of almost imperial command, 'Hamish, you *DARED* not!'

" 'Despair, mother, dares everything,' answered Hamish, in a tone of melancholy resolution. 'What should I do here, where I can scarce get bread for myself and you, and when the times are growing daily worse? Would you but sit down and listen, I would convince you I have acted for the best.'

" With a bitter smile Elspat sat down, and the same severe ironical expression was on her features, as, with her lips firmly closed, she listened to his vindication.

" Hamish went on, without being disconcerted by her expected displeasure. 'When I left you, dearest mother, it was to go to MacPhadraig's house; for although I know he is crafty and worldly, after the fashion of the Sassenach, yet he is wise, and I thought how he would teach me, as it would cost him nothing, in which way I could mend our estate in the world.'

" 'Our estate in the world!' said Elspat, losing patience at the word; 'and went you to a base fellow with a soul no better than that of a cow-herd, to ask counsel about your conduct? Your

\* That which is variegated, i. e. the tartan.

father asked none, save at his courage and his sword.'

" 'Dearest mother,' answered Hamish, 'how shall I convince you that you live in this land of our fathers, as if our fathers were yet living? You walk as it were in a dream, surrounded by the phantoms of those who have been long with the dead. When my father lived and fought, the great respected the Man of the strong right hand, and the rich feared him. He had protection from MacAllan Mhor, and from Caberfae, and tribute from meaner men. That is ended, and his son would only earn a disgraceful and unpitied death, by the practices which gave his father credit and power among those who wear the breacan. The land is conquered—its lights are quenched,—Glengary, Lochiel, Perth, Lord Lewis, all the high chiefs are dead or in exile—We may mourn for it, but we cannot help it. Bonnet, broadsword, and sporran—power, strength, and wealth, were all lost on Drummosie-muir.'

" 'It is false!' said Elspat, fiercely; 'you, and such like dastardly spirits, are quelled by your own faint hearts, not by the strength of the enemy; you are like the fearful waterfowl, to whom the least cloud in the sky seems the shadow of the eagle.'

" 'Mother,' said Hamish, proudly, 'lay not faint heart to my charge. I go where men are wanted who have strong arms and bold hearts too. I leave a desert, for a land where I may gather fame.'

" 'And you leave your mother to perish in want, age, and solitude,' said Elspat, essaying successively every means of moving a resolution, which she began to see was more deeply rooted than she had at first thought.

" 'Not so, neither,' he answered; 'I leave you to comfort and certainty, which you have yet never known. Barcaldine's son is made a leader, and with him I have enrolled myself; MacPhadraick acts for him, and raises men, and finds his own in it.'

" 'That is the truest word of the tale, were all the rest as false as hell,' said the old woman, bitterly.

" 'But we are to find our good in it also,' continued Hamish; 'for Barcaldine is to give you a shieling in his wood of Letter-findreight, with grass for your goats, and a cow, when you please to have one, on the common; and my own pay, dearest mother, though I am far away, will do more than provide you with meal, and with all else you can want. Do not fear for me. I enter a private gentleman; but I will return, if hard

fighting and regular duty can deserve it, an officer, and with half a dollar a day.'

" 'Poor child!' replied Elspat, in a tone of pity mingled with contempt, 'and you trust MacPhadraick?'

" 'I might, mother—' said Hamish, the dark red colour of his race crossing his forehead and cheeks, 'for MacPhadraick knows the blood which flows in my veins, and is aware, that should he break trust with you, he might count the days which could bring Hamish back to Breadalbane, and number those of his life within three suns more. I would kill him at his own hearth, did he break his word with me—I would, by the great Being who made us both!'

" 'The look and attitude of the young soldier for a moment overawed Elspat; she was unused to see him express a deep and bitter mood, which reminded her so strongly of his father, but she resumed her remonstrances in the same taunting manner in which she had commenced them.

" 'Poor boy!' she said; 'and you think that at the distance of half the world your threats will be heard or thought of! But, go—go—place your neck under him of Hanover's yoke, against whom every true Gael fought to the death—Go, disown the royal Stuart, for whom your father, and his fathers, and your mother's fathers, have crimsoned many a field with their blood.—Go, put your head under the belt of one of the race of Dermid, whose children murdered—Yes,' she added, with a wild shriek, 'murdered your mother's fathers in their peaceful dwellings at Glencoe.' Yes,' she again exclaimed with a wilder and shriller scream, 'I was then unborn, but my mother has told me—and I attended to the voice of my mother—well I remember her words!—They came in peace, and were received in friendship, and blood and fire arose, and screams and murder!'

" 'Mother,' answered Hamish, mournfully, but with a decided tone, 'all that I have thought over—there is not a drop of the blood of Glencoe on the noble hand of Barcaldine—with the unhappy house of Glenlyon the curse remains, and on them God hath avenged it.'

" 'You speak like the Saxon priest already,' replied his mother; 'will you not better stay, and ask a kirk from MacAllan Mhor, that you may preach forgiveness to the race of Dermid?'

" 'Yesterday was yesterday,' answered Hamish, 'and to-day is to-day. When the clans are crushed and confounded toge-

ther, it is well and wise that their hatreds and their feuds should not survive their independence and their power. He that cannot execute vengeance like a man, should not harbour useless enmity like a craven. Mother, young Barcaldine is true and brave; I know that MacPhadrack counselled him that he should not let me take leave of you, lest you dissuaded me from my purpose; but he said, 'Hamish MacTavish is the son of a brave man, and he will not break his word.' Mother, Barcaldine leads an hundred of the bravest of the sons of the Gael in their native dress, and with their fathers' arms—heart to heart—shoulder to shoulder. I have sworn to go with him—He has trusted me, and I will trust him.'

"At this reply, so firmly and resolutely pronounced, Elspat remained like one thunderstruck, and sunk in despair. The arguments which she had considered so irresistibly conclusive, had recoiled like a wave from a rock. After a long pause, she filled her son's quaigh, and presented it to him with an air of dejected deference and submission.

"'Drink,' she said, 'to thy father's roof-tree, ere you leave it for ever; and tell me,—since the chains of a new King, and of a new Chief, whom your fathers know not save as mortal enemies, are fastened upon the limbs of your father's son,—tell me how many links you count upon them?'

"Hamish took the cup, but looked at her as if uncertain of her meaning. She proceeded in a raised voice: 'Tell me,' she said, 'for I have a right to know, for how many days the will of those you have made your masters permits me to look upon you?—In other words, how many are the days of my life? for when you leave me, the earth has nought besides worth living for!'

"'Mother,' replied Hamish MacTavish, 'for six days I may remain with you, and if you will set out with me on the fifth, I will conduct you in safety to your new dwelling. But if you remain here, then will I depart on the seventh by day-break—then, as at the last moment, I must set out for Dunbarton, for if I appear not on the eighth day, I am subject to punishment as a deserter, and am dishonoured as a soldier and a gentleman.'

"'Your father's foot,' she answered, 'was free as the wind on the heath—it were as vain to say to him where goest thou, as to ask that viewless driver of the clouds, wherefore blowest thou. Tell me under what penalty thou must,—

since go thou must, and go thou wilt—return to thy thralldom.'

"'Call it not thralldom, mother, it is the service of an honourable soldier—the only service which is now open to the son of MacTavish Mhor.'

"'Yet say what is the penalty if thou shouldst not return?' replied Elspat.

"'Military punishment as a deserter,' answered Hamish; writhing, however, as his mother failed not to observe, under some internal feelings, which she resolved to probe to the uttermost.

"'And that,' she said, with assumed calmness, which her glancing eye disowned, 'is the punishment of a disobedient hound, is it not?'

"'Ask me no more, mother,' said Hamish; 'the punishment is nothing to one who will never deserve it.'

"'To me it is something,' replied Elspat, 'since I know better than thou, that where there is power to inflict, there is often the will to do so without cause. I would pray for thee, Hamish, and I must know against what evils I should beseech Him who leaves none unguarded, to protect thy youth and simplicity.'

"'Mother,' said Hamish, 'it signifies little to what a criminal may be exposed, if a man is determined not to be such. Our Highland chiefs used also to punish their vassals, and, as I have heard, severely—Was it not Lachlan MacIain whom we remember of old, whose head was struck off by order of his chieftain for shooting at the stag before him?'

"'Ay,' said Elspat, 'and right he had to lose it, since he dishonoured the father of the people even in the face of the assembled clan. But the chiefs were noble in their ire—they punished with the sharp blade, and not with the batton. Their punishments drew blood, but they did not infer dishonour. Canst thou say the same for the laws under whose yoke thou hast placed thy free-born neck?'

"'I cannot—mother—I cannot,' said Hamish, mournfully. 'I saw them punish a Sassenach for deserting, as they called it, his banner. He was scourged—I own it—scourged like a hound who has offended an imperious master. I was sick at the sight—I confess it. But the punishment of dogs is only for those worse than dogs, who know not how to keep their faith.'

"'To this infamy, however, thou hast subjected thyself, Hamish,' replied Elspat, 'if thou shouldst give, or thy officers take measure of offence against thee.—I speak no more to thee on thy purpose. Were the sixth day from this morning's sun my dying day, and thou wert to stay

to close mine eyes, thou wouldst run the risk of being lashed like a dog at a post—yes! unless thou hadst the gallant heart to leave me to die alone, and upon my desolate hearth, the last spark of thy father's fire, and of thy forsaken mother's life, to be extinguished together!"—Hamish traversed the hut with an impatient and angry pace.

"Mother," he said at length, "concern not yourself about such things. I cannot be subjected to such inlame, for never will I deserve it; and were I threatened with it, I should know how to die before I was so far dishonoured."

"There spoke the son of the husband of my heart!" replied Elspat; and she changed the discourse, and seemed to listen in melancholy acquiescence, when her son reminded her how short the time was which they were permitted to pass in each other's society, and entreated that it might be spent without useless and unpleasant recollections respecting the circumstances under which they must soon be separated."

Elspat was now satisfied that, without desperate resource or spell, her Hamish Bean was lost to her for ever. Her attachment to this her sole offspring, whom she had borne off from the Sidier Roy, on her blood-stained bosom, while the fierce eyes of his murdered father were getting glazed in death, "resembled the instinctive fondness of the animal race for their offspring, and diving little farther into futurity than one of the inferior creatures, she only felt, that to be separated from Hamish was to die." Her whole life had been a life of cruel craft and fierce dissimulation; and deceit, and falsehood, and perjury, were to her holy as truth, and as the sanctity of oaths, did they but bring the solace of gratification to her now sole and solitary passion—the passion of a mad widow's maternal bosom bursting and breaking for the sake of her only son, who had sworn to thwart the vengeance she owed his sire's ghost, and rather than violate his oath, about to leave her to die alone in the desert. Into her strong hard mind so burnt in were the colours of the past, that death only could obliterate them; and then how was it possible that such a woful life as hers could have been so long dragged out through the storms and snows of so many winters, with cold and hunger and thirst preying on her body,—anger, hatred, and revenge,

gnawing her heart, without madness mixing mysteriously with the whole frame of her being, and rendering her, with shattered reason, an immortal agent in the haunted solitude of that oft-trodden place? All lonely, destitute, wicked, world-abandoned old women are, in a certain melancholy measure, mad,—and like mad folks do they act, when their familiar demon suddenly seizes on them in some fated hour, and half drags them, as if by the hair of the head, half impels them, as by a hellish blast blown through their hearts, into the perpetration of some hideous and terrible crime. Therefore, we hold that madness was brewing in the bubbling turmoil of Elspat MacTavish's imagination, on the dismal evening when her Hamish Bean, her Fair-haired James, had muttered into her tingling ears, that, ere the dawn gave way to to-morrow's sun, he was to leave her shieling, and with the brother-fiends of the Sidier Roy who had murdered the husband of her youth—his own father—ere long to set sail across the seas, to battle for the service, and in the pay of the Pretender King, whose outlandish race had torn the crown from the forehead of the princely son of the Lord's anointed whose sires had reigned over the mountains—for so many ages—of the mists and snows.—Yes, madness was boiling there, like some dreadful mixture in a witch's cauldron, till the scum should settle on the black surface in malignant poison, and in its overflowing scald to death the only dear degenerate child of her accursed womb, for whose sake she would, nathless, have faced fire and flood, and poured out her tainted blood like water, ere the Saxon slaves should have hurt one hair of his bright and glittering head.

Knowing in her insanity that if her son could be detained in the shieling beyond the expiration of his furlough, he would be subjected to the indignity of corporal punishment—flogged at the halberts—an idea which his Celtic blood could not brook, were it to cross him even for a moment as a flying cloud—she determined to drench his senses in a sleeping potion, distilled from drugs gathered by her among the rock-crevices, for that secret she had learned in her former outlawed life. She cunningly feigned acquiescence with his plan of departure,

soothed him from all suspicion of any evil design, by disburdening her memory of all its stores of legendary lore, the songs of ancient bards, and traditions of the most famous Scannachies and tellers of tales—such as at all times furnish a principal amusement of the Highlander in his moments of repose—and with officious attentions to his accommodation, so unremitted as almost to give him pain, and much personal toil, selected the blooming heather for his bed, and prepared the meal for his refreshment. And what if the Sidier Roy should come to drag the deserter from her arms? “The partner of MacTavish Mhor, in all his perils and wanderings, was familiar with an hundred instances of resistance or escape, by which one brave man, amidst a land of rocks, lakes, and mountains, dangerous passes and dark forests, might baffle the pursuit of hundreds.” Thus she deceived him and herself—for the future seemed nothing—lost in the agonizing present, which was all one wild fear that her “brave and beautiful” would disappear from her eyes for ever. So Hamish, without any more thought of his fate than the hawk, that has been slowly and silently crept upon by the fowler while trimming his plumage on the cliff, busied himself in burnishing his arms ere about to take his flight. The evening before his departure, he walked down to the Awe, to fish for the last time for a salmon, as the means of one social meal with his mother, on something better than the ordinary cheer—that meal being to be, perhaps—of all they should ever eat together—their last; and then, as he afterwards related under rueful circumstances, an incident befell him of an impressive and extraordinary kind—who shall say, a real incident, or the shadowy shaping of a superstitious imagination, strongly agitated by the power of passion?

“In the path which he pursued homeward, he was surprised to observe a person, who, like himself, was dressed and armed after the old Highland fashion. The first natural idea was that the passenger belonged to his own corps, who, levied by government, and bearing arms under royal authority, were not amenable for breach of the statutes against the use of the Highland garb or weapons. But he was struck on perceiving, as he mended his pace to make up to his sup-

posed comrade, meaning to request his company for the next day's journey, that the stranger wore a white cockade, the fatal badge which was proscribed in the Highlands. The stature of the man was tall, and there was something shadowy in the outline, which added to his size; and his mode of motion, which rather resembled gliding than walking, impressed Hamish with superstitious fears concerning the character of the being which thus passed before him in the twilight. He no longer strove to make up to the stranger, but contented himself with keeping him in view, under the superstition common to the Highlanders, that you ought neither to intrude yourself on such supernatural apparitions as you may witness, nor avoid their presence, but leave it to themselves to withhold or extend their communication, as their power may permit, or the purpose of their commission require.

“Upon an elevated knoll by the side of the road, just where the pathway turned down to Elspat's hut, the stranger made a pause, and seemed to await Hamish's coming up. Hamish, on his part, seeing it was necessary he should pass the object of his suspicion, mustered up his courage, and approached the spot where the stranger had placed himself; who first pointed to Elspat's hut, and made, with arm and head, a gesture prohibiting Hamish to approach it, then stretched his hand to the road which led to the southward, with a motion which seemed to enjoin his instant departure in that direction. In a moment afterwards the plaided form was gone—Hamish did not exactly say vanished, because there were rocks and stunted trees enough to have concealed him; but it was his own opinion that he had seen the spirit of MacTavish Mhor, warning him to commence his instant journey to Dunbarton, without waiting till morning, or again visiting his mother's hut.”

This is very spiritual and ghostlike. Few words suffice when one speaks of an airy or shadowy phantom—or spectre; and here the Appearance glides off into the gloom, in a way that leaves the heart beating even in imagination.

“Come like shadows, so depart,” is the bidding of nature and of Shakespeare. Is not, too, the doubtfulness between reality and unreality, after all, the magic power, the grand secret of the preternatural? Cold and chill, on its momentary return to this outer world, seems even the shadowy bearing of the ghost whom the undying passion

of father-love will not suffer to lie still even in the bloody grave. Spirits will not answer you, when with a loud voice you call them from the vasty deep—but the Celtic Apparition knows his own time for issuing just visible from the woods, and one warning wave of his arm, one motion of his head “approach me not,” is all sufficient for benign or malignant purpose, the sole permitted communication between the quick and the dead.

Hamish descended the path, and entering the cottage, he communicated, in a hasty and troubled voice, his determination to take his instant departure.

“Somewhat to his surprise, Elspat appeared not to combat his purpose, but she urged him to take some refreshment ere he left her for ever. He did so hastily, and in silence, thinking on the approaching separation, and scarce yet believing it would take place without a final struggle with his mother’s fondness. To his surprise, she filled the quaigh with liquor for his parting cup.

“‘Go,’ she said, ‘my son, since such is thy settled purpose; but first stand once more on thy mother’s hearth, the flame on which will be extinguished long ere thy foot shall again be placed there.’

“‘To your health, mother!’ said Hamish, ‘and may we meet again in happiness, in spite of your ominous words.’

“‘It were better not to part,’ said his mother, watching him as he quaffed the liquor, of which he would have held it ominous to have left a drop.

“‘And now,’ she said, muttering the words to herself, ‘go—if thou canst go.’

“‘Mother,’ said Hamish, as he replaced on the table the empty quaigh, ‘thy drink is pleasant to the taste, but it takes away the strength which it ought to give.’

“‘Such is its first effect, my son,’ replied Elspat; ‘but lie down upon that soft heather couch, shut your eyes but for a moment, and, in the sleep of an hour, you shall have more refreshment than in the ordinary repose of three whole nights, could they be blended into one.’

“‘Mother,’ said Hamish, upon whose brain the potion was now taking rapid effect, ‘give me my bonnet—I must kiss you and begone—yet it seems as if my feet were nailed to the floor.’

“‘Indeed,’ said his mother, ‘you will be instantly well, if you will sit down for half an hour—but half an hour; it is eight hours to dawn, and dawn were time enough for your father’s son to begin such a journey.’

“‘I must obey you, mother—I feel I

must,’ said Hamish, inarticulately; ‘but call me when the moon rises.’

“He sat down on the bed—reclined back, and almost instantly was fast asleep. With the throbbing glee of one who has brought to an end a difficult and troublesome enterprise, Elspat proceeded tenderly to arrange the plaid of the unconscious slumberer, to whom her extravagant affection was doomed to be so fatal, expressing, while busied in her office, her delight, in tones of mingled tenderness and triumph. ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘calf of my heart, the moon shall arise and set to thee, and so shall the sun; but not to light thee from the land of thy fathers, or tempt thee to serve the foreign prince or the feudal enemy! To no son of Dermid shall I be delivered, to be fed like a bondswoman; but he who is my pleasure and my pride shall be my guard and my protector. They say the Highlands are changed; but I see Ben Cruachan rear his crest as high as ever into the evening sky—no one hath yet herded his kine on the depth of Lochawe—and yonder oak does not yet bend like a willow. The children of the mountains will be such as their fathers, until the mountains themselves shall be levelled with the strath. In these wild forests, which used to support thousands of the brave, there is still surely subsistence and refuge left for one aged woman, and one gallant youth, of the ancient race and the ancient manners.’”

Elspat watches her son stretched in utter insensibility, that binds his brain till the dusk of next evening,—and the state of her whole being, now in tumult, now in a dead sullen calm, now fluctuating with uncertain trouble, is in a very few paragraphs given with a fearful force, we verily believe, beyond the reach of any other living writer.

“It was near evening when Hamish first awoke, and then he was far from being in the full possession either of his mental or bodily powers. From his vague expressions and disordered pulse, Elspat at first experienced much apprehension; but she used such expedients as her medical knowledge suggested; and in the course of the night, she had the satisfaction to see him sink once more into a deep sleep, which probably carried off the greater part of the effects of the drug, for about sun-rising she heard him arise, and call to her for his bonnet. This she had purposely removed, from a fear that he might awaken and depart in the night-time, without her knowledge.

“‘My bonnet—my bonnet,’ cried Hamish, ‘it is time to take farewell. Mo-

ther, your drink was too strong—the sun is up—but with the next morning I will still see the double summit of the ancient Dun. My bonnet—my bonnet! mother, I must be instant in my departure.’—These expressions made it plain that poor Hamish was unconscious that two nights and a day had passed since he had drained the fatal quag, and Elspat had now to venture on what she felt as the almost perilous, as well as painful task, of explaining her machinations.

“ ‘Forgive me, my son,’ she said, approaching Hamish, and taking him by the hand with an air of deferential awe, which perhaps she had not always used to his father, even when in his moody fits.

“ ‘Forgive you, mother—for what?’ said Hamish, laughing; ‘for giving me a dram that was too strong, and which my head still feels this morning, or for hiding my bonnet to keep me an instant longer? Nay, do you forgive me? Give me the bonnet, and let that be done which now must be done. Give me my bonnet, or I go without it; surely I am not to be delayed by so trifling a want as that—I, who have gone for years with only a strap of deer’s hide to tie back my hair. Trifle not, but give it me, or I must go bareheaded, since to stay is impossible.’

“ ‘My son,’ said Elspat, keeping fast hold of his hand, ‘what is done cannot be recalled; could you borrow the wings of yonder eagle, you would arrive at the Dun too late for what you purpose—too soon for what awaits you there. You believe you see the sun rising for the first time since you have seen him set, but yesterday beheld him climb Ben Cruachan, though your eyes were closed to his light.’

“ Hamish cast upon his mother a wild glance of extreme terror, then instantly recovering himself, said—‘I am no child to be cheated out of my purpose by such tricks as these—Farewell, mother, each moment is worth a lifetime.’

“ ‘Stay,’ she said, ‘my dear—my deceived son! rush not on infamy and ruin—Yonder I see the priest upon the high-road on his white horse—ask him the day of the month and week—let him decide between us.’

“ With the speed of an eagle, Hamish darted up the acclivity, and stood by the minister of Glenorquhy, who was pacing out thus early to administer consolation to a distressed family near Bunawe.

“ The good man was somewhat startled to behold an armed Highlander, then so unusual a sight, and apparently much agitated, stop his horse by the bridle, and

ask him with a faltering voice the day of the week and month. ‘Had you been where you should have been yesterday, young man,’ replied the clergyman, ‘you would have known that it was God’s Sabbath; and that this is Monday, the second day of the week, and twenty-first of the month.’

“ ‘And this is true?’ said Hamish.

“ ‘As true,’ answered the surprised minister, ‘as that I yesterday preached the word of God to this parish.—What ails you, young man?—are you sick?—are you in your right mind?’

“ Hamish made no answer, only repeated to himself the first expression of the clergyman—‘Had you been where you should have been yesterday;’ and so saying, he let go the bridle, turned from the road, and descended the path towards the hut, with the look and pace of one who was going to execution. The minister looked after him with surprise; but although he knew the inhabitant of the hovel, the character of Elspat had not invited him to open any communication with her, because she was generally reputed a Papist, or rather one indifferent to all religion, except some superstitious observances which had been handed down from her parents. On Hamish the Reverend Mr Tyrie had bestowed instructions when he was occasionally thrown in his way, and if the seed fell among the brambles and thorns of a wild and uncultivated disposition, it had not yet been entirely checked or destroyed. There was something so ghastly in the present expression of the youth’s features, that the good man was tempted to go down to the hovel, and inquire whether any distress had befallen the inhabitants, in which his presence might be consoling, and his ministry useful. Unhappily he did not persevere in this resolution, which might have saved a great misfortune, as he would probably have become a mediator for the unfortunate young man; but recollection of the wild moods of such Highlanders as had been educated after the old fashion of the country, prevented his interesting himself in the widow and son of the far-dreaded robber MacTavish Mhor; and he thus missed an opportunity, which he afterwards sorely repented, of doing much good.

“ When Hamish MacTavish entered his mother’s hut, it was only to throw himself on the bed he had left, and, exclaiming, ‘Undone, undone!’ to give vent, in cries of grief and anger, to his deep sense of the deceit which had been practised on him, and of the cruel predicament to which he was reduced.



"Elspat was prepared for the first explosion of her son's passion, and said to herself, 'It is but the mountain torrent, swelled by the thunder shower. Let us sit and rest us by the bank; for all its present tumult, the time will soon come when we may pass it dryshod.' She suffered his complaints and his reproaches, which were, even in the midst of his agony, respectful and affectionate, to die away without returning any answer; and when, at length, having exhausted all the exclamations of sorrow which his language, copious in expressing the feelings of the heart, affords to the sufferer, he sunk into a gloomy silence, she suffered the interval to continue near an hour ere she approached her son's couch.

"'And now,' she said at length, with a voice in which the authority of a mother was qualified by her tenderness, 'have you exhausted your idle sorrows, and are you able to place what you have gained against what you have lost? Is the false son of Dermid your brother, or the father of your tribe, that you weep because you cannot bind yourself to his belt, and become one of those who must do his bidding? Could you find in yonder distant country the lakes and the mountains that you leave behind you here? Can you hunt the deer of Breadalbane in the forests of America, or will the ocean afford you the silver-scaled salmon of the Awe? Consider, then, what is your loss, and, like a wise man, set it against what you have won.'

"'I have lost all, mother,' replied Hamish, 'since I have broken my word, and lost my honour. I might tell my tale, but who, oh, who would believe me?' The unfortunate young man again clasped his hands together, and pressing them to his forehead, hid his face upon the bed.

"Elspat was now really alarmed, and perhaps wished the fatal deceit had been left unattempted. She had no hope or refuge saving in the eloquence of persuasion, of which she possessed no small share, though her total ignorance of the world as it actually existed, rendered its energy unavailing. She urged her son, by every tender epithet which a parent could bestow, to take care for his own safety.

"'Leave me,' she said, 'to baffle your pursuers. I will save your life—I will save your honour—I will tell them that my fair-haired Hamish fell from the Corrie dhu (black precipice) into the gulf,

of which human eye never beheld the bottom. I will tell them this, and I will fling your plaid on the thorns which grow on the brink of the precipice that they may believe my words. They will believe, and they will return to the Dun of the double-crest; for though the Saxon drum can call the living to die, it cannot recall the dead to their slavish standard. Then will we travel together far northward to the salt lakes of Kintail, and place glens and mountains betwixt us and the sons of Dermid. We will visit the shores of the dark lake, and my kinsmen—(for was not my mother of the children of Kenneth, and will they not remember us with the old love?)—my kinsmen will receive us with the affection of the olden time, which lives in those distant glens, where the Gael still dwell in their nobleness, unmingled with the churl Saxons, or with the base brood that are their tools and their slaves.'

"The energy of the language, somewhat allied to hyperbole even in its most ordinary expressions, now seemed almost too weak to afford Elspat the means of bringing out the splendid picture which she presented to her son of the land in which she proposed to him to take refuge. Yet the colours were few with which she could paint her Highland paradise. 'The hills,' she said, 'were higher and more magnificent than those of Breadalbane—Ben-Cruachan was but a dwarf to Skoo-roora. The lakes were broader and larger, and abounded not only with fish, but with the enchanted and amphibious animal which gives oil to the lamp.\* The deer were larger and more numerous—the white-tusked boar, the chase of which the brave loved best, was yet to be roused in these western solitudes—the men were nobler, wiser, and stronger, than the degenerate brood who lived under the Saxon banner. The daughters of the land were beautiful, with blue eyes and fair hair, and bosoms of snow, and out of these she would choose a wife for Hamish, of blameless descent, spotless fame, fixed and true affection, who should be in their summer bothy as a beam of the sun, and in their winter abode as the warmth of the needful fire.'

"On the mind of Hamish her eloquence made no impression. He knew far better than she did the actual situation of the country, and was sensible, that, though it might be possible to hide himself as a fugitive among more distant mountains, there was now no corner in the High-

\* The seals are considered by the Highlanders as enchanted princes.

lands in which his father's profession could be practised, even if he had not adopted, from the improved ideas of the time when he lived, the opinion that the trade of the cateran was no longer the road to honour and distinction. Her words were therefore poured into regardless ears, and she exhausted herself in vain in the attempt to paint the regions of her mother's kinsmen in such terms as might tempt Hamish to accompany her thither. She spoke for hours, but she spoke in vain. She could extort no answer, save groans, and sighs, and ejaculations, expressing the extremity of despair.

"At length, starting on her feet, and changing the monotonous tone in which she had chanted, as it were, the praises of the province of refuge, into the short stern language of eager passion—"I am a fool," she said, "to spend my words upon an idle, poor-spirited, unintelligent boy, who crouches like a hound to the lash. Wait here, and receive your task-masters, and abide your chastisement at their hands; but do not think your mother's eyes will behold it. I could not see it and live. My eyes have looked often upon death, but never upon dishonour. Farewell, Hamish!—We never meet again."

"She dashed from the hut like a lapwing, and perhaps for the moment actually entertained the purpose which she expressed, of parting with her son for ever. She would have been a fearful sight that evening to those who might have met her wandering through the wilderness like a restless spirit, and speaking to herself in language which will endure no translation. She rambled for hours, seeking rather than shunning the most dangerous paths. The precarious track through the morass, the dizzy path along the edge of the precipice, or by the banks of the gulfing river, were the roads which, far from avoiding, she sought with eagerness, and traversed with reckless haste. But the courage arising from despair was the means of saving the life, which, (though deliberate suicide was rarely practised in the Highlands,) she was perhaps desirous of terminating. Her step on the verge of the precipice was firm as that of the wild goat. Her eye, in that state of excitation, was so keen as to discern, even amid darkness, the perils which noon would not have enabled a stranger to avoid.

"Elspat's course was not directly for-

ward, else she had soon been far from the bothy in which she had left her son. It was circuitous, for that hut was the centre to which her heart-strings were chained, and though she wandered around it, she felt it impossible to leave the vicinity. With the first beams of morning, she returned to the hut. Awhile she paused at the wattled door, as if ashamed that lingering fondness should have brought her back to the spot which she had left with the purpose of never returning; but there was yet more of fear and anxiety in her hesitation—of anxiety, lest her fair-haired son had suffered from the effects of her potion—of fear, lest his enemies had come upon him in the night. She opened the door of the hut gently, and entered with noiseless step. Exhausted with his sorrow and anxiety, and not entirely relieved perhaps from the influence of the powerful opiate, Hamish Bean again slept the stern sound sleep, by which the Indians are said to be overcome during the interval of their torments. His mother was scarcely sure that she actually discerned his form on the bed, scarce certain that her ear caught the sound of his breathing. With a throbbing heart, Elspat went to the fire-place in the centre of the hut, where slumbered, covered with a piece of turf, the glimmering embers of the fire, never extinguished on a Scottish hearth until the indwellers leave the mansion for ever.

"*'Feeble greishogh,'*" she said, as she lighted, by the help of a match, a splinter of bog pine which was to serve the place of a candle; *'weak greishogh, soon shalt thou be put out for ever, and may Heaven grant that the life of Elspat MacTavish have no longer duration than thine!'*

"While she spoke she raised the blazing light towards the bed, on which still lay the prostrate limbs of her son, in a posture that left it doubtful whether he slept or swooned. As she advanced towards him, the light flashed upon his eyes—he started up, in an instant, made a stride forward with his naked dirk in his hand, like a man armed to meet a mortal enemy, and exclaimed, *'Stand off!—on thy life, stand off!'*

"*'It is the word and the action of my husband,'* answered Elspat; *'and I know by his speech and his step the son of MacTavish Mhor.'*

"*'Mother,'* said Hamish, relapsing from his tone of desperate firmness into one of melancholy expostulation; *'oh,*

\* Greishogh, a glowing ember.

dearest mother, wherefore have you returned hither?"

"Ask why the hind comes back to the fawn," said Elspat; "why the cat of the mountain returns to her lodge and her young. Know you, Hamish, that the heart of the mother only lives in the bosom of the child."

"Then will it soon cease to throb," said Hamish, "unless it can beat within a bosom that lies beneath the turf.—Mother, do not blame me; if I weep, it is not for myself but for you, for my sufferings will soon be over; but yours—O, who but Heaven shall set a boundary to them!"

"Elspat shuddered and stepped backward, but almost instantly resumed her firm and upright position, and her dauntless bearing.

"I thought thou wert a man but even now," she said, "and thou art again a child. Harken to me yet, and let us leave this place together. Have I done thee wrong or injury? if so, yet do not avenge it so cruelly—Sec, Elspat MacTavish, who never kneeled before, even to a priest, falls prostrate before her own son, and craves his forgiveness." And at once she threw herself on her knees before the young man, seized on his hand, and kissing it an hundred times, repeated as often, in heart-breaking accents, the most earnest entreaties for forgiveness. "Pardon," she exclaimed, "pardon, for the sake of your father's ashes—pardon for the sake of the pain with which I bore thee, the care with which I nurtured thee!—Hear it, Heaven, and behold it, Earth—the mother asks pardon of her child, and she is refused!"

"It was in vain that Hamish endeavoured to stem this tide of passion, by assuring his mother, with the most solemn asseverations, that he forgave entirely the fatal deceit which she had practised upon him.

"Empty words," she said; "idle protestations, which are but used to hide the obduracy of your resentment. Would you have me believe you, then leave the hut this instant, and retire from a country which every hour renders more dangerous.—Do this, and I may think you have forgiven me—refuse it, and again I call on moon and stars, heaven and earth, to witness the unrelenting resentment with which you prosecute your mother for a fault, which, if it be one, arose out of love to you."

"Mother," said Hamish, "on this subject you move me not. I will fly before no man. If Barcaldine should send every Gael that is under his banner, here,

and in this place, will I abide them; and when you bid me fly, you may as well command yonder mountain to be loosened from its foundations. Had I been sure of the road by which they are coming hither, I had spared them the pains of seeking me; but I might go by the mountain, while they perchance came by the lake. Here I will abide my fate; nor is there in Scotland a voice of power enough to bid me stir from hence, and be obeyed."

"Here, then, I also stay," said Elspat, rising up and speaking with assumed composure. "I have seen my husband's death—my eye-lids shall not grieve to look on the fall of my son. But MacTavish Mhor died as became the brave, with his good sword in his right hand; my son will perish like the bullock that is driven to the shambles by the Saxon owner who has bought him for a price."

"Mother," said the unhappy young man, "you have taken my life; to that you have a right, for you gave it; but touch not my honour! It came to me from a brave strain of ancestors, and should be sullied neither by man's deed nor woman's speech. What I shall do, perhaps I myself yet know not; but tempt me no farther by reproachful words; you have already made wounds more than you can ever heal."

"It is well, my son," said Elspat, in reply. "Expect neither farther complaint nor remonstrance from me; but let us be silent, and wait the chance which Heaven shall send us."

"The sun arose on the next morning, and found the bothy silent as the grave. The mother and son had arisen, and were engaged each in their separate task—Hamish in preparing and cleaning his arms with the greatest accuracy, but with an air of deep dejection. Elspat, more restless in her agony of spirit, employed herself in making ready the food which the distress of yesterday had induced them both to dispense with for an unusual number of hours. She placed it on the board before her son so soon as it was prepared, with the words of a Gaelic poet, 'Without daily food, the husbandman's plough-share stands still in the furrow; without daily food, the sword of the warrior is too heavy for his hand. Our bodies are our slaves, yet they must be fed if we would have their service. So spake in ancient days the Blind Bard to the warriors of Fion.'

"The young man made no reply, but he fed on what was placed before him, as if to gather strength for the scene which he

was to undergo. When his mother saw that he had eaten what had sufficed him, she again filled the fatal quag, and proffered it as the conclusion of the repast. But he started aside with a convulsive gesture, expressive at once of fear and abhorrence.

"Nay, my son," she said, "this time, surely, thou hast no cause of fear."

"Urge me not, mother," answered Hamish; "or put the leprous toad into a flagon, and I will drink; but from that accursed cup, and of that mind-destroying potion, never will I taste more!"

"At your pleasure, my son," said Elspat, haughtily, and began, with much apparent assiduity, the various domestic tasks which had been interrupted during the preceding day. Whatever was at her heart, all anxiety seemed banished from her looks and demeanour. It was but from an over activity of bustling exertion that it might have been perceived, by a close observer, that her actions were spurred by some internal cause of painful excitement; and such a spectator, too, might also have observed how often she broke off the snatches of songs or tunes which she hummed, apparently without knowing what she was doing, in order to cast a hasty glance from the door of the hut. Whatever might be in the mind of Hamish, his demeanour was directly the reverse of that adopted by his mother. Having finished the task of cleaning and preparing his arms, which he arranged within the hut, he sat himself down before the door of the bothy, and watched the opposite hill, like the fixed sentinel who expects the approach of an enemy. Noon found him in the same unchanged posture, and it was an hour after that period, when his mother, standing beside him, laid her hand on his shoulder, and said, in a tone indifferent, as if she had been talking of some friendly visit, "When dost thou expect them?"

"They cannot be here till the shadows fall long to the eastward," replied Hamish; "that is, even supposing the nearest party, commanded by Sergeant Allan Breack Cameron, has been commanded hither by express from Dunbarton, as it is most likely they will."

"Then enter beneath your mother's roof once more; partake the last time of the food which she has prepared; after this let them come, and thou shalt see if thy mother is an useless encumbrance in the day of strife. Thy hand, practised as it is, cannot fire these arms so fast as I can load them; nay, if it is necessary, I do not myself fear the flash or the report, and my aim has been held fatal."

"In the name of Heaven, mother, meddle not with this matter!" said Hamish. "Allan Breack is a wise man and a kind one, and comes of a good stem. It may be he can promise for our officers, that they will touch me with no infamous punishment; and if they offer me confinement in the dungeon, or death by the musket, to that I may not object."

"Alas, and wilt thou trust to their word, my foolish child? Remember the race of Dermid were ever fair and false, and no sooner shall they have gyves on thy hands, than they will strip thy shoulders for the scourge."

"Save your advice, mother," said Hamish, sternly; "for me, my mind is made up."

"But though he spoke thus, to escape the almost persecuting urgency of his mother, Hamish would have found it, at that moment, impossible to say upon what course of conduct he had thus fixed. On one point alone he was determined, namely, to abide his destiny, be what it might, and not to add to the breach of his word, of which he had been involuntarily rendered guilty, by attempting to escape from punishment. This act of self-devotion he conceived to be due to his own honour, and that of his countrymen. Which of his comrades would in future be trusted, if he should be considered as having broken his word, and betrayed the confidence of his officers? and whom but Hamish Bean MacTavish would the Gael accuse, for having verified and confirmed the suspicions which the Saxon General was well known to entertain against the good faith of the Highlanders? He was, therefore, bent firmly to abide his fate. But whether his intention was to yield himself peaceably into the hands of the party who should come to apprehend him, or whether he purposed by a show of resistance to provoke them to kill him on the spot, was a question which he could not himself have answered. His desire to see Barcaldine, and explain the cause of his absence at the appointed time, urged him to the one course; his fear of the degrading punishment, and of his mother's bitter upbraidings, strongly instigated the latter and the more dangerous purpose. He left it to chance to decide when the crisis should arrive; nor did he tarry long in expectation of the catastrophe."

"Evening approached, the gigantic shadows of the mountains streamed in darkness towards the east, while their western peaks were still glowing with crimson and gold. The road which winds round Ben Cruachan was fully visible from

the door of the bothy, when a party of five Highland soldiers, whose arms glanced in the sun, wheeled suddenly into sight from the most distant extremity, where the highway is hidden behind the mountain. One of the party walked a little before the other four, who marched regularly and in files, according to the rules of military discipline. There was no dispute, from the firelocks which they carried, and the plaids and bonnets which they wore, that they were a party of Hamish's regiment, under a non-commissioned officer; and there could be as little doubt of the purpose of their appearance on the banks of Loch Awe.

" ' They come briskly forward—' said the widow of MacTavish Mhor,— ' I wonder how fast or how slow some of them will return again. But they are five, and it is too much odds for a fair field. Step back within the hut, my son, and shoot from the loophole beside the door. Two you may bring down ere they quit the high road for the footpath—there will remain but three; and your father, with my aid, has often stood against that number.' "

" Hamish Bean took the gun which his mother offered, but did not stir from the door of the hut. He was soon visible to the party on the high road, as was evident from their increasing their pace to a run; the files, however, still keeping together like coupled greyhounds, and advancing with great rapidity. In far less time than would have been accomplished by men less accustomed to the mountains, they had left the high road, traversed the narrow path, and approached within pistol-shot of the bothy, at the door of which stood Hamish, fixed like a statue of stone, with his firelock in his hand, while his mother, placed behind him, and almost driven to frenzy by the violence of her passions, reproached him in the strongest terms which despair could invent, for his want of resolution and faintness of heart. Her words increased the bitter gall which was arising in the young man's own heart, as he observed the unfriendly speed with which his late comrades were eagerly making towards him, like hounds towards the stag when he is at bay. The untamed and angry passions which he inherited from father and mother, were awakened by the supposed hostility of those who pursued him; and the restraint under which these passions had been hitherto held by his sober judgment, began gradually to give way. The sergeant now called to him, ' Hamish Bean MacTavish, lay down your arms and surrender.' "

" ' Do you stand, Allan Breack Cameron, and command your men to stand, or it will be the worse for us all.' "

" ' Halt, men—' said the sergeant, but continuing himself to advance. ' Hamish, think what you do, and give up your gun; you may spill blood, but you cannot escape punishment.' "

" ' The scourge—the scourge—my son, beware the scourge,' whispered his mother.

" ' Take heed, Allan Breack,' said Hamish. ' I would not hurt you willingly,—but I will not be taken unless you can assure me against the Saxon lash.' "

" ' Fool!' answered Cameron, ' you know I cannot. Yet I will do all I can. I will say I met you on your return, and the punishment will be light—but give up your musket—Come on, men.' "

" Instantly he rushed forward, extending his arm as if to push aside the young man's levelled firelock. Elspat exclaimed, ' Now, spare not your father's blood to defend your father's hearth.' Hamish fired his piece, and Cameron dropped dead. All these things happened, it might be said, in the same moment of time. The soldiers rushed forward and seized Hamish, who, seeming petrified with what he had done, offered not the least resistance. Not so his mother, who, seeing the men about to put handcuffs on her son, threw herself on the soldiers with such fury, that it required two of them to hold her, while the rest secured the prisoner.

" ' Are you not an accursed creature,' said one of the men to Hamish, ' to have slain your best friend, who 'was contriving, during the whole march, how he could find some way of getting you off without punishment for your desertion?' "

" ' Do you hear that, mother?' said Hamish, turning himself as much towards her as his bonds would permit; but the mother heard nothing, and saw nothing. She had fainted on the floor of her hut. Without waiting for her recovery, the party almost immediately began their homeward march towards Dunbarton, leading along with them their prisoner. They thought it necessary, however, to stay for a little space at the village of Dalmally, from which they dispatched a party of the inhabitants to bring away the body of their unfortunate leader, while they themselves repaired to a magistrate to state what had happened, and require his instructions as to the farther course to be pursued. The crime being of a military character, they were instructed to march the prisoner to Dunbarton without delay.

" The swoon of the mother of Hamish

lasted for a length of time; the longer perhaps that her constitution, strong as it was, must have been much exhausted by her previous agitation of three days' endurance. She was roused from her stupor at length by female voices, which cried the coronach, or lament for the dead, with clapping of hands and loud exclamations; while the melancholy note of a lament, appropriate to the clan Cameron, played on the bagpipe, was heard from time to time.

"Elspat started up like one awakened from the dead, and without any accurate recollection of the scene which had passed before her eyes. There were females in the hut who were swathing the corpse in its bloody plaid before carrying it from the fatal spot. 'Women,' she said, starting up and interrupting their chant at once and their labour—'Tell me, women, why sing you the dirge of MacDhonnail Dhu in the house of MacTavish Mhor?'

"'She-wolf, be silent with thine ill-omened yell,' answered one of the females, a relation of the deceased, 'and let us do our duty to our beloved kinsman. There shall never be coronach cried, or dirge played, for thee or thy bloody wolf-burd.\* The ravens shall eat him from the gibbet, and the foxes and wild cats shall tear thy corpse upon the hill. Cursed be he that would stain your bones, or add a stone to your cairn!'

"'Daughter of a foolish mother,' answered the widow of MacTavish Mhor, 'know that the gibbet, with which you threaten us, is no portion of our inheritance. For thirty years the Black Tree of the Law, whose apples are dead men's bodies, hungered after the beloved husband of my heart; but he died like a brave man, with the sword in his hand, and defrauded it of its hopes and its fruit.'

"'So shall it not be with thy child, bloody sorceress,' replied the female mourner, whose passions were as violent as those of Elspat herself. 'The ravens shall tear his fair hair to line their nests, before the sun sinks beneath the Treshornish islands.'

"These words recalled to Elspat's mind the whole history of the last three dreadful days. At first, she stood fixed as if the extremity of distress had converted her into stone; but in a minute, the pride and violence of her temper, outbraved as she thought herself on her own threshold, enabled her to reply—'Yes,

insulting hag, my fair-haired boy may die, but it will not be with a white hand—it has been dyed in the blood of his enemy, in the best blood of a Cameron—remember that; and when you lay your dead in his grave, let it be his best epitaph, that he was killed by Hamish Bean for essaying to lay hands on the son of MacTavish Mhor on his own threshold. Farewell—the shame of defeat, loss, and slaughter, remain with the clan that has endured it!'

"The relative of the slaughtered Cameron raised her voice in reply; but Elspat, disdaining to continue the objurgation, or perhaps feeling her grief likely to overmaster her power of expressing her resentment, had left the hut, and was walking forth in the bright moonshine.

"The females who were arranging the corpse of the slaughtered man, hurried from their melancholy labour to look after her tall figure as it glided away among the cliffs. 'I am glad she is gone,' said one of the younger persons who assisted. 'I would as soon dress a corpse where the great Fiend himself—God sail us—stood visibly before us, as when Elspat of the Tree is amongst us.—Ay—ay, even overmuch intercourse hath she had with the enemy in her day.'

"'Silly woman,' answered the female who had maintained the dialogue with the departed Elspat, 'thinkest thou that there is a worse fiend on earth, or beneath it, than the pride and fury of an offended woman, like yonder bloody-minded hag? Know that blood has been as familiar to her as the dew to the mountain-daisy. Many and many a brave man has she caused to breathe their last for little wrong they had done to her or hers. But her hugh-sinews are cut, now that her wolf-burd must, like a murderer as he is, make a murderer's end.' "

Here the Tale might have stopped, and it was indeed perilous on the part of the narrator to dare another catastrophe. Critics, we believe, have, in former times, laid it down as a canon, that in no tragic story should there be more than one great, deep, sweeping, and consummated tragic event. And certainly "when great events are on the gale," the mind cannot endure the subsequent succession of others less impressive, awful, or terrible. But though the thunder-cloud may have burst, and we see the dead, there is no reason why we should not take an

\* Wolf-brood, i. e. wolf-cub.

interest in the wounded living. In this case, too, Hamish and his mother, though both doomed, yet survive, and we long to follow the one to the bloody grave, to see the other enter the still more ghastly tomb of her hopeless sorrow.

It will not, we think, be denied by any one, that the poetry and philosophy of the above terrible scene, are equal to anything in the whole range of dramatic composition. Nature speaks in her own strongest and finest language, from the first incipient germ of wild and insane conception in Elspat's mind, throughout the progress of her unhappy purpose, during and after its fatal accomplishment, in all the dreadful dialogue between mother and son, and every shocking circumstance proceeding, causing, and following from the perpetration of, as it seems to be, the inevitable crime. We see them both entering, as it were, a boat cast adrift on the stream of Fate, and hurrying on—on—on—while no power on earth can save them—down the quickening current, till it is swept over the cataract into destruction. The midnight urgency of Lady Macbeth forcing on her husband to kill his King as he is sleeping beneath their own castle roof, is not to our minds more terrible than Elspat MacTavish's sorcery over her son, thus driving him on, in the blind fury of disordered reason, to murder and death. The wickedness of the Highland Widow drags towards her our struggling sympathy by the fascination of its wildness, and the impress which it wears of the features of fate. She seems in her distraction not merely the prophetess, but the stern servant of doom. Fearfully as she acts on another, she is herself acted on far more fearfully; and we see in that frenzy, a Fiend within a Fiend.

With the victim of this wild destiny we sympathize from beginning to end—seeing from the first that something dismal is to befall him, but without knowing what that may be; or if we have a glimpsing fear of the catastrophe, shutting our eyes against its possibility, and hoping that some other termination may befall than the utmost extremity of guilt and retribution. Despair suddenly follows the deception; and the spell that is at first only thrown over him by his infatuated mother, so that we feel as if it might be again flung off, is seen by

degrees inspired into his very heart, making him for a time the wretch the Fury desires him to be, and almost as pitiless as herself, till with the consummation of his crime comes sudden remorse, and total surrendering and abandonment of himself to deserved doom. His whole nature is distracted, but in no way debased; he first struggles, then yields, then inclines to guilt, and finally, as if pushed on by an invisible hand of power, leaps forward to his fate.

There is a grand unity in the ruling passion of the tale, which is never interrupted nor broken; Elspat and Hamish are themselves two the only actors. How all we poor mortals feel for each other's agonies, widely different as our condition in life may be, is proved by the intense passion with which we regard the troubles of the inmates of a miserable Highland shieling! We are just as powerfully affected by them, as if "Tragedy in solemn stole came sweeping by," and as if the strife were in the hearts of the kings or conquerors of the earth. But to effect this is a triumph given but to transcendent genius.

No one is heard weeping for Hamish Bean—no young hunter with whom he had chased the deer—no fair daughter of the Mist whom he had wooed in her cot beneath the corrie. It seems as if he had had no other affections, out of the door of the hut of his widow-mother. If he had, silence and oblivion are over them all—and when led off to certain death, he "casts no longing lingering look behind," the certainty of his fate having blinded him even to the mountain-tops which he had so often climbed, their shadows his sole companions.

A military execution has been often described—never better than in what follows—although, it is obvious, that, after the highly pictured, passionate scenes preceding, any accumulation of pity or terror on this the closing one, would have been felt to be unnecessary and unnatural.

"Next morning as the very earliest beams of sunrise saluted the grey towers which crown the summit of that singular and tremendous rock, the soldiers of the new Highland regiment appeared on the parade, within the Castle of Dunbarton, and having fallen into order, began to move downward by steep staircases and narrow passages towards the external bar-

rier-gate, which is at the very bottom of the rock. The wild wailings of the pibroch were heard at times, interchanged with the drums and fifes, which beat the Dead March.

"The unhappy criminal's fate did not, at first, excite that general sympathy in the regiment, which would probably have arisen had he been executed for desertion alone. The slaughter of the unfortunate Allan Breack had given a different colour to Hamish's offence; for the deceased was much beloved, and besides belonged to a numerous and powerful clan, of whom there were many in the ranks. The unfortunate criminal, on the contrary, was little known to, and scarcely connected with, any of his regimental companions. His father had been, indeed, distinguished for his strength and manhood; but he was of a broken clan, as those names were called, who had no chief to lead them to battle.

"It would have been almost impossible in another case, to have turned out of the ranks of the regiment the party necessary for execution of the sentence; but the six individuals selected for that purpose, were friends of the deceased, descended, like him, from the race of MacDhonnail Dhu; and while they prepared for the dismal task which their duty imposed, it was not without a stern feeling of gratified revenge. The leading company of the regiment began now to defile from the barrier-gate and was followed by the others, each successively moving and halting according to the orders of the Adjutant, so as to form three sides of an oblong square, with the ranks faced inwards. The fourth, or blank side of the square, was closed up by the huge and lofty precipice on which the Castle rises. About the centre of the procession, bare-headed, disarmed, and with his hands bound, came the unfortunate victim of military law. He was deadly pale, but his step was firm and his eye as bright as ever. The clergyman walked by his side—the coffin, which was to receive his mortal remains, was borne before him. The looks of his comrades were still, composed, and solemn. They felt for the youth, whose handsome form, and manly yet submissive deportment had, as soon as he was distinctly visible to them, softened the hearts of many, even of some who had been actuated by vindictive feelings.

"The coffin destined for the yet living body of Hamish Bean was placed at the bottom of the hollow square, about two yards distant from the foot of the precipice, which rises in that place as steep as a stone wall to the height of three or four hundred feet. Thither the prisoner was also led, the clergyman still continuing by his side, pouring forth exhortations of courage and consolation, to which the youth appeared

to listen with respectful devotion. With slow, and, it seemed, almost unwilling steps, the firing party entered the square, and were drawn up facing the prisoner, about ten yards distant. The clergyman was now about to retire—"Think, my son," he said, "on what I have told you, and let your hope be rested on the anchor which I have given. You will then exchange a short and miserable existence here, for a life in which you will experience neither sorrow nor pain.—Is there aught else which you can intrust to me to execute for you?"

"The youth looked at his sleeve buttons. They were of gold, booty perhaps which his father had taken from some English officer during the civil wars. The clergyman disengaged them from his sleeves.

"My mother!" he said with some effort, "give them to my poor mother!—See her, good father, and teach her what she should think of all this. Tell her Hamish Bean is more glad to die than ever he was to rest after the longest day's hunting. Farewell, sir—farewell!"

"The good man could scarce retire from the fatal spot. An officer afforded him the support of his arm. At his last look towards Hamish, he beheld him alive and kneeling on the coffin; the few that were around him had all withdrawn. The fatal word was given, the rock rung sharp to the sound of the discharge, and Hamish, falling forward with a groan, died, it may be supposed, without almost a sense of the passing agony.

"Ten or twelve of his own company then came forward, and laid with solemn reverence the remains of their comrade in the coffin, while the Dead March was again struck up, and the several companies, marching in single files, passed the coffin one by one, in order that all might receive from the awful spectacle the warning which it was peculiarly intended to afford. The regiment was then marched off the ground, and reascended the ancient cliff, their music, as usual on such occasions, striking lively strains, as if sorrow, or even deep thought, should as short a while as possible be the tenant of the soldier's bosom."

Where was the frantic mother, and what was she doing, that she was not present at the execution? Military justice is swift; and the widow of the cateran was not now the woman she once was, when, with her infant in her plaid, she kept pace with Mac-Tavish Mhor on the breast of the mountain. She was also famished with hunger, and greedily begging food on her solitary walk across the moors to the far-off Rock to which the Sidier Roy had carried her son for execution.



And now she is all by herself on the moors of Glen-Falloch—but let another voice speak:—

“The minister of Glenorquhy left Dunbarton immediately after he had witnessed the last scene of this melancholy catastrophe. His reason acquiesced in the justice of the sentence, which required blood for blood, and he acknowledged that the vindictive character of his countrymen required to be powerfully restrained by the strong curb of social law. But still he mourned over the individual victim. Who may arraign the bolt of Heaven when it bursts among the sons of the forest? yet who can refrain from mourning, when it selects for the object of its blighting aim the fair stem of a young oak, that promised to be the pride of the dell in which it flourished? Musing on these melancholy events noon found him engaged in the mountain passes, by which he was to return to his still distant home.

“Confident in his knowledge of the country, the clergyman had left the main road, to seek one of those shorter paths, which are only used by pedestrians, or by men like the minister, mounted on the small, but sure-footed, hardy, and sagacious horses of the country. The place which he now traversed, was in itself gloomy and desolate, and tradition had added to it the terrors of superstition, by affirming it was haunted by an evil spirit, termed *Cloght-dearg*, that is, Redmantle, who at all times, but especially at noon and at midnight, traversed the glen, in enmity both to man and the inferior creation, did such evil as her power was permitted to extend to, and afflicted with ghastly terrors those whom she had not license otherwise to hurt.

“The minister of Glenorquhy had set his face in opposition to many of these superstitions, which he justly thought were derived from the dark ages of Popery, perhaps even from those of Paganism, and unfit to be entertained or believed by the Christians of an enlightened age. Some of his more attached parishioners considered him as too rash in opposing the ancient faith of their fathers; and though they honoured the moral intrepidity of their pastor, they could not avoid entertaining and expressing fears, that he would one day fall a victim to his temerity, and be torn to pieces in the glen of the *Cloght-dearg*, or some of those other haunted wilds, which he appeared rather to have a pride and pleasure in traversing alone, on the days and hours when the wicked spirits were supposed to have especial power over man and beast.

“These legends came across the mind of the clergyman, and, solitary as he was, a melancholy smile shaded his cheek, as he thought of the inconsistency of human na-

ture, and reflected how many brave men, whom the yell of the pibroch would have sent headlong against fixed bayonets, as the wild bull rushes on his enemy, might have yet feared to encounter those visionary terrors, which he himself, a man of peace, and in ordinary perils no way remarkable for the firmness of his nerves, was now risking without hesitation.

“As he looked around the scene of desolation, he could not but acknowledge, in his own mind, that it was not ill chosen for the haunt of those spirits, which are said to delight in solitude and desolation. The glen was so steep and narrow, that there was but just room for the meridian sun to dart a few scattered rays upon the gloomy and precarious stream which stole through its recesses, for the most part in silence, but occasionally murmuring sullenly against the rocks and large stones, which seemed determined to bar its farther progress. In winter, or in the rainy season, this small stream was a foaming torrent of the most formidable magnitude, and it was at such periods that it had torn open and laid bare the broad-faced and huge fragments of rock, which, at the season of which we speak, hid its course from the eye, and seemed disposed totally to interrupt its course. ‘Undoubtedly,’ thought the clergyman, ‘this mountain rivulet, suddenly swelled by a water-spout, or thunder-storm, has often been the cause of those accidents, which, happening in the glen called by her name, have been ascribed to the agency of the *Cloght-dearg*.’

“Just as this idea crossed his mind, he heard a female voice exclaim, in a wild and thrilling accent, ‘Michael Tyrie—Michael Tyrie!’ He looked round in astonishment, and not without some fear. It seemed for an instant as if the Evil Being, whose existence he had disowned, was about to appear for the punishment of his incredulity. This alarm did not hold him more than an instant, nor did it prevent his replying, in a firm voice, ‘Who calls—and where are you?’

“‘One who journeys in wretchedness, between life and death,’ answered the voice; and the speaker, a tall female, appeared from among the fragments of rocks which had concealed her from view.

“As she approached more closely her mantle of bright tartan, in which the red colour much predominated, her stature, the long stride with which she advanced, and the writhen features and wild eyes which were visible from under her curch, would have made her no inadequate representative of the spirit which gave name to the valley. But Mr Tyrie instantly knew her as the Woman of the Tree, the widow of Mac-Tavish Mhor, the now childless mother of Hamish Bean. I am not sure whether the minister would not have endured the visitation of the *Cloght-dearg* herself.

rather than the shock of Elspat's presence, considering her crime and her misery. He drew up his horse instinctively, and stood endeavouring to collect his ideas, while a few paces brought her up to his horse's head.

" 'Michael Tyrie,' said she, 'the foolish women of the Clachan\* hold thee as a God—be one to me, and say that my son lives! Say this, and I too will be of thy worship—I will bend my knees on the seventh day in thy house of worship, and thy God shall be my God.'

" 'Unhappy woman,' replied the clergyman, 'man forms not pactions with his Maker as with a creature of clay like himself. Thinkest thou to chaffer with Him, who formed the earth, and spread out the heavens, or that thou canst offer aught of homage or devotion that can be worth acceptance in his eyes? He hath asked obedience, not sacrifice; patience under the trials with which he afflicts us, instead of vain bribes, such as man offers to his changeful brother of clay, that he may be moved by his purpose.'

" 'Be silent, priest!' answered the desperate woman; 'speak not to me the words of thy white book. Elspat's kindred were of those who crossed themselves and knelt when the sacring bell was rung; and she knows that atonement can be made on the altar for deeds done in the field. Elspat had once flocks and herds, goats upon the cliffs, and cattle in the strath. She wore gold around her neck and on her hair—thick twists, as those worn by the heroes of old. All these would she have resigned to the priest—all these; and if he wished for the ornaments of a gentle lady, or the sporran of a high chief, though they had been great as Macallanmore himself, MacTavish Mhor would have procured them if Elspat had promised them. Elspat is now poor, and has nothing to give. But the Black Abbot of Inchaffray would have bidden her scourge her shoulders, and macerate her feet by pilgrimage, and he would have granted his pardon to her when he saw that her blood had flowed, and that her flesh had been torn. These were the priests who had indeed power even with the most powerful—they threatened the great men of the earth with the word of their mouth, the sentence of their book, the blaze of their torch, the sound of their sacring bell. The mighty bent to their will, and unloosed at the word of the priests those whom they had bound in their wrath, and set at liberty, unharmed, him whom they had sentenced to death, and for whose blood they had thirsted. These were a powerful race, and might well ask the poor to kneel, since their power could humble the

proud. But you!—against whom are ye strong, but against women who have been guilty of folly, and men who never wore sword? The priests of old were like the winter torrent which fills this hollow valley, and rolls these massive rocks against each other as easily as the boy plays with the ball which he casts before him.—But you! you do but resemble the summer-stricken stream, which is turned aside by the rushes, and stemmed by a bush of sedges—Woe worth you, for there is no help in you!'

"The clergyman was at no loss to conceive that Elspat had lost the Roman Catholic faith without gaining any other, and that she still retained a vague and confused idea of the composition with the priesthood, by confession, alms, and penance, and of their extensive power, which, according to her notion, was adequate, if duly propitiated, even to effecting her son's safety. Compassionating her situation, and allowing for her errors and ignorance, he answered her with mildness.

" 'Alas, unhappy woman! would to God I could convince thee as easily where thou oughtest to seek, and art sure to find, consolation, as I can assure you with a single word, that were Rome and all her priesthood once more in the plenitude of their power, they could not, for largesse or penance, afford to thy misery an atom of aid or comfort.—Elspat MacTavish, I grieve to tell you the news.'

" 'I know them without thy speech,' said the unhappy woman—'My son is doomed to die.'

" 'Elspat,' resumed the clergyman, 'he was doomed, and the sentence has been executed.' The hapless mother threw her eyes up to heaven, and uttered a shriek so unlike the voice of a human being, that the eagle which soared in middle air answered it, as she would have done the call of her mate.

" 'It is impossible!' she exclaimed, 'it is impossible! Men do not condemn and kill on the same day! Thou art deceiving me. The people call thee holy—hast thou the heart to tell a mother she has murdered her only child!'

" 'God knows,' said the priest, the tears falling fast from his eyes, 'that were it in my power, I would gladly tell better tidings—But these which I bear are as certain as they are fatal—My own ears heard the death-shot, my own eyes beheld thy son's death—thy son's funeral. My tongue bears witness to what my ears heard and my eyes saw.'

"The wretched female clasped her hands close together, and held them up towards heaven like a sibyl announcing

\* *i. e.* The village, literally the stones.

war and desolation, while, in impotent yet frightful rage, she poured forth a tide of the deepest imprecations—'Base Saxon churl!' she exclaimed, 'vile hypocritical juggler! May the eyes that looked tamely on the death of my fair-haired boy be melted in their sockets with ceaseless tears, shed for those that are nearest and most dear to thee! May the ears that heard his death-knell be dead hereafter to all other sounds save the screech of the raven, and the hissing of the adder! May the tongue that tells me of his death and of my own crime, be withered in thy mouth—or better, when thou wouldst pray with thy people, may the Evil One guide it, and give voice to blasphemies instead of blessings, until men shall fly in terror from thy presence, and the thunder of heaven be launched against thy head, and stop for ever thy cursing and accursed voice! Begone! with this malison.—Elspat will never, never again bestow so many words upon living man.'

"She kept her word—from that day the world was to her a wilderness, in which she remained without thought, care, or interest, absorbed in her own grief, indifferent to everything else."

"Every attempt to place any person in her hut to take charge of her miscarried, through the extreme resentment with which she regarded all intrusion on her solitude, or by the timidity of those who had been pitched upon to be inmates with the terrible woman of the Tree. At length, when Elspat became totally unable (in appearance at least) to turn herself on the wretched settle which served her for a couch, the humanity of Mr Tyrie's successor sent two women to attend upon the last moments of the solitary, which could not, it was judged, be far distant, and to avert the shocking possibility that she might perish for want of assistance or food, before she sunk under the effects of extreme age, or mortal malady."

"It was on a November evening, that the two women appointed for this melancholy purpose, arrived at the miserable cottage which we have already described. Its wretched inmate lay stretched upon the bed, and seemed almost already a lifeless corpse, save for the wandering of the fierce dark eyes, which rolled in their sockets in a manner terrible to look upon, and seemed to watch with surprise and indignation the motions of the strangers, as persons whose presence was alike unexpected and unwelcome. They were frightened at her looks; but, assured in each other's company, they kindled a fire, lighted a candle, prepared food, and made other arrangements for the discharge of the duty assigned them."

"The assistants agreed they should watch the bedside of the sick person by

turns; but, about midnight, overcome by fatigue, (for they had walked far that morning,) both of them fell fast asleep. When they awoke, which was not till after the interval of some hours, the hut was empty, and the patient gone. They rose in terror, and went to the door of the cottage, which was latched as it had been at night. They looked out into the darkness, and called upon their charge by her name. The night-raven screamed from the old oak tree, the fox howled on the hill, the hoarse waterfall replied with its echoes, but there was no human answer. The terrified women did not dare to make any further search till morning should appear; for the sudden disappearance of a creature so frail as Elspat, together with the wild tenor of her history, intimidated them from stirring from the hut. They remained, therefore, in dreadful terror, sometimes thinking they heard her voice without, and at other times, that sounds of a different description were mingled with the mournful sigh of the night-breeze, or the dash of the cascade. Sometimes, too, the latch rattled, as if some frail and impotent hand were in vain attempting to lift it, and ever and anon they expected the entrance of their terrible patient, animated by supernatural strength, and in the company, perhaps, of some being more dreadful than herself. Morning came at length. They sought brake, rock, and thicket in vain. Two hours after daylight, the minister himself appeared, and on the report of the watchers, caused the country to be alarmed, and a general and exact search to be made through the whole neighbourhood of the cottage, and the oak tree. But it was all in vain. Elspat MacTavish was never found, whether dead or alive; nor could there ever be traced the slightest circumstance to indicate her fate."

"The neighbourhood was divided concerning the cause of her disappearance. The credulous thought that the evil spirit, under whose influence she seemed to have acted, had carried her away in the body; and there are many who are still unwilling, at untimely hours, to pass the oak tree, beneath which, as they allege, she may still be seen seated according to her wont. Others less superstitious supposed, that had it been possible to search the gulf of the Corri Dhu, the profound depths of the lake, or the overwhelming eddies of the river, the remains of Elspat MacTavish might have been discovered; as nothing was more natural, considering her state of body and mind, than that she should have fallen in by accident, or precipitated herself intentionally into one or other of those places of sure destruction. The clergyman entertained an opinion of his own. He thought, that impatient of the watch which was placed over her, this unhappy woman's instinct had taught her, as it directs various

domestic animals, to withdraw herself from the sight of her own race, that the death-struggle might take place in some secret den, where, in all probability, her mortal relics would never meet the eyes of mortals. This species of instinctive feeling seemed to him of a tenor with the whole course of her unhappy life, and most likely to influence her, when it drew to a conclusion."

Thus ends this harrowing tragedy—humble, if we consider the condition of its two actors, high, if we consider their character, and the passions that wrought their ruin. What the language of lowly life really is, ought to be ascertained before we can decide a question of late much agitated in philosophical criticism, to wit, Whether it be or be not, mainly, the fit language of poetry? Mr Wordsworth holds that it is; and any man might well doubt the soundness of any opinion opposed to his on a matter which has necessarily been with him, for so long, a subject of profound meditation. That he is right in the main, there can, we think, be no doubt; yet, perhaps, he may not have stated with sufficient clearness and precision, of what kind of lowly life he speaks, when eulogizing the structure and spirit of its language. Surely he who has but a limited range of words—a small vocabulary—and that, too, vitiated by imperfect conceptions, and by an essentially vulgar tone both of sentiment and thought—is not likely, even under the influence of strongest passion,—which, we grant, is a sort of inspiration to all men,—to use elevated discourse, or give vent to many expressions that are truly impressive, pathetic, or sublime. Their speech on such occasions will, no doubt, be elevated above its usual level,—but that is not saying much, since the usual level is low; and a poet hearing an image or a figure flowing from such lips, is apt, especially if he has a theory which he is willing, or rather anxious, to believe true, to think such image or figure far finer than it really is; so that he extends his pleasure or admiration over the whole language, and persuades himself that, when it is in any great degree coloured by passion, it is then, too, almost always poetry itself. We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that the very best language of the lower orders of the people in any part of

England—certainly not in Westmoreland—when elevated, or purified, or vivified, or transfigured to the utmost it ever is by the strongest or deepest passion, often makes any near approach to poetry, or possesses any advantage over the very best language of the higher orders, when they who speak are under the same inspiration. The best of the one is not so good as the best of the other; and were we to sift out and winnow the chaff, and tares, and weeds from both, surely of such worthless or worse intermixture, the quantity belonging to the former would be infinitely greater. We say so from our own experience of the people; and from his own experience must each man, right or wrong, chiefly speak (for abstract reasoning here is unsatisfactory and inconclusive) on a question of this nature.

But we believe, that in such a country as the Highlands, and likewise many districts of the Lowlands of Scotland, the case is much otherwise, and that there the people under the power of passion do often speak poetry. The Gael are almost all excellent speakers of their own language—and that is a very poetical one we know; and there is no need of pointing out the many circumstances of their condition which long ago gave, and still continue to preserve among them, the superstition and the poetry of life. In the Lowlands, education has so raised the minds of the lower orders, that from every other cottage in many a parish, you may bring a peasant, who, "sitting at good men's feasts," shall scarcely, either by his general demeanour, or the general cast of his thoughts and of his feelings, and of his speech, show to a stranger's eye or ear, that only the day before he was a reaper in the field, or a ploughman behind his share, or a shepherd on the hill with his flocks. That such men should, under the power of passion, often speak poetry, is what might be expected, especially when we remember that their "bosom-book" is the Bible, and that

"The strains which once did sweet in Zion glide,"

are to them "familiar as household words." Every peasant is not a Burns, yet Burns has himself told us that many of the companions of his youth, what gentlemen would call clowns, were felt by him to be his equals—

may, superiors—nor was he at all half as much delighted or astonished with the Wise Men of the East, as they were with him, nor did he hear from their lips a language new to his ear, although accent and quantity were smoother and more correct, and the whole speech pleasant, from its fluency and its elegance.

In the Tale we have now left, Elspat and Hamish both speak eloquently always, poetically often; nor do we ever feel as if either the eloquence or the poetry were out of time, place, or condition. If we can believe they thought and felt as they are represented to have thought and felt,—and

nobody will withhold that belief,—we must believe, also, that such must have been the structure and style of their speech—their native tongue being, as all know, full of figures, and their national character distinguished by great power both of Passion and Imagination. For the words “native grey,” substitute “tartan,” and of the Highlanders of those and of elder days, and with most appropriate truth of Elspat and Hamish Mac-tavish, it may be said, in the words of a passage of Wordsworth, in which both the Poet and the Philosopher speak—

Exchange the shepherd's frock of native grey,  
For robes with regal purple tinged; convert  
The crook into a sceptre, give the pomp  
Of circumstance, and here the Tragic Muse  
Shall find apt subject for her highest art.  
Amid the groves, beneath the shadowy hills,  
The generations are prepared, the pangs,  
The internal pangs are ready; THE DREAD STRIFE,  
OF POOR HUMANITY'S AFFLICTED WILL.  
STRUGGLING IN VAIN WITH RUTHLESS DESTINY!

Having, wisely we hope, confined our critique to a single story, of the other two Tales we have only room to say, that they are likewise among Sir Walter's very happiest productions. “The Two Drovers” is a mere evolution or developement of what may be supposed to have been the real circumstances of a melancholy case of murder, which many years ago was tried at Carlisle; and the very charge of the judge to the jury, almost “*in totidem verbis*,” is given, with some few touches of more solemn and pathetic eloquence than are to be found in the real and original charge, fine as it was, and coming as it did from the lips of a most eminent and remarkable man. The tone of the Tale is more subdued and less imaginative—pitched on a lower key—than that of

the “Woman of the Tree.” But it arrests and rivets the reader to itself during its whole progress, and the catastrophe is terrible.

“The Surgeon's Daughter” fills the whole second volume; and to readers in general, will, we believe, be the most interesting of the series—for with much of the high imagination and strong passion of the “Woman of the Tree,” much of the more homely interest of the “Two Drovers,” it combines strong attractions of quite a different kind—great variety of incident, extraordinary, yet not incredible adventure, numerous fluctuations of fortune, unexpected, yet natural catastrophes—and, in short, much of the common concerns of this world, with even more of the wild and wonderful.

## NOBILITÀ ITALICA.

## No. V.

## RICCIARDA. BY UGO FOSCOLO.

No living Italian author should be so well known to the British public as Ugo Foscolo. Not only has he appeared before them as a patriot, a novelist, a poet, and a critic, but he has for years found his home in the metropolis of these islands. Although not quite aspiring to the rank, style, and title of a lion, he has figured at the evening *reunions*, distinguished by the imposing denomination of "The Blues;" and has expounded to morning audiences, tinged with the same cerulean hue, the most abstruse and recondite beauties of Dante's *DIVINA COMMEDIA*. Yet notwithstanding all this celebrity, his tragedy of *RICCIARDA*, written and published in the very midst of us, is, we apprehend, wholly unknown to the more English reader. This unhappy state of ignorance we are about partially to relieve, by an analysis of the piece, interspersed, as usual, with extracts; a notice, to which it is entitled by the possession of considerable poetical merit, conjoined to much of Alfieri's energy; at the same time that it affords no unapt illustration of the taste for bloodshed and horrors, with which, in a former Number, we taxed the Italian drama; inasmuch as the Protagonista, who, previous to the rising of the curtain, has poisoned one of his nephews, labours throughout the five acts to destroy a second nephew, together with the father of both, his half-brother; and proving unsuccessful, solves his disappointment by murdering his own daughter and himself. Those persons, if any such there be, for whom this is not sufficiently tragical, must have appetites, indeed, insatiable of mimetic disasters.

The scene is laid at Salerno, during the period when the Normans, first treading Neapolitan ground, offered their mercenary services to the different princes and republics, whose interminable feuds then, and long afterwards, incessantly distracted Italy. Such, it may be remembered, was the course pursued through many years by those bold adventurers, the fur-

ther profiting by those broils, they subjugated the masters they had first served, and made themselves lords of the southern portion of the country. The fable of the play appears to be purely fictitious. We shall briefly narrate the events supposed to have preceded its opening, conceiving that, in a mere sketch like the present, such an inartificial method facilitates the comprehension of the extracts given. To gather the needful information easily from the dialogue, seems to require the whole piece.

Tancred, Prince of Salerno, becoming a widower, espoused a second wife—whilst Guelfo, his only son by his first marriage, was absent in the Holy Land upon a crusade—and died, leaving by this second union another son, Averardo, to whom he bequeathed a share of his principality. The menaces of Guelfo, upon receiving the intelligence of this division of his patrimony in favour of the half-blood, terrified Averardo into flight, prior to the arrival of the dreaded elder brother. In exile, the despoiled younger prince married, became the father of two sons, and, impelled by parental affection, claimed his inheritance. Guelfo, then likewise a father, fiercely refused, taxing him with illegitimacy. War was in consequence carried on during many years between the brothers, and cost Guelfo both his sons. Upon the occurrence of an interval of truce, Averardo's son Guido visited Salerno with pacific overtures, fell in love with Ricciarda, now the only child of Guelfo, and gained her affections in return; whereupon Averardo proposed to settle all fraternal disputes by the marriage of the young lovers. Guelfo gave a feigned assent, and Guido's brother repaired to Salerno to witness the celebration of the nuptials, when Guelfo, who had flattered himself that Averardo likewise would, by attending the solemnity, have put himself into his power, attempted to poison both his nephews at a banquet. But Ricciarda, boldly interposing to save her bridegroom, her father en-

ed only half his purpose. This flagitious deed, of course, rekindled the war; and at the opening of the tragedy, we find Averardo, with an army of Bavarians, besieging Salerno, whilst Guido is secreted within the castle, in the chapel, or rather, in a vault underneath it.

The first scene introduces to us Guido, and Corrado, his friend, and his father's best warrior, who is endeavouring to persuade the concealed prince to issue from his hiding-place, and take part in the final battle, which is to avenge all Guelfo's past enormities, and to prevent his perpetrating more. Guido refuses to stir, whilst Ricciarda is exposed to danger, and asserts, that her perils will be only increased by Averardo's victory, as Guelfo, if exasperated by defeat, will assuredly rather murder his daughter, than suffer her to become his. Corrado proposes to delay the assault until Guido can find means to carry off Ricciarda to his father's camp; and the unhappy lover replies, that although in such a scheme lies his only hope, he dares not even suggest it to the tenderly-impassioned, but scrupulously virtuous and dutiful daughter. He then urges his friend to depart ere daylight cuts off his retreat, and directs him along some outlet from the vaults, by which Corrado had probably come, as well as he himself before him, and with which Guelfo likewise afterwards appears to be well acquainted, although he had somewhat unaccountably left it open. Guido, remaining alone, laments his fate, in being compelled to lurk like a traitor in his ancestral mansion, not daring even to wear a sword, or any weapon save a hidden dagger, presented to him by Guelfo, when perfidiously offering him friendship and Ricciarda. He then says he will retire to his vile asylum, as the morning is now too far advanced to allow of his mistress's venturing to seek him. Whilst he speaks, Ricciarda herself, pale and breathless, rushes in, exclaiming that she had believed him gone, and probably killed. He replies,—

Slaughter'd to fall, but for thy sake I fear;

But couldst thou, maiden mine, ever believe

I should go hence?

*Ricciarda.* Compassionately yielding

To my entreaties, I must hope thou'lt go—

Now I believed, and at the thought still tremble,

To death thou ran'st. I, from my chamber's height,

Beheld a warrior, in dark armour clad,  
With difficulty wade the depth of water  
That girds the castle. When the bank he reach'd,

His pathway with his sword, through all the guards,

Opening, he climb'd the steep, and from the walls

Down-springing, disappear'd—I deem'd it thee;

For who, thyself excepted, thus should fly?

Hither I rush'd, and missing thee, had hasten'd

To ascertain if thou unharm'd had'st fall'n,

Or to have gather'd thine expiring sigh.

*Guid.* Another perish'd on that spot, if Heaven

Preserved him not in pity to my father!

*Ric.* Another here with thee?

*Guid.* Corrado came

Secretly hither, to the camp to lead me.

How should I listen? Long he nought obtain'd

But silence; then laments, and angry words—

If slaughter'd, tears, endless as vain, are his!

*Ric.* Me miserable! From my sight to lose thee

Is thought so bitter that 'tis scarce surpass'd

By the dire certainty, that here remaining

Thou diest. I hoped, indeed, once more, once only

To see thee. I, thy faithful single guide,  
'Midst swords and darkness, from the thousand snares

Besetting thee to extricate thy steps,

Bid thee farewell, and never more—

*Guid.* Oh, weep

For ever on my bosom, and less bitter  
Shall prove thy tears.

*Ric.* Distant from thee, these tears  
That speaking wellnigh choke mine accents—distant

Shall they less bitter prove—for then at least

I, weeping, need not tremble lest they flow

Mingled with thy heart's blood, shed,  
(woe is me!)

Upon my mother's ashes—by my father.

*Guid.* Not ev'n a single hour to weep  
o'er me

Would he allow thee. Unto me if cruel,  
Fear'st thou he should tow'rd's thee prove  
merciful?

That day, when me from poison thou  
preserv'd'st,—

Him from new crimes, and deeper in-  
famy,—

Thou took'st upon thyself a load of guilt  
Ne'er to be pardon'd—only in the hope  
My love may blunt the sword of Ave-  
rardo,

Only to master me, he spares thy life;  
For ever in thine undissembling count'-  
nance

He marks that thou, despite his mandate,  
lov'st me,

Notes it in his black records, and, with  
blood,

Some day will blot it out. Thine every  
act,

Thine every tear or gesture, even thy  
voice,

Thy silence, shall confirm the dark decree,  
When he, perchance, remembers he's a  
father.

*Ric.* That oft, and pitifully, he remem-  
bers.

As much as one hating himself can love,  
He loves me, and his fury thus is tem-  
per'd;

His crimes he publishes to all; the pangs  
That wring his heart, from all, save me,  
conceals.

I only, when his bandit guards them-  
selves

Are sleeping, hear him through his  
empty palace

Wander. then, dreading solitude, call me  
His guide; then, after lengthen'd pause,  
invoke

His ancestors and death, his wife, his  
sons.—

— Of God he never speaks; Not only  
God

Yields him not consolation, as to us,  
He leaves him desperate of pardon.

Oh!

Upon the altar of his secret chamber  
With what strange pray'rs, what threats  
mingled with tears,

Heav'n he terrifically outrages!  
And trembles, groans, and shudders.—

Wretched father!

This very day, to battle whilst aloud  
He challenges, I know that in despair  
He rushes to the fight, with this sole  
hope,

His terrors to escape when in the grave.  
Judge if I must not weep for him. Dis-  
trust

Tow'rd's me he feels, I own it, as tow'rd's  
all:

Even himself he dreads; and I— am  
guilty.

*Guid.* Of loving me?

*Ric.* No, Guido; love for thee  
I ne'er deem'd criminal. Long ere my  
father

To thee had vainly promised me, since  
first

Thou hither camest, and in thy youthful  
pride

And generosity I saw thee, Guido,  
Thou know'st I loved thee; and in si-  
lence long

My bosom burn'd with all its native fire;  
I, uncomplaining, wept for thee, and  
loved thee,

As a sad solitary maid, who finds  
In love her only solace, knows to love;  
But guilt ne'er deem'd it. When the  
dire assurance

Of separation came, I loved thee more.

I love thee still; to thee am I united

In love eternal, lofty, innocent.

If therefore guilty—of thy heart, per-  
chance,

Unworthy—

*Guid.* Thou unworthy of my heart?—  
My spur to virtue, and my bright example  
Art thou! Did I not tremble to offend  
thee,

Believ'st thou I could limit thus my hopes  
To dying with thee? I a useless sword

Now wear, that thou mayst ne'er con-  
ceive remorse

For loving one who 'gainst thy father  
wars.

I, for thine honour's sake, am mute, nor  
hope

What most I wish.—A thousand times  
my lips

I open, and in painful silence close.

*Ric.* Too well I understand, and I will  
dare

The first to speak.—By day, by night,  
the thought,

Tempting and strong, with thee to fly  
my father,

Allures my heart, and more than by my  
father,

His danger, or his miserable state,

'Tis check'd by love for thee. Disho-  
nour'd consort

Of an unnatural child thus wouldst thou  
be;

To Averardo a detested daughter

Wouldst give, and of a race accurst,  
disdain'd,

Should I be mother—I unhappy!  
Thou,

Even thyself, perchance, mightst learn to  
fear

That she should know her husband to  
deceive,

Her father who deceived. Of such de-  
ceit

I've thought too surely. But I'll expiate



The crime, robbing myself and thee of hope,

Swearing that never shalt thou by such means

Preserve me. Ever shall my heart be thine;

My life I trust to Heav'n; if 'tis desired—  
At least my latest sigh in innocence

I'll give thee. But far more than me stand'st thou

Beneath the threatening axe. Hear'st thou? He comes!

*Guid.* The trampling of arm'd men—

*Ric.* He comes! Oh fly!

*Guid.* For ever, ever fly? Unworthy life!

Death were less hateful.

*Ric.* Guido mine, have pity

Upon my pangs. To breathe one last farewell

Hither at night I'll come. Now fly!

Guido complices, retiring to his place of concealment as Guelfo enters with his guards. The tyrant taunts his daughter first with prematurely seeking himself amongst the family tombs, and next with having there received her lover, who has been seen, he says, making his escape over the walls; to all which Ricciarda answers with submissive and deprecating filial respect. He then commands the instant execution of those amongst his guards who had thus suffered a single man to overpower and pass them. Ricciarda earnestly implores him not to hazard provoking those faithless mercenaries, who are their only defenders; and her father, although he expresses sovereign contempt for men who sell their allegiance, orders a large donative to be distributed to the rest of the troops. Guelfo then withdraws, bidding Ricciarda follow him; for no very apparent reason, except that it is time the first Act should conclude.

The second Act opens with Guelfo's return to the chapel, attended, as when he quitted it, by his daughter and his Norman guards. He thus addresses the Captain of the latter—

Uberto, with thy Normans, cross the bridge,

And to the envoy of mine enemy

Say, he unarm'd must come. Thou wilt remain

The hostage for his safety.

[*Exit* UBERTO and Guards.

Painfully

Dissembling, did I strive when last we met

To rule the anger bursting in my bosom.  
Too well thou knew'st, I saw't, who fled at dawn.

Whether he spoke with thee I ne'er shall learn,

And therefore tremble. But that to seduce thee

He came, and falling there, attempts new arts,

Is certain, from the embassy of peace

His father now dispatches from the field.

I would not hear him, did I not resolve  
Thou shouldst with me reply.

*Ric.* What can I answer,

My lord, save thy denial?

*Guid.* Not alone

Thus shalt thou speak, but here, upon the ashes

Of thy lost, sainted mother, shalt thou swear it.

Shouldst thou refuse, justly may I abhor thee.

*Ric.* To me unhappy, were thy just abhorrence

The consummation of my wretchedness!

And happy of thine own. Father, at times

It still consoles thee to perceive that I  
Thy pity merit.

*Guid.* Far less miserable,

Far less, would be my life, loved I not thee;

Less guilty too, wert thou not guilty first

Of loving secretly whom most I loath,  
To whom, only to satisfy my doubts,

I feign'd to wed thee. Thou, rejoicing then,

Already in thy thought forsook'st thy father,

Delightedly flew'st to the son of him,

Whom a false step-mother as brother gave me;

Who from my dying, doting father stole  
Half mine inheritance; such war who waged

Against me, as deprived thee of two brothers.—

And never, to revenge myself, or lure  
To fratricide his hand, I saw him—  
Never!

Thy joy was mortal poison to my heart;  
I sought to recompense thy base seducer—

Thou say'st him! —To the shame of the attempt,

To threats retributive a prey I live,  
And to my fears that thou shouldst fly me.—Judge

How dark mistrust, unblest'd paternal love,

Pity for mine own sufferings, wrath, but chiefly

My slow uncertain vengeance, rend my  
soul  
With horrid warfare—Often arm my  
hand  
Against thy heart, as often from mine eyes  
Wring tears;—thou seest them, and with  
rage and shame  
I shudder,—Of escape one single chance  
Hast thou, (not I, who cannot fly my-  
self.)  
One single chance; if forfeited to day.  
Like me abandon hope.  
*Ric.* Lost were my hopes  
When cruel to thyself thou grew'st.—  
But love,  
Whilst innocent, brought sorrow upon  
me.  
Hope was mine error, and I own its  
guilt,  
Criminal and unhappy if I made thee.  
But 'twas unwittingly I sinn'd. Alas!  
I trusted that my nuptials should bring  
peace,  
Quelling such wars; I trusted to have  
seen  
Unnatural fraternal enmities  
Allay'd. Of progeny fitted to sway  
Thy sceptre and thy sword, if heaven  
deprived thee,  
And thou'rt with stranger heirs beset, I  
trusted  
That I perchance might gladden thee  
with off-spring,  
And see thy dwelling of these purchased,  
false,  
Barbarian weapons—for our terror more  
Than our protection wielded—clear'd.  
Nor yet,  
Wert thou so will'd, wholly were these  
fond hopes  
Extinguish'd. Thou, from thine own  
tenderness  
For that unhappy daughter whom thou  
deem'st  
Thy sufferings' guilty cause, mayst well  
conclude  
How Averardo loves an only son,  
Exposed to great and ceaseless dangers.  
He  
Now haply sues for peace, of injuries  
Forgetful; of that general peace might  
I—  
*Guid.* By love and nuptials dream'st  
thou to appease  
Such hatred? Love to princes ever gives  
Usurping rights, and hidden arms t' en-  
force them.  
Thee, love had dragg'd 'mongst those who  
for thy sceptre  
And blood are panting; thou eternally,  
Poor wretch, a hostage and a slave hadst  
been,  
Vainly perchance of those iniquitous,  
(Once more thy dying parent to behold

Hadst thou implored; perchance hadst  
not even lived  
To raise my tomb. I am compell'd to  
fear,  
And therefore must abhor them; must  
abhor,  
As I have injured them; as by their  
pardon  
I were dishonour'd. Me they needs  
must hate;  
Let them! So none condemn, let human  
kind  
Hate me, and tremble whilst they make  
me tremble!—  
Peace, from such hatred springing, must  
be treacherous.  
Peace Guido brought, and thus seduced  
thy heart!  
Shall I give peace to others, I, who never.  
Perchance not in the grave, can hope  
it? Once,  
I too once fed upon such flattering hopes.  
But 'twas when through my breast sweet-  
ness and joy  
Thy glances shed; thou then wast inno-  
cent:  
Thy tears provoked me not, nor in thine  
eyes  
Didst thou compel me then to seek dark  
hints  
Of cruelty, to dread thy perfidy.  
Wert thou at least more guilty!—But  
away!  
Let Alps and seas divide us—Fly! More  
horrid  
Should prove perchance my dreary soli-  
tude,  
Against myself alone shall I be forced  
To tyrannize. This night for Brittany  
Thou sail'st, the consort of the Count.  
ere he,  
Apprised of our misfortunes and our  
crimes,  
Repent of having woo'd thee. But thou  
first  
Shalt on these ashes, in the Envoy's pre-  
sence,  
Renounce thy love, swear hate like mine  
to Guido.  
*Ric.* Hate like to thine? And here,  
where oft to Guido  
Eternal love I swore? Thou heard'st me,  
mother!  
And if in Heaven the miserable days  
Allotted to thy daughter thou foresaw'st  
not,  
Thou haply in her vows rejoiced'st. Fa-  
ther,  
Parted from Guido, since such is thy  
will,  
I'll live, and ever weep with thee. Such  
fate  
I merit, through my fault if thou man-  
kind

Abhorr'st, and liv'st of hope, thyself, and  
God,

Bereft. With thee I'll weep; amidst  
the bitter,

Dark, lonely days thou lead'st, shalt thou  
at times

Find comfort in thy daughter's tears—  
Thou oft

Hast proved it—If for other cause I  
weep,

Thou shalt not see it—who, if not my-  
self,

Shall, watching, praying, with repentant  
moans,

Upon thy head Heav'n's clemency im-  
plore?

Who save thee from despairing death?

*Guel.* Thou only

Compellest me to weep—And who art  
thou,

That I for thee from fiercest wrath should  
melt

To pity? Tears enflame my rage anew,  
That well thou know'st. Go weep alone,  
alone,

Until I summon thee, consult thy reason.  
Then, not lamenting, but in princely  
guise,

Be heard of him who comes. Thy words  
shall guide

Mine actions' course. Begone!

[*Exit RICCIARDA.—Enter AVE-  
RARDO, CORRADO, and GUARDS.*

*Judge from the place*

Where I receive thee, how I wait thy  
message.

*Aver.* The monuments of all thine an-  
cestors

I see; my lord, their ashes shall rejoice,  
If with thy brother—

*Guel.* Brother I ne'er had.

I know that, whilst in Palestine my blood  
Was streaming, Tancred stoop'd to se-  
cond nuptials,

And halved my realm, him to enrich, his  
son

Whom he believed. Further, I know  
the stripling,

In arms unpractised, fled to Germany  
At my return, and since, for thirty years,  
Calling me brother, wages war against  
me,

And of my kingdom, children, honour,  
strives

To rob me. Now th' assassin of his sons  
He loudly names me, swearing from my  
home

T' expel me. If such deed I did, unjustly  
If I took vengeance,—lo, in arms his  
vengeance

I meet. If falsely charged, for calumny  
So infamous, must high revenge be mine.  
Beyond all other stain would exculpation  
Dishonour me; shame on the vanquish'd  
rest!

Then how may peace be offer'd or ac-  
cepted

Whilst he of injuries to his blood com-  
plaints,

Unto mine honour I?

*Aver.* Thine accusations

Are fraught with arguments of peace—  
an exile

My sovereign fled, when menacing thou  
cam'st

In arms from Asia. If unjustly Tancred  
'Twixt you his realm divided, that I know  
not;

But more unjust were surely Averardo,  
Had he to beggary resign'd his sons,  
Of their ancestral heritage deprived.

And never, till a father's name he bore,  
Ask'd he his right. By thee with arms  
opposed,

His claim he too in arms enforced: if fell  
Thy sons,—'twas in the field; a sepul-  
chre,

And fame are theirs. He conquer'd,  
and thou reignest:

Is this no argument for peace?

*Guel.* To name it

Is argument for war. Boldly thou speak'st  
and craftily.

*Aver.* Boldly, though Averardo  
Might deem too little so, not craftily.  
Hear me.

*Guel.* But who art thou?

*Aver.* Corrado I,

Erst Emperor Henry's warrior.

*Guel.* In thine aspect

I saw the Ghibelline.\* A daring warrior;  
But from report I had believed thee  
younger.

Now answer—when in peace our faiths  
were pledged,

Was not a horrid ambush laid for me?  
Guido debased Ricciarda's lofty heart,  
As his son's bride ere Averardo ask'd  
her;

That if his suit I had denied, to fight  
Her weakness he might lure, then as her  
dower

Claim, and ascend, my throne. I saw  
the snare,—

\* If we are right in supposing that Foscolo means to represent the Normans as not yet Princes, he is guilty of an anachronism in using the appellations Guelph and Ghibelline, which were not introduced till some years after their establishment.

Alas, too late therein the guilty race  
United to enmesh. Why, with his sons  
To his paternal mansions came he not,  
This Averardo?—I had then—at least  
Had known his face as well as heart.

*Aver.* When Guido

His heart upon a princely virgin placed  
In secret, and obtain'd her love, he sinn'd;  
He knew not then that love was criminal  
In courts, or that 'tis meanness held t'  
inflict

A punishment not bloodstain'd. Aver-  
ardo

Judged well what bitter pangs his son's  
offence

Would cause thee, and intent only on  
peace,

He ask'd thy daughter's hand. If just  
revenge

Moved thee dissembling to assent, re-  
venge

Sufficient hadst thou not from him who  
died

In Guido's arms?—Just anguish arm'd  
the father;

He pauses now, constrain'd, 'mongst  
other motives,

By love for hapless Italy.

*Guel.* Say'st thou?

Such love oft veils a treacherous intent.  
And Italy is so degraded now,  
That I not only would not champion her,  
Leaving for her my son's blood un-  
avenged,

I'd scorn to govern her, even were it  
mine

Her thousand paltry lords, and her more  
vile,

More paltry populace, t'exterminate.

*Aver.* Unarm'd, Italy shudders, and  
seems vile,

Since the sword's use to her spoil'd citi-  
zens

Is by her lords forbidden, who, with  
arms

Of purchased strangers girt, to battle  
rush,

Madden'd with thirst of slaughter and of  
rapine;

Masking their vengeance under foreign  
rights,

Invoking now the swords of Germany,  
Now of the Vatican the interdicts.

The Pastor of the Church exhorts to  
peace—

But secretly the Princes he impels  
To trample on the sceptre, unto Cæsar  
By Heav'n through circling centuries  
committed.

To crime he may incite them, not dis-  
guise

Those crimes from the Eternal Judge of  
truth.

But what imports it us who conquers?

We

Infamous suffering alone can reap  
From sharing thus, as servants, in the  
conflict

'Twixt Cross and Throne, which against  
city, city,

Prince against prince, and father against  
son,

Provokes to arms, inflames to endless war  
The hate of ancestors, to late descendants  
Prolonging it. Shall we with blood and  
shame

Deluge our native land for strangers' in-  
t'rests?

Abject, unwarlike, and in factions split,  
Through strangers' quarrels, shall our  
children see her?

Was she, then, only for such quarrels  
prey,

By mightiest heroes founded?—From  
the Guelphs,

In thee who trust, take thou their hardi-  
hood;

Of theirs the Ghibellines will Averardo  
Deprive. At last by hands of citizens  
Conjointly brandish'd be our swords; and  
we

In hearts of citizens new wrath, new va-  
lour,

May soon infuse. With some few gene-  
rous hearts,

Italy's many hesitating Princes  
Shall we persuade to prove, not partizans,  
Or guards, or robbers, but Italian war-  
riors.

The enterprise is arduous, perchance  
Uncertain; but even failure shall be ho-  
nour'd,

And future ages shall with ancient names  
Rank ours.

*Guel.* If Italy has once been great,  
I ask not. Now I know, and I despise  
her.

I have no country but the throne, to that  
Nought I prefer save vengeance.—Where-  
fore talk

Of heroes? Silence of old times is best;  
And weaker than ourselves be our de-  
scendants:

Others' renown displays our abjectness.  
The future's gates against myself I close,  
And think but of to-day. Strength to  
the Guelphs

I give, since them you fear; homage to  
Rome,

Unarm'd who stands, bridling the meaner  
sort,

I pay; my sword she blesses and re-  
spects.

Bring'st thou no better arguments for  
peace?

Away with thee!

*Aver.* Thy heart is fame nor country  
May touch, at least be govern'd by self-love.

Rebellious are thy bands, and scant of numbers;

Salerno's plain is bristling with the swords  
Of fierce Bavarians, to my Lord devoted,  
For victory and booty all impatient.

*Guid.* 'Tis an old artifice befitting cowards,  
To seek to daunt an enemy with fears  
Felt for themselves.

*Aver.* Yes,—Averardo fears  
For his now only son, whom frenzied love

May rob him of. Thine anger for thy daughter

He fears; and for himself he fears.—  
Thine aspect

Therefore he shuns—he fears lest in thy blood

Thou shouldst compel him to imbrue his hand.

*Guid.* That wish I, if mine own in his  
I cannot.

Never, save dead and slain by other hand,

He'll suffer me to see what is this brother!—

What terms does he propose?

*Aver.* That thou shouldst sway  
Salerno, Ocean's coast, and the Castella,  
Leaving him Avellin' and Benevento;  
And thy Ricciarda be his Guido's wife.

*Guid.* Such terms must by Ricciarda,  
ere by me,

Be sanction'd. Hither came perfidious  
Another envoy; but—as I believe,  
Beheld her not. Her answer on this spot

Thou shortly shalt receive. Meanwhile repose

With thine esquire—trusting my faith.  
This way—

Guelfo thus clears the stage, ushering his visitors, we imagine, to their apartment, and the curtain falls.

Corrado, it appears, takes the opportunity thus kindly afforded him to seek Guido, whom, when the curtain rises again, we find him urging to see his father, which the son refuses to do, as he cannot obey him in leaving his dangerous post. With regard to the interview, however, poor Guido is not allowed a choice, for Averardo speedily joins the party, and whilst he acknowledges his own obligation to Ricciarda, through whose intervention only he is not childless, and proposes his aid to insure her safety. He represents to his son, that did not his Guelfo's anger limit the parental

arm, Guelfo would even now be conquered, as the mercenaries, exasperated by the execution of their comrades, are hourly deserting their tyrannical lord, and thus only can Ricciarda be delivered from the perils that threaten her. Guido ejaculates,—

Then were his fury desperate—My Ricciarda!

Inevitable is, alas, thy fate!

He now confesses that his only guilty hope had rested upon Guelfo's success; and to his father's melancholy exclamation upon such seeming blindness, replies—

My hapless bride is in the tyrant's power;  
Her love for me surpasses even mine  
For her; but filial virtue rules her heart.  
Never whilst danger menaces her father  
Will she forsake him; nor to such dishonour

Would I induce her. But subdued by Guelfo,

Homeless, unarm'd, and wretched, if she saw us,  
She might perchance to a triumphant father

Prefer me. But I wish not the fruition  
Of hopes iniquitous as flattering.

I loathe, I scorn them, though resistless—

At times they seize me. I to thee disclose them,

That thou mayst know how worthless is the son

For whom thou risest thee, and less he grieved,

To thee if lost.

*Aver.* Oh, rather all be lost  
So thou'rt preserved—but all with thee I lose,

If from thy bosom thou excludest hope.  
If the deserted Virgin human aid  
Fears or disdains.

*Guid.* Only with me to die  
Is my Ricciarda's hope: and this lost boon  
Alone, of love sublime as hers, I wish.

Averardo will not believe that any father, not even Guelfo, can murder his own child; and he and Guido dispute the point, affectionately and philosophically, at some length; the son maintaining that if, in obedience to his father, he consents to survive Ricciarda, it will only be to die more miserably of a broken heart. The dialogue is interrupted by Corrado's announcing the approach of Guelfo.—Guido returns to his place of concealment, and Guelfo appears, leading an

his daughter, whom—without remarking upon his guests thus visiting the Chapel without him—he commands freely to give her own reply to Averardo's proposals. She thus obeys—

*Ric.* But such reply as from his daughter Guelfo  
Expects, thy lord from her, whom his son's bride  
He had selected, and from Tancred's grandchild

All Italy. Perchance my bloodless lip  
May tremble, as, whilst speaking, from my heart

Those hopes I rend that have sustain'd my life,

That even now more forcibly assail,  
And dying I subdue—My lord and father

Commands that I this day swear—to forget

Prince Guido—

*Guelf.* To abhor him.

*Ric.* That I cannot,  
It lies not in my power—and if it did,  
My soul were abject. Him of mine affection

I may not rob, who, hearing what you now

Shall hear, would die of anguish. Him alone

I have I e'er loved; him still, though hopelessly,

I love, and his arm fix'd to die. But I,  
Ere given, was taken from him. Thence in wars

My father is involved; and thence such wounds

Have I inflicted on his sadden'd soul,  
As I alone may heal. I, who, forsaken  
A helpless orphan, by a sainted mother,  
To Guelfo, his sole comfort and associate  
Was left. His dying consort to his love,  
Intrusted me; to mine, her lord, with griefs,

Secret and dire, afflicted. If on me  
Alone depends the calmness of his days,  
If I alone such slaughters cause, and Heaven,

Dying by mine own hand, I should offend,  
Oh, drop your arms! My father's I remain,  
Another's ne'er will be! Thou, mother, hear!

Breathing perchance my latest sigh, I say,  
I swear, I never will be Guido's wife—  
And yet another oath, oh, mother, hear!  
Into thy peaceful bosom till received,  
Here shalt thou see me wander, and thy shade

Mutely invoke. Palace and bridal bed,  
Refuge and hope, to me shall be thy tomb,  
Which trembling I embrace, in which, I swear

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Thou shalt receive me, innocent as wretched.

*Guelf.* Sacred is thy first oath, the second's bonds

I shall unloose. Far hence a stranger lord

And foreign sepulchre await thee—Go—

*Ric.* Another's I'll not die. To Averardo,

Say that his son he must console—and save.

Ricciarda withdraws, and after a little more taunting of his supposed absent and unknown brother, on the part of Guelfo, who more than intimates that regard for his own hostage would not have restrained him from taking the life of either Averardo or Guido, if, upon such security, they had trusted themselves in his hands, this act concludes more naturally than its predecessors, by the dismissal of the envoys.

In the fourth act Ricciarda, visiting the chapel alone, says,—

The poniard I must take away. He neither

Now safely could depart, nor would he leave me.

Too obstinate a certainty his thoughts  
Possesses, that with blood I must atone  
The crime of saving him. And I myself  
This day, (idly, perchance,) against my will,

Like terrors feel more sadly. Oh, what hand

Would slay me!—Guido, thou behold me die—

Fly, Guido, fly!—then let me perish—Impious

Am I, if, or for vengeance or for death,  
Thou linger'st.—Father, should I have preserved

Thine executioner?—He comes; mine oath

With deadly pangs has wounded him—and I,

First must impart the tale!

Guido now joins her, and amidst much tenderness and sorrow, she relates to him her father's commands, that she should marry the Count of Brittany, together with the transactions of the late scene with Averardo's envoy. Guido exclaims—

Oh, Averardo, when thou heard'st her vow,

What grief was thine!

*Ric.* Thy father!

*Guid.* Then he saw

The only dagger I from Guelfo fear  
Struck slowly, deeply, in my heart, and thine.

*Ric.* Could he to me neither reveal  
himself,  
Nor I his footsteps guide tow'rd's thee,  
for whom

He came!

*Guid.* I saw him!

*Ric.* To thy generous father  
If deaf, me thou wilt never hear. Ac-  
complice

With thee, thou'lt make my father in thy  
death.

*Guid.* Ricciarda, hop'st thou still?

Know'st thou not yet

That if my blood he misses, other veins  
Must quench his thirst? Slight cause  
will to his poniard

Seem just, if every tyrannous command  
Thou fail t'obey; ay all and each—For  
ever

Me thou must fly—But fly from Guelfo,  
fly

In mercy, if thou wouldst not die the  
daughter

Of—of a parricide! If me thou lov'st,  
Bend, I conjure thee, all thine energies  
To a tremendous—necessary effort—

Weeping, I pray thee—though't be now  
no time

With tears to prove my passion. Oh,  
Ricciarda!

Wed thou another. Thou no happiness,  
Alas! shalt with another find; but thus  
At least thou'lt live. And I here swear  
to thee

By our unhappy love, that nor the sword,  
Nor other instrument of violent death,  
Shall shorten my despair.

Ricciarda, of course, vehemently re-  
jects safety to be thus obtained. She  
moreover exhorts Guido, even whilst  
asserting her conviction that her own  
father will never hurt her, to forgive  
him if he should, and to live through  
duty to his kinder father. After several  
speeches of love and sorrow, she says—

Give me that weapon, Guido.

*Guid.* 'Twas for thee  
I treasured it, if thou shouldst need it;  
now

Thy life being hopeless, for myself I keep  
it.

*Ric.* But at my bosom shouldst thou  
an armed hand

Behold!

*Guid.* One weapon many deaths may  
deal—

Ill thou dissemblest. Death thou fear-  
est, certain,  
Imminent—from thy father.

*Ric.* Oft I fear

'Tis troubled heart, and mine, to other  
nuptials

That cannot bend—but most thy love I  
fear.

Should the paternal arm uncertain hang  
And tremble as it threatens,—thou his  
crime

And ours, wouldst by thy love precipi-  
tate—

Thee slayer, and thee slain shall I behold,  
Or only slain—and from thy death shall I  
Receive the fatal privilege, my father  
Dying to hate, and execrate all pity  
That for his daughter he might feel.

*Guid.* The dagger

Be thine!

*Ric.* If I accept it thou'rt unarm'd,  
And soon a horrid, darkling light will  
rage.

*Guid.* Secure am I in my concealment  
Dawn

And the fight's issue must our lot reveal  
Should Guelfo be defeated, in my heart  
A dreadful warning long has whisper'd,  
sure

Is then thy death. The dagger may serve  
Guelfo.

*Ric.* Woe's me! Retain it, Guido.

*Guid.* But to him

'Twill then prove fatal. I no more deny  
What thou suspectest.

*Ric.* Heavens!

*Guid.* To me a sword

Were preferable, should the chance of  
battle

Against my father turn. With thee to  
die,

Of that thou robbest me. Then do thou  
live,

Mine own Ricciarda, victory and empire  
Be Guelfo's, and for ever be thou his.

*Ric.* I will be only God's. If I this  
day

Survive, to-morrow will I seek the altar  
From human eyes the consecrated veil

Shall hide me. Guido, never shalt thou  
know

Rival save God.

*Guid.* Less wretched, since to thee

All paths of safety are not closed, am  
I—

But I for ever lose thee.—Fare thee well!  
Fly me, and oh, beware to Guelfo's hand

This dagger ne'er returns! Trembling I  
yield it.

*Ric.* Terrible doubt! But if I leave it  
! thine

Tow'rd's thee as tow'rd's my father I am  
guilty.

Give it me.

*Guid.* Fly! and heedfully conceal it.

I tremble—Fare thee well!

*Itc.* We'll meet again;

Guido, again I'll see thee ere thou goest  
[Exit Guido.]

'Tis twilight yet, and all the palace inmates  
Would see me with this dagger. Here  
to linger  
Were dangerous. From human eyes  
this tomb  
Shall hide it.

*Enter GUELFO and GUARDS.*

*Guel.* Ever must I find thee here?  
Thy hand lets fall a weapon! Oh, I know  
thee,

Atrocious dagger! Welcome! Thee I  
grasp,

Not as thou wast upon that dreadful day,  
But destined with my blood still to be  
colour'd. (*A long silence.*)

Approach, abandon'd woman—To my  
rage

Thou see'st a horrid calm succeeds.—  
No more

I hesitate, if I may justly hate thee.  
With tears, not steel, or at the least not  
this,

I deem'd thee arm'd.—Dost know it?

*Ric.* It was Guido's.

*Guel.* Hast thou unsheath'd it?—

Mark—Thou see'st it not,  
Inhuman, thou! but I behold what blood  
Even yet 'tis dropping!—True—I told  
thee not

When thou thyself adorn'd'st it with  
this sheath,

'Tis true—But shudder'd not thy heart?

How dreadful

The joy, observ'd'st thou not, with which  
this dagger

Then lowly, I with princely jewels  
deck'd?

From mine own eyes I sought to banish it;  
I placed it in the hand I most detested,  
And he restores—this very day restores it,  
That thou mayst plunge it in my heart!

Dost tremble,

Perfidious daughter?—With their former  
tears

Again mine eyes are burning.—Fatal  
dagger!

Quiv'ring in my son's heart,—my dear-  
est son's,—

I found thee, when amidst the dead I  
sought him.

Whatever were the hand, atrocious, im-  
pious,

So deep that struck thee in that youth-  
ful breast—

I gave thee to mine enemy's loath'd son,  
That I might always know he grasp'd a  
weapon

Steep'd in such precious blood.

*Ric.* Oh, mother mine!

*Guel.* Back! Dare not with thine im-  
pious touch profane

Her sepulchre!

The father now vainly endeavours  
to extort from the daughter a confes-  
sion of how and when she obtained  
this fatal weapon.—He threatens and  
bitterly reproaches her.—She answers:

No more shall or excuses or complaints  
From me offend.—This only I implore,  
In tortures let me die, so nor thy hand,  
My father, nor that dagger, strike the  
blow

That ends my wretched life!

Guelfo, now observing that he is  
pressed for time, hurries off to oppose  
the enemy, who are actually storming  
the castle, but leaves some of his  
guards to watch his daughter, that,  
victorious or vanquished, he may be  
sure of finding her in the same place.

The fifth act presents us Ricciarda  
still in the funereal chapel with her  
guards, who would fain remove her  
from impending danger, but whom  
she exhorts rather to obey their un-  
fortunate sovereign, by merely watch-  
ing over her where she is. Guelfo  
then enters, attended by more war-  
riors, whom, together with those pre-  
viously upon the stage, he thus ad-  
dresses:—

No more of empire now to me remains  
Than time to die unmaster'd.—Go then,  
strangers,

And with your fellows join the conqueror.  
The treasures in my palace be your prey  
Ere the abhorr'd usurper comes. To  
Guelfo

His fathers' tombs, his daughter, and a  
weapon,

Suffice. Begone—obey. I yet survive.

(*Exit GUARDS.*)

Now listen.—Said'st thou over me im-  
pend'd

A weapon?

*Ric.* So I said.

*Guel.* This Guido gave thee.

He to no other had resign'd a weapon  
So prized. And thou this day receiv'd'st  
it? Girl,

Bethink thee, to thy father and to Heaven  
Thou speakest from the tomb.

*Ric.* This day.

*Guel.* A sword

He bore at dawn who fled.—Advisedly  
If this he gave thee, guiltily didst thou  
Accept it. Why conceal'd'st it? And  
when me

Thou in the battle deem'd'st, wherefore  
am I thee?

I'll force thee from this silence or despair,  
And point the path of safety. If since  
dawn.



Or when I found thee here, thou hadst  
the dagger,  
Guido is here. These subterranean  
vaults,  
Through which a stranger traversing the  
water  
Might come or go, since dawn have been  
secured.

Thy life upon a word depends—Reply :  
Where is he ?

*Ric.* Here I saw him, but observed  
not  
Whither he went.

*Guel.* Brief space for words remains ;  
To me of tranquil reason little—Speak.

*Ric.* Here, my last words where I pro-  
nounce, we met.

That I deceive thee not, father, be this  
The proof:—Ev'n though I knew his  
shelter, vainly

Wouldst thou inquire it. Neither of his  
rage

Or death will I be guilty.

*Guel.* Thou thy blood  
This day shalt give me, or eternal tears.  
Unvanquish'd, if within my grasp be  
vengeance,

Am I. Thence he or thou must fall.

*Ric.* Not him !

*Guel.* Traitor, thou'rt guilty if for  
him thou diest !

More guilty, him preserving. Thou shalt  
die !

*Ric.* Innocent blood thou shedd'st !  
Give me the dagger—

My hand alone shall plunge it in my  
breast.

'Tis horror for thy crime whitens my  
cheek,

And not remorse. Observe, I tremble not.  
Haply I err'd when secretly I loved ;  
But unto Heav'n, alone that knew't, in  
tears

I paid the penalty. And soon my love  
By thee was consecrated. For my sake,  
A brother Guido mourns.—Could I not  
love him ?

Here arm'd he stood, but not alone—no  
evil

Against thee purposed ;—he this dagger  
gave me,

Lest arm'd, and seeing me at this dread  
pass—

*Guel.* Oh, new and horrid pang ! A  
parricide

He may behold me, whilst I cannot kill  
him !

*Ric.* Therefore give me the dagger.  
Now for ever

My mother I rejoin ; clench'd in my  
hand

Guido shall see the weapon's hilt, so thou  
Escapest infamy.—With thee he'll weep  
Over thy lifeless unoffending child ;

Repentant thou wilt gaze on her, with  
groans

Embrace her, and eternal clemency  
Shall seal thy pardon—King of Heaven !  
Myself

I pour it forth, that in thy sight my father  
Appear not dripping with my blood.

*Guel.* In God

Dost thou confide ? But for revenge he  
reigns !

Already in his long infernal night,  
Though still mine eyes behold the sun,  
has he

Enwapt, confounding me. Amidst the  
darkness

Horribly round my melancholy soul  
His thunders roar. His name I never  
speak

That he replies not—I for vengeance  
wake !

And vengeance in my mortal bosom burns  
More fierce, since pardon he denies.

But, oh !

Must thou alone for my revenge be slain ?  
My daughter, if thou'rt innocent, thee  
God

A mute and blood-stain'd shade beside  
my tomb

Will station, to await me on the day  
When I from dust—from ashes shall  
arise—

Thou wilt not show me—thou with  
pitying looks,

The only refuge of my doubtful life,  
Already pardonest.—But in thy face  
I shall behold the agonies so long  
With which thy gladsome beauties I have  
faded.

From out thy wound will issue smoke  
and blood,

And God, extending o'er thy breast his  
sword,

Will thunder—Impious wretch, behold !  
A father,

Thy guiltless daughter thou hast slain !  
Away,

Away, detested dagger ! Daughter mine,  
Lead me to death—longer I may not live.

*Ric.* Oh, come with me.—

*Guel.* Can princely fugitive  
E'er find a certain grave ? Pow'rful I  
was ;

I shall be scorn'd. I have been dreaded  
—torches

Shall bar my footsteps. Lo ! already  
blazes

The sea with flames. A faithless Tus-  
can city

Has cover'd it with sails—my vessels  
burn.

*Ric.* His arms God opens to th' un-  
fortunate.

Come, father, I implore thee—Be thou  
seen

Regally flying but to save thy child.  
We shall find mercy prostrate at the altar.

*Gucl.* Thine be their mercy! I ne'er  
pitied them.

Obloquy, obloquy my sceptre were,  
If to the tomb I bore it not—Fly thou!  
I with my sires remain, who ne'er were  
base.

*Ric.* Who! I forsake thee?

*Gucl.* Of my lineage last

Am I, who, ere the morning dawn, must  
perish.

For thee—shalt thou become the bas-  
tard's prey?

His, who my kingdom, arms, and name  
usurps?

Ev'n of thy tears shall be my senseless  
corse

Defraud? Has he not robb'd me of my  
sons?

*Ric.* Woe's me! Oh, from that wea-  
pon turn thy gaze—

He hears me not—Alas! And yet more  
fiercely

Views it.

*Gucl.* Then, dreadful gift, to me return!  
'Twas rage that planted thee in my son's  
heart.

Rage gave thee to a foe unskill'd to strike,  
Who to a guilty woman gave thee. Rage  
Now grasps thee for revenge—whate'er  
it prove. *(A long pause.)*

Where is he?—On the ashes of the dead  
Though placed, I thence would drag him  
—Coward, come!

Thy father triumphs—safely come—Thy  
bride,

The altar, and the nuptial couch, are here!

*(GUELFO rushes into the vaults.)*

*RICCIARDA silently embraces her  
mother's monument.*

*Gucl.* *(without, and speaking at a dis-  
tance.)* For thee thy loved one  
dies! *(Long pause.)*

*(Without, but nearer.)* Coward, appear!

*(Long pause.)*  
*(Returning.)* Come, thou false traitress,  
thou shalt guide my search

To find him, to uncover every grave,  
Scatter abroad the ashes, from beneath  
Dead bones unbury him—

*Ric.* Forbear!—Oh, Heavens!  
Only in death will I unclasp thy hand.

*Gucl.* Dastard! dost hear? Dastard,  
come forth, or else

For thee she dies. Tremendously I  
shout—

Hear'st thou?

*(A pause.) Enter GUIDO.*

*Gucl.* I hear thee.

*Ric.* Father, from mine arms  
Thou shalt not disentangle thee—I'll  
cling,

When dead, more tightly—Guido, fly!  
Oh, fly!

*Gucl.* She, if thou fleest, a shade im-  
palpable  
Shall follow thee. Move not a step—  
defence

Attempt not—nor a sign. There, mo-  
tionless,

Take back thy dagger, or with her heart's  
blood,

Whom best thou lovest, smoking, thou  
receivest it.

*Gucl.* Hither I hasten'd to recover it,  
Yet unpolluted with her blood. In thee,  
Though nor compunction for such crime,  
nor horror,

I thought to find—Ever a parricide  
I deem'd thee, and mine only consolati-  
on

Was here with her to die. Me slaughter  
first;

Less painful death will be to her: thus  
only

Canst thou this day prove a less bar-  
b'rous father.

But mark—shouldst thou presume, whilst  
yet I live,

To wound her, little in such butchery  
Shalt thou rejoice. My fury, long res-  
press'd,

Fury unbounded, with resistless might,  
Shall from her bosom, and thine ancient  
arm,

The dagger sudden snatch. Ere by one  
tear

Her pure remains thou canst contami-  
nate,

By thy blood-dripping locks unto the  
sea—

Thy fittest tomb—thou hoary parricide,  
I'll drag thee. These are my decrees—  
thine own

Now follow—Mute and motionless I wait.

*Ric.* Oh, madmen! through this bosom  
must your blows

Be struck!

*Gucl.* Unloose thine arms—

*Ric.* O, take me, God,  
Ere I behold this impious carnage.

*Gucl.* I

Thy menaces disdain, although her tears  
Perplex me. But it shall not last. Se-  
ducer,

With love far different from a father's  
burn'st thou!

Wherefore that haughty look? Thou who  
beneath

A roof, not thine, plottings and homicide  
Concealed'st! Thou who to the daughter  
gavest

A poniard, destined to destroy her father,  
Could she have proved as boldly crimi-  
nal,

As thou hast made her weak, perfidious,  
vile!

I wellnigh drop it from my hand when  
justly

Her I should punish. No; I will not  
drop it.

Thy heart if otherwise I cannot reach,  
Through hers I'll pierce it.

*Guid.* Maiden, if my blood  
May satiate his revenge, him mayst thou  
now

Preserve from dreadful guilt, and me from  
life

As dreadful—I implore thee to release  
him!

Now, Guelfo, I approach thee.

*(As GUIDO advances, GUELFO darts  
upon him and wounds him.)*

*Ric.* *(again seizing Guelfo's arm.)* Hold!  
Oh, hold!

*Guid.* The blow was insufficient;  
scarce does blood

Follow, and from the heart not drawn.  
Observe,

I better know to die than thou to kill.

*Ric.* Now, Guido, dost thou love me?  
Back! Away!

*Gucl.* Again hast thou preserved him!  
See my palace

With arms and torches is already fill'd.

*Ric.* My Guido, we are safe! Leave  
us—my father

Will never harm his child.

*Enter AVERARDO and CORRADO, with  
Soldiers bearing torches.*

*Guid.* Keep off from Guelfo,  
Upon your lives, or he will slay Ric-  
ciarda!

*Gucl.* Which is my brother? Let him  
prove his right

To bear such name by murdering me.

*Ric.* If I,  
Oh, Averardo, thy son's life preserved,  
Grant me my father's!

*Gucl.* Averardo thou?  
Mistrusting nought, amidst my murderers  
Have I then stood! And thou, perfidious  
woman,  
Thou knew'st him?

*Guid.* Guelfo, take thy full revenge  
On me—I merit it—and upon them  
Thus fully thou obtain'st it. From your  
hands,

Officious and unkind, I'll disengage me—  
The innocent wilt thou see sacrificed,  
Oh, father, to preserve me? Loose your  
hold.

*Aver.* And thou with me wilt fall be-  
neath that dagger.

Hear, Guelfo, hear me. Pardon thou  
thy blood;

Spare her, and thine be kingdom, life,  
and peace;

And me abhor thou still.

*Gucl.* Whilst I abhor thee,  
Shall I endure the ignominy and grief  
Of seeing thee alive—Ay, thou shalt  
live;

But thy despairing son shall evermore  
Thine eye envenom, to thy sepulchre  
Dragging my throne. Abandon'd shalt  
thou dwell

Within my plunder'd palace, to behold  
Our blood and name exterminate. More  
swift

To act am I, than imprecate disaster.  
Observe thou, Guido, if I know to die,  
If my right hand now trembles. Death,  
to me

More horrible, to thee more slow, but  
sure

This wound shall give.

*(Stabs his Daughter.)*

*Ric.* Mother, receive thy child!

*Gucl.* My father, crueler than even  
thine,

Forcibly keeps me from thee. Fare thee  
well!

But not for long.

*Ric.* Live, Guido, live, again  
That we may be united!—Thine I  
die—

Forgive—my father's—deed. *(Dus.)*

*Gucl.* I follow thee!

With these words the affectionate  
father stabs himself, and falls; and  
the tragedy is over.

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\* \* \* When this article was written, Ugo Foscolo was still alive, or the tenderly solemn emotions that ever arise upon the disappearance from the stage of any individual whom we have been accustomed to see playing his part in the great drama of human existence, would have tempered the levity of our tone. We see, however, no necessity for erasure or modification, since no word was inspired by unkindly feelings towards a man of uncommon talents, of proud and honourable sentiments, and of honestly fervent, if not always judicious patriotism, but whom we certainly always thought prodigiously overrated.

## WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

————— Where hath not woman stood,  
 Strong in affection's right !—A reed, upborne  
 By an o'ermastering current !—

GENTLE and lovely Form !  
 What didst thou here,  
 When the fierce battle-storm  
 Bore down the spear ?

Banner and shiver'd crest  
 Beside thee strown,  
 Tell, that amidst the best,  
 Thy work was done.

Yet strangely, sadly fair,  
 O'er the wild scene,  
 Gleams through its golden hair  
 That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,  
 Earth-bound the free ;—  
 How gave those haughty Dead  
 A place to thee ?

Slumberer ! thine early bier  
 Friends should have crown'd,  
 Many a flower and tear  
 Shedding around.

Soft voices, clear and young,  
 Mingling their swell,  
 Should o'er thy dust have sung  
 Earth's last farewell.

Sisters, about the grave  
 Of thy repose,  
 Should have bid violets wave,  
 With the white rose.

Now must the trumpet's note,  
 Savage and shrill,  
 For requiem o'er thee float,  
 Thou fair and still !

And the swift charger sweep  
 In full career,  
 Trampling thy place of sleep—  
 Why can'st thou here ?

Why ?—Ask the true heart why  
 Woman hath been  
 Ever, where brave men die,  
 Unshrinking seen ?

Unto this harvest-ground  
 Proud reapers came—  
 Some for that stirring sound,  
 A Warrior's name :

Some for the stormy play,  
And joy of strife ;  
And some to fling away  
A weary life.

But thou, pale Sleeper ! thou  
With the slight frame,  
And the rich locks, whose glow  
Death cannot tame :

Only one thought, one power,  
*Thee* could have led,  
So through the tempest's hour  
To lift thy head !

Only the true, the strong,  
The love, whose trust  
Woman's deep soul too long  
Pours on the dust.

F. H.

## TO THE MEMORY OF LORD CHARLES MURRAY.

*Who died in the Cause, and lamented by the People of Greece.*

Time cannot teach Forgetfulness  
When Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

'Thou shouldst have slept beneath the stately pines,  
And with th' ancestral trophies of thy race ;  
'Thou that hast found, where alien tombs and shrines  
Speak of the past, a lonely dwelling-place !  
Far from thy brethren hath thy couch been spread,  
'Thou young bright Stranger midst the mighty Dead !

Yet to thy name a noble rite was given !  
Banner and dirge met proudly o'er thy grave,  
Under that old and glorious Grecian heaven,  
Which unto death so oft hath led the brave ;  
And thy dust blends with mould heroic there,  
With all that sanctifies th' inspiring air.

Vain voice of Fame ! Sad sound for those that weep !  
For her, the mother, in whose bosom lone  
Thy childhood dwells ! Whose thoughts a record keep  
Of smiles departed and sweet accents gone ;  
Of all thine early grace and gentle worth—  
A vernal promise, faded now from earth !

But a bright memory claims a proud regret ;  
A lofty sorrow finds its own deep springs  
Of healing balm ; and *She* hath treasures yet,  
Whose soul can number with Love's holy things  
A name like thine !—Now past all cloud or spot,  
A gem is hers, and up where change is not.

F. H.

## A MODEST COMMENDATION OF COCK-FIGHTING.

This beats cock-fighting.

*Yorkshire Proverb.*

THE nation has of late years become so refined in its taste, so fastidious in its morals, and so tender-hearted in its amusements, that there are very few of the enjoyments of its ancestors, which it does not proscribe as either vulgar, indelicate, or inhumane. And yet I have a great notion that the Englishman of two hundred years ago was as much alive to every manly, generous, and compassionate feeling, as his more polished descendant of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven. Our masters of arts may no longer claim the exclusive privilege of playing at taw in their cloisters and colleges; but it is not quite certain, that their present pastimes at Chesterton and Barnwell are a whit more intellectual. The coney-barrow of Lincoln's Inn is now covered by smooth lawns and stately terraces; but it may be doubted whether the living members of that learned society acquit themselves more innocently within its precincts than their defunct predecessors, who formerly shot with bow and arrow at the coneys which frequented it. Our country squires are no longer the devoted admirers of cudgel-playing and cock-fighting; but I am not quite satisfied, that cudgel-playing is a more savage amusement than boxing, or that cock-fighting is more productive of animal suffering than the multitudinous massacre of a grand *battu-day*. We, in our short-sighted wisdom, deem ourselves superior in everything to our progenitors, and ridicule, without measure, their pastimes and pursuits, forgetting, that in a few years another generation will hustle us off the stage, and will revenge our treatment of our ancestors, by treating us with similar indignity.

I have been led to these reflections by the perusal of some old and scarce tracts in the British Museum, on "the Royal pastime of Cock-fighting," and by the recollection of Colonel Martin's attempt in the last Parliament to obliterate it for ever from the catalogue of British amusements. Who that has seen the poetic colouring in which that pastime is painted in those pamphlets, and the important

political advantages, which are predicated as its results, would ever believe it to be the same recreation, which Colonel Martin has painted in characters of blood, and has denounced as no less injurious to private morals than to public happiness? For my own part, I believe the Colonel to have meant rightly on this subject, as on most others; but, as there is a good deal to be said on the other side, and as my black-letter friends state their case very ably, I will let them speak for themselves, and will leave the public to decide between the cock-fighter of the seventeenth and the animal-protector of the nineteenth century. That I have formed an opinion myself upon this important question, I do not mean to conceal; on the contrary, I think it very probable that I shall trouble the world with it, before I come to the conclusion of the present article.

The first tract, to which I have been alluding, is printed in black letter, bears the date of 1607, and is entitled. "The Commendation of Cocks and Cock-fighting, wherein is shewed that Cock-fighting was before the coming of Christ." Now, it is quite clear, that, if Mr George Wilson, the forgotten, and therefore ill-treated author of this treatise, has established the proposition, which he lays down in his title-page, he has done sufficient to win to his side of the question all those potent, grave, and reverend signors, who think we ought to treat with reverence the custom of ages. Let us therefore see whence he derives, and how he marshals, his proofs:—

"Do but look," says he, "into Plutarch's books, called the Lives of the Romans, and you shall there find, in the story of Marcus Antonius, that the Soothsayer consulted him to beware and take heed of Cæsar, because his cocks did always lose when they fought with Cæsar's. And I also read," (the varlet does not state where—but with a writer of credit, it is immaterial,) "that Themistocles, that worthy, valiant, and time-eternized conqueror, when he besieged the famous and great country Dahmatia, did use cock-fighting: for, at his begin-

ning and first entrance into that enterprise, before he gave any assault or offer of battery against the country, he commanded that two cocks of the kind should be brought unto him, and set down to fight before him, in the open view of all his valiant soldiers, whom he earnestly requested, most seriously, to behold and mark the battle ;" with intent, as Mr Wilson afterwards observes, of exhorting them "not to shew more cowardice and faint-hearted timorousness than those silly fowls of the air had shewed."

The exhortation, however, was needless ; for, after they had seen the undaunted and admirable courage with which these stout-hearted creatures fought, "they deemed every hour to be a day long, until they had buckled with, and defeated, their boasting adversaries."

But the champions of cock-fighting do not allow the proof of its antiquity to rest entirely upon this foundation. A "Lover of the Sport, and a friend to Military Discipline," who wrote, near the close of the seventeenth century, under the anonymous title of R. H., adduces evidence to prove that the fighting cock was one of the principal gods of the Syrians and ancient Greeks ; and contends, on the authority of Pomponius Mela, that the Roman Empire did not begin to decline, until cocking had fallen into disrepute among its governors. He goes even still further, and proves that the Emperor Severus was not able to conquer Great Britain, until he had rendered his principal officers passionately inulous of glory, by exhibiting a main of cocks every day before them. Now, with all due deference to R. H., whom I delight on most occasions to honour, I think that he was signally deficient in patriotism, in thus pointing out to our enemies an easy mode of bringing us under their subjection. However, as a century and a half has elapsed without their benefiting by his shameful inadvertence, I trust that they will still continue to neglect the lesson which his historical knowledge afforded them. But, be that as it may, we are bound, if R. H. be right, to encourage cock-fighting among ourselves by every possible recompense, and to discourage it, even on pain of war to the knife, among all foreign nations. Our ancestors may be forgiven for ha-

ving once permitted an army of cock-fighters to assemble on our shores ; but we, their descendants, with their fate before our eyes, should deserve a more galling slavery than that which befell them, if we were to permit another such army to assemble for our annoyance in any portion of the habitable globe.

Having thus substantiated the antiquity of the practice, my authors proceed, with all due gravity, to establish its propriety in a religious and moral point of view. Indeed, Mr Wilson descants upon this part of the subject so much like a sturdy theologian, that I cannot help thinking, that he must have been as great in the pulpit as he was in the cock-pit. One of his chapters commences thus :—"It is written in the first book of Moses, called Genesis, that God gave unto man sovereignty, rule, and dominion over the fishes in the sea, over the fowls of the air, and over everything that he had made ; and behold ! it was exceeding good, and appointed unto man for to do him homage and to serve him :"—and that, "not only for clothing and sustenance for his body, but also for recreation and pastime to delight his mind." Now, of all recreations for the mind, Mr Wilson assumes as an incontrovertible position, that cock-fighting is by far the first ; and, having made that assumption, proceeds to shew, that honest recreation, so far from being prohibited, is encouraged by Holy Scripture. He quotes the 104th Psalm—"There is that Leviathan, whom thou hast made to take his pastime in the deep waters,"—and infers from it, that, if fishes be permitted to take their pastime in the sea, "much more may man, which is the king of creatures, take his pleasures upon earth, as with cock-fighting, hawking, hunting, and the like." Now this doctrine, after it had stood the test of a century, appeared so palatable to the excellent R. H., that he adopted it as his own, and dismissed with inoffensive contempt certain arguments, which were used in his day, and are still repeated in our own, to prove the wickedness and unlawfulness of this amusement. Nay more, he supposed those arguments to have all the weight which their propounders deemed them to possess, and then challenged his contemporaries and countrymen to say, "whether

cocking was to be laid aside, because some did abuse the greatest blessings?" I give the answer to this question in his own words, first, because it shews the philanthropic tenor of his disposition, and, secondly, because I am convinced that any alteration I might make in them would only tend to prove how unequal I am to wield the arms of such an Achilles. "No—by no means—but rather, where we have one pit now, let us have two for the time to come; and, as we ought, let us improve this exercise for the general good of mankind, to which end it was undoubtedly intended." An exhortation, in which the great Machrie, the Corypheus of the feeders of Edinburgh in the seventeenth century, cordially joined, when he prayed that "in cock-war, village might be engaged against village, city against city, kingdom against kingdom, nay, the father against the son, until all the wars in Europe, wherein so much Christian blood is spilled, should be turned into that of the innocent pastime of cocking." Oh! much wished for consummation! why has its arrival been so long and so unfortunately delayed!

The arguments which I have just quoted, are sufficient to convince every genuine country gentleman of the old school, that cock-fighting, being a practice, which has descended to us from remote antiquity, and a pastime, which in itself is most unobjectionable, ought not to be put down by the innovating spirit of modern Liberalism. But there are other reasons why the game-cock should be an object of affectionate attention to all those who value, as they ought, the privileges of the aristocracy. The game-cock must have good blood in his veins: for, if he have not, it is in vain to expect that he will ever win spurs for himself, or prizes for his owner. He should be sent to the pot rather than to the pit, and should be stewed for the table, rather than be *stirred* or trained for the battle. "Your half-bred caystrell, craven cock," says Mr Wilson, "is to be despised:—as soon as he receives any hurt, God be with your game: for he is gone,—the house is too hot,—the fight too fierce,—and the danger

too great for him to endure it." But on your full-bred cock, be he a pile, a black-red, a ginger, a furnace, or a custard,\* you may bet broad gold to grey groats, that he will not fly from his antagonist, whilst he has life, and that he will "look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame," when he is compelled to resign it. Besides, it is quite evident, from the impatient manner in which he brooks any undue assumption of equality, that he pays a proper respect to the gradations of rank, and is, in point of fact, a warm admirer of absolute power. He is likewise a warm friend to the Protestant ascendancy: for, as Mr Machrie observes, from the Links of Leith, he was an early preacher of reformation, and convinced Peter, the first Pope, of his Holiness's fallibility. Can then any country gentleman, who venerates high blood, who cherishes the monarchical spirit, and who loves Anti-Catholic principles, calmly behold the game-cock placed, as it were, out of the pale of society, by a measure which would make him bid an eternal farewell to his pugnacious occupation, knowing, as he does, that this bird is friendly to three objects, which he must ever have at heart; whilst he lives, and breathes, and has his being?

But why should I confine my address to one portion of the community, when I can produce, from these inestimable pamphlets, such cogent arguments in defence of cock-fighting, as will convince a man, even against his will, of the impropriety of checking it? Under the wise regulations of our ancestors, the cock-pit was not less a school for valour than for truth, and modesty, and morality, and every other manly and high-spirited virtue. "In such places," says Mr Wilson, "there is no collusion, deceit, fraud, or cozening tolerated; nor any used, as in most other games and pastimes customarily there is;—neither are there any brawlings or quarrels suffered, but all men must use civil and good behaviour, what degree or calling soever they be of. And also it is there decreed and set down, as an irrevocable order, that no man, by cursing, banning, or swearing, shall blaspheme

\* These words, which are *φωρὰντα ξυγκοισιν*, may still be "caviare to the vulgar." I therefore think it right to state, that they are merely names of different coloured birds.



God, or take his name in vain; but that all of them shall speak modestly, and deal according to truth; and who-soever shall dissent from it, or do otherwise than is appointed, must undergo the punishment" which the rest of the company may prescribe. The stupidest Whig that ever walked between Westminster-Hall and Temple-Bar, will see with half an eye the advantages resulting from such orderly regulations; but these are by no means the only benefits which the lover of cocking is likely to derive from his attendance in the pit. Mr Wilson, whose testimony is placed far above all dispute by his long experience, informs us in various parts of his performance, that we may learn there many other good lessons, whereof we may make profitable use, provided that we know how to apply them rightly; as, first of all, "to be valorous, and fight courageously against our enemies; and, as the game-cocks do, never to give over, but either get the victory, or die valiantly;" secondly, "to be vigilant and watchful as they are, and to avoid slothfulness, which generally reigns so much in us;" thirdly, "to be constant and loving to our wives, as they are to their hens, and to be tender and careful over them, which are so nearly and dearly bound to us by the law of God, as to be one flesh, one mind, one faith, and one troth;" and, last of all, "to stretch forth ourselves, and to strain our voices, as they do, in uttering of God's affairs," and in noting the soft and silent, but painfully rapid march of time into eternity.

Such being the case, it is not surprising that my friend R. II.—let me give him, though unknown, this title, since I would have haunted the cockpit till I had gained his friendship, had I lived in his day—should wish so innocent an exercise as cocking to be encouraged by act of Parliament. He contends, that a better expedient cannot be found to "rouse the drowsy courage, and thaw the frozen valour of a people, lulled with soft ease, and degenerated into base and servile effeminacy." Like Milton, he laments, with great indignation, over the evil days in which his lot had been cast, and over the rapid decline in the national spirit which had been produced by the open riot and luxury of his age. "We want of cudgel-playing and

cock-fighting," he observes, "men have now taken to drinking and dancing, and wear their swords more for show than service. A basket-hilt, with a blade three inches broad, such as our valiant ancestors had wont to wear, is now derided by the effeminate fops of our days, who choose to hazard their lives and fortunes in the fatal arms of a diseased mistress, rather than venture a push at single rapier, or take a turn at back-sword with a skilful antagonist, where, with their flaming blades, they might hew bright honour from the errors of their adversaries, and gild their memories with applause in immortal death." His exertions to bring his countrymen back to better practices, are visible enough in this pamphlet; and I have myself little doubt, that one half of Marlborough's victories were owing to the pains which he took, as well by writing in the study, as by word of mouth in the cockpit, to inspire his young companions with his own love for danger, and his own heroic contempt for blood and wounds. He tells us, that he was convinced by long experience in the world, that there never yet was a perfidious man, or a real coward, that loved cocking. "Nay," adds he, "so dissonant are cocking and cowardice, that it is morally impossible for a coward unfeignedly to love cocking;" and, therefore, some timorous souls, to avoid the odium attendant on the last, have even feigned a liking for the first:—just as the skin-flint, who has not soul enough to get drunk at home, is always boasting of the glorious carouses which he has had elsewhere; or as the half-starved Irish student, who has never risen above the level of his laundress in his amours, is always pluming himself in company on the gracious favours he has received from duchesses and countesses whom he never saw.

As the advantages resulting from cock-fighting are so numerous and undeniable, it follows almost as a matter of course, that many wise and valiant princes must have greatly encouraged it. Our own Henry the Eighth caused a most sumptuous and stately pit to be erected in Whitehall, where he often disported himself with this amusement among his most noble and loving subjects; and I am not clear, that the ministers of the crown have not been guilty of a high crime

and misdemeanour, in eclipsing the gaiety of the nation, by converting it into an arena for vexatious litigants and wrangling lawyers. The great Lion of the North, who purchased immortality by death on the plains of Lutzen, told the King of Denmark, when he went to rescue him out of the talons of German power, that he had no substantial cause for fear, since he was well assured that the Imperialists had "given up cock-fighting, and were wholly devoted to effeminate dancing and enervating drunkenness—two infallible signs of a sinking people." An observation befitting the sagacity of the great Gustavus, and deserving to be written in letters of gold with a quill plucked from the wing of a victorious game-cock! The great Illector of Europe, as a contemporary writer called Louis the Fourteenth of France, complained of nothing so much as the want of cocking in his country, and attributed the decline of his fortunes to the martial spirit generated by it on our side of the Channel. Christian, King of Denmark, who defended his capital so nobly against the power of Sweden, saw in a very clear light the advantage which a soldier derived from attending upon cock-fights. "See here," said he one day, as he held his court in his cock-pit—"see here, how the cocks advance one against another,—sometimes retiring, sometimes pursuing,—sometimes in one form and sometimes in another. What variety of strokes! what diversity of fight is here shown in one battle! Were I to lead an army against the grand Infidel of Constantinople, I would choose none but cockers for my commanders, none but lovers of the sport for my common soldiers." A hint, which the three great Powers will do well to remember, when they appoint a commander to the combined squadron, which they have sent to cruise amid the isles and isthmuses of immortal Greece.

I have now demonstrated the lawfulness and antiquity of this pastime—I have shown its intimate connexion with those glorious principles, which secure the stability of our excellent constitution in church and state—I have proved it to be the nurse of all the manly, and social, and domestic virtues—I have confirmed the arguments by which these several propo-

sitions are made out by the deliberate opinions of sagacious statesmen and heroic kings, whose merits will be respected as long as there is memory in man. Here then I might rest. But no—there is more left behind; and whilst I have anything to tell in exaltation of this subject, I cannot consent to sit down in silence. All men, says Dr Harris, would be happy if they knew how, not happy for moments and miserable for years, but happy from the commencement to the close of their earthly career. It is clear, that Dr Harris knew nothing of cock-fighting, or he would have told his readers, that, if ever anything in the world were delectable and pleasant to the heart of man, and calculated to beget in him "mirthful jovisaunce and recreation," it was and is this excellent sport. For it has a hidden mystery about it, whereby those who affect it seem, like the sage of old, "to tread in air and contemplate the sun," whilst "those who, of their own accord, or by any other man's instigation, do refrain from it, are melancholy, sad, and disconsolate, lovers of gloom and solitude, ever musing on the worst things, and not on the best, and imagining evil rather than good." Mr Wilson declares, that this has been proved to be neither fable nor fiction, but undoubted truth, by the experience of many individuals of good account, to their hinderance and grief, and to his exceeding great sorrow. He therefore advises all men, who take delight in this delicious and pleasant pastime, never to forsake or leave it, or to alienate themselves from it, so long as it shall please the Almighty to bless and prosper them; and proclaims for his own part, that "he is resolved, so long as life and health shall last, and God shall lend his limbs ability and strength to bear him, never to abstain from it, when conveniently he may be at it, nor ever consent to give it over, while fortune permits him to participate in its enjoyment."

The foregoing resolution, which is at once pious and philosophical, illustrates, aptly enough, the spirit of devout resignation, with which the genuine cock-fighter always submits himself to "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." But a stronger illustration of it, if necessary, may be found in the few, but memorable,

lines, which the inimitable R. II. wrote in dedication of his work to the right worshipful, his very good friend, Sir T. Urquhart, Knight. It appears from them, that, as the knight's valiant grandfather lay bleeding, from a mortal wound, on the disastrous field of Naseby, "a fatal pit to many a gallant cock, a bloody spot of ireful ground, on which the fierce Bellona's savage shambles stood,"—he consoled himself, like a gallant cavalier, with the recollections of a long life spent in loyalty and cock-fighting, and quailed not in spirit for a moment, though surrounded by scenes of difficulty and danger, and in the presence of approaching death. "My King," said he, "and a good cock; I have ever loved; and like a good cock, in my sovereign's service, I gladly now expire." What a memorable speech for his posterity to be proud of! What a laudable example for them to emulate! And emulate it they did; for neither his sons, nor his sons' sons, degenerated from the spirit of their noble progenitor. "You yourself," exclaims the enthusiastic R. II., as he addresses his friend in warm admiration of his surpassing merits, "you yourself, in the morning of your days, took to the royal sport, and closely followed it for many years, even till mighty William called you forth to signalize your valour in the bloody Irish fields of Athlone and Cannough, where you cut through the squadrons of the affrighted French, and made the howling Teagues fly to their bogs for shelter!" Peace to his ashes:—I trust that he is now enjoying in the Elysian Fields, among the cock-fighters of antiquity, that felicity which is reserved for all those who have enrolled themselves, by their illustrious actions, among the benefactors of their country.

I forget who it was that first observed, that peace had its triumphs as well as war; but I claim the merit of first observing, that the habits of the cock-fighter qualify him equally for the triumphs of both. Who enjoys more heartily the comforts of a rural life, "toping souls, and rich October liquor?" Who ingratiates himself sooner in the hearts of his friends and tenants than the man who, in studying his own pleasures, administers also to theirs? Who stands in less need of keepers and spring-guns, and game

laws, to guard his preserves, than the man who has them protected by the affection of his humble neighbours? In short, who practises hospitality more kindly or more extensively than the man, who can exhibit at his board the numerous trophies which he has gained by his success in the cock-pit? Oh! for a restoration of those golden days, when such success was estimated at its proper value! Then we had few poor, and still fewer poor laws: then we heard nothing of Emigration reports and Emigration Committees: then we deemed it an ill-boding sign to see our able-bodied peasantry quitting in crowds their native country: then we had little vice to suppress, and no society for the suppression of it: then we feared God, honoured the King, obeyed his ministers, and sought to reach heaven by a strict performance of our duty on earth, and not by tying ourselves, like wisps of hay, to the tail of some gigantic and aeropleustic kite.

I have now nearly concluded; and, if what I have already said be not sufficient to deter the Lords and Commons of England from prohibiting this ancient, and venerable, and profitable amusement, I despair of being able to produce that result by saying more. Let them not, I humbly implore them, be led away by the canting philosophy, the pretending and pretended humanity, of the day. Let them recollect that cock-fighting has been part of the system under which the country has become the terror, and envy, and admiration of the world; and let them reflect long and deeply, before they venture to lay sacrilegious hands on this royal pastime. One rash enactment may destroy, in a few years, that manly spirit which it often requires centuries to generate in a nation. Our ancestors loved the cock-pit, and were not brutalized by frequenting it; why then should we be prohibited, as Colonel Martin desires, from even approaching it? I have heard no sufficient reason, as yet, assigned for such a prohibition, though I have no doubt that there are many abler arguments to be produced against it, than either I have expressed, or am any way able to express sufficiently. Wherefore, I will conclude at once, by declaring with Mr Wilson, to whom I now affectionately and gratefully bid farewell; that "I am resolved to leave

the further defence of Cock-fighting for some more blessed brain to take in hand, and will content myself with that which I have already done, not doubting, but that in time, this illiterate and imperfect Embryo will intimate and allure some of Apollo's sacred hairs, some of Thamis's sweet-singing swans, some heaven-inspired

soul-enchancing poet, to caroll forth at full, in high and heart-pleasing strains, its due and well deserved praises,"—a thing, which, as Mr Wilson says, I shall be most glad to hear, and will most heartily and devoutly pray for.

GALLUS GALLINACEUS.

*London, 2d October, 1827.*

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ON THE MONOPOLY OF THE LONDON RETAIL ORANGE TRADE BY THE JEWS.

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THE general temper of us—Christopher North—may be compared to a bowl of milk punch, in which the acid—the sweet—the mild—and the strong—meet each other on the basis of mutual concession, and altogether form a combination that is wonderfully rich and palatable. We say *milk punch*, because we are totally at a loss to discover any ingredient in our composition bearing the slightest analogy to water, whereas the milk of human kindness, much resembling that balmy and nutritious beverage with which almanac nourishes her thirsty alumni, is undoubtedly the base (chemically speaking) of our moral system, chastening and subduing the harshness of the other component parts, and blending them into an harmonious whole. But by no means are we always of the same flavour: sometimes suavity, sometimes acidity, is the order of the month, and we have periodical fits of liberality, as of the gout. The former we suspect are somewhat influenced by the moon, as when that luminary is at the full, our constitutional sugar predominates, and we are unargumentative and conciliatory to a degree. During these our lunar moods, in one of which we are at this present writing, we are apt to fancy Mr Joseph Hume a great arithmetician, and to become warm in our commendation of the wonderful policy of Mr Huskisson's Free Trade measures; we even go the length of inviting a certain ardent advocate of Catholic Emancipation to eat poldoodies at Ambrose's, naming a day when business or pleasure will detain ourselves at some incalculably remote distance from Edinburgh. But though we thus yearn with periodical affection towards the Papists,—though we have (during an harvest moon) even felt charitably disposed towards a Cockney—for a Jew we have ever entertained an antipathy

totally uninfluenced and unassuaged by any change of circumstance or climate. What an unamiable trait in the character of a man to refuse to partake of roast sucking pig or boiled pork! What degradation, physical as well as moral, to deal in rhubarb and old clothes!

We speak from official documents, and within compass, when we assert that 1,500,000 of the lower Irish import themselves annually into the metropolis of England, for the purpose of retailing oranges to sucking Cockneys. This is a statement we would not hesitate to carry into the House of Commons, craving the usual indulgence of that honourable body for errors in the omission or addition of ciphers, which go for nothing in the liberal ministerial calculations of the present day. Thus one-fourth part of that euphonous complement devoted by Irish patriots and mob-orators to slavery and oppression in the sister isle, are for many months of the year enacting the part of liberty-boys, and running riot in those various parishes of St Giles's, which are scattered throughout the great Babylonian city, like the green spots in memory's waste. The other three-fourths, we doubt not, are cultivating potatoes in some remote inaccessible districts,—too wild to be caught, even although they should be in as great request for slaves, as is represented. The million and a half above stated to be migratory, act in the teeth of the old law, "*Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*" In crossing the Channel, they not only experience a change of atmosphere, but their political and religious sentiments undergo a total revolution; for there is not a White-boy, but what, on being transplanted to London, is forthwith converted into an Orange-man. Leaving this extraordinary but well-authenticated fact

to be accounted for by the embry philosophers of the New London University, we proceed immediately to state the grievance which it is our object to impress upon the serious consideration of all Christians and Philanthropists, and more especially of his Majesty's Ministers.

There is an incalculable number of the children of Israel born and bred in the great metropolis, contributing no little to the impurity of the atmosphere, and the blackness of the November fogs—"Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur Judeis." All Holywell-street is tenanted by Jews, and there are several entire tribes "*quorum cophinus supellex*"—who have nothing to bless themselves with but a basket, out of which they vend seedy and flatulent oranges to silly unsuspecting Londoners. The sweet voices of ten thousand united Irish are eclipsed by the sonorous growl of one of these circumcised dogs, who, notwithstanding the march of mind and the general spread of intelligence, have always persisted in underselling the migratory orange-merchants of Erin; which conduct, on the part of the Jews towards the natives of a different country, and the professors of a different faith to their own, is most preposterously impolitic, unconciliatory, and unenlightened. It is a subject of regret that there are Christians to be found, in other respects well affected perhaps towards the government, and regular enough in their attendance at places of divine worship, who, for the sake of a few dirty pence in the year, give their countenance and support to such extreme illiberality. We will not insist upon the necessary moral superiority of oranges vended by the holders of the true faith over those which have passed through the hands and the baskets of infidelity, but will at once investigate the causes of this crying grievance, and endeavour to suggest a remedy.

It is not perhaps generally known or suspected, that the Rabbis of the London Synagogues are in the habit of affording both employment and maintenance to the poor of their own persuasion, by supplying them with oranges at an almost nominal price. Now we venture to affirm, that those who are able to bring produce into any given market at the least cost to themselves, can, for a given profit, afford

to dispose of such produce at the lowest prices, and, as a consequence, will find the most willing purchasers. If there are any whose apprehensions this proposition, paradoxical we own, does not strike at the first glance, we recommend them to peruse attentively all the politico-economical Essays of Mr McCulloch, and all the politico-economical Speeches of Mr Huskisson; and by the time they have got to the end of these, they will begin to have a pretty confused notion on the subject. We must, in the meantime, take for granted that all we have advanced is true, in order to arrive at the conclusion we draw from what is above premised, which conclusion is as follows:—That as long as the Jew merchants can obtain their oranges for almost nothing, they will be able to undersell the Irish orange-merchants, who are compelled to procure their commodities at the wholesale market prices; and we further affirm, that this is equivalent to a protecting duty in favour of Jew oranges. We do not wish to utter profound and philosophical sentences without their being appreciated; and we therefore urge our readers to digest what we are saying, and not to swallow it like hasty-pudding, eaten at a fair for a wager. We entreat them to believe that this is not food for the mouths of babes and sucklings—as an irrefragable proof of which, we refer to the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, where this subject is discussed in such a masterly way, as infallibly to puzzle even those who may have fancied that they knew most about the matter.

Supposing those two Auroræ Boreales, or Northern Lights, McCulloch and Blue and Yellow, to have succeeded in making darkness visible, to the hitherto totally benighted minds of the friends of Maga, it remains to consider the remedy for a grievance, which is of far more consequence to the Irish nation than the suspension of their political privileges. We had at one time some thoughts of keeping this remedy, (after the example of Cobbett, with respect to his plan for paying off the national debt,) deep buried in the dark recesses of our own editorial bosom, until we should be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Treasury; but having now lived to see the vanities of human life, and the utter worth-

lessness of office, we will disgorge liberally and gratuitously. Since then, as we before observed, the oranges brought into the London market by the Jews are in effect protected by a duty, we propose that this duty should be abolished; in other words, that the 1,800,000 birds of passage from the sister isle should be supplied with oranges for nothing at all. We do not wish to arrogate to ourselves too much credit for this ingenious and philanthropic suggestion; for, to give the devil his due, the hint was in some measure furnished by Mr Huskisson's Speeches on the Silk Trade. How this object ought to be effected, whether by a new income tax, or by voluntary subscription, we leave to others to determine; for we ourselves, under the present administration, are mere philosophical and theoretical politicians, and do not condescend to enter into details; but we earnestly call upon Mr Huskisson and the rest of the Ministry, by their known patriotism, and their hopes of retaining office,—we entreat all Christian Liberals and Philosophers, as they would promote the march of intellect, the spread of intelligence, and the sale of the sixpenny sciences,—we adjure the Society for Promoting Christiani-

ty among the Jews, by their hopes of making converts, to unite heart and hand in this political crusade against the eschewers of bacon and the frequenters of synagogues. Decisive measures are recommended: something energetic and unpremeditated, like the occupation of Portugal; and we need scarcely point out the happy consequences that will infallibly ensue. Myriads of wild Irish will desert their native bogs, neglecting the cultivation of potatoes for the purpose of retailing oranges to Cockney sucklings, under the auspices of so enlightened an administration!—the occupation of the Israelites will be gone, and their ruin will be hopeless and irretrievable. In our present liberal and conciliatory mood, we do not desire the utter extermination of this wretched, degraded, and spiritless race: let them emigrate with the ship-owners and the silk-manufacturers, their partners in distress and illiberality, to New Holland, or the back settlements of America, where they will remain a lasting monument of generous policy, of the spread of intelligence, and the manifold blessings of a free and unrestricted commerce.

#### OLD USAGES.

##### *Mothering Sunday.*

Hall, ancient manners! sure defence,  
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;  
Remnants of love—whose modest sense  
Thus into narrow room, withdraws,—  
Hall, USAGES of pristine mould,  
And ye that guard them, mountains old!

THERE IS to me an indescribable charm in *Old Usages*. They are the finest of all antiquities, for they have a life in the present, as well as a venerable memory in the past. The haze of Time has gathered round them; but it is tinted by the halo of Hope; they are ancient as the hills, yet fresh as the returning spring. How cheerfully they divided the social year of Old England, keeping the heart alive with gentle anticipation, or warm with kindly remembrance! 'There was first the hallowed starting-place—welcome Christmas—with its religious so-

lemnities, and revels and carols, if less solemn, scarce less sanctified: the blazing Christmas block, and the garlands of ivy and mistletoe—most sacred of parasites—decorating the oaken hall, into which was solemnly ushered the boar's head with its appropriate carol:—

*Caput Apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The boar's head in hand bring I,  
With garlands gay and rosemary;  
I pray you all sing merrily,  
Qui estis in convivio!

Merry Shrovetide, with its rustic feast, and yeomanly feasts, brought on the glad and Palmv Easter—the blessed morning of the resurrection, when the cottage dame arrayed her children in their new home-spun garbs, and devoutly herself put on

—fresh raiment till that hour unworn,  
In thoughtful reverence of the PRINCE of PEACE.

I confess I was very much delighted to see, last *Pasch* Sunday, in the close vicinity of your metropolis of Presbyterianism, some hundreds of young children playing on the grassy slopes of the Royal Park, with hard-boiled stained eggs—each with a new bonnet, or pair of new shoes—or perhaps but a new pin to ward old custom. I am not sure but I lingered with more heart-reaching satisfaction about this scene of childish sport, than I have felt in surveying all your late stupendous improvements, and felt that there was more of the genuine spirit of antiquity here than in the hall of the Antiquarian Society.

The observances of the May-day, Midsummer-eve, and Hallowmas, mingling as they did the Druidical and classic superstitions with something which, if not Christianity, is far from being inimical to its spirit, were so intimately interwoven with the strong and simple virtues of the elder time, that one cannot help feeling as if their decay indicated a loosening of the bonds of social charity. Then how finely do they awaken the memory of the flowery allegories of the old poets, of Chaucer, and King James I., and Dunbar, and of the last days of romance and expiring chivalry—when the peers of Henry IV. thought it no disparagement of their valour to erect the May-pole in the court of the Louvre, or when Prince Charles leapt the palace garden-wall at sunrise, to surprise the Infanta of Spain gathering May-dew—the enchanting cosmetic of the ever-blooming damsels of romance, the only true “Circassian bloom” and “celestial Kalydor!” The ladies are hereby cautioned against using any other composition than this, distinguished from all counterfeits by the mark of the rosy fingers of Aurora, her signature witnessed by all the Graces.—There is, I fear, no hope of seeing the Duke of Wellington and his Staff set up a May-

pole at the Horse Guards, in imitation of the Peers of Henry; yet the pastime was at least as innocent as the erection of the guillotine in the Place du Carrousel, or even of the triumphal arch of Napoleon, at the Champs Elysées. And though I fear we shall never see any modern Prince imitate the lover’s leap of the romantic and unfortunate Charles I., one likes better to think of his mad adventure, than of his successful indulging in the more modern pleasures of a midnight carouse at Chiffinché’s, with Lady Castlemain, or “Mistress Nelly.”

All those old customs and superstitions were pregnant with weighty meanings. The *wake* and the *ale* promoted courtesy and cordial good neighbourhood. There was in the May-pole a finer moral than was ever yet gathered in the gallery of a town theatre, where it is still to be seen in effigy. The fairies—yea, the dapper elves, by whose example both men and maids were made more cheerful and more happy—were, I think, the first regular society on record for the promotion and encouragement of neatness, cleanliness, and good housewifery. If the gentlemen of the Highland Society think themselves first in date, they are mightily mistaken. The fairies were besides the original improvers of dairy produce; they were bankers, too, and lent at even less than three per cent. But they are all gone! And we may sing, with jolly Dick Corbet,

“Farewell, rewards and fairies!

Good housewives now may say,  
For now foule sluts in dairies

Doe fare as well as they;

And though they sweep their hearths no less

Than maids were wont to doe,

Yet who, of late, for cleanliness,

Finds sixpence in her shoe?

“At morning and at evening both,

You merry were and glad;

So little care of sleepe and sloth

Those pretty ladies had.

When Tom came home from labour,

Or Ciss to milking rose,

Then merrily went their tabor,

And nimble went their toes.”

Unless the Ettrick Shepherd charm back those “pretty ladies” with his pastoral stop, they are gone for ever—“Tint, tint, tint!”

All those festivals and superstitions were the humble props of natural

piety—their origin was religious. But how different a thing is the *wake* or merry-making of an English manufacturing village, from the primitive rural institution—the festal yet decent observance of the eve of the Saint to whom the parish church was dedicated ! One would like to see the Christmas holly-bush, the palm-branch of Easter, and the gay garlands and white blossoms of the May, flourish in perennial freshness, amaranthine wreaths ; but to look on one that dabbled in gin, blighted by the hot breath of riot and gross excess, would make us almost welcome Mr Martin with a bill to restrain “ the idle pulling of hawthorn,” or “ the wanton gathering of primroses,” or the shade of Major Cartwright, followed by his *posse comitatus*. But no !—let even the excrescences that have grown on our ancient customs be removed with gentle hands—let them be renovated, not trodden down, and left to the profane vulgar till even their memory has become a reproach—perished from among us !

Above all those old things, how fine were the ancient troth-plights and “ tokenings” of lovers—the dedication of “ special locks of vowed hair,” and the thousand other amulets ! So high a veneration have I for the pure silver token, (were it but a broken crooked sixpence,) that were I on the jury of a thief who had not spared this while he filched the other contents of a clown’s purse, he should have no recommendation to mercy from me—that evidence should hang him. The sixpence broken for true love ceases to be the common coin “ of this realm.” It is stamped afresh by Nature’s mintage—its obverse is a bleeding heart—its legend “ constancy.” But far above all other “ tokenings,” the exchange of Bibles is most beautiful and affecting. Into how powerful a talisman may a tiny red or blue volume be converted !—How many changes of time, and mood, and worldly circumstance, will the memory of its acquisition survive, and still continue to be precious !—I cannot at this moment recollect any scene of the highest wrought fiction more tenderly touching than that described of Burns—the inspired and still innocent boy Burns, and his early-lost sweetheart, meeting in the Sabbath quiet of their suspended harvest toils, by the winding Ayr,

O’erhung with wild-woods thickening green !

to spend “ one day of parting-love,” and exchange probably their whole independent personal property—their Bibles !—How heart-touching the simple and holy betrothal which makes the history and the charter of man’s salvation the pledge of his tenderness and fidelity to the beloved sharer of his earthly love, and of his immortal hopes !

But I have wandered strangely from the object of my narrative, which was to record an *old usage* which still exists, and which to me was as novel as it was delightful. On my late homeward voyage, I fell in with a shipmate, whose quiet and rather reserved, though finally kind and pleasing manners, and general intelligence, proved exceedingly agreeable, and fully repaid my trouble in courting his acquaintance. Richard Ashton’s friendship, if slow in growth, was well worth waiting for. Towards the end of our voyage we were vexed in the Channel by baffling winds, and my calm friend became more impatient than was consistent with his philosophic temperament. He wished to reach home by a particular day. “ One might think, Mr Ashton, you had an appointment on that day with your mistress, after a three years’ absence in India,” was my smart remark, as we lolled over the ship’s side in a dead calm.—“ I have with a half dozen of them, all about equally dear,” was his reply. “ I had set my heart on being home by Sunday ; and I yet hope that I shall. It is an annual festival in our family—in all the families of our county—all my brothers and sisters will be at home—it is *Mothering Sunday*.”

I believe I half started—Mothering Sunday ! how beautiful a name ! I too had left at home a mother—I was touching on the land of my fathers ! I entreated to be allowed to accompany my friend home, and the request was instantly granted. I inquired farther about this august festival, but learned nothing more than that on that particular day, all the children of one blood, however scattered by the waves of life, flocked back to the dwelling of their parents—to their own birth-spot. My friend had come from Bengal just in time ; a married bro-



ther and sister, he said, were settled in London; another sister resided in Liverpool—but “I think,” said he, with his grave smile, “we shall have them all, if no unlucky hooping-coughs, nor ill-timed confinements, as the ladies call them, come in the way.”

On the evening of the following Saturday he said to me, pointing from our chaise to a low ridge of hills at a distance—“The hills beyond my father’s dwelling;” and with his quiet humorous smile to those he liked, he added, “you think, Colonel, the gods have not made me poetical; but call me single-sonnet Ashton, if you please, for I once made some rhymes on this spot, which my sister Marianne christened a sonnet, and that was the first line, ‘*The hills beyond my father’s dwelling!*’ There must have followed a *swelling*, of course, but whether of heart, eyes, or memory, I cannot recollect. Marianne, before her marriage, had not only made a fair copy of the lines for each of her sisters, but could repeat them. Poor Marianne! she was herself my sole reading public—she was indeed my everything—my patient verb-and-noun hearer to the hundredth time—she loved Latin for my sake—all the better that she knew not one word of it. She was, besides, my apologizer-general, my sick-nurse, my stocking-mender, my button-stitcher, my all in all.”

I had never heard Ashton say tenth part so much about himself. He relapsed into silence for a half hour; and as we turned an angle of the road which had latterly led down a broad open valley, again said, as if he had not paused—“And yonder is our parsonage—’tis a little old place—but is it not pretty?”

I would have bit my own tongue rather than have denied that it was; but in truth I did not need to tax my sincerity. The cottage, or rather the cluster of cottages, inhabited by the Curate of Nunsbrooke, had all the beauty which follows the wants, the industry, and the enjoyments of humble and useful life. We had now left the open valley, and struck off at right angles into the small circular vale which at every step grew closer and more crowded with the simple, common, and characteristic features of an English landscape. A hundred and a hundred such sweet, retired, rural

scenes may be found in the bosom of England—but is the single wild flower which we cull the less sweet that tens of thousands of its kind are springing in the same meadow?

Twilight was deepening fast, and I could not minutely discern all the details of the scenery; besides, my attention was given to my friend, who became absolutely loquacious. From the moment he told me that the slip of rivulet that twined and glimmered in the twilight by our path was an admirable trouting stream, and pointed out the copse where he had found his first bird’s nest, I felt that I possessed the confidence of Richard Ashton. I am certain there is not a man in ten thousand in whom he would have reposed the same trust. “I see there is fire in my mother’s room,” said he; “she will be for a long gossip with Marianne and Alice to-night, and will fear damp for her Cockney grandchildren, which she never dreaded for her own children. Fire in the parlour too, at this season! Here are extravagant doings—but it is Saturday evening—my father, even in his hardest working days, allowed himself a pipe and a newspaper on Saturday.”

“And was such indulgence so rare?”

“My father reared and sent eight of us into the world well-educated men and women, on an income which for many years did not exceed twenty-five pounds. Even yet it falls short of fifty. He knows the value of money, as of everything else; but he never would accept of any charge which might lead him from his people.—Both my parents are of this parish.”

I led my friend into his father’s history. He felt a manly and honest pride in relating it; and well he might. I soon learned that the curate of Nunsbrooke was no ordinary man; and I afterwards found that I had not overrated him. He was a person of competent learning, and of strong intellect; and with much temperate kindness of heart, possessed inflexibility in principle and purpose that might have ennobled a Stoic philosopher. He indeed, as his son had said, held everything in heaven and earth at its exact value. His aged partner was not quite his counterpart. She was inferior in mind; and education was not for her day—but they suited each other wonderfully well. She was most notable

and exemplary in all household matters—the tenderest of mothers and the kindest of neighbours—one of those happily-endowed humble beings in whom “innocence is nature, wisdom,” who are better than they know. Her motherly kindness tempered the firmness of him whom next to her God she revered, which, but for this *attrition*, might at times have verged to severity. Both were the children of small farmers in the parish; and the only difference of their lives was, that whereas he had been for a time a servant at Oxford, she had never travelled ten miles beyond her own or her father’s cottage. In my subsequent intercourse with the family, I saw that both parents were held in the tenderest veneration by all their children, with this difference, that a little story was sometimes told, or a little joke hazarded by her daughters, illustrative of their mother’s *bonhomie*, if I may unsex the word for her sake; while the commanding intellect, and deep, and acute discernment of life and character, and of the complicated machinery which sets their springs in motion, possessed as it were intuitively by the elder Richard Ashton, raised him the more highly in the esteem of his sons, the more their own knowledge of the world ripened and extended.

I was both edified and amused by the evident astonishment and serious disapprobation of the ancient and venerable matron, on witnessing how lightly, as it seemed to her, the yoke of matrimony sat on her eldest daughter, who, though with perfect gaiety and good-humour, not only avowed opinions different from her husband’s, but appeared to have a decided will of her own. To old Mrs Ashton, her husband had ever been almost in God’s stead. This slackening of the bonds of conjugal discipline—this irreverence for the holiest earthly authority, appeared to shock her whole nature as much as so calm a nature could be unhinged by anything; and though both husbands and wives tried to reconcile her to what she conceived a breach of duty and decency, I have no doubt that she seriously lectured her children apart, and made this offence the subject of her secret prayers. “Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands as unto the Lord,” was a precept to which her whole spirit bowed; and the only thing, I was told,

that ever made her for a few hours now and then unpopular among the female parishioners, was the uncompromising strictness with which, in all cases of domestic dissension, she enforced the doctrine of implicit conjugal obedience.

But I have outstripped the regular course of my story. As I knew that the small parsonage would be swarming like a bee-hive from kitchen to attic with daughters and grandchildren, I established myself for the night at the Rose, the neat rural inn, in which my friend’s introduction procured an attention to my few expressed wants and large supposed wishes, to which as a chance guest even my purse gave me no claim. Richard Ashton was not a man of apologies; but I was forced to check him as he began to mumble about my not finding things so suitable, &c. &c. Is it not hard, that because a man has had the misfortune to be baked and broiled half his life, he must be set down as a sensual, self-indulging, vain-glorious voluptuary for the remainder of it? Yet I do plead guilty; and a man must have lived for thirty years in India, and been just off a five months’ voyage, to understand the luxury which it was to loll in the crisp refreshing sheets, washed in the cool streams, and dried on the cuckoo-buds and lady-smocks of the meadows of England. I had hardly yet got rid of the rocking sensation of the ship; and this being but my second night on shore, I slept as a landsman does when he once more gains firm earth. On the former day, when walking, my very toes grasped the ground, as if each were a feeler. I clung to it with my feet, and planted them on land like the seahorse climbing an ice-berg.

I was literally awakened in the morning by the sweet chime of the Sabbath-bells—not the loud peal intended to startle the dull heart of great cities—nor yet the sonorous sound of the old consecrated bells, which my host told me were once known in this vale, and of which the ringing diverted the thunder-storm, and drove away the devil—but the “still small voice,” whispering a gentle and holy summons to prayer and praise. I started hastily up, and, like all strangers, advanced to my window. The prospect was now fully revealed. The grey serene of the sky

harmonized finely with the Sabbath-stillness that breathed over the valley. It was neither bold nor rich, but it was enchantingly soft, and what at the time was to me more precious, it was purely and delightfully English; not indeed a scene of wealthy, powerful, commercial England—though her mighty heart and the right arm of her strength were visible even here—but a confined home-view of rural England, Old England, Merry England! with her strong virtues, her primitive manners, and *Old Usages*.

The chapel where my friend's father had so long officiated, stood on an elevated curvature by the side of the stream, and about the centre of the vale, which, as I have said, broke upwards from a wider and richer valley. It was a very humble edifice, and of dimensions much under those of the Gothic structures, whose open stonework towers, or tapering spires, form so frequent and interesting a feature in the rich landscape of cultivated England. But this little chapel was not the less the pole-star of the vale of Nunsbrooke; and time and holy feelings, which had gathered around it and given it sanctity, left it not destitute of beauty. It had its garland of aged trees—elm, and ash, and monumental yews; and the tracery of wild creepers on the walls, and the streamers of ivy floating from the roof, assorted better with the humble structure, than elaborate architectural ornaments would have done. The parsonage and its adjoining offices stood about a bow-shot off on the same willow-d rivulet, which, between the church and it, widened into a translucent pool, so closely clipped in with alders and osiers, that as their tremulous shadows diffused themselves over its smooth surface, it glistened with a cool emerald tinge which sent freshness into my very soul. A small foot-path—a *via sacra*—led from the Curate's dwelling through his strip of glebe land to the chapel. There were many other pathways of lazy curve, lying like brown net-work on the green meadows, leading from the surrounding home-steads to this common centre. A rustic foot-bridge, which, however, I saw a privileged donkey or two occasionally crossing, spanned the stream, and united the sides of the vale.

Along each of those natural paths, as well as by the regular road, there

were now advancing gaffers and gamblers—comely matrons, and stout yeomen, whose limbs showed “the mettle of their pasture,” “lasses and their shepherd grooms,” with children of all sizes, and a few younglings indulged in church-going in reverence of *Mothering Sunday*. The concourse of people was greater than ordinary; for this was a day consecrated to the domestic affections, in every household of the parish. The son of my hostess had come from Birmingham, she told me; and every young girl of the parish made it a condition of her servitude, that she should be allowed to visit home on this day. It was the “Feast of Tabernacles” in Nunsbrooke.

I was distressed to find that the service had commenced ere I reached the church; for Richard Ashton in the house of God tarried no man's presence. I expected to see no commonplace priest—nor was I disappointed. The curate, though not tall, inclined to that stature. He looked not more than sixty, though I knew he was ten years older—with dark and high features, rather manly than mild. The expansive and wrinkled brow and bald polished head, were remarkably fine—the lower part of the face was rather massive than well-formed. Yet what was the more assemblage of features to that solemn and placid steadfastness—that unimpassioned fixity of look, which indicates the high-concentrated mental firmness and unity of purpose, which is the rarest and most excellent faculty of the human soul! All this power was at this moment bent to devotion. Mr Ashton went through the church service with more energy than tutored elegance. There was even a relishing quaintness in his manner, but there were also the same fervent solemnity and earnestness as if he now performed this sacred office for the first time. To his devout energy what were the cold artificial graces of elocution! The voice of their pastor was neither soft nor melodious, but its accustomed tones thrilled to the hearts and consciences of his flock—and that was enough.

By certain understood signs I had already guessed that the sacrament of the Supper of our Lord was on this day to be administered, under circumstances which, to my feelings, rendered this, the most solemn mystery of

the Christian worship, doubly affecting. It was very long since I had witnessed the celebration of any ordinance of Christianity, save the frigid routine of mumbling the Liturgy, which might occasionally be witnessed at my remote and almost Pagan Indian station. The priest took his place by the altar—there was a little stir among the people, but not more than the softest patter of the April shower on the first forest leaves; and the family of my friend, separating from the other worshippers, and forming into one group, advanced by themselves to the altar, where their common father stood ready to administer the sacred ordinance. Kneeling there was the mother, with her two married and two unmarried daughters, a very fair young girl, the daughter of the eldest son, three sons, and two sons-in-law. With a fine instinctive feeling of delicacy, no other communicant approached the altar at this time. The truly apostolic and venerable man stood there “in the midst of the children whom God had given him,”—“he and his house vowed to serve the Lord.” The sublime communion service of the church, its solemn warnings, and “comfortable words,” had never to me appeared half so beautiful and emphatic, as now when celebrated by a good old man, invested with the most sacred of human characters—the father and the priest. During the passing of this holy mystery, I think there were more eyes glistening than mine.

At the conclusion of the service I was joined by my friend, and introduced in the church-porch to his mother, his favourite sister Marianne, and a competent number of the scattered brood who had this day flown back to the shelter of the parent wing. I could not—I would not refuse their hearty invitation to join the family festival, though at first I felt like an intermeddler with their joys. Nothing could exceed the comfort of the feast, save the happiness of the guests; nor had the regular routine of the household, in its plain diet and plain service, been much departed from. Some of the members of the family, I afterwards understood, with incomes twenty times larger than that of the Curate of Nunsbrooke, had naturally given in to modes of life very different from the frugal simplicity of their

early home; but on this day no fashionable airs were displayed—no luxury of accommodation was missed; and if their ways of life were somewhat changed, I think their spirits were still temperate, their hearts sound—and, so far from feeling shame of their father's respected poverty, glowing with a healthful pride in his virtues. When our venerable host left us, which he did early, I joined the females, heard the married sisters comparing notes about the growth, likenesses, and abilities of their children, and more covertly shewing or exchanging small articles of dress, receiving counsel from their mother on proper modes of treatment for the children, of which the theory was simplicity, the practice herbs. In short, there was a quiet but constant and copious interchange of mingled thought and chat, kindly, serious, or frivolous, as it might be—if the genuine, confiding overflow of affectionate hearts can ever be called frivolous. I felt that my absence would not be marked, and retired.

I afterwards, in a twilight saunter by the brook, met my friend with his favourite sister, and her husband, who good-humouredly proposed joining me. “I must give Marianne an opportunity to tell Richard all her secrets,” said he, “and afterwards I shall learn all his from Marianne.”

I set out from Nunsbrooke early next morning in company with this gentleman, who left his wife to spend a few more days with her sisters and mother. We travelled to Liverpool together; and I was much pleased with the pride he seemed to have in his wife's family, and his affection for every member of it, especially for his friend Richard. They had when youths been for some years in the same counting-house. Nor did I think a whit the less of his understanding, for the close resemblance which he supposed between the fair young girl and her aunt, his own plain, but affectionate and sprightly Marianne.

I have not visited Nunsbrooke since, and probably I shall never see it again—but I know that it exists: nor have I met any of the family, though in the medley of life I have often heard of their names. Some of them are now highly prosperous mercantile people; others have had adverse fortune; but their father's clear strong judg-

ment, and pure principles, have descended to them all, their unalienable and best inheritance. When in the gay world I occasionally find my comfortable income too limited for my imaginary wants, or am suffering at the same time under an east wind, and a grand assault of blue devils, trying to carry my mind by a *comp-*

*de-matn*, I think of the valley of Nunsbrooke, and of all of good and gracious that is around its quiet stream. How can I forget it!

"The immortal memory of one happy day  
Lingers upon its marge."

QUI III.

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CUNNINGHAM'S NEW SOUTH WALES.\*

THE writers on Australian statistics are somewhat apt, we think, to mistake both the sources and character of the interest with which that flourishing colony is regarded in the mother country. They pique themselves, it would appear, on their talent as painters *en beau*, and are uniformly anxious to represent everything connected with its present condition and future prospects, *couleur de rose*. Nothing, we are assured, can be more enviable and delightful than the soil and climate, the former producing, after a strenuous application of labour and capital, about one-tenth of the return afforded by ordinary land in the mother country, and the latter in summer being barely hot enough to deprive Sir William Curtis of all oleaginous matter in about a fortnight. The scenery, too, is magnificent, interspersed at pleasant distances with splendid trees, which rise like bare poles with an umbrella at top, and studded here and there with beautiful veranda'd cottages, and villas with green doors and brass knockers.

Nor are the inhabitants of this antipodal paradise less worthy of our admiration. They are amiable and delightful as the brotherhood of Mr Owen's Parallelograms, and the polished manners of the higher, and primitive simplicity of the lower orders, realize a sort of modern Arcadia, really quite charming to contemplate *from a distance*. All the disagreeable impediments to the freedom of European society, are strangers to the elegant and refined circles of colonial *haut-ton*; and nowhere is the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" enjoyed in more

enviable and unrestrained freedom, than in the coteries of the Sydney blue-stockings. The age of gold has come again. It is in Botany Bay that the first dawning of Mr Edward Irving's Millennium may be observed streaking the horizon. In that distant Pisgah of the ungodly, crime and poverty are known but by report. There is plenty in the cottage, and elegance in the chateau. The very convicts become valuable members of society; and against a crowd of latent sinecure virtues, little can be opposed beyond a natural and pardonable perseverance in their pristine transoceanic partiality for dram-drinking and tobacco.

Among a population so select and virtuous, it is pleasing to be informed that European diseases are generally unknown. Gout and fevers have not been imported, and the Australian nosology is happily shorn of all those more terrible features which we of the northern pole have been fated to regard with fearful apprehension. There are such things indeed as bile and dyspepsia, and internal inflammations are very frequently fatal; but the former of these commonly proceeds from dining "not wisely, but too well," on the fat flaps of a saddle of kangaroo, and the latter from over copious libations of the indigenous whisky. But the people of Botany are too good to be short-lived; and, proceeding in their virtuous career, they flourish to a green old age, generally completing their century before their bones are laid—not with those of their respectable fathers, but in a virgin grave some fifteen or twenty thousand miles distant, as the crow flies.

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\* Two Years in New South Wales; a Series of Letters, comprising Sketches of the actual State of Society in that Colony; of its Peculiar Advantages to Emigrants; of its Topography, Natural History, &c. &c. By P. Cunningham, Surgeon, R.N. Two vols. 12mo. Henry Colburn, London. 1827.

Such is the general character of the descriptions given of this bourne from whence few travellers return, by those literary gentlemen whom favourable circumstances have again enabled to revisit their native land; but, inclined as we are to yield implicit credence to their assertions, we fear their sweeping praises will be found somewhat at variance with the more particular and minute details into which they are led to enter, in the course of their very amusing volumes. In these details we are furnished with the very premises from which their most questionable conclusions have been drawn, and are thus enabled to decide how far they are agreeable to evidence, and how far the sounder judgment of the author has been warped by partialities and prejudices, of which perhaps he was unconscious.

We have already expressed our opinion, that the writers in question have considerably mistaken the nature of the interest with which the colony of New South Wales is regarded in the mother country. They evidently wish to sink and hustle into the back ground all those peculiarities of character, circumstances, and condition, by which their favourite region stands honourably distinguished from the rest of the world. Were the population of that novel and nondescript settlement really men selected at hazard from the common mass of society—fair average specimens of the classes in this country from which they were taken—we really should feel little interest about them or their concerns; and assuring them once for all of our wishes that the colony in some two or three centuries might turn out better stocked than at present, both with money and morality, leave them to explore the Blue Mountains at their leisure, and hunt emus and kangaroos, and grow wool and mutton, undisturbed by any fears or anxieties on their account. It is only because they confessedly constitute the most rascally and villainous population that were ever congregated together on the surface of this habitable globe; because the colony is a sort of moral Cloacina, into which the very acum and refuse of society is periodically discharged; because they are the most murderous, monstrous, debased, burglarious, brutified, larcenous, felonious, and pickpocketous set of scoundrels that ever trod the earth;

because we are accustomed to look on Botany Bay as the alternative of the gallows, that we care one pin about its inhabitants at all. As matters stand, we feel a natural curiosity to learn how men who narrowly escaped hanging in this hemisphere, conduct themselves in another; and we open Mr Wentworth or Mr Cunningham with precisely such feelings as we do the Newgate Calendar, anxious to gain as much information as possible with regard to a class of beings with whom we feel ourselves bound by scarcely a single link, and who differ *toto celo* from the mass of mankind among whom we have hitherto been accustomed to live, move, and have our being. Anxious, therefore, as we are to satiate our appetite for horrors with original and piquant details of rapine, murder, and sudden death, it is rather mortifying to find ourselves entirely baulked in this praiseworthy object; and that Botany Bay is on the whole more virtuous and better regulated than anything we have been accustomed to in this our own enlightened land of gospel tracts and Mechanics' Institutions.

We only object to this because the occurrence has become too prevalent and uniform. To be striking, an incident must come on us suddenly and unawares. Whenever we calculate on its appearance, the interest and excitement is gone. Thus we have cut the Newgate Calendar ever since Mrs Fry has succeeded by her praiseworthy labours in converting downright and unvarnished felons into canting hypocrites; and having been so often deceived by the Annalists of Botany, we seriously intend cutting everything connected with that colony for the future.

Some of the details taken singly are amusing enough. We stare on learning that Mr Hardy Vaux, immortalized in autobiography as thief, pickpocket, and burglar, in the old world, has turned saint and parson in the new; and breathing all the odour of sanctity, is seen hebdomadally in the pulpit, adorned in clerical *toggery*, and dealing forth slang evangelism to the *coves* of his congregation. Another gentleman, somewhat less celebrated, though probably not less meritorious, whom, before the commencement of his voyage, we remember to have been pilloried and flogged at the cart's-tail, has risen in the land of his adoption into wealth and consequence, and dis-

charges the duties of a civil magistrate with honour and applause. Mr O'Halloran, a literary gentleman, transported for the friendly endeavour to save penitence to his correspondent by franking a letter, has opened an Academy in Sydney, in which the rising generation may acquire an early taste for classical learning, mingled no doubt with instructions in those pure practical ethics, in which Mr O'Halloran is known to be so intimately versed.

Such occurrences, abstractedly taken, are, as we have already stated, amusing enough, and would be still more so if they stood forth in somewhat bolder relief, and claimed our wonder, rather as brilliant exceptions to the usual order of events, than mere common-place examples of its prevalence. The conversion of a pickpocket into a Praise-God-Barebones—of an European scoundrel into an Australian saint—is certainly, *prima facie*, one of those events which cannot

Overcome us like a summer's cloud

Without our special wonder;

but when the connexion of sin and sanctity, depravity and devotion, is once fairly established, it becomes, like the order of the seasons, or the succession of light and darkness, one of those phenomena on which we calculate, and regard without pleasure or surprise.

We have already intimated, however, our own opinion, that the details given in the very amusing volumes of Mr Cunningham will scarcely warrant the colouring of the picture of primitive innocence and simplicity, to which, we fear, with somewhat more enthusiasm than truth, he has affixed a local habitation and a name. We shall, therefore, not longer waste the valuable time of the reader by any erudite observations of our own, but endeavour, by extracts from the work itself, to enable him to judge of the real state of colonial morality.

Mr Cunningham, then, be it known to all those who are yet ignorant of the fact, is a very clever person, who has made several voyages to Botany in the not very enviable capacity of surgeon to a convict-ship, and being naughtily taken by the tone and prospects of society which there met his observation, has, we believe, become proprietor of considerable property in the colony. Thus interested in its prosperity, it was natural, and per-

haps excusable, that his delinquencies of men and manners in the country of his adoption should be as bright and captivating as a due regard to probability would allow. But we have already kept the reader too long *in transitu*. The Blackwood is a good ship, but not famous for the shortness of her voyages. However, land is in sight, and taking Mr Cunningham for our pilot, we shall steer through the difficult navigation of Sydney Cove, and land our passengers on *terra firma*, without one moment further of unnecessary delay. The following landscape, which first strikes the eye of the stranger, has at least the merit of being pleasantly and sketchily drawn:—

“Numbers of boats soon surround the ship, filled with people anxious to hear news, and traffickers with fruit and other refreshments, besides watermen to land passengers. A regular establishment of the latter description has long existed here, many of whose members formerly plied that vocation on the Thames, and among whom was a few years back numbered, that famous personage once known by all from Westminster Stairs to Greenwich, by the shouts which assailed him as he rowed along, of ‘Overboard he vent, Overboard he vent!’ King Boongarre, too, with a boat-load of his dingy retainers, may possibly honour you with a visit, bedizened in his varnished cocked-hat of ‘formal cut,’ his gold-laced blue coat (flanked on the shoulders by a pair of massy epaulettes) buttoned closely up, to evade the extravagance of including a shirt in the catalogue of his wardrobe; and his bare and broad platter feet, of dull cinder hue, spreading out like a pair of sprawling toads, upon the deck before you. First, he makes one solemn measured stride from the gangway, then, turning round to the quarter-deck, lifts up his beaver with the right hand a full foot from his head, (with all the grace and ease of a court exquisite,) and carrying it slowly and solemnly forwards to a full arm’s-length, lowers it in a gentle and most dignified manner down to the very deck, following up this motion by an inflection of the body almost equally profound. Advancing slowly in this way, his hat gracefully poised in his hand, and his phiz wreathed with many a fantastic smile, he bids *massa* welcome to his country. On finding he has fairly grinned himself into your good graces, he formally prepares to take leave, endeavouring at the same time to take likewise

what you are probably less willing to part withal—namely, a portion of your cash. Let it not be supposed, however, that his majesty condescends to *thieve*; he only solicits the *loan* of a *dump*, on pretence of treating his sick *gin*\* to a cup of tea, but in reality with a view of treating *himself* to a porringer of ‘Cooper’s best,’ to which his majesty is most royally devoted.

“You land at the Government Wharf on the right, where carts and porters are generally on the look-out for jobs; and, on passing about fifty yards along the avenue, you enter George Street, which stretches on both hands, and up which towards the left you now turn, to reach the heart of the town. Near the harbour, where ground is very valuable, the houses are usually contiguous, like those of the towns in England; but, generally speaking, the better sort of houses in Sydney are built in the detached cottage style, of white freestone, or of brick plastered and whitewashed, one or two stories high, with verandas in front, and enclosed by a neat wooden paling, lined occasionally with trim-pruned geranium hedges; they have, besides, a commodious garden attached, commonly decked out with flowers, and teeming with culinary delicacies. Into the enclosure immediately around the house, the dogs are usually turned at night, to ward off rogues—and uncompromising, vigilant watchmen they certainly are, paying little of that respect to genteel exterior which their better-bred brethren in England are so apt to demonstrate. The streets are wide, and neither paved nor lighted at present; but the general dryness of our climate and durable composition of our streets render paving unnecessary; while an elegant set of lamps is now actually in progress, to be placed diagonally at fifty yards distance; and by reason of the whiteness of our houses and clearness of our sky, an illumination will thus be effected equalling some of the best-lighted London streets. Although all you see are English faces, and you hear no other language but English spoken, yet you soon become aware you are in a country very different from England, by the number of parrots and other birds of strange note and plumage which you observe hanging at so many doors, and cagesful of which you will soon see exposed for sale as you proceed. The government gangs of convicts, also, marching backwards and forwards from their

work in single military file, and the solitary ones straggling here and there, with their white woollen Paramatta frocks and trousers, or grey or yellow jackets, with duck overalls, (the different styles of dress denoting the oldness or newness of their arrival,) all daubed over with broad arrows, P. B.’s, C. B.’s, and various numerals in black, white, and red; with perhaps the jail-gang straddling sulkily by in their jingling leg-chains, tell a tale too plain to be misunderstood. At the corners of streets, and before many of the doors, fruit-stalls are to be seen, teeming, in their proper seasons, with oranges, lemons, limes, figs, grapes, peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, apples, pears, &c., at very moderate prices.

“Sydney, from the scattered state of its buildings, necessarily occupies a great extent of ground, stretching from Dawes Point, in the line of George Street, a mile and a half in length, and, from the top of the ridge on the left, across that on the right, (quite to Darling Harbour beyond,) about one-fifth of that distance in breadth. The houses, being generally constructed, as has been said, of white freestone, or of brick plastered, have, owing to the tasteful manner in which they are built and ornamented around, a light, airy, and exhilarating appearance. The streets are commonly named after the various governors, secretaries, and other public officers, who have borne sway among us; thus we have Phillip, Hunter, King, Bligh, Macquarrie, Brisbane, O’Connell, Erskine, Campbell, and Goulburn streets; the last of which is gravely pointed out by the Sydney wags as remarkable for no burglary ever having been committed in it; but the mystery is soon unravelled on finding that it does not contain a single house,—being, like many similar instances in America and this colony too, merely a street in *anticipation*.”

The author has advanced but a few pages into the bowels of his first volume, when he thinks it necessary to begin his vouchings for the moral purity of his fellow colonists. Take the following as a taste; we can promise the reader much more of a similar *kidney*:—

“The jail is a most wretched structure, situated in George street; but another commodious one is now building on the South-head road. The Court-house for civil and criminal proceedings stands



close to St Philip's, fronting Hyde Park. When strolling through the streets of Sydney on first landing, very singular sections will naturally intrude upon the mind, on perceiving the perfect safety with which you may jostle through the crowds of individuals now suffering, or who have suffered, the punishment awarded by the law for their offences: men banished often for the deepest crimes, and with whom, in England, you would shudder to come in contact. Elbowed by some daring highwayman on your left hand, and rubbed shoulders with by even a more desperate burglar on your right—a footpad perhaps stops your way in front, and a pickpocket pushes you behind,—all retired from their wonted vocations, and now peacefully complying with the tasks imposed upon them, or following quietly up the even path pointed out by honest industry.

"But nothing will surprise you more than the quietness and order which prevail in the streets, and the security wherewith you may perambulate them at all hours of the night, indifferently watched as they are, and possessing so many convenient situations wherein robbers may conceal themselves, pounce upon you, and make their escape with their booty, without even a chance of detection. I have frequently been out at very late hours, and passed through many gloomy portions of the town, but never met with a moment's interruption. Indeed, a street robbery is a most rare occurrence. Petty thefts and burglaries are much more frequent, but these also are insignificant in amount. Even robberies of masters by convict servants are far from being common, and more is generally made of these than their magnitude intrinsically deserves."

There is much *saleté* and some adroitness in the association selected by the author in the following sentence for Botany Bay. "New South Wales," says Mr Cunningham, (page 108,) "and Merino wool!! are so intimately associated, that I never spoke of the first to a stranger but he started the subject of Merino wool immediately after, as a matter of course." Now, with all deference to Mr Cunningham, we beg leave to say, that, in our experience, the most interesting and inseparable association with Botany Bay is by no means the one he has so ingeniously selected, and we fearlessly pledge our character as acute observers of men and manners, that for one man in whom the name calls

up the idea of Merino wool, there are ninety-nine, of "imagination all compact," who think only of ropes, gibbets, arson, burglary, kangaroos, George Barrington, and Governor Macquarrie. If Mr Cunningham is inclined for a bet on this matter, let him name his sum, and deposit his stakes with his publisher.

The following short extract will show that the respectable colonists in Botany, in spite of the prevalence of Evangelism, do not rest in undisturbed security. Their earthly treasures, it would appear, require some looking after; and should we ever try a speculation to the colonies, it should consist neither of skates nor warming-pans, but steel-traps and spring-guns—the Edinburgh Review, Mr Richard Martin, and all other Irish and Scotch canters, notwithstanding.

"Brick walls, however, afford but a sorry defence against *our* expert and ingenious burglars, who will pick a hole through one of such in a very few minutes,—no part of a house being safe; back, front, and gable, proving all equally inviting. They will effect their breach with a celerity and a silence which few new-comers feel disposed to give credit to, until they awake some morning vestless and bootless, and on prying round in quest of their stray habiliments, find themselves unexpectedly assisted in the search by the friendly face of daylight now peeping through a port-hole in the wall, where no daylight had peeped before. Stone walls are, therefore, generally preferred for warehouses and stores, where articles of value have to be deposited."

There is only one thing which puzzles us with regard to New South Wales, and we confess that does puzzle us not a little. Everything else connected with it we can understand; but how the devil any man can sleep comfortably in his bed, knowing that he is surrounded, even in his own family, by a set of the most notorious felons—fellows who would cut your throat for a guinea, ravish your wife, a respectable matron of fifty-five, and stick a knife in the gizzard of little Tommy, the only pillar of the future greatness of your house, with as little compunction as your cook would truss a pig or skewer a wild duck, does appear to us one of those extraordinary problems on which reason and reflection in vain endeavour to cast any light. In Scotland, the very idea of

there being a thief, not to say burglar, in a parish, would set a whole country-side in an uproar; but think of a parish, of which the whole population are habit and reputed thieves! to say the very best of them and their enormities—why, the very thought is enough to make our too too solid flesh dissolve itself in cold clammy perspiration. We should like to know what security, in such a state of society, a man can have, either for his gold watch or his silver snuff-box? Should you accidentally forget your *tattler* below your pillow in a morning, it is gone—gone, irrecoverably gone; and leave your box on your table when you go out riding—the invaluable box which your bosom friend Tom Perkins left you in his will—and from that moment the last memorial of departed worth is lost to you for ever. Then your purse, your gardevin, and your tea-caddy, are continually exposed to depredation; your very wardrobe is insecure, and you run the risk every morning of finding that your best pair of corduroys have fallen premature victims to the exorbitant rapacity of a furtive valet. No. All Mr Cunningham's arguments are to us a dead letter. We shall never emigrate to Botany Bay.

To do justice, however, to the book, we should now fairly state, that, notwithstanding much prolixity of detail on matters stupid and uninteresting enough, and many specimens of bad taste and abortive wit, it contains a considerable portion of light and agreeable reading. In wading through it, we were several times in danger of getting bogged, and were on the point of issuing directions to Mungo, our black tea-boy, to toss it into the garret lumber-room, (that bourne from whence no traveller returns,) where it might have lain to all eternity with Reuben Apsley, Almack's, Vivian Grey, *et hoc genus omne* of trashy dulness; but casting a few rapid and perspective glances on its pages, we caught occasional glimpses of better things, and the book now stands half-bound in calf on the topmost shelf of the book-case that contains our light reading, hard by the fireplace of our library. We shall give an extract or two in illustration of our opinion. We shall select one which gives rather a melancholy account of that moral debasement in the Abori-

gines of the country, which intercourse with *such* Europeans as those with whom they are condemned to mingle, can scarcely be expected to remove. In the crimes of civilization they are already adepts; to its better concomitants they are yet—and are apparently long destined to remain—strangers. We have no hesitation in saying, that the ignorance, the vices, and the unreclaimed barbarism of these unhappy tribes, after so long an occupation of their country, attaches a stigma to the character of the British Government which we trust will soon be removed.

"In no portion of our territory have our aborigines made much progress in civilization, and in none less than within some hundred miles round Sydney,—those to the north (and those to the south too, if we may believe accounts) materially excelling our old neighbours. At Port Stephens, northerly, commences a better order of things among the tribes; something of chieftainship being apparent, and all of them building comfortable huts of tea-tree bark, capable of containing a number of persons, which they clean daily. The Port Stephens natives have in fact civilized in some respects those of Newcastle, by their mutual intercourse; for the latter are certainly a superior race to those of the interior, and very superior to those about Port Jackson. At Western Port, and other places southerly also, it is said that the natives construct comfortable huts and even villages to reside in,—a point wherein man appears first to elevate and distinguish himself above the common brute creation; but to this point our Cumberland tribes have never yet attained, still contenting themselves with the shelter afforded by the enchanted mansion of Huddibras, 'With roof of air and walls of wind,'—a good fire, and a slip of bark, or bough, placed to windward for shelter, gratifying their most exalted wishes. Indeed, I have often seen them *prefer* the open air to the shelter of a hut even in a cold night, as was fully proved when Governor Macquarrie humanely but unavailingly built a village for their residence, which was soon suffered to fall into decay.—King Boongarre appearing to think very lightly of the governor's judgment in providing such a hamlet, by the contemptuous shrug he gave in replying to a question 'how he liked the houses?' 'Murry boodgerre, (very good,) massa, 'pose he rain.'

"The natives throughout the county of Cumberland have become so much de-

pendent upon the whites, that without what they beg, earn, or steal, they could not well exist. The Sydney tribes live chiefly by fishing, being supplied with hooks and lines by individuals in the town, to whom they bring all the fish they catch, receiving payment in old clothes, bread, and rum.

"The most disgraceful scenes of debauchery originating from the traffic in the last-mentioned article have subsisted hitherto unrestrained, to which it is hoped our present excellent governor will speedily put an end. Personal prostitution among those associating with the whites is carried on to a great extent, the husbands disposing of the favours of their wives to the convict-servants for a slice of bread or a pipe of tobacco. The children produced by this intercourse are generally sacrificed, as is also one of the children in twin cases—the husbands usually enforcing the death of the former, and want of sufficient sustenance compelling the mothers to kill the latter. On Boongarre being once remonstrated with for allowing a woman to destroy a twin-child, he shrugged up his shoulders, and merely said, '*Bel boodgerce* (not good) *kill it pickaninny*,' but made no subsequent efforts to check the practice.

"The women, everywhere that I have seen, wrap themselves in some species of cloak made of opossum skins, or else in a blanket; but the men walk carelessly about quite naked, without betraying the least shame; even many at this day parading the streets of Sydney in natural costume, or with a pair of breeches probably dangling round their necks, which the modest-meaning donor intended to be applied elsewhere. It is amusing to see the consequential swagger of some of these dingy dandies, as they pace lordly up our streets, with a *waddie* twirling in their black paws. No Bond-Street *exquisite* could ape the great man better, for none are better mimics of their superiors; our colonial climatized females mincing it past these undraped *beaus*, or talking with them carelessly face to face, as if unconcerned of their nudity;—while the modest *new-comers* will giggle, blush, cover their eyes with their fingers, and hurry confusedly by.

"Ah the natives round Sydney understand English well, and speak it too, so as to be understood by residents. The Billingsgate along they certainly have acquired in perfection, and no white need think of competing with them in abuse or

hard swearing, a constant torrent of which flows from their mouths as long as their antagonist remains before them; it is of no use for him to reply, his words being quickly drowned in the roar of cursings and contemptuous appellations. I have often stood for a considerable time witnessing contests of this kind, our native satyrs invariably forcing their opponents to retrograde, while the instant *blacks* perceives *whitely* beating a retreat, he vociferates after him—"Go along, you dam rascal; go along, you dam scoundrel; go along, you dam blackguard!" exalting his voice as his enemy retires. But should this volley of abuse provoke 'white fellow' to run up and offer to strike him, 'blacks' would dare him 'to the scratch,' threatening him with *the jail* and *Massa Wenda*,\* if he attempted it. The wisest course, perhaps, is to turn a corner and get out of sight as quickly as possible, for even escaping into a house and shutting the door is no protection, as some of the most *steely-tongued* will sometimes halloo in at the window, or even through the key-hole, as long as they think you are in hearing. Their common practice of fighting amongst themselves is still with the *waddie*,† each alternately stooping the head to receive the other's blows, until one tumbles down, it being considered cowardly to evade a stroke. Most of them, however, can 'show off' in the true Belcher style; and indeed I once witnessed a battle in the streets where the attitudes and *squaring* would have done honour to the London ring, many well-put-in blows too being exchanged, though certainly there was much more *chaffing* than *fighting* in the case,—an active humorous little boy appearing to turn the whole into ridicule by dancing round and between the combatants with uncouth grimaces and gestures, flourishing his *waddie* and singing in accompaniment to his pranks.

"As beggars, the whole world will not produce their match. They do not attempt to *coax* you, but rely on incessant importunity; following you, side by side, from street to street, as constant as your shadow, pealing in your ears the never-ceasing sound of '*Massa, gim me a dum! massa, gim me a dum!*' (dump.) If you have the fortitude to resist *firmly*, on two or three assaults, you may enjoy ever after a life of immunity; but by once *complying*, you entail upon yourself a plague which you will not readily throw off, every gift only serving to embolden them in ma-

\* Mr Wentworth, police magistrate.

† A sort of club.

king subsequent demands, and with still greater perseverance. Neither are their wishes moderately gratified on this head—less than a dump (fifteenpence) seldom proving satisfactory. When walking out one morning, I accidentally met a young scion of our black tribes, on turning the corner of the house, who saluted me with ‘Good morning, sir, good morning;’ to which I in like manner responded, and was proceeding onwards, when my dingy acquaintance arrested my attention by his loud vociferation of ‘Top, sir, I want to peak to you.’—‘Well, what is it?’ said I.—‘Why, you know, I am your servant, and you have never paid me yet.’—‘The devil you are!’ responded I; ‘it is the first time I knew of it, for I do not recollect ever seeing your face before.’—‘O yes, I am your servant,’ replied he, very resolutely; ‘don’t I top about Massa ———’s house, and boil the kettle for you sometimes in the morning?’ I forthwith put my hand in my pocket, and gave him all the halfpence I had, which I left him carefully counting, and proceeded on my walk; but before advancing a quarter of a mile, my ears were again assailed with loud shouts of ‘Hallo! top, top!’ I turned round, and observed my friend in ‘the dark suit’ beckoning with his hand, and walking very leisurely toward me. Thinking he was dispatched with some message, I halted, but as he walked on as slowly as if deeming I ought rather to go to him than he come to me, I forthwith returned to meet him; but on reaching close enough, what was my astonishment on his holding out the halfpence in his open hand, and addressing me in a loud, grumbling, demanding tone, with, ‘Why, this is not enough to buy a loaf! you must give me more.’—‘Then buy huff a loaf,’ said I, wheeling about and resuming my walk, not without a good many hard epithets in return from the kettle-boiler.

“Toward the Hawkesbury and Cow-pasture, the aborigines are not near so debased as around Sydney, and most of them will live in huts, if they are built for them. Many of these too will work at harvest, and attend to other matters about the farm, having been brought up from infancy among the farming whites; but their working is only by fits and starts, little dependence being to be placed thereon. Several are employed and paid as constables, and many now retained on clothes and rations, in pursuance of Governor Darling’s admirable regulations, for tracking thieves and bush-rangers. Like all human beings similarly situated, whose existence depends on the acuteness of

their external senses, they possess amazing quickness of eye and ear, tracing a man’s footstep with perfect ease through every description of country, provided it is only sufficiently recent, and that no rain has fallen in the interval. They will guess, too, very correctly, *how long* the individual has passed, and tell whether it is the bare footstep of a white or a black man, by the nature of the impression. I even knew an instance where the tracker pronounced the robber to be knock-kneed; and his surmise turned out to be just. The thieves will often wade up rivulets, or set fire to the grass, to throw the natives off their track, so sensible are they what vigilant pursuers they have to deal with; and if they cannot do this, they will separate and make off in different routes, to confuse them.”

There are many other parts of these volumes equally amusing with those we have selected, but the work has been already so thoroughly blown upon by the tag-rag and bob-tail of London Periodicals, that we shall not continue our extracts. Mr Cunningham is rather too profuse throughout in uninteresting statistics. It is undoubtedly both useful and requisite to give every possible information with regard to the character of the soil and climate, the mineralogy, botany, zoology of these distant regions, (and on many of these topics the book is uncommonly meagre and unsatisfactory,) but there is no earthly occasion to spend pages in giving an account of the extent of Mr M’Arthur’s sheep-walks, or the plan of Mr M’Gregor’s farm offices and pig-stye. There are pretty villas about Sydney, we do not doubt, rich in all the external beauties of whitewash and green paint, and displaying within a due allowance of mahogany tables and cane-bottomed chairs; but with the particulars of taste and situation in which the villa of Mr Hopkins differs from that of Mr Maloney, we imagine few readers in this country are desirous to become acquainted.

Mr Cunningham delights to indulge in visionary speculations on the future greatness of Australia. If such ideas yield that gentleman any pleasure, we should be sorry to destroy the web he appears so anxious to construct for his amusement. We have only to remark, that in everything connected with political economy, he betrays a degree of ignorance which is inexcusable in

a person somewhat remorseless in his dogmatism on such points. On the whole, we recommend these volumes to our readers as the best and most readable book that has yet been published on the colony; assuring them

that when they have digested all the dull and pleasant matter which they contain, they will die without the smallest inclination to read anything further connected with Botany Bay or its inhabitants.

#### SABBATH.

##### *In Six Sonnets.*

###### I.

AFTER a week of restless care and toil,  
How sweet unspeakably it is to wake,  
And see, in crimson, through the lattice break  
The Sabbath sun's serene and holy smile!  
In hallow'd quiet human stir is hush'd;  
'Twould almost seem that the external world  
Felt God's command, and that the sea-waves curl'd  
More blandly, making music as they rush'd.—  
In the still silence, from the summer fields,  
Hark to the small birds singing, singing on,  
As 'twere an endless anthem to the throne  
Of Nature, for the bounteous stores she yields;  
Yea! for the Power that shelters and that shields,  
Deep adoration mute Earth seems to own.

###### II.

If earth hath aught that speaks to us of heaven,  
'Tis when, within some lone and leafy dell,  
Solemn and slow we list the Sabbath bell,  
On music's wings through the clear ether driven:—  
Doth it not say aloud—"Oh man, 'twere well  
Hither to come, nor walk in sins unshaven!  
Haste to this temple; tidings ye shall hear,  
Ye who are sorrowful and sick in soul,  
Your griefs to soothe, your downcastness to cheer,  
To bind affliction's wounds, and make you whole:  
Come here—come here—though like the Tyrian dye  
Guilt hath polluted you, yet, white as snow,  
From the eternal streams that hither flow,  
Home ye shall pass, to meet your Maker's eye."

###### III.

SOOTHER of life, physician of all ail,  
Thou more than reputation, wealth, or power,  
In the soul's garden the most glorious flower,  
Earth's link to Heaven, Religion, thee I hail!—  
Than Luxury's domes, where thou art all forgot,  
Life's end and object quite misunderstood,  
With thee, how far more blest the lowliest cot,  
The coarsest raiment, and the simplest food!  
Oh! may not with the heavenly, holy calm  
Of Sabbath, from our hearts thine influence glide;  
But, through Life's pilgrimage, whate'er betide,  
May o'er our path thy sweets descend like balm;  
Oh! may the Almighty voice, which saith, "I Am,  
Be ever, through Sin's labyrinth, our guide.

## IV.

FALL'N hath our lot on days of pleasant calm ;  
 How different from the blood-stain'd times of yore,  
 When prayer was broken by the cannon's roar,  
 And death-shrieks mingled with the choral psalm !  
 In sacred as in civil rights, we now  
 Are Freedom's children ; not in doubt and fear,  
 But with blest confidence, in noonday clear,  
 At Adoration's shrine the knee we bow :  
 Soon be it so with all ;—may Christian light,  
 Diffusing mental day from zone to zone,  
 Rescue lorn lands from Superstition's blight,  
 Of Earth an Eden make, and reign alone ;  
 Then man shall loathe the wrong, and choose the right,  
 Remorse and moral blindness be unknown.

## V.

ON shores far foreign, or remoter seas,  
 How doth the wanderer hail thy weekly ray,  
 Blest Sabbath ! and how pensively survey,  
 In thought, his native dwelling 'mid its trees—  
 And childhood's haunts—and faces well beloved—  
 Friends of his soul, the distant and the dear !  
 Oh ! as fond Memory scans them with a tear,  
 He feels them ever from his sight removed :  
 He thinks of times—would they could come again  
 Sweet times, when to the Temple, hand in hand,  
 In concert sweet, in his far fatherland,  
 He went on Sabbath morns to cross the plain !—  
 Tell him, Religion, and 'twill soothe his pain  
 All yet shall meet on Heaven's eternal strand

## VI.

THE twilight shades are darkening o'er the dell  
 In the red west the sun hath shut his eye,  
 And stars are gathering in the upper sky,  
 As, with a pensive sound, the curfew bell  
 Tolls through the solemn air, as 'twere farewell  
 To Heaven's appointed day of sanctity.—  
 Scotland, I glory, that throughout thy bound,  
 (And oh, whilst holy eanst thou be unblest—)  
 Each Sabbath is a jubilee of rest,  
 And prayer and praise almost the only sound.  
 Richer and prouder other lands may be ;  
 But while the world endures, be this thy boast  
 (A worthy one,) that sunshine gilds no coast  
 Where God is served more purely than in thee



## THE OPPOSITION.

IN common with the nation at large, we feel much curiosity to know what course will be taken in Parliament by those who are called the Opposition. Knowing nothing of what they *will* do, we will hazard a few speculations touching what they *ought* to do. They may not thank us for labouring to point out to them their duty; but if we contribute anything towards making the country sensible of what their duty is, we shall not labour in vain.

Public men, at present, form a spectacle in respect of parties of the most uncouth and portentous description. Passing by the minor parties among them, the leading ones are divided; and we have now two Whig and two Tory parties. Each of the four represents itself to be, in essentials, a distinct party; and it is, in some shape or other, involved in hostilities with all the others. The two Whig ones are fighting for the command of the Whig part of the community, and are labouring for each other's extermination as leaders; the two Tory ones are doing the same in respect of the Tory part of the community. There is but one Whig sceptre—there is but one Tory sceptre—and two candidates are fiercely contending for each. A Whig and a Tory party are combined to form the Ministry; they are warring as a whole against the others for the possession of office, and at the same moment they are zealously seeking each other's destruction. A Whig and a Tory party act together as an Opposition, and while they are doing this they are on various matters in bitter contention.

That assemblage, which bears the name and exercises the functions of the Ministry, has such an incongruous appearance, that its members actually do not know what title to give it. They tell us it is not a Whig Ministry, and it is not a Tory Ministry, but farther, touching its name, they cannot speak. To get rid of the difficulty, they assert, with much solemnity, that it stands on the principle of combining the able men of all parties—that it was formed without any regard to party distinctions, and with reference only to ability and worth. They and their masters have certainly weighty reasons for labouring to make

the country believe this, but they will have no success. The country will remember, that, in the formation of Mr Canning's Ministry, not a thought was entertained of combining the able men of all parties. It was formed to make him the Premier; and for this he compounded it of such Tories, Whigs, and Radicals as he was able to pick up, without any reference to ability. Such a compound, made on such grounds, naturally excluded the able and honourable men of all parties.

Mr Canning died, and the country well remembers that no attempt was then made to form the Ministry of the able men of all parties. Mr Peel and his friends are a more able and powerful party than either the official Whigs or the official Tories. They are the most able and powerful party in the country; no other party can bear comparison with them in integrity and virtue, yet not the least effort was made to combine them with the Ministry;—no endeavour was made to alter the compound formed by Mr Canning. The Ministry excludes from office, on the one hand, Mr Peel and his friends; it excludes, on the other, Earl Grey, Lord Holland, Mr Brougham, &c. &c.; and it makes a cipher of Mr Tierney. It excludes nearly all the more eminent Whigs, as well as the more eminent Tories: It excludes the chief part of the talent and worth of all parties. A man possessing no more general knowledge and experience than Lord Goderich, is the Prime Minister; a man of Mr Huskisson's caliber is the Ministerial leader in the House of Commons: a man untried, and almost unheard of in public life, like Lord Dudley, is the Foreign Secretary; a man so little known as Mr Hennes, is the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and a man whose name is as new to the nation as that of Mr Lamb, is the Irish Secretary. Notwithstanding all this, we are gravely assured that the Ministry comprehends the able men of all parties!

This Ministry not only excludes at present, but it stands on the principle of constantly excluding, the able men of all parties. It is bound by interest to seek the destruction, as leaders, of the more eminent Whigs and Tories

not in office. Give exalted office to Earl Grey, and his eloquence will reduce the lustre of the Marquis of Lansdown into that of a mere satellite. Give office of the first class to Mr Tierney, and his official Whig brethren will sink into insignificance. Give leading office to Mr Peel, and Lord Goderich and Mr Huskisson will, in public estimation, fall into nondescript subordinates. Should the Whig, or the Tory part of the Ministry wish to bring into office the more eminent Whigs or Tories, the other part would be bound to oppose it for the sake of its own existence; and things are in a state to render such opposition irresistible. In addition to this, the Ministry stands on the principle of more especially excluding Mr Peel and his friends; their admission would be ruinous to both sides of the Cabinet, therefore, whoever may be admitted, they must be shut out. It is ludicrous to hear the Ministerial sycophants clamour for their eternal exclusion as a matter of national safety, at the very moment when they protest that the Ministry was formed to combine the able men of all parties. There never was a Ministry which stood less on the ground of qualification, and more on that of personal or party exclusion, than the present one. Its foundation is, to exclude particular men for personal and party reasons from office, though it have to compose itself of clerks and underlings.

It results from all this that the country has the most feeble Ministry possible, in respect of real, natural, constitutional power, and there is no hope of its amendment: what it is, it must, from its nature, remain, during its existence.

We need not say, that the termination of this state of things is imperiously called for by the interests of the empire. Every man has been taught by common sense, that the Government ought to consist of the most able and upright men in the country; and that a system, the very essence of which is to exclude such men, and to compose it of the least-gifted and the loose-principled portion of every party, must be a very ruinous one. The country looks to Mr Peel and his friends for a remedy; it expects them to restore its proper working to the Constitution.

Mr Peel, as the leader in the House

of Commons, has a part to perform alike difficult and important; if he decide on an erroneous course, the consequences will be as disastrous to himself as to his country. If he identify himself generally with the Ministry in principle and policy—connect himself with the Goderich party in the hope of obtaining office through it to the expulsion of the Whigs—follow that conduct which the Whigs followed after Mr Canning was made the Foreign Secretary, he will do what will be ruinous to himself and his party. He may find the proof of this in the past history of the Whigs.

So long as the Whigs kept themselves separate and distinct from the Ministry, they were powerful;—they acted in the most wild, unconstitutional, and patricidal manner; they did almost everything that was calculated to make the country despise and hate them, and still they remained reasonably powerful. They retained their press, and the support of the Whig part of the community. But when they identified themselves with the Ministry, they rendered themselves, as a party, contemptible. The line of distinction was destroyed; and their press and adherents could go over to the Ministry without exhibiting any very flagrant proofs of apostasy. They were deserted by their newspapers and many of their influential friends; they were merged, and almost lost, in the Canning party. The latter party naturally took the lead in the union in the eyes of the country, although it servilely followed their dictates: that part of the nation which had followed them could no longer regard them as leaders, and it followed the banner of Mr Canning.

The Whigs were thus brought to such a condition, that they had no weight or influence with the nation save as the auxiliaries of the Canning party: when they spoke and acted as an independent party, they were disregarded. When the Ministry was broken up, they were so conscious of their weakness and degradation, that they voluntarily offered to incorporate themselves wholly and by name with the party of Mr Canning; and to become his humble, passive, servile borough instruments. They obtained office only because he could not do without them; and they merely received such a portion of it, as made



them, in rank, dignity, and importance, the subordinates and dependents of the rest of the Ministry. It might almost make a man weep to compare the past greatness and glories of Whiggism, with its present fallen, degraded, and miserable condition. To see such a man as Mr Tierney, a man who was once the regularly appointed leader of the Whig Opposition in the House of Commons, disgraced into the Master of the Mint, in a Ministry, the leading part of which disclaims the name of Whig,—to see the heads of such a party, as the Whigs once were, tamely submitting to every personal indignity and mortification; tamely submitting to be assured from all quarters, that they are employed because no one else can be found to fill their places; tamely obeying the will of the Crown at the moment when they are openly told that they are utterly destitute of its favour and confidence, merely to obtain the ignoble minority of office,—might, we think, melt the heart of any person.

If Mr Peel and his friends imitate the conduct of the Whigs, a like fate will befall them. If they generally vote with, and support the Ministry, and merely oppose it on the Catholic Question; they will give that gigantic part of the nation, which follows them, to the Ministry, if it gain no new leaders; and they will sink into feeble insignificance as a party. Such a course would be the most unlikely one possible for bringing them into office. The union of Mr Canning and the Whigs did the former prodigious mischief; it separated him from the great body of the Tories, and it compelled him to take the Whigs into office. But if Mr Peel and his friends support the Goderich party, they will mightily strengthen both sides of the Ministry, instead of dividing it to its destruction.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be between the Goderich party and the Whigs, there are much greater ones between the former and the Tories. The Goderich party, or at least a part of it, agrees with the Whigs on some important points on which Mr Canning differed from them. The question touching the Test Acts is likely to be made a prominent one. On it Mr Canning was opposed to the Whigs, but Mr Huskisson is with them; and it may be pretty safely assumed from Lord Goderich's general

conduct, that he is with them likewise. In general spirit, the Goderich party is much more with the Whigs than Mr Canning was. In truth, from shameless changes of opinion, abandonment of measures, and personal interests and antipathies, the one party now differs nearly as much as the other from the Tories.

Support, therefore, given by Mr Peel and his friends to the Ministry, will not, like the support given by the Whigs to Lord Liverpool's Ministry, drive the two parts of the Cabinet into collision and dissolution, and render the admission of its parents into office necessary. It will tend to strengthen them and render their union permanent.

But if Mr Peel and his friends by such support should regain office through the expulsion of the Whigs, they would fare as the Whigs have fared. They would be made the subordinates of the Goderich party—they would have such a share of office meted out to them as would ensure this party's ascendancy. The Whigs are utterly ruined as an independent party capable of furnishing a Ministry; and in such a case, they would act with the Goderich party, as they acted with the Canning one, to get Mr Peel and his friends out again. The latter would constantly have the weight of both the other parties operating against them, and it would effectually keep them in dependence and insignificance.

On every principle of public good, it is essential that a party like the Goderich one—a party so loose-principled and so lost to all sense of consistency and shame, that it can ally itself this moment with the Tories, and the next with the Whigs and Radicals—can see no difference between one creed and another, and one body of public men and another—can be all things to all men and parties—should be wholly annihilated as an independent and influential party. Nothing could well be more detrimental to the public weal than for a party like this to possess the power of making itself the ascendent one, and of keeping the great constitutional ones under its dictation. It must possess such power, if Mr Peel and his friends give it their general support.

The course therefore prescribed to the latter by personal interest and pub-

lic duty is, to separate themselves entirely from the Goderich party, and constitute themselves a regular Constitutional Opposition—an Opposition in reality as well as name. By this the Goderich party will be stripped of its mischievous power of playing with the Whigs and Tories at pleasure for its own interest, and it will be melted into the Whigs; it will speedily lose every lineament and hue of a separate party. The country would then obtain a Ministry which, whether Whig or Tory, would be the one or the other, which would be united in person and sentiments, and which would be subjected to the proper constitutional restraints, and compelled to stand on its own merits.

Mr Peel and his friends must do something beyond this, to make themselves an efficient Opposition, and acquire due weight in the House of Commons. They must give to their party in this House a proper portion of general talent and oratory; mere numbers will not do alone. It has been said, we know not how truly, by the newspapers, that a certain Tory Peer intends to remove some of his borough members in order to replace them with men of ability; and we shall rejoice to find such a system adopted. Mr Peel's party must seek, in the history of its fall, instruction how to rise again. It confided in its principles, character, parliamentary votes, and numbers; and it suffered nearly all the leading talent, oratory, and official station in the House of Commons, to be possessed by the other parties. On the one side was Mr Peel without any powerful speaker to support him; on the other were Mr Canning, Mr Brougham, Mr Tierney, Sir F. Burdett, Mr Plunkett, &c. &c. In respect of influential office, there was on the one side the Home Secretary; on the other, there were the ministerial leader of the House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign Secretary, and the President of the Board of Trade. The Peel party surrendered almost everything that was calculated to drive it out of the House of Commons, to the Canning one, and it is now reaping the bitter consequences.

It is utterly impossible for any party, however powerful it may be in other respects, to stand its ground in Parliament and with the country, if it be not efficiently represented in the

House of Commons—if it do not possess its full share of the talent and eloquence of this House. Mr Peel and his friends must by this time be amply convinced of the truth of this, and we hope they will act accordingly.

While it is essential that this party should thus strengthen itself in the House of Commons, by additional talent and eloquence, it is equally essential that in its conduct it should be temperate, practical, and strictly constitutional. The Whigs lost the confidence of the cautions, reflecting, independent part of the community by their violence, their projected innovations, their attacks on everything possessed by the country, and their atrocious appeals to the passions of the multitude. The new Opposition should adopt conduct directly the reverse. The leaders should apply themselves with energy and uprightness to the real, substantial interests of the empire; and each ought to take his department. One should devote himself to finance, another to trade, another to foreign policy, &c. By this, Mr Peel would be surrounded by a sufficiency of able, experienced men to enable him to form at any time an effective and powerful Ministry, without resorting to turncoats and traitors from other parties. From it the nation would reap incalculable benefits. Public measures would then be properly discussed. We are not advocating indiscriminate opposition in everything. There is a very great difference between saying—I will not oppose this measure—and, I will support it: and we advise this difference to be acted on. We wish the Opposition to oppose, only when it ought; but not to support, when it ought merely not to oppose. We wish it to avoid everything calculated to injure its character as a separate, hostile, balancing party to the others.

There are people who say, there ought to be no parties, and who boast hugely of the blessings which flow from the extinction of party spirit and the union of public men. These people may be divided into two parts; the one speaks from interest, and the other from ignorance. A Ministry occasionally praises such unanimity, but it is only when it is in its own favour. Sometimes official men act very inconsistently on the matter. Mr Canning once at Liverpool eulogised the Can-

ning Club, and stated that such clubs were highly laudable and beneficial: but afterwards when he was a Minister, the Ministry to which he belonged declaimed against all such clubs, and all party associations and divisions, as things vastly pernicious. If there be no parties, there must be no difference of opinion, and no discussion: if there be no party spirit, there must be no public spirit. Those who maintain that public men ought to be united, should likewise maintain, that there ought to be no discussion and no Opposition to the Ministry in Parliament.

If there must be no parties in Parliament, the constitution must practically lose its popular character. We have more than once expressed our hostility to the innovations which have been advocated under the name of Parliamentary Reform; but we have intimated at the same time, that should the great borough interests be permanently combined into a whole, they ought to be annihilated. In their proper division and hostility exist public freedom, popular influence—the power of the people. It has been abundantly proved in late years, that the efforts of unconnected individuals are wholly powerless in Parliament; and that the popular voice can only make itself attended to in it, by the aid of a powerful party. If Parliamentary parties be combined into a whole, this whole must of necessity be the Ministry, and the Ministry must be despotic. Our form of government will be representative only in name.

If public men always united from pure motives, our objections to their unanimity might be diminished; but truth is, their motives are generally in the highest degree selfish, sordid, mercenary, and disgraceful. What caused the union of Mr Fox with Lord North? What caused the union of Mr Canning with Mr Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett? What caused the union of the Canning party with the Whigs and Radicals? We need not reply; neither need we say, that unanimity produced by such unions cannot be beneficial to the country.

While we maintain that the existence of powerful, hostile parties in Parliament is in the highest degree essential for the public weal, we are far from saying that parties never produce evil. But we cannot argue from

the abuse against the use. We think it would be as wise to say that the sun ought to be extinguished for occasionally producing drought, as to say that parties ought to be extinguished for occasionally producing evil. A party should always hold public interests sacred; if it sacrifice them to its own, its conduct is highly reprehensible; but then a Ministry is a party, and it is as likely to do so, as an Opposition. If a party degenerate into a faction, and labour eternally for the injury of public interests it ought to be destroyed; but this forms no argument against the general existence of parties.

We do not speak thus as the organ of any individual or party; we speak our sentiments without knowing what is intended, and we speak solely for the sake of the country. Mr Peel and his friends, instead of taking the field in the stern, haughty, dauntless, open spirit of former and better times, may trim—sail with the stream—and repeat the jargon of the Faction to escape the imputation of bigotry and illiberality. They may by this obtain a share of office with Lord Godrich and his friends, and still they will ruin themselves as a leading and influential party. If the Church be preserved—if the Constitution be preserved—if the Empire be saved from ruin, they must stand forward like men, and speak and act in the spirit we have described. To their conciliating and compromising—their acquiescence in the persecution and sacrifice of their supporters—their silence and neutrality when all was attacked which gave them party vitality—and their countenance of the tenets and language of the Liberal Faction—to these, their humiliation, and the triumphs of their opponents, are owing. Had they done their duty manfully and uprightly, they would not have fallen; and if they will now do it, they may soon recover themselves. In Parliament, let them take the attitude of a thoroughly independent party, reinforce themselves properly with talent and eloquence, and speak courageously and without reserve the severe and potent language of truth and reason. By this they will soon render pointless the abuse of the ruling Faction, convert its blustering and boasting into impotent defensive excuses, and cause it to crumble to pieces.

## HEBER'S HYMNS.\*

THE name of Reginald Heber carries with it a sound very delightful to an English ear, and the character of the man will for ever be regarded in England with affectionate admiration. The fame of a divine must always be highest among the people of his own church. This is the case even with the great old English divines, such as Taylor and Barrow, whose works, although famous over all Christendom, are held in highest, proudest, and fondest esteem by those Englishmen who may attend the services and ministration of religion in Minsters and Cathedrals. If such be the truth respecting the reputation of theologians whose works stand in the first order of the great productions of human genius, the same remark must be still more applicable to that of those who have not been gifted by nature with such commanding intellects, or splendid imaginations, but who were still eminent in their day for a beautiful combination of qualities essential to the characters of the ministers of Christianity, and who, with more than common eloquence, simple, or fervent, or sublime, preached its doctrines home to the feelings and understandings of multitudes of men. For here, the power of their piety depends much on the benign and grateful feeling with which they are personally regarded—a feeling which can avail them only where they are personally known; and thus that feeling can only be in its full force among their own parishioners who hear them every Sabbath; and in less or more, but still a high degree, among all the members of that church, of whom they are the ornament and the pride. It must be fainter far, among persons placed without these precincts; and their reputation, instead of being above the level of their talents and attainments, is generally there very much below it, and often utterly faint and obscure. Thus, in Scotland, we shall not say that the name of Reginald Heber is nearly unknown, for that would be to charge our country with a dishonouring ig-

norance; but certainly its power is neither general nor great over the public mind, nor perhaps ever likely to become so. That he was an amiable, an enlightened, and pious person, with fine scholar-like accomplishments, many know—more believe it without knowing it—and more still are merely aware that he was a Bishop in India. Although this comparative coldness of attention to his genius and his character, is not only to be partly accounted for, but even justified, by what we have said above, yet we confess, that for our own sakes, we wish it were otherwise,—and that we Scottish people, who not only get ample credit from others for being discerning judges of intellectual merit, and enthusiastic admirers of it also, but who pride ourselves—and are not sparing of expressing our pride—on that discernment and enthusiasm—had in this case shown ourselves more worthy of the praises of others, as well as of our own self-applause. There is something more than suspicious in the boastful expression of the love and admiration of genius in the abstract, when we are so slow of bestowing them on individuals to whom they are due; and yet we know some of our country's critics, who, if you permitted them, would philosophize on poetry by the hour, who have never so much as heard of Heber's "Palestine." Yet Reginald Heber was assuredly a poet—a poet of the finest, if not very impassioned sensibilities—of imagination, if not absolutely sublime, so high, that it often soared to the very verge of sublimity—his taste was pure—his judgment strong—and none but a mind of the conformation of genius could have had such a vivid perception, such a delicate and deep sense of the Beautiful.

The name of Reginald Heber gathered its first, and perhaps almost its brightest splendour at the University of Oxford. In England, a man's college-reputation, if he has been pre-eminent in literature or science, accompanies him into the world; and if he does not afterwards fall back in life,

\* Hymns written and adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year. By the Right Rev. Reginald Heber, D.D. late Lord Bishop of Calcutta. John Murray, London, 1827.

its lustre is not obscured but brightened by his success in any one of the learned professions. That he was senior wrangler at Cambridge, is still held honourable to Copley, now that he is Lord Chancellor of England; that he was a first-class man in literature and science, is still remembered to the glory of Peel, after he has shown himself to the world, one of her consummate statesmen. We have no idea of this in Scotland. In our universities, a student has in general finished even his philosophical education, and if he chooses takes his master's degree, at an age when he would have been only leaving school in England, or at Christ Church or Trinity, impatient of the name of "Freshman." The competitions of boys, however full of promise in their successful issue, can hardly be held decisive of the mental superiority of those who excel. Their characters may be undergoing those critical changes which in another year shall show the formerly slow and sluggish mind quicker and more active far, than that which had been distinguished for alertness and vivacity, but is now falling away unaccountably into obtuseness or indolence. Bright parts are always hopeful—but hopes are often fallacious, and sometimes we have cause to be glad, and sometimes to grieve, that "the boy is not father of the man." But in our English universities, men contend with men—and as distinction is difficult, so is ambition high, and success glorious, in the rivalries of the flower of the English youth. That great acquirements must be theirs who stand pre-eminent in scholarship or science, at Oxford or Cambridge, is certain; for, were it not so, the same men, afterwards engaged in vital struggles for fame and fortune, on the great theatre of the world, would look back with contempt or shame on their earlier triumphs.

Reginald Heber did not bring, so far as we have ever heard, any very high character for scholarship with him to the University. He had not been at any one of the great public schools, and his abilities therefore could have been known but to a few companions. His University Latin prize poem, "*Carmen Seculare*," soon established his claims to elegant scholarship, and inspired him with hopes of still greater academical distinction. It is a very animated and poetical composition:

but its Latinity is certainly not so pure, nor its versification so Virgilian, as some of the Latin prize poems of scholars from Winchester and Eton. That he could beat all the best men of his year, at their own weapon, was, however, a proof of his boldness and his ingenuity—nor, we believe, did he himself ever set upon his "copy" any higher value.

But it was not till the summer of 1803 that his most beautiful genius broke forth in all its lustre. "In his childhood," says an admirable writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "Reginald Heber was remarkable for the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which he remembered it; a taste and talent which subsequent acquirements and maturer years only served to strengthen, so that a great portion of his reading was intended, or at least was employed, to illustrate the scripture; and perhaps few men of his day had attained to so masterly a knowledge of the historical parts of the Bible, as well as the doctrinal, or could have thrown happier light upon its Oriental customs, its difficult geography, or the civil, political, and moral condition of the people to whom it was addressed." It may well be supposed with what delighted enthusiasm a youthful mind, so gifted and instructed, would seize upon such a subject as "Palestine" for the first poem to which he brought his fine powers, inspired, it may be said, by piety, and stimulated by an honourable ambition. It seemed a subject selected for the very man,—nor is it too much to say, that not another youth in England could have produced such a poem. The music of the heroic measure, in most hands so monotonous, rolls along in his with a varied majesty, reminding one of the finest parts of the English *Pollio*—

"Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song."

His subject is arranged, and all its parts proportioned, with a judgment so exquisite, that we ought rather to call it genius. The transitions, though often rapid, sudden, and startling, are all natural to an imagination kindled as his was by "the visions of glory that spared not his aching sight." (O Old Palestine, ever holy, yet not that Holy Land it was afterwards to be, his muse that

" Her eyes had closed to listen to the strain,  
That Hebrew bards did consecrate of old,  
And fix'd her Pindus upon Lebanon,"

sung in strains of which every line teemed with scriptural imagery, and with a true Hebrew soul, inspired by the Bible. But not till the pure and pious youthful bard comes to the foot of Mount Calvary, and beholds the rueful uplifting of the cross, do we know and feel how genius may be sublimed by religion. And when from that sad stance

" The unborn ages crowd upon his soul,"

his descriptions of the elevation of the human spirit all over the face of the earth, and its final apotheosis, are gloriously coloured by the language of the Prophets, and seem, indeed, prompted by the spirit he had invoked,

" That touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire."

None who heard Reginald Heber recite his "Palestine," in that magnificent theatre, will ever forget his appearance—so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience, when his universally admired son ascended the rostrum; and we have heard that the sudden thunder of applause that then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart. Reginald Heber's recitation, like that of all poets whom we have heard recite, was altogether untrammelled by the critical laws of elocution, which were not set at defiance, but either by the poet unknown or forgotten; and there was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of the solemnity, and even grandeur of the scene of which he was himself the conspicuous object—though that feeling did suffuse his pale, ingenuous, and animated countenance—than from the deeply-felt sanctity of his subject, comprehending the most awful mysteries of God's revelations to man. As his voice grew bolder and more sonorous in the hush, the audience felt that this was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth—the accidental triumph

of an accomplished versifier over his compeers in the dextrities of scholarship—which is all that can generally be truly said of such exhibitions—but that here was a poet indeed—not only of bright promise, but of high achievement—one whose name was already written in the roll of the Immortals. And that feeling—whatever might have been the share of the boundless enthusiasm, with which the poem was listened to, attributable to the influence of the "genius loci,"—has been since sanctioned by the judgment of the world, that has placed "Palestine" at the very head of the poetry on divine subjects of this age. It is now incorporated for ever with the Poetry of England—a lot which has befallen but few prize poems, such as Glynn's Day of Judgment, and Porteus's Death; although there are others that deserve and will probably enjoy it—such as Wrangham's Holy Land, and Grant's Restoration of Learning and Knowledge in the East,—the first distinguished by sustained spirit and elegance—the second pervaded by a noble enthusiasm, and in some of its strains sublime.

Reginald Heber was now the "observed of all observers"—yet while, as was right and fitting, he enjoyed his splendid reputation, his mind and his manner were free from the slightest arrogance—for the one was too high for hauteur, and the other moulded by the impulses of a simple and sincere heart. By birth, too, he was a gentleman—and there was about him a native elegance of demeanour, an unconscious high breeding, that kept no one at a distance whom worth or talent entitled to the honour of his society, yet that admitted not the too near approach of any who did not possess his more intimate friendship, and who otherwise, from admiration of his genius, might have availed themselves of his generous disposition and courteous affability, to press, unasked or undesired, into the chosen circle.

He was indeed fond of society, and not averse to social enjoyments. Wit he possessed in an eminent degree—and even humour; and his conversation was delightfully changeful, from earnestness to gaiety, from serious but short argumentation to airy badinage and harmless repartee. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the heart of Reginald He-

ber was even full to overflowing. Eloquent he might well be called, although not fluent—for in the eagerness or earnestness of his easily awakened spirit, he had sometimes almost a hurried and hesitating elocution, till his thoughts and feelings found fitting and most beautiful utterance, as if by fits and starts—his mind being like an oscillating well of purest waters in a shady and sunny fountain. There was no reserve nor concealment about him—his eyes lightened with the frequent smile—and his ready hand was held out to the grasp of friend or companion with a free and manly frankness, which would of itself have made an universal favourite of a far inferior man. At this time his reading was extensive and miscellaneous. He was indeed a book-devourer—and in those noble libraries he sat for many a solemn and meditative hour with the mighty dead. Need it be added, that not only not unaverse to, but enamoured of all the pastimes of ingenious youth, his moral character was without a stain, and above all suspicion.

The writer of these imperfect notices may be allowed to say thus much, without claiming the honour of a closer intimacy with Reginald Heber than he had the fortune to enjoy. But though a few years disparity of age, at that time felt to be considerable,—to say nothing of the circumstance of having each a different country and a different kindred,—kept down their intercourse to what he fears may hardly now be called by the sacred name of friendship; yet it was ever, on the side of Reginald Heber, kind, cordial, and encouraging; on that of him who now writes, admiring, respectful, reverent, and such as entitles him to think now with moistened eyes of his distant grave.

His University career was equally splendid to its close. In the Schools his examination for his Bachelor's degree, although not so much distinguished as that of many others, for accurate remembrances of the manifold divisions and subtleties of Aristotle's philosophical works, by the solution of syllogisms out of Aldrich's Logic, or of mathematical problems, was brilliant in the oratory and poetry of Greece. But his reputation was then so great and high, that no public exhibition of that kind could increase

or raise it. Some men enter the schools obscure and come out bright—others enter bright and come out obscure; but Reginald Heber was a star whose lustre was as steady as it was clear, and would neither suffer temporary eclipse, nor “draw golden light” from any other source of honour within the walls of an University. The year after he had taken his degree, he, almost of course, gained the University Bachelor's Prize for the English Prose Essay. The subject was well suited to his peculiar powers, and the “Sense of Honour” found in him a temperate and charitable Christian advocate, who vindicated its high character as a great principle of morality, but showed its necessary subjection to conscience and religion.

While yet a member of the University, and Fellow of All Souls, he travelled with the celebrated Dr Clark through various foreign countries, and as the writer in the Quarterly Review, already quoted, justly says—“Some of his observations upon Russia and the Crimea, which Dr Clark was permitted to extract from his MS. journal, and publish in notes to his own work, have ever been reckoned the bijoux of the volume, and indeed convey more information in a few words than perhaps would have been communicated by any traveller, except Buckhardt, whose close and pithy sentences not unfrequently resemble these able memoranda.”

Reginald Heber—we do not remember in what year—probably about the year 1810 or 11—married the daughter of Dr Shipley, late Dean of St Asaph—and on the valuable family living of Hodnet, in Shropshire, became that for which nature and education had so nobly qualified him, a Christian Minister, devoted with all his heart and all his soul, to the eternal interests of his flock. Himself the delight of the society of the rich, the high, and the noble, here Reginald Heber did not disdain the door of the dwelling of the poor, the humble, and the lowly born. He who in youth had been the most distinguished scholar of a great University, at all times distinguished for scholarship,—who had enjoyed to the utmost the triumph of early genius, and had the intoxicating cup of praise held so long to his lips, at an age when a less pure and pious spirit might have quaffed the draught to the very dregs.

—who had seen “many men and many cities,” and knew well how, to the ears of the most learned in the wisdom of the world, to explain their character, their customs, and their institutions,—who, suitably weaponed to win his way to the highest distinction in the wide literary contest then rife over the whole of this awakened land, might with certainty of success have turned his strong and fine talents to the acquisition of an author’s fame, either in the fields of erudition or fancy,—chose what he felt to be a happier and a better part, and in “his great Task-master’s eye,” strove to spread the light of Christianity into the houses and huts and hovels of the poor, which often, even in this country of highest civilization, are as dark and destitute of the day, as the bowers of the Heathen and the Pagan. Privileged and empowered by his rank and riches to have about his home-establishment the equipages becoming such a condition, Reginald Heber, the Rector, was often and often seen walking in all weathers, “through lanes and alleys green,” on cheerful and cheering visits to the humblest of his parishioners. “It was here,” says an excellent writer in the British Critic and Quarterly Theological Review, “it was here were fixed those ties which it cost him so much to break when he went to India, and it was here he must have been seen and known, to understand the value of the sacrifice he made. It was true, indeed, that he was then cultivating his talents for a richer harvest. In the enjoyment of society his life was ever studious and contemplative—much of every day was sedulously dedicated to books and to parochial duties; and when he paid his distant visits, he generally went on foot, on which occasions, if you happened to cross upon his path, or greet him on his arrival, you would perceive at once, that he had been conversant with higher thoughts than those which the road presented to him.”

Meanwhile he was appointed to preach the Bampton Lectures, (which in 1816 he published) and chose a subject to which he might bring with happiest effect the great stores of his theological learning, nor with effect less happy, the whole calm and profound enthusiasm of his devout spirit—“The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter.” In 1822, he

published a Life of Jeremy Taylor, with a Critical Examination of his Writings, for a new edition of the works of that illustrious divine, (since printed by themselves in two volumes.)—which is animated throughout by a generous yet discriminating admiration of his glorious subject, and by a kindred imagination, delighting, as if inspired by the genius whose immortal works it was contemplating and ranging over, with a flash and glow of kindred poetry. About the same time he was elected preacher at Lincoln’s-Inn, “a very flattering distinction,” says the Quarterly Review, “whether the character of the electors be considered, or the merits of his predecessor, or those of the distinguished person before whom he was preferred; valuable, moreover, as placing somewhat more ‘in oculis civium,’ a man intended by nature for a less obscure station than that which he had for years been filling; though assuredly that was one which, had it been so ordained, he would have continued to fill to his dying day, without any querulous suspicion that he had fallen in evil times, when merit is overlooked, and talent suffered to spread itself on an unworthy field.” A few months of the year he thus spent in London, but his residence was in the Rectory of Hodnet, in the neighbourhood of which had also settled his mother and sister. There his lot was one of true felicity indeed, but he left it at the sound of the call of “a still small voice,” for a distant region, to die in the holiest cause in which the Christian martyr can die.

No man ever went to India on such a mission with such endowments. He had a mind to penetrate no less clearly through caste and all other superstitions, into the real condition in which nature lies so woefully, and, as some of the hopeless school of philosophy would say, inevitably benighted in the soul of the Paria—than into the mild hypocrisy of the time-honoured Brahmin, bowing to idolatrous worship within the recesses of his groves and temples, before the multitude of his mysterious gods. Before he knew what was to be his last high destiny on earth, and ere he left the shores of England, he had breathed the secret aspirations of his piety in a Hymn before a collection made for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. How beautiful is the hymn—



From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain !

What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile :  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn,  
The Heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone !

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With Wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation ! oh, Salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learn'd Messiah's name !

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransom'd Nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign !

Once had he, long before, in his beloved Hodnet, been brought to the brink of the grave by a typhus fever, caught from the contagion of a sickbed which he had been comforting. On another occasion, in India, he was, as he himself thought, so close on death's door, that he addressed a farewell letter to his mother ; and, worn out at last by the labour of love among the heathen, Death came over him as secretly and as suddenly as the flying shadow of a cloud over the shepherd stretched in sleep beside his flock on the hill-side. With the alteration of one single expression, we may breathe over him his own most beautiful dirge, or rather funeral hymn,

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb :  
Thy Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,  
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom !

Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer behold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side ;  
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died !

Thou art gone to the grave ! and, its mansion forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long ;  
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,  
And the sound which thou heardest was the Seraphim's song !

Thou art gone to the grave ! but we will not deplore thee,  
Whose God was Thy ransom, Thy guardian and guide ;  
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,  
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died !

A wide field of discussion opens up before us, as we think of Bishop Heber's death. But to write on that now is not possible, and many admirable reflections will be found on his brief career, in the articles already quoted from the *Quarterly Review* and the *British Critic*. In the first of these publications, we have been presented with some extracts from the Bishop's *Journal*, so full of sense and wisdom, and which we with great pleasure observe is speedily to be given to the world. Meanwhile, let us gratify ourselves and our readers, by publishing what may be called his Fun-

eral Oration, by Sir Charles Grey, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Calcutta—one who knew Bishop Heber well—and himself not more distinguished by his great talents and learning as a lawyer, than by his taste, genius, and fine scholarship. It appears to us eminently beautiful, whether we regard the sentiments or the style, and a noble specimen of classical eloquence.

"GENTLEMEN,—It is with real agitation and embarrassment that I find it my duty to mark out the grounds on which this meeting appears to me to have been called for : assuredly it is not that there

is any difficulty in finding those grounds, nor that I have any apprehension that you will not attend to a statement of them, with willingness and indulgence. But this is a very public occasion, and my feelings are not entirely of a public nature. Deep as my sense is of the loss which the community has sustained, yet do what I will, the sensation which I find uppermost in my heart, is my own private sorrow for one who was my friend in early life. It is just four and twenty years, this month, since I first became acquainted with him at the University, of which he was, beyond all question or comparison, the most distinguished student of his time. The name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth, his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favour, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any one but himself, who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence. Towards the close of his academical career, he crowned his previous honours by the production of his 'Palestine;' of which single work, the fancy, the elegance, and the grace, have secured him a place in the list of those who bear the proud title of English Poets. This, according to usage, was recited in public; and when that scene of his early triumph comes upon my memory, that elevated rostrum from which he looked upon friendly and admiring faces; that decorated theatre; those grave forms of ecclesiastical dignitaries, mingling with a resplendent throng of rank and beauty; those antique mansions of learning, those venerable groves, those refreshing streams, and shaded walks; the vision is broken by another, in which the youthful and presiding genius of the former scene, is beheld, lying in his distant grave, amongst the sands of Southern India,—believe me the contrast is striking, and the recollections most painful.

"But you are not here to listen to details of private life. If I touch upon one or two other points, it will be for the purpose only of illustrating some features of his character. He passed some time in foreign travel, before he entered on the duties of his profession. The whole continent had not yet been re-opened to Englishmen by the swords of the noble lord who is near me, and his companions in arms, but in the eastern part of it the Bishop found a field the more interesting, on account of its having been seldom trodden by our countrymen;—he kept a valuable journal of his observations, and when you consider his youth, the applause he had already received, and how

tempting, in the morning of life, are the gratifications of literary success, you will consider it as a mark of the retiring and ingenuous modesty of his character, that he preferred to let the substance of his work appear in the humble form of notes to the volumes of another. This has been before noticed. There is another circumstance which I can add, and which is not so generally known. This journey, and the aspect of those vast regions stimulating a mind which was stored with classical learning, had suggested to him a plan of collecting, arranging, and illustrating all of ancient and of modern literature, which could unfold the history, and throw light on the present state of Scythia—that region of mystery and fable—that source from whence, eleven times in the history of man, the living clouds of war have been breathed over all the nations of the South. I can hardly conceive any work for which the talents of the author were better adapted, hardly any which could have given the world more of delight, himself more of glory; I know the interest which he took in it. But he had now entered into the service of the Church, and finding that it interfered with his graver duties, he turned from his fascinating pursuit, and condemned to temporary oblivion a work, which, I trust, may yet be given to the public.

"I mention this chiefly for the purpose of showing how steady was the purpose, how serious the views, with which he entered on his calling. I am aware that there were inducements to it, which some minds will be disposed to regard as the only probable ones; but I look upon it myself to have been with him a sacrifice of no common sort. His early celebrity had given him incalculable advantages, and every path of literature was open to him, every road to the temple of fame—every honour which his country could afford, was in clear prospect before him, when he turned to the humble duties of a country church, and buried in his heart those talents which would have ministered so largely to worldly vanity, that they might spring up in a more precious harvest. He passed many years in this situation in the enjoyment of as much happiness as the condition of humanity is perhaps capable of. Happy in the choice of his companion, the love of his friends, the fond admiration of his family—happy in the discharge of his quiet duties and the tranquillity of a satisfied conscience. It was not, however, from this station that he was called to India. By the voice, I am proud to say it, of a part of

that profession to which I have the honour to belong, he had been invited to an office which few have held for any length of time without further advancement. His friends thought it, at that time, no presumption to hope, that ere long he might wear the mitre at home. But it would not have been like himself to chaffer for preferment: he freely and willingly accepted a call which led him to more important, though more dangerous, alas, I may now say, to fatal labours. What he was in India why should I describe? You saw him! You bear testimony! He has already received in a sister presidency the encomiums of those from whom praise is most valuable; especially of one (Sir Thomas Munro) whose own spotless integrity, and a sincerity far above suspicion, make every word of commendation, which is drawn from him, of tenfold value. I have reason to believe, that short as their acquaintance had been, there were few whose praise would have been more grateful to the subject of it. Would that he might have lived to hear it! What sentiments were entertained of him in this metropolis of India, your presence testifies—and I feel authorized to say, that if the noble person who holds the highest station in this country had been unfettered by usage, if he had consulted only his own inclinations and his regard for the Bishop, he would have been the foremost upon this occasion to manifest his participation in the feelings which are common to us all. When a stamp has been thus given to his character, it may seem only to be disturbing the impression to renew, in any manner, your view of it; yet if you will grant me your patience for a few moments, I shall have a melancholy pleasure in pointing out some features of it which appear to me to have been the most remarkable. The first which I would notice was that cheerfulness and alacrity of spirit which, though it may seem to be a common quality, is in some circumstances of rare value. To this large assemblage, I fear I might appeal in vain, if I were to ask, that he should step forward who had never felt his spirit to sink when he thought of his native home, and felt that a portion of his heart was in a distant land. Who had never been irritated by the annoyance, or embittered by the disappointment of India, I feel shame to say, that I am not ~~thence~~ <sup>there</sup> who could answer the appeal. The Bishop was the only one whom I have ever known who was entirely master of these feelings.

“Disappointments and annoyances came to him as they come to all, but he

met and overcame them with a smile, and when he has known a different effect produced on others, it was his usual wish that ‘they were but as happy as himself.’ Connected with this alacrity of spirit, and in some degree springing out of it, was his activity. I apprehend that few persons, civil or military, have undergone as much labour, traversed as much country, seen and regulated so much as he has done, in the small portion of time which had elapsed since he entered in his office, and if death had not broken his career, his friends know that he contemplated no relaxation of exertions. But this was not a mere restless activity or result of temperament. It was united with a fervent zeal, not fiery nor ostentatious, but steady and composed; which none could appreciate, but those who intimately knew him. I was struck myself upon the renewal of our acquaintance by nothing so much as the observation, that though he talked with animation on all subjects, there was nothing on which his intellect was bent—no prospect on which his imagination dwelt—no thought which occupied habitually his vacant moments, but the furtherance of that great design of which he had been made the principal instrument in this country. Of the same unobtrusive character was the piety which filled his heart. It is seldom that of so much there is so little ostentation. All here knew his good-natured and unpretending manner; but I have seen unequivocal testimonies, both before and since his death, that under that cheerful and gay aspect there were feelings of serious and unremitting devotion, of perfect resignation, of tender kindness for all mankind, which would have done honour to a saint. When to these qualities you add his desire to conciliate, which had everywhere won all hearts—his amiable demeanour, which invited a friendship that was confirmed by the innocence and purity of his manners, which bore the most scrutinizing and severe examination, you will readily admit that there was in him a rare assemblage of all that deserves esteem and admiration.

“But I will not leave the matter upon these grounds—What we do this day we do in the face of the world, and I am loath to leave it open to the malignant heart to suppose, that we have met here on a solemn, but hollow pretence—that we use idle, or exaggerated words, or would stoop to flattery, even of the dead. The principal ground of all on which I hold the death of the Bishop to have been a public loss, was the happy fitness and adaptation of his character for the situa-

tion and circumstances in which he was placed. There is no man, whether he be of the laity or a churchman, to whom I will yield in earnestness of desire, to see Christianity propagated and predominant throughout the world : but it would be sinful, if it were possible, to banish from our recollection the truths which the experience of former ages has left for the guidance of the present. It is an awful but an unquestionable fact, that a fuller knowledge, a more perfect revelation of the will of God, has never been communicated, rapidly, to large masses of mankind, without their being thrown into confusion. To some it has seemed that religion is so important an element of social order, that no alteration can be made of its quality and proportion, without the whole mass dissolving, fermenting, and assuming new forms, that by some mysterious condition of the lot of humanity, all mighty blessings are attended by some great evil, that every step to Heaven is even yet to be won by fresh sacrifices and atonements. There is another, and, I trust, a better mode of reasoning on these symptoms, of interpreting these terrible signs ; I will not readily believe that religion has been one of the causes of disorder ; but rather that the vices of men having prepared the crisis, and called for the revulsion and reaction of the preservative principles of society, religion has only thus manifested herself, in a more visible and tangible form, and come as a ministering angel, to enable those who were struggling for the right to persevere and to prevail. The appalling fact, however, remains not the less indisputable, that it is in scenes of extensive disorder, amidst mortal strife and terrible misery, that she has achieved her greatest triumphs, displayed her strongest powers, and made her most rapid advances. When Christianity first spread itself over the face of the Roman empire, all the powers of darkness seemed to be roused to an encounter. The storm blew from every point of the compass ; unheard-of races of men, and monsters of anarchy and misrule, more like the fantastic shapes of a dream than the realities of human life, appeared on the stage ; and that period ensued which has been perhaps rightly considered, as the most calamitous in the whole history of man. When that new world was discovered, which now presents such fair and animating prospects, religion was imparted to the southern portion of it by carnage and by torture ; I say, that in South America the ground was cleared by the torch, and dug by the sword, and the first shoots of Christianity

were moistened by the blood of unoffending millions. Again, when in Europe the Church cast its old slough, and reappeared in somewhat of its pristine simplicity, the whole continent was convulsed by civil war for a century and a half.—Witness, in France, those battles, and massacres, and assassinations of the Huguenots and Catholics—in Germany that closing scene of thirty years confusion, in which the grotesque and barbaric forms of Wallenstein and Tilly are seen struggling with the indomitable spirit of Mansfield, and the majestic genius of Gustavus Adolphus.—Witness in England the downfall of her ancient throne and eclipse of royalty.—Let me not be misunderstood—I hold that there is no one who has rightly considered these events, who must not, even whilst he mourns over them, admit that it is better the changes took place even with their terrible accompaniments, than that they should not have taken place at all. But while I avow this, I hope it is not presumptuous to breathe a fervent prayer, that India may receive the blessing without the misery : not in faint-heartedness, not in lukewarmness—but I tremble at the possibility of all southern Asia being made a theatre of confusion, and rather than see religion advance upon the rapid wings of strife, I would prefer to wait for her more tardy approach, preceded by Commerce and the Arts, with Peace and Knowledge for her handmaids, and with all the brightest forms of which human felicity is susceptible, crowding in her train. I confidently trust that there shall one day be erected in Asia, a church, of which the corners shall be the corners of the land, and its foundation the Rock of Ages ; but when remote posterity have to examine its structure, and to trace the progress of its formation, I wish they may not have to record that it was put together amidst discord, and noise, and bloodshed, and confusion of tongues, but that it rose in quietness and beauty, like that new temple, where ‘ no hammer or axe, nor any tool of iron was heard, whilst it was in building ;’ or in the words of the Bishop himself—

‘ No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung ;  
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung !’

That such may be the event, many hands, many spirits like his, must be engaged in the work ; and it is because of my conviction that they are rarely to be found, that I feel justified in affirming his death to have been a loss, not only to his friends, by whom he was loved, or to his family, of whom he was the idol, but to England, to India, and to the world.”

When pursuing his holy apostolical labours in India, the world had almost lost sight of Reginald Heber the Poet, in Reginald Heber the Bishop of that mighty diocese. And, in good truth, he had little leisure for the Muse. But hours there are in the life of every human being, that may be devoted to the lonely pastime of high and holy thoughts, free from the calls of professional duty, or of any other voice—and these even Bishop Heber found belonged to him, amidst the ceaseless occupations, the fatigues of which too soon brought him to the grave. During some of them, he revised a series of Hymns, which he had composed before he left England, and which, if completed, would have been in relation to the Gospels set apart by the form of worship in the Episcopal Church, for the several Sundays throughout the year. He had never given up poetry. How should he, embued as his genius was with its divinest spirit? In 1812, he had given to the world a miscellaneous volume, containing among some smaller poems of much animation and tenderness, *The Passage of the Red Sea*, a fine fragment, quite in the spirit of the bolder passages of his "*Palestine*." He had, if we mistake not, previously attempted, and with success, some translations from Pindar, or rather imitations; for he allowed himself great latitude of amplification, in the style and spirit of the chivalrous poetry of him whom Byron has since named the *Ariosto* of the North. Yet it was plain, that the author of *Palestine* regarded that gift, too, as one that ought to be turned to account in his sacred profession. Thus, almost like one of those spiritual creatures, which Milton makes Raphael say to our first parent in paradise, are often heard nightly "sole or responsive to each other's voice, hymning their great Creator," he had often strung his holy harp during the midnight hour, in celebration of the sufferings of the Saviour and his Saints. The Hymns have been published by his widow, who has prefixed this simple, and in the circumstances in which that excellent lady is placed, affecting Preface.

"The Hymns in this volume were arranged by Bishop Heber with a hope that they might be deemed worthy of general adoption into our churches, and it was his

intention to publish them soon after his arrival in India; but the arduous duties of his situation left little time, during the short time there allotted to him, for any employment not connected with his diocese.

"The work is now given to the world in compliance with his wishes, and from an anxious desire that none of his labours in the service of Christianity should be lost.

"Several of the Hymns are by the Rev. H. H. Milman; one was contributed by Sir Walter Scott; and a few by Jeremy Taylor, Addison, and other writers of former times, have been selected and reprinted; the remainder were composed by the Bishop at different intervals of leisure during his parochial ministry in Shropshire.

"AMELIA HEBER."

The hymns thus given to the world will help to dissipate that delusion which hangs, like a cold spell, over many minds of much feeling and understanding,—that not much is to be expected from a poetical vein applied to religious subjects. In all languages there is much fine religious poetry, besides that which we know to have been directly inspired from Heaven; and unless our faith is more spiritless than of old, we see no reason whatever for fearing that poetry may not yet be kindled at the altar of religion.

That religious poetry is difficult, is most true; but that is because all great things are difficult; not because religion is not, throughout all its forms and feelings, susceptible of poetry, without any show of violence being offered to what is so majestic. To write up to religion, men find it hard, because they find it hard to feel up to it, and to think up to it, in short, to do right homage to it and its ineffable objects. That is the truth.

To compose a great poem of which the basis is religion, such as *Paradise Lost*, required more transcendent power of poetry, than to compose one, of which the basis was the conflicts of men with men, in the turmoil of their earthly passions, and with weapons of metal, iron, or steel, like the *Iliad*. For the same elementary passions, thoughts and feelings were handled in both—but in the former purified, and elevated to the utmost pitch to which they could be brought by the united fires of Piety and Genius. The whole frame of Milton's intellectual and moral being was sublimer far than that of Homer—as the Christian religion

is sublimer far than the idolatrous and mythological creed of the old Greeks: Milton has accomplished his mightier task as completely as Homer has accomplished his, for the instruments with which he wrought on divine materials were themselves divine. Whatever might have been his genius, no poet could have composed *Paradise Lost* who had not the religious soul of Milton—as religious as a human soul can be, in all its entrances into the realms of imagination. Neither, in like manner, could any poet have composed the *Iliad*, whatever had been his genius, who had not, like Homer, a soul that lived in magnificent dreams of war, and held constant communication, as it were, with the shades of warriors. Both bards were equal to “their high argument.” Born each in the age of the other, Homer might have been Milton, Milton Homer. He who sung so gloriously of Jupiter, might have dared to sing of Jehovah—he who sung of the *hallelujahs* of glorified saints, might have sung of the war-cry of heroes.

That great religious poems are rare, is, therefore, owing entirely to the simple fact, that to produce them requires the highest human power inspired by the divinest spirit. But descend the scale of excellence, and come down from great poems to good poetry, and give, if you can, any reason why good poetry should not emanate from religion?

Man may be religious without believing in Christianity; for surely it would be a dark, and dangerous, and disconsolate assertion, that there is no such thing as natural piety. Man is a religious being—religion is as much part of his spiritual form as conscience. All the good thoughts of good men, in their highest and deepest moods, tend toward religion, and take a colouring from it. Therefore, poetry, instead of being out of its element in religion, is never truly in its element, but when essentially so inspired. All the affections, such as the parental and filial, are, without it, little more than mere animal movements; and what kind of poetry would that be, which, pretending to illustrate either of these affections, to throw light on its birth and growth—to illustrate its tenderness or its solemnity, its beauty or its power—should yet make no reference to anything beyond and above this life, nor indicate the divine source from

which all such affection flows, the divine influence which sustains and follows it, the divine blessing with which its purity and sanctity here will be rewarded hereafter? All poetry that goes to the depths of the affection must do this; and if it goes to the depths, it becomes religious poetry.

If this be the case with human beings in mere natural religion, enlightened by philosophy and a virtuous life, how much more so under the Christian Dispensation, which is not a Body of Laws, regulating actions and conduct, but a Spirit of Laws, inspiring motives, feelings, affections, principles, within the whole inner world of man. A Christian cannot have any one of his affections in its highest or profoundest mood, without the felt influence of religion. And if one's affections in such moods are to be touched by the poet's art at all, then, and only then, may we speak of the divine art of poetry, which, as it breathes, is but the most perfect expression of that which in our hearts is religion.

Now there may be even Christian religious poetry, without its using the language of the New Testament. It is sufficient to justify that name, if its character be according to the Christian spirit. But, if not only according to the Christian spirit, but wholly inspired by it, so that in good truth that spirit is its all-in-all, then it will and must employ scriptural language—the language both of the New Testament and the Bible.

If so, why say that religious poetry is difficult? If we do not wish to charge ourselves grievously, why urge that it is uncommon? It is neither difficult nor uncommon; but it would have been more common, if our poets, instead of being of the religion of the woods and mountains, had, in the days of “their bright and shining youth,” sat oftener in the House of God, and preferred the revelation that is written—the Word itself—to that which floats among the clouds and vapours, and is embodied in sensuous imagery, dazzling the poet in his trance, drawn from rising and setting suns.

If, then, scriptural language is to be used, as it ought, the poet has but to study his Bible—the Prophets and the Apostles—Isaiah, David, and St John. His loftiest and most devout aspirations will thus find fitting words

—and he may compose strains deserving the name of Hymns and Psalms. The whole language of our modern poetry, fine as it is, has become by far too diffuse. There is too great an accumulation of epithets; and what better to tame down that swelling style than the sublime simplicity of Scripture? Let Lowth on Sacred Poetry be read and studied; for he was himself a poet, as his few beautiful Latin verses show, and Biblical learning with him sublimed his imagination, and “purged his visual nerve,” so that his eyes beheld sights even beyond the veil of the sanctuary.

What poetry might Collins have written, if so inspired! When a lunatic in an asylum, he showed a friend who came in pity to visit him—a Bible—and said, that was now his sole book, his sole comfort. Had it been chiefly so, when his high and bright faculties were in all their elevation and lustre, we should have had from him nobler strains far, than even his noble Odes to Music, and on Highland Superstitions. Read Wordsworth's Divine Ecclesiastical Sonnets, and say what he might have written if he had earlier dedicated his transcendent genius to even a more sacred altar than that which he built up for himself in beauty among the beauty of the woods. Of all Scott's poetry, there is not a finer specimen than the Hymn of Rebecca chanting the passing through of Israel, across the desert, by the cloud of smoke by day, and the pillar of fire by night, to the Promised Land.

Of Psalms and Hymns there may be a thousand various kinds, of contrition, repentance, remorse, despair, grief, joy, fear, hope, exultation, and triumph. The services of every form of worship in Christendom—whether magnificent and full of pomp, or stripped of all exterior shows, down to an austere, stern, and naked simplicity—may be inspired, elevated, strengthened, and supported by poetry and music. Genius may lend its aid to piety paying homage and worship to the Most High, whether in mighty cathedrals,  
“Where through the long-drawn aisle,  
and fretted vault,

The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise;”

or in the humble kirk, where the voice of the small congregation mixes

with the blast of the mountain, and with the torrent's roar.

But, perhaps, there is no church in Christendom, of which the ministrations afford such scope for all the varieties of devotional poetry as the Church of England, with all its holidays and festivals, and Saints'-days, and days of fast and of thanksgiving. But to say more on this subject we have now no room, and must leave it reluctantly, as it begins to open up and unfold itself to our imagination; and therefore shall, without any commentary, quote from the volume before us, some of what seem to us the finest Hymns.

#### SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

The Lord will come! the earth shall quake,  
The hills their fixed seat forsake;  
And, withering, from the vault of night,  
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same  
As once in lowly form he came,  
A silent lamb to slaughter led,  
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form,  
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
Anointed Judge of human-kind!

Can this be He who wont to stray  
A pilgrim on the world's highway;  
By Power oppress'd, and mock'd by  
Pride?

Oh, God! is this the crucified!

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!  
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!  
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
Shall sing for joy—The Lord is come!

#### CHRISTMAS DAY.

Oh, Saviour, whom this holy morn  
Gave to our world below;  
To mortal want and labour born,  
And more than mortal woe!

Incarnate Word! by every grief,  
By each temptation tried,  
Who lived to yield our ills relief,  
And to redeem us died!

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,  
In dangerous wealth we dwell,  
Remind us of thy manger bed,  
And lowly cottage cell!

If, prest by poverty severe,  
In envious want we pine,  
Oh, may thy spirit whisper near,  
How poor a lot was thine !

Through fickle fortune's various scene  
From sin preserve us free !  
Like us thou hast a mourner been,  
May we rejoice with Thee !

## ST STEPHEN'S DAY.

The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar !  
Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in his train. •

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And call'd on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong !  
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel !  
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—man and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain !  
Oh, God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

## INNOCENT'S DAY.

Oh, weep not o'er thy children's tomb,  
Oh, Rachel, weep not so !  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flower in heaven shall blow.

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife  
Has miss'd its deadliest aim :  
The God, for whom they gave their life,  
For them to suffer came !

Though feeble were their days and few,  
Baptized in blood and pain,  
He knows them, whom they never knew,  
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,  
Oh, Rachel, weep not so !  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flower in heaven shall blow !

## • EPIPHANY.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,  
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure :  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY  
No. I.

Abash'd be all the boast of Age !  
Be hoary Learning dumb !  
Expounder of the mystic page,  
Behold an Infant come !

Oh, Wisdom, whose unfading power  
Beside th' Eternal stood,  
To frame, in nature's earliest hours,  
The land, the sky, the flood ;

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile  
An infant form to wear ;  
To bless thy mother with a smile,  
And lip thy falter'd prayer.

But in thy Father's own abode,  
With Israel's elders round,  
Conversing high with Israel's God,  
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name !  
And, Saviour, deign to bless  
With fostering grace the timid flame  
Of early holiness !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.  
No. II.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo, such the child whose early feet,  
The paths of peace have trod ;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage !

O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine !  
Whose years, with changeless virtue  
crown'd,  
Were all alike Divine.

Dependant on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own !

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

Incarnate Word, who, wont to dwell  
In lowly shape and cottage cell,  
Didst not refuse a guest to be,  
At Cana's poor festivity :

Oh, when our soul from care is free,  
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,  
And, seated at the festal board,  
In Fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in Fancy's ear,  
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,  
And think,—even now, thy searching gaze  
Each secret of our soul surveys !

So may such joy, chastised and pure,  
Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;  
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind  
Shall leave a rankling sting behind !

SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

The God of Glory walks his round,  
From day to day, from year to year,  
And warns us each with awful sound,  
“ No longer stand ye idle here !

“ Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts  
are clear.

Waste not of hope the morning light !  
Ah, fools ! why stand ye idle here ?

“ Oh, as the griefs ye would assuage  
That wait on life's declining year,  
Secure a blessing for your age,  
And work your Maker's business  
here !

“ And ye, whose locks of scanty grey  
Foretell your latest travail near,  
How swiftly fades your worthless day !  
And stand ye yet so idle here ?

“ One hour remains, there is but one,  
But many a shriek and many a tear  
Through endless years the guilt must  
moan  
Of moments lost and wasted here !”

O Thou, by all thy works adored,  
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,  
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord !  
And grant us grace to please thee  
here !

GOOD FRIDAY.

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?  
By the eyes so pale and dim,  
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,  
By the flesh with scourges torn,  
By the crown of twisted thorn,  
By the side so deeply pierced,  
By the baffled burning thirst,  
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,  
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He”

By the sun at noon-day pale,  
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,  
By earth that trembles at His doom,  
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,  
By Eden, promised ere he died  
To the felon at his side,  
Lord ! our suppliant knees we bow,  
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Sad and dying, who is He ?  
By the last and bitter cry ;  
The ghost giv'n up in agony ;  
By the lifeless body laid  
In the chamber of the dead ;  
By the mourners come to weep  
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;  
Crucified ! we know Thee now ;  
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

Bound upon th' accursed tree,  
Dread and awful, who is He ?  
By the prayer for them that slew,  
" Lord ! they know not what they do !"  
By the spoil'd and empty grave,  
By the souls he died to save,  
By the conquest He hath won,  
By the saints before His throne,  
By the rainbow round His brow,  
Son of God ! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou !

## EASTER DAY.

The Sun of Righteousness appears,  
To set in blood no more ;  
The light which scatters all your fears,  
Your rising God, adore !

The saints, when He resign'd his breath,  
Unclosed their sleeping eyes ;  
He breaks again the bands of Death,  
Again the dead arise.

Alone the dreadful race He ran,  
Alone the winepress trod ;  
He groans, He dies,—behold the Man !  
He lives ;—behold the God !

In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,  
Forbid the Lord to rise ;  
He breaks the gates of death and hell,  
And opens paradise !

## WHITSUNDAY.

Spirit of Truth ! on this Thy day  
To Thee for help we cry,  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality !

We ask not, Lord ! Thy cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone ;  
But long Thy praises to proclaim  
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more ;  
Enough for us to trace thy will  
In Scripture's sacred lore.

We neither have nor seek the power  
Ill Demons to control ;  
But Thou, in dark temptation's hour,  
Shalt chase them from the soul.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share ;  
Yet hope to feel Thy comfort near,  
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou thy trembling servants stay,  
With Faith, with Hope, with Love !

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Room for the Proud ! Ye sons of clay  
From far his sweeping pomp survey,  
Nor, rashly curious, clog the way  
His chariot wheels before !

Lo ! with what scorn his lofty eye  
Glances o'er Age and Poverty,  
And bids intruding Conscience fly  
Far from his palace door !

Room for the Proud ! but slow the feet  
That bear his coffin down the street :  
And dismal seems his winding-sheet  
Who purple lately wore !

Ah ! where must now his spirit fly  
In naked, trembling agony ?  
Or how shall he for mercy cry,  
Who shew'd it not before !

Room for the Proud ! in ghastly state  
The lords of Hell his coming wait,  
And flinging wide the dreadful gate,  
That shuts to ope no more,

" Lo here with us the seat," they cry,  
" For him who mock'd at poverty,  
And bade intruding Conscience fly  
Far from his palace door !"

## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I praised the Earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the Sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
And Earth and Ocean seem'd to say,  
" Our beauties are but for a day !"

I praised the Sun, whose chariot roll'd  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;

I praised the Moon, whose softer eye  
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer  
sky!  
And Moon and Sun in answer said,  
" Our days of light are numbered !"

O God ! O Good beyond compare !  
If thus Thy meaner works are fair !  
If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with  
Thee !

## TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! enthroned once on high,  
'Thou favour'd home of God on earth, thou heaven below the sky !  
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see,  
Jerusalem, Jerusalem ! our tears shall flow for thee.

Oh ! hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flock'd beneath the wing  
Of Him who call'd thee lovingly, thine own anointed King,  
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,  
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free !

" And who art thou that mournest me," replied the ruin grey,  
" And fear'st not rather that thyself may prove a cast-away ?"  
" I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given to thee ;  
But woe to ev'ry barren graft of thy wild olive-tree !

" Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of mercy spent,  
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment ;  
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,  
Who spared not His chosen seed, may send His wrath on thee !

" Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is in its prime ;  
Oh, turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this accepted time !  
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,  
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever be !"

## FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
How their leaves instruction yield !  
Hark to Nature's lesson given  
By the blessed birds of heaven !  
Every bush and tufted tree,  
Warbles sweet philosophy ;  
" Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for the morrow !

" Say, with richer crimson glows  
The kingly mantle than the rose ?  
Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
Than we, poor citizens of air ?

Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
Yet we carol merrily ;  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow !  
God provideth for the morrow !

" One there lives whose Guardian eye  
Guides our humble destiny ;  
One there lives, who, Lord of all,  
Keeps our feathers lest they fall :  
Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
Fearless of the snare and lime,  
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow ;  
God provideth for the morrow !"

## SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WAKE not, oh, mother ! sounds of lamentation  
Weep not, oh widow ! weep not hopelessly !  
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,  
Strong is the Word of God to succour thee !

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him ;  
Hide his pale features with the sable pall ;  
Clide not the sad one wildly weeping near him ;  
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all !

Why pause the mourners ? Who forbids our weeping ?  
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd ?  
" Set down the bier,—he is not dead, but sleeping !  
Young man, arise !" —He spake, and was obey'd !

Change, then, oh, sad one ! grief to exultation ;  
 Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.  
 Strong was His arm, the Bringer of Salvation ;  
 Strong was the word of God to succour thee !

## SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

When our heads are bow'd with woe,  
 When our bitter tears o'erflow ;  
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bow'd the dying head .  
 Thou the blood of life hast shed ;  
 Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;  
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;  
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within  
 With the thought of all its sin ;  
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the sullen death-bell tolls  
 For our own departed souls ;  
 When our final doom is near,  
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known.  
 Though the sins were not Thine own,  
 Thou hast deign'd their load to bear,  
 Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

## TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Oh, God ! my sins are manifold, against my life they cry,  
 And all my guilty deeds foregone up to Thy temple fly ;  
 Wilt Thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven ?  
 " Forgive !" a blessed voice replied, " and thou shalt be forgiven !"

My foemen, Lord ! are fierce and fell, they spurn me in their pride,  
 They render evil for my good, my patience they deride ;  
 Arise, oh, King ! and be the proud to righteous ruin driven !  
 " Forgive !" an awful answer came, " as thou wouldst be forgiven !"

Seven times, oh, Lord ! I pardon'd them, seven times they sinn'd again .  
 They practise still to work me woe, they triumph in my pain ;  
 But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment driven !  
 " Forgive !" the voice of thunder spake, " or never be forgiven !"

## AT A FUNERAL.

Beneath our feet and o'er our head  
 Is equal warning given ;  
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
 Above us is the Heaven !

Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
 And Fate descend in sudden night  
 On manhood's middle day.

Their names are graven on the stone,  
 Their bones are in the clay ;  
 And ere another day is done,  
 Ourselves may be as they.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
 Halt feebly towards the tomb,  
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
 And dreams of days to come ?

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
 He lurks in every flower ;  
 Each season has its own disease,  
 Its peril every hour !

Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;  
 Where'er thy foot can tread  
 The earth rings hollow from below,  
 And warns thee of her dead !

Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply  
 To truths divinely given ;  
 The bones that underneath thee lie  
 Shall live for Hell or Heaven !

We have just read some very beautiful devotional poems, quoted in the *British Critic*, from two volumes, by the Rev. John Keble, who has long been distinguished at Oxford for his scholarship, and who, we are happy to see, possesses a very fine poetical genius. We shall give an account of these volumes, which we have not yet seen, but whose character it is easy to predict from such specimens, in an early Number.

## TO A SCENE IN CAITHNESS.

ROMANTIC wilderness of vales and mountains,  
How often with awed spirit have I stood  
Amid thy silence, where the gush of fountains,  
And the shrill wailing of the sca-mew's brood,  
Are all that break thy voiceless solitude !

Of early reminiscence full to me  
Arc thy grey summits, bald with countless years—  
Thy glens, hung o'er with strange tranquillity,—  
Thy streams unruly bubbling to the sea,  
And even the wild heath that thy bosom bears.  
In vision I behold tall Morven stand,  
And see the morning mist distilling tears  
Around his shoulders, desolate and grand.  
And Scarabin that girdles round the land,  
With his broad giant belt, arises up ;  
And Berridale and Langwell—thy twin fountains—  
And Corrichoich's glen, like to a cup,  
Reposing in the bosom of its mountains.  
No change upon thine aspect hath time made,  
Romantic wilderness ! In sun or shade  
Thy streams continue still their ceaseless fall ;  
The fox and deer still hold their festival ;  
The ebon eagle floats above the glade.  
Thou knowest not of age the fell decay,  
For thou art changeless ; and the tinted bow,  
That wont to hang o'er thee his arched way,  
Still spans thee—beautiful as ever—now.

O, ever dear unto my memory  
Shall thy romantic hills and fountains be !  
How often have I seen the morning star  
Warning the shepherd to his native dell,  
And seen the thunder-cloud, opaque and far,  
Lower heavily on Morven's citadel—  
Awing the hearts that in thy valleys dwell  
With the divinity of nature's God !  
How often o'er thy mountains have I trod  
In sunshine and in calm, when Beauty hung  
Her summer flowers around thee of wild heath—  
When the soft west wind, delicately strung,  
Sigh'd o'er thee with his bland and dewy breath :  
What time the shepherd maiden blithely sung—  
Circling her temples with the wild-thyme wreath !

Beloved Langwell, even as a spell  
Across my recollection floats each dell,  
And strath, and stream, within thy circle lying—  
Each mountain, gulf, and rocky pinnacle,  
And even the echo of the north wind, sighing  
Over thy breast with melancholy swell !  
Scene of the wild and beautiful, farewell !

## THE VOICE OF NATURE.

I HEARD a bird on the linden tree,  
 From which November leaves were falling,  
 Sweet were its notes, and wild their tone ;  
 And pensive there as I paused alone,  
 They spake with a mystical voice to me,  
 The sunlight of vanish'd years recalling  
 From out the mazy past.

I turned to the cloud-bedappled sky,  
 To bare-shorn field and gleaming water ;  
 To frost-night herbage, and perishing flower ;  
 While the Robin haunted the yellow bower,  
 With his faery plumage and jet-black eye,  
 Like an unalaid ghost some scene of slaughter :—  
 All mournful was the sight.

Then I thought of seasons, when, long ago,  
 Ere Hope's clear sky was dimm'd by sorrow,  
 How bright seem'd the flowers, and the trees how green,  
 How lengthen'd the blue summer days had been,—  
 And what pure delight the young spirit's glow,  
 From the bosom of earth and air, could borrow  
 Out of all lovely things.

Then my heart leapt to days, when, a careless boy,  
 Mid scenes of ambrosial Autumn roaming,  
 The diamond gem of the Evening Star,  
 Twinkling amid the pure South afar,  
 Was gazed on with gushes of holy joy,  
 As the cherub spirit that ruled the gloaming  
 With glittering, golden eye.

And, oh ! with what rapture of silent bliss,  
 With what breathless deep devotion,  
 Have I watch'd, like spectre from swathing shroud,  
 The white moon peer o'er the shadowy cloud,  
 Illumine the mantled Earth, and kiss  
 The meekly murmuring lips of Ocean,  
 As a mother doth her child.

But now I can feel how Time hath changed  
 My thoughts within, the prospect round us—  
 How boyish companions have thinn'd away ;  
 How the sun hath grown cloudier, ray by ray ;  
 How loved scenes of childhood are now estranged ;  
 And the chilling tempests of Care have bound us  
 Within their icy folds.

'Tis no vain dream of moody mind,  
 That lists a dirge i' the blackbird's singing ;  
 That in gusts hears Nature's own voice complain,  
 And beholds her tears in the gushing rain ;  
 When low clouds congregate blank and blind,  
 And Winter's snow-muffled arms are clinging  
 Round Autumn's faded urn.



## VISITS TO THE HARAM.

## VISIT SIXTH.

I HAD one day completed my morning visits at an earlier hour than usual, and was returning home to get my breakfast, when, to my utter astonishment, I encountered in the middle of the Bazar a lady riding on my own favourite horse *Tukht*, and accompanied by a strange man who hurried her on with great haste, and who did not seem to know me as he passed. One or two of my old domestics were toiling after the party, making what speed they could, and though I examined the lady from the corner of my eye as narrowly as good-breeding would permit, I could see nothing by which to recognise her. She seemed to be so young and erect, and was so active in using her heels to urge my horse to his best amble, that I suspected it must be some one who had succeeded in appropriating the animal by some nefarious means, and that my people were pursuing to reclaim it. When I was on the point of arresting the progress of the lady, and demanding my old friend *Tukht*, the rider's veil was blown a little on one side, and exposed a diamond bracelet on the hand of the fair horsewoman. It was plain that she could not therefore be a plunderer, and I concluded that it must be some fine lady of the court, who had been to visit my wife, and who had by her been mounted on my beast.

When my servants came up, I demanded who had presumed to give my horse to a stranger and a woman. The man stared in amazement, and repeated the word *stranger*, with his mouth still gaping open—then appearing to divine the mistake under which I laboured, his stare relaxed into a grin, and he whispered, "It is the *Khanum*"—and pushed on.

I had heard nothing of any intended visit of ceremony, and the magnificence of the preparation indicated by the bracelet I had seen—the haste—the strange man who was with her—and the time of day so unusual for visiting, altogether made the affair quite inexplicable. Had my wife been younger or more attractive, I might have been

uncomfortable in my inability to account for the occurrence, but as things actually stood, I could not believe that there was any real cause for uneasiness. I thought it prudent, however, to detach one of my confidential attendants to follow the party, with directions to do so unobserved, and when he had lodged them, to return and acquaint me where they had gone. I then reflected, that when I should have got home, I might be able to ascertain the truth, and accordingly quickened my pace. My first question on entering the house was, where is the *Khanum*? and in answer to my interrogatory, I was informed, that shortly after I had gone out, a *ferosh* from the Underoon had come to tell my wife that the *Taj ud Dowleh*, the favourite wife of the Shah, was to-day to receive a visit from a European lady, and that her Majesty had summoned my wife to assist in making the necessary arrangements, and had ordered her to appear in her gayest attire—an injunction which, had her Majesty known the character of the lady as well as I did, she would probably have considered superfluous.

My curiosity having thus been relieved, I called for breakfast, but found that every woman in the house had been employed all morning in preparing for the *Khanum's* visit, and that they had now attended her to the Haram. That no breakfast had been made ready for me, and that every place in which catables were usually deposited had been carefully locked up. I ordered one of my people to go for the keys, but he returned in about an hour with a doleful countenance, declaring that all his endeavours to get a message conveyed to the *Khanum* had been ineffectual, and that unless I felt inclined to go without my breakfast, I had better think of getting something from the Bazar, as there was not the most distant prospect of my procuring a morsel to eat in my own house before evening. The man's observation was judicious, and I therefore sent him to bring me from the

nearest shops, some bread and cheese, with a slice of a melon, a little mint, and a bowl of buttermilk, which was speedily produced, and though it cost only five shakées (four pence) was in every respect much better than what was usually given for my breakfast.

When my repast was over I slept for an hour or two, and in the afternoon sallied forth to my professional labours, which occupied me till near dusk. I returned home just at the moment when my wife was dismounting at the great gate of my house, and I accompanied her into the Uderoon, without, however, venturing to speak till the raising of her veil should have enabled me to judge whether it might not be more prudent to leave her to her own meditations. But she did not keep me long in suspense, for we had scarcely entered the inner court, when throwing back her veil, and showing a face wrinkling with smiles, and shining with exercise and good humour, she said, in her most engaging tone, "Come with me, Meerza dear, and let me relate to you what has passed at the Taj ud Dowleh's palace. There is not in all the Shah's Haram, and therefore not in the whole world, one woman who possesses half her dignity, intelligence, or kindness. The Shah really shows his judgment by the choice he has made of a favourite; and then what a good husband he is—he gives his wives everything they ask for, and though he has now been married to the Taj for ten years, he pays her as much attention in every way as if she were a bride come home yesterday. All husbands should take example by the Shah."

"Yes," said I, "and marry as many wives—"

"Away with you," replied my wife, giving me a push that had nearly thrown me down; "what do you want with wives—you have one too many and too good for you already." I certainly was not prepared to question the truth of the first part of this proposition, whatever I might have thought regarding the second. The Khanum, however, did not give me time to make any remark, but went on—"I must tell you, Meerza, about the Feringee lady and her children; they are as white as snow, and as red as roses, without a bit of paint; and if they would only colour their eye-

brows and dye their hair, they might almost be called pretty; and then their hands are white and delicate, (I wonder what they wash themselves with,) and if they would only use *heunnah*, they would become quite beautiful. Do you think, Meerza, it is the quantity of wine they drink that gives them so bright a complexion? If I thought it was, I would——"

"Well—but how did the visit go off?" interrupted I.

"Oh! I will tell you all about it—I'll tell you every particular." I then requested her to wait a moment till I should prepare my pen and ink—because, as this was the first occasion on which any of the Shah's wives had assumed regal state, I was desirous to write down her account of the ceremony. Highly flattered by my attaching so much importance to her narrative, she took her seat close to my right elbow, but I begged her to move round to my left side, lest she should shake my arm while writing; this matter being adjusted, she related as follows:

"When I went to the palace, the Taj ud Dowleh was not yet dressed, and the slave girls and eunuchs were arranging the new hall, under the superintendence of Manoochehr Khan, the chief of the eunuchs, whom the Shah calls his right hand.

"You are quite right, Meerza, in attaching so much importance to this occurrence. It certainly is most important. You will see, that when the Shah allows his wife to share his power and splendour, other women will become something more than cooks and handmaids in their own houses. They will have a little of their own way in future, you may depend upon it."

"In future?" said I—"Yes, Meerza, in future; but let me tell you about Manoochehr Khan, and don't interrupt me again.—Well, the Khan was busy arranging the hall. He made them bring in the Taj's richest reclining cushion, and her foot-cloth of pearls, and the Shah's crown and armlets; and the china in the upper niches was cleaned and arranged—what magnificent china it is!—and, the common door curtains were taken down, and the state curtains put up, and a number of magnificent things were arranged in the lower niches;



but I will tell you about them afterwards. Then the Khan directed the slaves to dress themselves, and gave them jewels and dresses from the Shah's wardrobe, and they retired each to her own apartment. In the meantime, I sat down with Taj's Geess Saffeel,\* Peri Nana, and smoked a kalleoon, and then we went to see that the foolish girls were dressing themselves properly. When we went in into the room occupied by Goolkhuz and Fatima, the creatures were running about almost naked, throwing water at one another. They had nothing on but a bathing-cloth tied round their waists; and just as we entered, Fatima got hold of Goolkhuz's cloth, and pulled it off, so that the beautiful Georgian was left without any covering except what God gave her. Fatima kept chasing her round the room, while Goolkhuz tried to roll herself in every door-curtain she came to. Peri Nana and I, though at first we pretended to be angry, could not refrain from laughing, and thought of our own younger days, for the creatures were both of them very handsome.

"While the mad girls were amusing themselves and us in this way, we heard the sound of slippers and a staff tapping on the marble pavement of the court, and when Peri Nana looked out, thinking it was the Khan, behold, there was the Shah himself, in his wrapper and nightcap, come to visit the Taj. His Majesty, hearing the noise in the room, came quietly in, making a sign to the Nana to say nothing. I covered my face with my head-scarf as well as I could, but my eyes I could not manage to cover perfectly. I never was so much ashamed in all my life—the Shah looked at me so particularly. Just as he entered, he saw Goolkhuz dart across the room to hide herself in a curtain, and Fatima after her, slapping her with her wet hands, and both screaming like mad creatures, as they were. The Shah burst out into laughter, and called out, 'Barik,† Ullah Goolkhuz—Barik, Ullah Fatima!' The girls, turning round, and seeing the Shah,

scampered about in all directions, and screamed ten times more than before. One seized a shawl, and one a sheet, and covered themselves as well as they could; but the Shah desired Peri Nana to take all the clothes and curtains out of the room, and then Nana was proceeding to execute his orders, when it was announced that the Taj ud Dowleh had come to receive his Majesty, and show him the preparations which had been made. The Shah, hearing of her approach, went out to meet her; but she was already at the door, and seeing the confusion, and discerning the cause, looked significantly at the Shah, as if asking further explanation. But his Majesty denied having had anything to do with it, and, laughing, recounted how he had found the girls employed, and what sport they had afforded him; adding that nobody had so good taste in choosing her slaves as the Taj, and that Goolkhuz was really a lovely creature.

The Taj, obviously displeased that so much disorder had been observed in her establishment, merely replied, that she was glad the silly things had been able to afford the King of Kings some amusement; and when she begged his Majesty to move into the hall where she would attend him, she remained behind for a moment to whisper something to Peri Nana, and then followed his Majesty, who waited for her at the foot of the steps.

As soon as they were gone, Peri Nana again entered the room, and said, 'Well, you devils, I thought you would not escape. You, Fatima, are not to come near your mistress for a week; and you, Goolkhuz, are to dress yourself immediately, and take care that you do it quickly and neatly.' The Nana then whispered to me, 'Goolkhuz is to get a hundred stripes on the palms of her hands this evening, and to be shut up for a month; but we must not tell her now, for we cannot dispense with her beauty at the Mejtis, (meeting,) to-day; and if she knew that she was to be punished, she would look melancholy, which hurts her beauty exceedingly.'

\* Literally, Grey-haired. It means the senior matron of an establishment of servants.

† Bravo.

"Another girl was ordered to take Fatima's place, but Peri Nana made so many difficulties about instructing any other in her duty, that the Taj admitted Fatima to the hall, but said she would enforce her sentence against both of them in the evening.

"The Shah returned much pleased with the tasteful arrangements which the Taj, and the agreeable Manoochehr Khan had made; and as he was passing the room where we were, thrust in his head and said, 'Barik, Ulla Goolkhuz—Barik, Ulla Fatima.' Goolkhuz, who was by this time nearly dressed, and who was not aware that a severe punishment had been awarded her, returned the Shah's look very pertly, and his Majesty, laughing, shook his stick at her. The Taj at this moment cast an indignant glance at the slave, and the smile instantly left her face. She became more grave, and completed her toilet without farther interruption.

"Everything was now arranged, and the Taj had gone up to the hall, when Manoochehr Khan came to me and said, that I must receive the European lady at the door of the court, and conduct her to the presence. Besides many other polite things, he said, that I had been selected as a person of judgment and discretion to act on this occasion as Chamberlain to her Majesty, and hinted that there was no knowing to what favours it might lead. He considered it unnecessary to give me any directions, for he said my own good sense and propriety would point out to me all that was necessary to be done. He then gave me some trifling hints about conducting her to the room, and then to the hall, and how many bows we were to make, and where we were to sit, and what I was to say on presenting the stranger; and more particularly desired that we should receive her with great kindness, and treat her with marked respect and attention, for that, besides being a friend of his, she was a person of discernment, and would remark any deficiency of politeness; and that, above all, everything must be conducted with perfect propriety and decorum, for on that point Europeans were more particular than Persians. However, it appeared to me that this last remark of the Khan's must be a bit of affectation; for how women,

who mix promiscuously with men they never saw before, and never cover their faces even before the most perfect stranger, can pretend to any nice feeling of propriety, or to any feeling at all of any kind, is to me unintelligible. However, I attended to everything the Khan said, for he is really a delightful man—person, I mean—and he had scarcely finished speaking when Aga Selem came to call Aga Mobarik, saying, that the European lady was close at hand. Aga Mobarik accordingly went out to receive her in the covered gateway. In a few minutes the Aga came back leading the European lady, and though I had every desire to be very polite, I really could not at first keep my gravity. Only think, Meerza, instead of a *chudder*, she had on a great loose dark-coloured silk cloak, like an Armenian priest's robe, and in place of a roobund, an immense hood, like a horse's nose-bag. However, I led her into the side-room next the door, on the right hand, where she put off her cloak and hood, and came out of her hideous covering much more civilized-looking than you could have expected. Her dress was not in the least degree like what we call a Feringee dress, or what our painters give to Feringee figures. On the contrary, it was quite decent and respectable-looking. It consisted of one long white satin dress, reaching from her shoulders to her feet, and bound round the waist by a broad band, something like a Georgian dress, but much neater. Her neck was uncovered, except by a thin kind of net, as fine as a spider's web, and an embroidered scarf of the same kind of stuff, thrown loosely over it. She had on a turban, not made of shawl or silk like ours, but of an Istamboul embroidered handkerchief, of exquisite workmanship; and she wore the diamond spray in her turban, in the middle of the front, instead of at one side, as we do. Then her hair was curled in small curls at her temples, and folded up behind, which does not look half so well as our long locks and plaited tails. The skirts of her robe were not long enough to hide her feet, and she had on white silk stockings, so fine, that at first sight I thought it was her bare leg, and white satin slippers, tied up with white ribbands. Every part of her dress was as white as driven

snow. You never saw anything so white; and what was very extraordinary, although the weather was so warm, she wore white leather gloves upon her hands. Her waist was small and neat, and though she had two children with her, her figure was so very youthful, you would have supposed her to be unmarried, and her step so quick, you would have imagined she thought dignity consisted in moving rapidly.

"Leaving the side-room, I conducted her across the court, which really looked magnificent. The fountains were all playing—the edge of the great basin was covered by a row of large oranges, which were reflected in the water, and nosegays of the flowers which were then in season, such as the violet, and narcissus, and hyacinth, and the yellow rose, were floating in every direction, either in the basin or sailing down the stream. The flowering shrubs in the garden sweetened the air with their various perfumes, and some of the Shah's female singers were singing to their lutes in a covered terrace which overhung the garden. As we moved towards the hall, the European lady stopped once or twice to admire everything around her, and then darted on at a rate which made it impossible for me to keep pace with her. The steps leading to the hall were lined with slaves splendidly dressed and covered with pearls and jewels. I felt ashamed of the meanness of my own dress—you must certainly get me some handsome ornaments, Meerza; but when I looked at the lady I was conducting to see what ornaments she had on, I was astonished to find, that except the spray in her turban, she had not one ornament of any kind about her.

"When we arrived at the door of the hall, and came in sight of the Taj, we made an obeisance, and having crossed the threshold another, then a third, before taking our seats. A chair was brought for the stranger, but she declined it with more politeness than I had expected, and we sat down on the nummud (felt). The Queen was seated nearly opposite the door at which we entered, and sat down not far from it. The new hall is a very handsome room—you have not seen it, Meerza. The roof, both sides, and one end, are entirely com-

posed of large mirrors let into the wall, and the other end consisted of one great window of stained glass of every imaginable colour, arranged in beautiful devices, reaching from the roof to the floor. It has four doors, and each of them was covered by a curtain of rose-coloured satin richly embroidered with gold, in handsome patterns, and lined with cloth of solid gold. The door by which we entered was in the centre of one side of the room, and between the corresponding one on the opposite side and the window sat the Taj, supported on each side by one of her daughters. Two slave girls stood in each of three corners of the room, and exactly opposite to us sat the wife of Inaun Wurdee Meerza, the Shah's son; beside whom stood another slave girl. Between the throne and the window sat, with all the gravity of a dignitary of the state, Farrokhschah Meerza, the Taj's second son, a beautiful boy—he cannot be more than five years old, yet he behaved like a man of forty. Behind the Taj stood the beautiful Georgian with a fan of gold wire studded with pearls in her hand. Had I been her Majesty, I should have felt reluctant to place her so near myself, for few could stand in comparison with Goolkhuz. I am thought to have some judgment in such matters, Meerza, and I assure you I never saw beauty so rich and beaming as she possesses. Large long-shaped dark eyes, shaded by her black fringy eyelashes, a small delicate nose and chiselled lips, that look as if a smile was ever near them—teeth like a string of equal pearls, and a bright transparent complexion that sheds beauty as the sun sheds light—long, thick, black clustering hair rolling down her neck and over her shoulders, without band or ornament; her tall, light, round, elastic figure speaking as plainly as her sweet face, the lightness of a young heart conscious of the beauty she possesses."

"Stop for a moment," said I, "and let me mend my pen. Well, now proceed—what was you saying? her, her what?—pray go on—how old may she be?"

"I should think about eighteen," replied my wife.—"A perfect woman," said I.—"Yes," replied my wife, "and such an arch-looking creature. If she had been in the Haram of Haroon ul Resheed, I'll answer for it

she would have acted a conspicuous part as one of the tormentors of Poor Abon Hassan ; and yet, Meerza, with all these charms, she wanted the thoughtful beauty and dignity of the Queen, and that indescribable air of superiority so often given to exalted rank, more particularly when, as in this case, it is combined with superior intellect. Had you put the fan into the hands of the Taj, and seated Goolkhuz on the throne, you could have had no difficulty in assigning to each her relative rank.

"Nothing could exceed the splendour and magnificence, the dazzling richness and brilliancy of the scene. The slave girls were blazing in diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and brocade and spangles. Their dresses, originally of the richest stuffs, were so closely embroidered with precious stones and pearls, that little else could be seen—their forms, which were new to me, were not inelegant, and they were full of stateliness—they consisted of a close boddice, and instead of trowsers, a very wide petticoat, so long, that when they moved their feet were invisible, and they seemed to be sailing slowly over the smooth carpets without any bodily exertion, as if transported by magic. One of the slaves contrived curiously enough to make her personal defects subservient to her love of display, for being blind of an eye, she covered the eclipsed orb with a patch so resplendent with diamonds and other precious stones, that I question whether she did not gain brilliancy by the loss of the quenched luminary.

"The Taj sat on a crimson velvet cloth, fancifully embroidered with small pearls, and reclined against a large square cushion of the same materials, with this difference only, that in the cushion the pearls were so close together, that almost none of the velvet was visible, and at each of its corners hung a large tassel, of pearls as big as the top of my finger. Her own dress was costly and magnificent. To the eye it appeared one sheet of jewels, but its form was not so becoming as that of the slave girls. At each side of her head were very large ornaments of diamond, which branched into single sprays, at the point of each of which was one pendant diamond of great size. On the crown of

her head was a diamond arrakgeer—her hair was cut in a straight line above her eye-brows, exactly as I dress my own hair, and her eye-brows were painted broad and very dark, without any division from temple to temple, just as I used to paint mine. She was very highly rouged, so much so, indeed, that her natural complexion could not be seen at all ; so you see, Meerza, you need not say that I put on too much. She wore several diamond necklaces, amongst which was the new one with the diamond drops which the King gave her, the stones of which Manoochehr Khan assured me cost near 50,000 tomans. Her waist was very long, and her petticoat so wide and stiff, that it stuck out a great way all round. Her stomach of large emeralds was exquisitely beautiful, and her whole appearance worthy the favourite of the King of Kings. The European lady declared that she had the most musical and sweetest voice she ever heard, and made us all laugh by saying, after we retired, that had she not spoken, her appearance was so artificial that she would have doubted whether she was alive. Her two daughters sat beside her, and though neither of them had any paint, they both looked very pretty. The European lady was astonished to find that one of them was married, though she is fifteen years old, (I wonder how old these Feringees think a girl should be before she marries,) she wore on her head a bunch of gold hair, which hung down her back, and had a very good effect. The dress of the young Prince looked very elegant and simple. It was a plain robe of purple velvet, without any ornament ; but he wore armlets of pearls as large as the top of my thumb, and he had a tiara of diamonds on his cap, and a diamond-hilted dagger in his waist shawl.

"On a niche above the Queen's head was placed the crown of the Shah, and on each side of it, a lambskin cap ornamented with diamond sprays. Beside her lay the Shah's bazoobands (armlets) in one of which is the sea of light, and in the other the mountain of splendour.

"We had not sat long before a slave went out, and presently returned with a golden ewer inlaid with emeralds. It contained rose-water, with which

she sprinkled our hands. Manoochehr Khan was then sent for, and the Queen addressed herself to him, paying the stranger very polite compliments, to which the Khan, in her name, made suitable replies. While this conversation was going on, coffee was served in beautiful china-cups, placed in larger ones of chased gold and enamel. After coffee, sweetmeats and sherbets were brought in on large silver trays, and when they were removed, tea was handed round. The stranger then proposed to withdraw; but Manoochehr Khan would not permit her, and begged her to stop while her Majesty retired to pray, saying, that when she returned, permission would be given to retire.

"The Taj, with her little son and her two daughters, then rose. Two slave girls held up the door curtain, and they moved slowly and majestically out of the apartment. Manoochehr Khan availed himself of this opportunity to show our guest some of the Taj's private apartments, which were decorated in the same magnificent style. On an Arabian reading-desk of pure gold, inlaid with jewels, and covered with a gauze veil embroidered with pearls, was placed a finely written Koran. On each side of it lay a rosary of beads, the one pearls of great

size and brilliancy, the other of cut emerald beads. The carpets were of the finest description, manufactured at Herat; and the corners of the rooms were occupied by large cushions of black and crimson velvet, embroidered in gold, with endless devices of birds, beasts, trees, flowers, and other patterns.

"When we returned to the hall, we found her Majesty again seated, and the Feringee lady was about to resume the seat she formerly occupied; but the Taj called her close to her, said a great number of kind things—called her sister, and begged her to come frequently to see her. At an appointed signal, a handsome white shawl, and a variety of diamond ornaments, were brought in, and presented by the Queen to the stranger, who acknowledged, in appropriate terms, the honour done her. All this having been arranged, we retired as we had entered. The lady expressed herself much gratified by her visit, spoke in terms of high admiration of the Queen, and of her establishment; and we wished her good morning, with a sincere desire to see her soon and often. Her Feringee servant woman, who had been in attendance, also received suitable presents, and we all parted in good spirits and good-humour."

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VOL. XXII.

## THE GAME LAWS.

THE efforts which have so long been made by the highest, as well as the other, guides of public opinion, to make the nation believe that its laws and systems are marvellously faulty, have naturally been eminently successful. John Bull is now convinced, that his constitution and laws, instead of being "the perfection of human wisdom," and "the admiration of the world," are things so erroneous and defective, that they inflict on him almost every conceivable injury. The worthy man does not ask himself, why he could not discover this until it was told him—why its operation on his own person did not make him sensible of it—why he was wont to boast so mightily of things which he now conceives to be so injurious: he does not inquire whether those, whose assertions supply him with the conviction, are people worthy of being trusted; but he believes because he will believe, and nothing will content him but wholesale change under the name of improvement. His labours in this way have hitherto been attended with a portentous measure of failure, but, nevertheless, he proceeds with his characteristic fortitude. He flounders about amidst his calamities—blows out his cheeks, and pads his dress that his emaciated condition may not be discovered—hides the rents and patches in his garments—and protests that his "improvements" have wonderfully benefited his health and prosperity. Honest John will not "im-

prove" much farther, before he will fill his hands with other employment.

Amidst the sweeping denunciations against all that is, the Game Laws have naturally received a double portion of condemnation. These laws exist in favour of the Aristocracy, to which, the leaders of the cry for change are the inveterate enemies; and the attacks on them are highly efficacious in covering it with slander and obloquy. To a large part of the community, and that part which in these days is represented to be practically the whole in respect of opinion and interest, they are from their nature very distasteful; and, in consequence, any abuse of them, however absurd and groundless, is exceedingly pleasant. There is thus a desire on the one side to malign them to the utmost, and a disposition on the other to believe the worst that can be said of them; this is in addition to the feeling engendered against them, in common with other laws, by the passion for innovation. It follows as a matter of course, that they receive about all the vituperation that language can supply; and it follows, likewise, as a matter of course, that the vituperation consists in the main of baseless statements, and ill names.

We are numbered with those who hold, that the destruction of one of the Estates of the Realm would yield no benefit whatever to the others; and that the maintenance of each in



its proper degree of power and privilege, is essential for the weal of all the three. Being friendly to the existence of the Constitution, we have no choice but to believe that the Aristocracy ought to exist, as well as the Democracy; and that it would be quite as pernicious to sacrifice the former to the latter, as to sacrifice the latter to the former. We are warm admirers of the principles of the Constitution, and, of course, we are compelled to think that the rights of the rich and titled ought to be not less respected, than those of the poor and nameless. If robbery and destruction be commenced in the highest classes, it is very certain they will not end there; consequently we are convinced, that the very lowest classes have a vital interest in preventing them from being commenced anywhere. We dissent wholly from the fashionable philosophy which, at the moment when it professes to idolize the Constitution, openly endeavours to destroy it, not only in essence and operation, but in form and being. Holding these opinions in the abstract, the aspect of the times teaches us, that it is doubly our duty at this hour to act upon them. Every one knows that in late years the Democracy has gained prodigiously in power and influence upon the Aristocracy. The greater part of those to whom the nation looks for opinion, including the leading supporters of the Ministry, are zealously labouring to cover the latter with public contempt and animosity, on the score of ignorance and iniquitous motive. In the newspapers, in the House of Commons, and even by a leading member of the Ministry, the Upper House of Parliament has been held up to public indignation for discharging its constitutional duty. A war now rages against the Aristocracy, the object of which is to degrade it from its place in society, and to accomplish its virtual annihilation as a separate Estate of the Realm; in this war it has to contend singlehanded against the Democracy, the Press, and even the Ministry. If the latter venture but sparingly on open offensive measures, its deeds and the conduct of its instruments render it a principal in the conflict.

We find in these considerations abundant grounds for not attacking

the Game Laws, from motives of hostility to the Aristocracy; and for refusing to take anything upon trust, which emanates from people who so attack them. Being thus far disposed to impartiality, we find but little to attract us from it in the words of those who revile them, merely because they are disqualified for killing game. The epithets "odious," "tyrannical," "demoralizing," &c. &c., which are so lavishly heaped upon the Game Laws, are bitter as heart could desire, but to us they are not equally convincing. Without the necessary accompaniments of plain, sober fact, and argument, we hold them to be worthless.

We propose, therefore, to glance at these Laws without being led by the declamation, flow from whom it may, which is employed against them. We will not rail against them to injure, nor defend them to benefit, the Aristocracy; we will put it, as an Aristocracy, wholly out of sight. Regardless of the opinions of this class or that, of the game-killer or the game-eater—of the qualified man or the poacher, we will inquire into the common sense of the question, and endeavour to ascertain how far the Game Laws are sanctioned by natural and constitutional right and equity, and by the common good of the community at large. We know full well that in this we place before ourselves a task alike difficult and invidious; and were we to consult our ease and peace, we should join in the general clamour. But we know that if the question be decided in the manner called for by the interest of the whole community—by the interests of the poor, as well as those of the great—it must be decided, not by prejudice, selfishness, and delusion, but by truth, reason, justice, and honesty; and our knowledge of this truth will not suffer us to descend to the baseness of taking any other than the course we have stated. Happy! thrice happy! would it be for our country, if it would follow our example on this point; and always, in regulating its multifarious interests, act on a truth so obvious and well-established.

The assailants of the Game Laws may be divided into two classes: the one consists of respectable well-meaning men, who merely seek to amend these Laws, without injuring what

they conceive to be the fair rights of the owners of game. They rather make use of the clamour, than join in it. The other consists of people who are authors of the clamour, and whose demands amount to the utter abolition of the Game Laws. With them, game is common property, and all prosecutions under these Laws are unjust and tyrannical. Against the first class, we shall say nothing, and on much of what it wishes to do, we shall be silent. Whether the qualification be properly distributed amidst the owners and occupiers of land, is a question which we shall not discuss. We wish to speak chiefly with reference to the grand charge against the Game Laws—the other charges are of comparatively no moment—that they deprive the poor of their rights, and form a prolific source of demoralization and crime: and we should only confuse and weaken our observations by mixing up with them disputed points having nothing to do with the charge. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves in a great measure to the doctrines, actually or practically, put forth by the second class.

On the threshold of the inquiry we find two important questions of property; the one relates to the game, and the other to the land on which the game is found. It is alleged by poachers that game is provided by nature, and that, unlike sheep, horses, &c. it is as much the property of one man as of another. If this were alleged by them alone, it would be below notice, but the same is asserted by various of those who lead the clamour; it forms one of the leading proofs of the latter that the Game Laws are unjust. As these people cannot, like the poachers, shelter themselves under the plea of ignorance, the assertion proves very strikingly, that they judge common honesty to be of no worth, and that their cause is a very rotten one.

A man forms a part of his estate into a preserve, and buys, or hires men to procure him game, with which to stock it. The game in this case possesses every quality that law and reason could require for making, not only it, but all its offspring, the property of this individual. To argue that what a man buys, or breeds, and maintains on his own ground at a great expense, is no more his property than

it is that of another, would be to strike at the foundations of all property. It matters not whether this be hares and pheasants, or sheep and oxen. If a London shopkeeper buy a parrot, and breed in his garden at Hackney ducks and rabbits, he deems them to be as much his property, as the goods in his shop; and were poachers to possess themselves of them, as they possess themselves of game, he would prosecute them with as much zeal as common thieves.

The preserved grounds in this country have been to a great extent stocked in this manner. If the chief part of the game they now contain have been bred on them, this makes no difference on the head of property. The sheep bred by the farmer are quite as much his property, as those bought by him. This would answer our purpose, were we to extend the question of property in game no farther; because it is principally to the preserves and adjoining fields, commonly the property of the same owner, that the poacher resorts. He can find no game worth his notice on other land. It is manifest, that on the clearest and soundest principles of right, reason, and equity, the individual has an exclusive right of property in the game which he buys, or breeds, and feeds and retains on his own land; and that those who appropriate this game to their own use without his permission, are as guilty of robbery, as they would be, should they plunder the warehouse of the merchant, or the shop of the shopkeeper.

The law will not give the man who thus possesses game an exclusive property in it, if it stray to the land of others, because he cannot establish its identity—because he cannot prove that which is essential for proving ownership in everything—and not because his property in it is destroyed. When game cannot be thus claimed by the individual, on the right of purchase, breeding, and maintenance, it clearly becomes the property of the land-owners as a body—of that body of men, who among them have borne the whole cost of breeding and maintaining it. The produce of the land is the indisputable right of the possessors of the land, be it what it may. If any claim be here set up by the occupier of land, it must be remembered that he has no right to anything beyond what he stipulates for with the owner;

and that if his crops suffer from game, his rent is in consequence lower: the landowners practically buy of him, with reduction of rent, all the food he supplies to game.

The Game Laws, therefore, in making game property, are guided by the principles which guide other laws that define property—by the principles of right, reason, and equity. On their manner of sharing it to the individual landowners, after giving it to the body, it is not necessary for us at present to speak. It is manifest that, however they may act on this point, those who are not landowners, have no right whatever to any share. Whether the poacher takes game from preserves, or from lands of a contrary character, it is perfectly clear, that, in taking it, he steals what is, not only in law, but in right, reason, and equity, the property of others. This we say is perfectly clear, if any such thing as truth have existence.

Having disposed of the question of property relating to game, we will proceed to the one relating to land. If the Game Laws were, according to the wish of many people, wholly abolished, what would follow? Would the community at large be at liberty to kill game at pleasure? It would, if the game could be found on the high roads, but not otherwise. There would be the law of trespass in the way. The abolition would practically give the exclusive right of killing game to the occupiers of land; while the poachers, the inhabitants of towns, and the poor generally, would still be under legal prohibition. These occupiers would suspect every person they found on their land to be a game-seeker; and we imagine that prosecutions for trespassing would be more numerous than the present prosecutions for poaching.

To give, therefore, the right of killing game to the community at large, not only the Game Laws, but the law of trespass must be abolished. The poor man must not only have a right to kill game, but he must have a right to traverse the land of other men in search of it: The one right would be nominal without the other. Now, whatever may be said with regard to game, it will scarcely be contended that land is not property. Land is the property of its owner, if the merchant, the manufacturer, the shopkeeper, and the labourer, possess any-

thing whatever that can claim the name of property. This is perfectly clear; and it is equally clear that, in natural right, the owner of land ought to have the power to prevent others from trespassing on it; without such power, he would be deprived of those rights of property which are essential for protecting him from oppressive and ruinous injury.

Were the right to kill game on any man's ground at pleasure conferred on the nation at large, the body of the people would hold that the season for killing game had neither beginning nor end. At any rate, they would never think of making it commence so late as the 1st of September. Through a very large part of Great Britain, the farmers, on the average, do not begin to cut their corn until about the 20th of August; and, through a large part, they do not begin until about the close of the same month. Were the right to kill game granted as we have said, the first in the field would, of course, have the best hope of success; and almost half the growing crops of the country would be trampled down and wasted in the search for hares and partridges. One part of the community would thus possess the power of destroying the property of the other part, and of bringing hunger and distress upon the whole.

Independently of this, the occupiers of land would be subjected to grievous losses throughout the year. At present they suffer greatly. The followers of a pack of hounds, or a knot of coursers, traverse a farm towards the close of the year, when the ground is little better than a puddle from moisture. They gallop over the newly-sown wheat and the new seeds; they break down the fences; they leave open the gates; they set the sheep astray; and fortunate is the farmer, if five pounds will cover the injury they do him. His injuries of this kind would be prodigiously multiplied; for he would almost be daily visited by coursing parties, formed by the shopkeepers, clerks, &c., of towns, who have now no qualification. Then the poor would be transformed into pedestrian sportsmen, to whom everything would be game that they could convert into profit, and who would add to waste, robbery. The farmer would continually have to bear depredations of all descriptions.

We have said quite sufficient to prove, that according to every principle of right, reason, and equity, the owners and occupiers of land ought to have the power to prevent other people from trespassing on their land. Such power is, in truth, inseparable from the idea of property. To give a man the liberty of entering the land of his neighbour for the purpose of killing game, is to give him the liberty to use and destroy his neighbour's property: It is directly at variance with all natural and constitutional right. It of course follows, that if the Game Laws should be wholly abolished, there must be laws to prohibit one man from trespassing on the land of another—laws that, in their operation, would prohibit the working classes, and the mass of the population of towns, from killing game; or the owners and occupiers of land would have their property continually invaded, wasted, and stolen by the rest of the community.

Honest men—and we speak only to such men—will need nothing more to convince them, that in principle, the Game Laws, so far as they prohibit those from killing game who are not owners or occupiers of land, are unassailable; and that these laws, or others of similar operation, are essential for preventing one part of the community from oppressing and robbing the other part. We will therefore, in the next place, inquire what *real* hardships those who are prohibited from killing game, endure from the prohibition.

If the poor man abstain from the double offence of trespassing upon his neighbour's land, and appropriating his neighbour's property, he will not be injured by the Game Laws. It is for this offence that he is prosecuted. He knows when he commits it that it is a violation of law; and at any rate, in preserved grounds, game must display to him all the characteristics of property. If it be unjust to prosecute the poor man for this, it is unjust to prosecute him for stealing fowls or sheep from the farmer, and groceries or drapery from the shopkeeper. It is unjust to prosecute him for robbing on the highway. In each case, the guilt differs only in degree, and not in kind: In respect of degree, it is quite as great in poaching, as in various minor thefts in shops, which are severely punished. The poor man

has only to be honest—to keep his hands from picking and stealing—and he will never suffer from the Game Laws. The compulsion which binds him to this is neither hardship nor grievance; it is the same compulsion which binds his fellow-subjects, rich as well as poor, for the protection of his own property.

It is urged by the enemies of the laws, that poaching is prompted by hunger—that the poor man steals game to keep himself and his family from starving. If this were even correct, it would be a very worthless apology for the guilt, setting aside justification; but it is not. Exceptions there are, but poachers, in general, are actuated by other motives than want. In England the poor man has the power—which we fervently hope will never be taken from him—of compelling the owners and occupiers of land to supply him with necessaries when he cannot earn them; and this is a sufficient answer to the plea. His possession of this power over the owners and occupiers of land, effectually destroys, even in lawless necessity, his right to rob them. Speaking generally, the poacher takes up the calling from idleness, vicious habits, bad character, and the hope of gain—from precisely the causes which make men pickpockets and housebreakers. He steals game not that his family may eat it, but to sell it for profit. The plea of want is not a more valid excuse for him than it is for the most profligate criminals; for the latter can truly aver, that their crimes form their only means of subsistence.

With regard to the richer part of those who are not qualified to kill game, it must be observed that the right, putting aside a few exceptions not worthy of notice, is not a matter of grace and privilege; it is a thing of purchase, open to all the community. Any man, no matter what he is, may buy what will qualify him, if he have sufficient money. The rich merchant, manufacturer, or tradesman, can at all times qualify himself, if he thinks good to do so. As to the less wealthy inhabitants of towns, who cannot afford to buy the qualification, what hardships do they suffer from the Game Laws? They are prohibited from diverting themselves, by trespassing upon the land, and damaging and appropriating the property of other individuals. This is the whole. They

are merely deprived of the *diversion* ; for, as we shall presently shew, they obtain game in as great abundance, as they could obtain it under any system. The traders who, while they can procure a sufficiency of game, either gratuitously or at a moderate price, rail against the laws in question, merely because they are not at liberty to trespass upon, waste, and carry off, the property of others, ought in consistency, to rail with equal vehemence against the laws which prevent their warehouses and shops from being entered and plundered at pleasure by the community at large. Such men would be but little deserving of compassion, were they taught by depredations on their own property, to respect that of others.

The Game Laws might be attacked with some justice, if game ranked amidst the necessities, or leading comforts of life, and if they were the sole cause of keeping it from the reach of the mass of the people. But what is the fact? No one will say that it takes its place amidst necessities. It is not eaten with much relish for more than three or four months in the year. In regard to the palate, it would be far inferior to beef, mutton, or bacon, if eaten constantly like them with merely the gravy that it would itself yield. The hare without the stuffing, melted butter and jelly ; and the pheasant or partridge without the basting with butter, made-gravy, and bread-sauce, would be exceedingly unpalatable, compared with the poor man's rasher of bacon, saying nothing of shambles' meat. There are very few people who would not sooner dine from a plain joint, than from game with all its necessary adjuncts, if compelled to dine wholly from one, or the other. Game appears on the dinner table as an occasional delicacy, excellent as a part of the meal, but by no means worthy of being a constant substitute for the more homely fare supplied by the butcher. From the high keeping it requires, the taste for it is to a very great extent an acquired one ; and, speaking generally, the lower orders have little relish for it.

Putting this aside, were game sold like other articles of food, its price would always keep it above the reach of the poor ; and were every one at liberty to kill it where he could find it, there would be none for either poor or rich.

The lower orders generally could not under any circumstances obtain more game, than they obtain at present.

Passing from the poor, there is scarcely a small tradesman in a country village, who cannot at present, occasionally obtain game gratuitously during the season, through friendship with some gamekeeper, or gentleman's servant ; or through some other means. There is scarcely a farmer who cannot obtain it in the same way. The plain working farmers have no wish to see it very frequently on their tables ; and the higher class of farmers, either from being qualified, or from their acquaintance with qualified people, have it gratuitously in reasonable abundance. Proceeding to the inhabitants of large places, a very great proportion of them receive presents of game from their country friends through the season. In every large place, game can be bought, notwithstanding the laws, at as cheap a rate as could be expected if the sale of it were legalized. Those who cannot obtain it from country friends, can buy it at about the same price in proportion, as poultry. London, notwithstanding its enormous size, is supplied with it almost profusely. At dinner parties, public and private, large and small—even at the snug tavern-dinner of a few friends—there is a course of game.

The population of England is at this moment as abundantly supplied with game throughout all its classes, as it could expect to be under any change of law whatever. There is not a moderately respectable family in it, which does not taste in every season as much game, as it could hope for from any change whatever. While the population is thus supplied, it receives a vast portion of its supply without trouble or cost, in the shape of presents. We are very confident, that if the Game Laws were wholly abolished, an immense number of those who now have game in plenty, would never be able to taste it ; and we are equally confident, that if the sale of game were legalized, an immense number of those who now obtain it gratuitously, would have to buy it at a high price, or be without it.

The hardships, therefore, which the Game Laws in reality impose upon those whom they disqualify, are the following. They prohibit them from being guilty of trespass, waste, and

robbery, towards others. They prohibit them from diverting themselves with killing game on the land of others. They give them as much abundance of game, as they could hope for from any change. They supply them with an immense portion of game gratuitously. They enable them to obtain game in far greater abundance and at a much cheaper rate, than they would be able to do, were these laws abolished.

More cannot be necessary to prove, that the disqualified people do not deserve the least commiseration; and that, so far as concerns their individual interests, there is not the smallest need for the change of a single syllable in the Game Laws. We will therefore turn from their guilty clamour for the liberty to oppress and plunder their fellow-subjects, and look at these laws wholly with reference to the great question of public morals.

That the committals under the Game Laws are deplorably numerous, is undeniable; and it is equally so, that, on the score of morals, everything which reason and right would sanction ought to be done to decrease their number. If we can trace the leading causes, we shall do something towards enabling the upright and discreet part of the nation to judge how far they are susceptible of removal.

It has been given in evidence before Parliament, that one of the causes of poaching is—the lower orders think there is little harm in stealing game, because they do not hold it to be property. This is true; but how does it happen that they profess such opinions? For some years, a large part of the press has been heaping every kind of scurrility on the Game Laws, and this has been eagerly repeated by that portion of the respectable classes which is destitute of the qualification. The lower orders have been regularly told by many of the newspapers and their betters, that game is not property; and that to punish them for taking it is to persecute and oppress them. They have been told by such a work as the *Edinburgh Review*, that they are sacrificed by the Game Laws to the amusements of the great. Whenever they have been prosecuted under these laws, they have seen the prosecution held up to public hatred, as a thing alike unjust and tyrannical. When this is looked at, no one will

marvel that they think as we have stated. It would be marvellous if they thought differently.

Various other things have conspired to confirm them in the belief. In late years an ostentatious disregard of the principles of honesty and honour has made alarming progress in almost every class of society. Under the specious pretence of serving science and philosophy, a very large and influential part of the press has covered everything with slander and ridicule that constitutes the source of individual integrity. Leading men in the legislature have made it a kind of merit to sacrifice everything to personal interest. In the trading world, fraud and cheating have become things to be boasted of; and the honest man is laughed at as a simpleton unfit for business. Amidst servants, petty pilfering is looked on as a matter of right and duty; and nothing is held to be the property of their employers, save such things as cannot safely be stolen. Through a very large part of society, dishonest actions are spoken of with half-excusing half-praising levity, which insinuates very plainly that those who commit them are exceedingly managing, clever people. Conscience has now lost its authority, and men are only honest in so far as that imperfect power, Law, can compel them to be so. All this has had its full effect amidst the lower orders. In addition, the latter have had everything taught them that was calculated to destroy their respect for law and subordination. They have been taught that they are not merely the equals, but the superiors of the higher classes—that the authority exercised over them by their masters is a usurpation—that the magistrates are tyrants—that the laws which coerce them are unjust—and that the great trample on their rights, and strip them of what is their property.

Every man who has had the means of making himself acquainted with the lower classes, will testify, that, in late years, a most lamentable relaxation has taken place in their principles of honesty, with regard not only to game, but to all kinds of property; and he will testify farther, that it has been in a great degree produced by what we have stated.

What would be a remedy here must be obvious to every one. Let the part

of the press to which we have alluded speak the words of truth and integrity—let it teach honesty, obedience to law, reverence of constituted authorities, and respect of superiors; or, at any rate, let it cease from teaching the reverse. Let the wealthy part of the people of towns, who are not qualified to kill game, learn that the property of others ought to be held as sacred as their own. If they cannot be taught this by justice, let them be taught it by the fact, that by multiplying poachers in the country, they multiply all kinds of robbers around their own dwellings. Let the great in all things manifest the high and chivalrous sense of honour becoming their station. Let that part of society which gives feeling and tone to the other, prove by word and action that it is honest, not from compulsion, but from duty—from pride—from religion; and let it add to the punishment inflicted by law on knavery, the more terrible punishment of its own reprobation and abhorrence. And let the lower orders be duly instructed in both the precepts and the practice of religion and morals.

Legislation could do nothing on this point, but individual efforts might do much. A few eloquent speeches in Parliament might be highly beneficial in stemming pernicious opinion, and stirring up exertion through the country. The lower orders must no longer be worked upon by incentives to, and justifications of, poaching; they must be convinced that game is property, and that the stealing of it is a crime in religion, as well as in law; and they must be further convinced that dishonesty of all kinds is despicable and wicked, as well as unlawful. Laws are of small worth when they have to contend not only with interest, but with opinion. If the feeling, that knavery is innocent whenever it can escape the laws, prevail, the utter annihilation of game and Game Laws would only render general property more insecure, without diminishing the mass of crime and depravity.

While the lower orders have thus been made poachers in principle, their temptations to become so in practice have been in various ways prodigiously multiplied. In the first place, the number of preserves, and the quantity of game, have been greatly increased. How far game has been multiplied in

and around the preserved grounds, may be judged of by the accounts which frequently appear in the public prints, of the quantity—we will not say killed, but murdered—in a few hours by two or three qualified sportsmen. We fear we have here misapplied the term sportsman. We doubt much whether the man who shoots hares is worthy the name of sportsman, unless he can prove that he cannot keep his saddle on leaping a three-foot ditch, or even at a gentle canter. But this matter we are not obliged to discuss. As we have already intimated, there is not much poaching in parts where game has but little shelter, and no keeper. In them a wire may be occasionally set; or if a hare chance to come within the reach of an unqualified person, it is pretty sure of being picked up; but there is nothing that can be called regular poaching, because there is not game to keep a poacher from starving. But in and around the preserves, the poacher can find a certain supply of game; he can make his calling, bating the risks created by law, a steady and profitable one.

In the second place, the population of towns has been much increased. Merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, have abandoned the plain and homely habits of their fathers, and have become luxurious in their manner of living. A taste for rich and extravagant cookery has become fashionable and general among them. The consumers of game have thus been greatly multiplied. A vast increase has generally taken place in the number of hucksters and petty carriers between towns and villages; and they are generally dealers in game. Coaches have been increased in number, and the guards are dealers in game. The feeling has been spread in large places, that if the law can be avoided, it is as innocent and laudable to buy and sell game as anything else. The system of poaching, smuggling, and the like, by means of organized bodies acting in connexion in different parts, and having capital, receptacles, and everything necessary for carrying on their operations with success on the largest scale, has reached a height wholly unknown in former times.

The lower orders, therefore, after being taught that poaching is morally innocent, have had their means of killing game mightily increased by the

multiplication of preserves and game. And the means of *selling* game to any extent, at a good price, have been put within their reach by the causes we have stated.

And now, what would be a remedy here? We are not disposed to say a word against the additional preserves, or the efforts to multiply game in the preserves generally. We have a marvellously strong liking for doing what we please with our own property; and we fear we should not long be gratified on this point, were the control of other men's property to be taken from them. Take away the right of the rich to produce what they please on their estates, and the right of the poor to produce what they please in their gardens must soon follow. Were we inclined to stock a few acres of our own land with game of our own buying, or breeding, we should make a thousand wry faces on being prohibited from doing so, on the ground that it would encourage poaching. Such a prohibition would not be a whit more justifiable than one which should prohibit merchants, shopkeepers, &c. from keeping goods in their warehouses, shops, and dwellings, and from going abroad with money in their purses, on the ground that it would encourage housebreaking and the picking of pockets. So far as regards theft, a landowner has as much right to keep hares and partridges, as he has to keep sheep and horses, on his land. He has as much right to keep game on it, as the cotton-manufacturer has to keep cottons in his warehouse, or as the grocer has to keep sugar in his shop, or as the private family has to keep chairs and tables in its residence. It is the duty of the law to protect property from robbers, but not to annihilate it, to diminish their number. To prohibit the landowner from breeding game, in order to prevent poaching, would be to rob him by law of his rights, in order that poachers might not unlawfully rob him of his goods: it would be, to make the law the worst of all plunderers.

Thus far we speak on the sacred, indestructible rights of property; but something may be said on other grounds in favour of the preserves. To the latter, the community is indebted for its plentiful, and to a great extent gratuitous supply of game. Let them be destroyed, and to the mass of the

population game will be practically destroyed; it will be comparatively so scarce and rare, that the eating of it will of necessity be confined to the select few. The game to be found in parts where it is not protected, only supplies the consumption of those who kill it; it yields no surplus worth noticing as presents for friends. Were the mass of the population to be thus deprived of game, it would suffer considerably on the score of comfort and enjoyment; and it would suffer greatly on another point of much more importance. The enormous quantity of game at present consumed, must operate largely in diminishing the consumption, and consequently keeping down the price, of shambles meat and poultry.

The argument, that field-sports have a leading share in causing the rich and great to spend part of the year on their estates, to the great advantage of the empire, is too well known for us to repeat it. We need not enlarge on its force, as we have on different occasions, when speaking of Ireland, pointed out the benefits which flow from the residence of the landlord amidst his tenants.

While we are hostile to the adoption of any measure, having for its object to restrict the landowners in the breeding of game, we are likewise hostile to the granting of the privilege of killing game to the community at large. That is a wicked and miserable argument which says, your laws cannot prevent poachers from robbing the landowner, therefore make it lawful for them to rob him: you cannot prevent theft, therefore legalize it. We know not what more atrocious wrong could be done to a man, than to give the whole nation the liberty of plundering him, merely because the laws cannot prevent a part of it from doing so. In justice and equity, a man has no more right to enter the land of others for the purpose of carrying off their game, than he has to enter the shops and houses of others for the purpose of carrying off their goods.

But it is not alone on the ground formed by the sacred and indestructible rights of property, that we protest against the universal qualification. The latter would soon nearly exterminate game, and thereby produce the consequences we have already stated.



The great inducement of landlords to live on their estates would be destroyed. The occupiers of land would be subjected to the waste and depredations we noticed at the commencement of our paper, not to their own grievous injury only, but to that of the whole community. In regard to the lower orders, they would rank amidst the greatest sufferers. The temptations of different kinds would be sufficient to make them in general game-seekers. The supply of game would not support them and they would carry home fencibles for fuel, destroy plantations, and steal poultry, and everything they could reach. Nothing could be better calculated for making the lower classes idle, dissolute, dishonest, and lawless, than the liberty for them to range through every man's grounds at pleasure, under the pretence of seeking game. Such liberty would produce demoralization and crime, prosecutions and committals, infinitely beyond the worst that is alleged against the Game Laws.

The only remedial measures, therefore, that right, justice, equity, and the general interests of the community will sanction, are, measures that will prevent as far as possible the lower orders from *killing* game on the one hand, and from *selling* it on the other.

Common sense shews that, in the first place, the preserves and adjoining lands ought to be watched in the most effective and rigid manner. It has been stated in evidence before Parliament, that in a preserve, which was so watched, there was scarcely any poaching. Here is proof added to reason. The certainty that he cannot attempt to steal, without being detected, will make the thief an honest man; and it will have the same effect on the poacher. Convince the lower orders that they cannot attempt to kill game without being caught and punished, and there will be an end of poaching.

On this point, a great deal ought to be done. Many preserves can scarcely be said to be watched at all. A keeper is appointed; he strolls through them in the day to kill a little game for his master or himself, and keep people from trespassing, who are in small danger of doing so; but he sleeps soundly during the night, when his care is the most needed, and his object is, rather to punish poachers by

law after they have carried away the game, than to prevent them from taking it. In a case like this, there is very little done in the way of *prevention*, as far as regards the lower orders; and the latter have the chances of escape greatly in their favour: a moderate share of dexterity and caution will secure them from detection, and this operates as a powerful temptation to lead them to the crime.

The owners of rabbit warrens efficiently watch their warrens by night, and what they do ought to be done by the owners of game preserves. Not only the preserves, but the adjoining fields, in so far as they present any strong temptation to the poacher, ought to be so watched. A man ought to protect his property as far as possible from theft, to have a fair claim on the law for the punishment of those who may steal it. On a matter bearing so largely on public morals, the owners of preserves should be—and strict justice would sanction it—compelled by law to watch duly their property, at their own expense. The mode should not be left to their own discretion, but should be defined by law. The people appointed to watch should be, in the object of their appointment, what the watchmen of towns are; they should be appointed to deter, rather than to detect—to prevent crime, rather than to bring it to punishment.

In addition to this, the Government should do its utmost to break up the organized gangs of the more desperate poachers: this should not be left wholly to the ordinary Magistracy. Whenever the existence of such a gang should be discovered, active police officers should be sent from London to obtain the necessary information respecting its members, and to watch its motions. Such officers would find little difficulty in possessing themselves of what would bring it to justice.

The punishment for killing game ought to be rendered more discriminating. Labourers who occasionally kill a hare when it is thrown in their way, while they are following their occupation, but who do not make a practice of it, or do it for profit, ought to be dealt with leniently. On conviction, the character and habits of a poor man should be taken into account, and, in a case like this, he should only be called on for a small

fine within his power to pay. Such a fine would very probably deter him from touching game in future; it would do little injury to his character, and none to his morals. But to impose a fine on him which he could not pay, would be in reality to send him to prison; and this, in all probability, would make him a confirmed poacher. Imprisonment to the poor man is the destruction of his character, and it is too often the destruction of his morals likewise. The loss of character is of itself sufficient to convert many men into villains. Punishment for all kinds of offences ought, for the sake of both offenders and society, to spare character to the utmost, where it has not been already destroyed. Offenders, who kill game regularly for the sake of profit, ought to be more severely punished on their first conviction. And the hardened, incorrigible poacher, who is convicted again and again for the same offence, is far more worthy of transportation than many of the criminals are who undergo the punishment. He corrupts the innocent, not only by example, but by precept and seduction: it is men like him who perpetuate and multiply the race of habitual poachers. A man's honesty in everything vanishes, the moment he begins to follow poaching as a regular calling for the sake of profit. Fear may keep him for a few weeks from the hen-roost, and for a few months from stealing everything he can lay his hands on, but afterwards he will be a general thief. Regular poaching drives men to this; they can only subsist on it for part of the year, and they are then compelled by their loss of character and idle habits, to draw their subsistence from general dishonesty. In every hardened poacher who might be transported, there would be transported a man who had been guilty of almost every kind of theft.

If the members of such gangs as we have described, and all incorrigible poachers, are, on conviction, to be returned loose again upon society after a period of imprisonment, one of the leading sources of poaching must be retained; and, in consequence, a leading sort of vice, profligacy, and general knavery, must be retained. Our belief is, that under the Game Laws at present, the least guilty offenders receive a punishment which is rendered ineffective, and sometimes worse, by

its severity; while the most guilty ones receive a punishment, which is rendered ineffective by its leniency. We speak wholly with reference to the lower orders.

On turning to the means for preventing the lower classes from selling game, we are met by the great question—Shall the general sale of game be legalized? Our opinion, notwithstanding the manifold difficulties which beset the question, is in favour of the sale. We have advocated the breeding and protecting of game, as a matter of enjoyment and benefit to the community at large; and while we insist that the great portion of the community, which possesses no land, ought to be prohibited from trespassing on the land of others for the purpose of killing game, we must maintain that it ought to have a right in law to buy game, if this could be granted without trenching on the rights of the other portion. Game ought to be produced like corn, cattle, and the general produce of land, for the benefit of the whole population; it ought to be property, and it ought to be protected by the laws of property; but, like other property, it should be matter of sale and purchase. Most special and cogent reasons might make it an exception, but none such exist. The plea, that to legalize the sale, would be to increase poaching, would have great weight, if supported by actual demonstration; but still it would be insufficient. The laws ought to aid to the utmost the possessors of game, as well as the possessors of other kinds of property, in protecting their property from theft; but it ought to make no distinction in their favour. To protect their game, by prohibiting those from buying game who have no other means of procuring it, is an invasion of the fair rights of the latter, which cannot be defended.

We speak thus on abstract, equitable right; but our belief is, that the legalization would tend materially to diminish poaching.

At present, game is sold in most large places, and partly through the instrumentality of the landowners. The man practically sells his game, who exchanges it with his fishmonger for fish. The population, on the whole, is plentifully supplied with game. The poachers can now sell at a good price—at a higher price than they would

be likely to obtain if the sale were legal—all the game they can procure. When this is the case, we cannot think that the lawful sale would increase poaching. If the legalization would increase the demand for game, raise its price, and enable the poacher to sell more of it than he can sell at present, it would doubtless have the effect feared by those who oppose it; but, in our judgment, it would operate differently.

That part of the community which is prohibited from killing game is at present plentifully supplied with it. A vast part of its supply it receives gratuitously; and the remainder it buys at a price which will not admit of reduction. Were the sale of game legalized, a large portion of that which is now given away would be sold, and the consumption of many of the game-eaters would be thereby considerably reduced. This, and the fact that game is at present regularly, though not openly, sold at as low a price as it could be brought to market for, demonstrate to us that the legalization would not increase the consumption. If the consumption should not be increased, there is no danger that the stock of the owner would be reduced.

At present, those who sell game in large places, putting out of sight a few of the London dealers, have to depend chiefly upon poachers for supplies. They are the people who make poaching a regular and profitable trade—who give to the poachers existence and employment. To them the village hucksters and carriers, the coach-people, the heads of poaching-gangs, &c. apply for instructions and a market. Now, it must be obvious to every one, that to give them the power to receive their game from the owners, instead of the stealers of it, would be a most effectual method of destroying poaching. The landowners could supply them with all they could sell; and the former, as they set no value on their game in respect of money, would drive the poacher out of the market by underselling him. The dealers by contract, or otherwise could buy game in abundance of the landowners, at a cheaper rate than the poacher could afford to take.

To give effect to this, the landowners ought to sell the game to the dealers, which they now give away, and they should make a point of keep-

ing the latter plentifully supplied. They would experience no hardship, or loss from doing so; the only sufferers would be the town-grumblers, who now declaim furiously against the laws, while they are eating game in abundance which they obtain gratuitously. We should rejoice mightily to see these people doomed to the punishment of having to buy their game.

The legalization would, we think, operate very beneficially in giving to game the character of property, in the eyes of both the lower orders and the community at large. Because the owner of it does not convert it into money and income, it is thought to be of no value to him; it is thought there is no harm in stealing it, because he suffers no pecuniary loss from the theft—because he only loses what he would otherwise give away. To give game pecuniary value in respect of its owner—to cause him to make it like sheep, oxen, &c., a regular source of income,—would give it in the public eye the characteristic of property, which it seems to lack, and tend much to diminish the odium which attaches to prosecutions under the Game Laws.

In a part of the season, the Metropolis is in some degree supplied with game from abroad; the legalization would have a beneficial effect in enlarging this foreign supply.

As to the licensing of the game-dealers, we doubt its wisdom. It would, we fear, form them into a combination, which would narrowly supply, and keep up prices so, as to afford encouragement to poaching. It is, we believe, the custom with the large fruiterers, fishmongers, and other dealers in perishable goods, to sell the inferior articles they select from lots, and the best which will keep no longer, to the petty shops, and the people who cry goods through the streets, at a very cheap rate; by this a vast portion of good food is saved from utter waste; and a vast portion of what, in the first hands are delicacies to be procured only by the rich, are brought within the reach of the poorer part of the community. If the game-dealers were licensed, they would not resort to this system; and sooner than sell their inferior and overkept game by retail at a low rate, they would waste it to keep up their prices. In addition to this, they would have no regular demand for inferior game. The

stale poultry, fish, &c., gets into consumption, because it is not only sent to the small shops in every part, but hawked about from door to door. Were inferior game, and such as would keep no longer, sent about in this manner, it would prevent poached game from finding a market amidst the poorer buyers.

Game might be sold without license; and the license might afterwards be resorted to without difficulty, if thought necessary.

The idea of giving the qualification, up to a certain point, to the occupiers of land, is, we think, liable to very strong objections. The people of this country are in some degree hunting mad; and to give the qualification to the farmer who lives constantly amidst game, would be, we fear, to make him a regular sportsman, to the great injury of his business. Moderate recreation is, no doubt, beneficial to all, but there are not many people, and in these times there are certainly but few farmers, who can afford any large share of it. The qualification would bring its train of expenses upon the farmer, as well as take his attention from his business. He would be obliged to ride something making an approach to a hunter—he would need his greyhounds and pointers, in all probability crack ones—he would find it desirable to have his coursing and shooting parties, which would eat and drink with him various things besides game, and he would have to attend the coursing and shooting parties of his friends. Then the farmers of a parish would be generally at loggerheads, and not seldom at law, on account of trespassing on each other's lands and killing each other's game. The opinion that qualifying the farmer would have a material effect in preventing poaching, is, we believe, an erroneous one. Should the qualification be thus given, and the sale of game be legalized, the body of farmers would make game a source of revenue, like corn and live-stock; this might lead them to prevent poaching on their own land, but it would be calculated to make them encourage it elsewhere. A farmer would be a seller of game to the town dealers; and he would sell, not only what he could kill on his land, but what he could buy of poachers, if he could buy of them at a rate

to leave him a profit. Should labourers think good to pilfer game from neighbouring preserves, they would find in him a customer, who would buy all they could procure without asking any questions. He would thus practically, if not in terms, incite labourers to rob preserves; he would in effect give employment to poachers, and be the broker between them and the town dealers. The more respectable and wealthy farmers would not do this, but there would be some in every parish who would do it; a single one in a parish would be sufficient to corrupt the labourers around him.

As we wish to look at the Game Laws solely with reference to public morals, it is not necessary for us to examine other changes in them which have been advocated. Whether the qualification ought, or ought not, to be lowered, we are pretty sure that a reduction of it, would not abate, either the clamour, or poaching. This is a minor matter which interests in but a small degree the public. We will, however, say a word on diminishing the odium which has been raised against these laws.

It would be of some benefit, if the law of trespass were in general more rigidly enforced. If the owners and occupiers of land do not guard their right on this point, they are in danger of losing it. Killing game, gathering nuts, &c. &c. are now spoken of, as though the nation at large had a clear right to enter any man's land at pleasure; and if the right of the owner or occupier to prevent it be not directly questioned, his exercise of it is practically proclaimed to be a grievous wrong. If the poacher were in many cases prosecuted for the trespass rather than for stealing the game; or if the trespass were made a prominent part of his offence, the prosecution would appear to be in a larger degree sanctioned by justice to the clamourers. If those appointed to watch preserves could easily bring to justice all trespassers they might find in the adjoining fields who could not give a good account of themselves, this would do something towards the prevention of poaching. If the owners and occupiers of land were to bring fully and firmly before the nation, not only their right to prevent others from trespassing on their land, but the necessity for their

exercise of it, this would contribute towards abating the clamour against the Game Laws.

The odium and clamour might be very largely diminished by Parliament without the aid of legislation. In late years it has been the fashion amidst our rulers and legislators to affect to fear, and court, and indulge the multitude. This has been carried so far, that the rights of the upper classes are put aside, as things not to be named without producing mischief; while the worst crimes of the lower classes are spoken of, as things perfectly excusable, on the ground of poverty and ignorance. The most guilty outcry that can be raised in favour of the working order against the rich and great, is practically admitted to be true; and non-compliance with it is defended on the score of impossibility, rather than on that of justice. This we say has been the conduct of both the Government and the Legislature, but more especially of the former.

In principle, it is mean and wicked; and in policy, it is erroneous and destructive. Right is right, to the peer, as well as to the pauper; and they who thus strike at the rights of the great to gratify the passions of the poor, are the worst enemies of the rights of the poor. Upon the rights and privileges of the higher classes, are based the rights and privileges of the lower ones. When the plea is set up—this must be conceded without reference to right and justice, or you will drive the people to turbulence, crime, and revolution—what is the natural consequence? It incites the people to turbulence, crime, and revolutionary deeds; it in effect tells them that they are sanctioned by reason and justice, in resorting to such means; it leads them to believe that their violation of the laws is rendered almost meritorious by necessity; and it convinces them that the great are their tyrants and oppressors.

In the clamour against the Corn Laws, the Game Laws, &c., this conduct has been followed. The words and actions of Government have been exactly calculated to produce the impression, that it knew the clamour to be just, and was prevented from complying with it only by inability created by the resistance of the Aristoc-

cracy. Even according to its professions, it has only acted the part of a neutral party, labouring to make peace by mutual sacrifice between two contending ones; instead of doing its duty as a government, by legislating on the sacred principles of individual right, impartial justice, and general good, regardless of rank, denomination, calling, and person. While its professions have only amounted to this, its words and deeds have been as we have stated. In consequence, the belief has been produced by the press amidst the mass of the community, that in regard to the Corn Laws, the Game Laws, &c., the Ministry is with the populace, wishes to do what the latter calls for, and is only prevented by the mercenary and selfish opposition of the Aristocracy. This belief is sufficient to raise clamour to the greatest height, and to make the body of the nation join in it.

The outcry against the Game Laws has been more especially raised by this to its present height. Now what is this outcry in reality? Does it merely call for a lowering of the qualification, the legalizing of the sale of game, and more effectual preventatives against poaching? No, against these it is directly levelled. It proclaims that game is not individual, but common property; and that one man has as much right to it as another; taking this as its basis, it demands, not the amendment, but the utter abolition of the Game Laws; not the preventing, but the legalizing, of poaching; it insists that no man ought to be prosecuted for killing game. It thus strikes at the foundations of right and property. In the abortive attempts which have been made to amend the Game Laws, Ministers and Parliament ought to have shewn the folly and criminality of this outcry; but instead of this, they have chimed in with it. They have joined it in asserting change to be needful, and repeated some of its allegations, without expressing any dissent from it in principle. Their conduct has been calculated to produce the belief that it is just in essentials, and this belief has been produced. The clamourers imagine that they have both Government and the House of Commons with them, and that they are opposed only by the great landholders from interested motives.

To such a height has the clamour been in consequence carried, that prosecutions for trespassing and stealing game are reprobated as unjust and oppressive. At the last election, the candidates were virtually called on to pledge themselves to the abolition of the Game Laws. The spirit of robbery has taken possession of the jury-box. We could point out a county, in which, not twelve months ago, verdicts of acquittal were returned in prosecutions under the Game Laws, directly in the teeth of conclusive evidence, and *solely* from the hostility of certain of the jurors to these laws. If we thought good, we could name the erring and guilty men who thus perjured themselves—who thus laboured to pervert the laws of their country into a source of robbery and wrong—and who thus did all in their power to undermine and destroy the privilege of Trial by Jury.

That a change of conduct ought to be made here, is abundantly manifest. In conflicts between different parts of the community, Government cannot be neutral, without violating its duty. These conflicts of necessity involve not only the interests of the contending parties, but those of the empire, the existence of laws, and the great principles of general property, right, and privilege: and this is sufficient to prove that neutrality in it is little short of crime. One of the contending parties must be in the right in regard to essentials, and on this ground it should be supported by Government. In the question touching the Game Laws, the sacred principles of property and right are left wholly to the defence of the Aristocracy; and its defence of them is held to be, in the eyes of the country, a defence of wrong and usurpation.

Let the Ministry and Parliament, in amending, or attempting to amend, the Game Laws, solemnly declare that they hold the clamour in abhorrence on account of its criminal character. Let them solemnly assert that game is property—that those who steal it from its lawful owners ought to be prosecuted and punished—that poaching is crime in both law and equity—and that they are resolved, in improving the Game Laws, to act on these principles, and to resist the object of the clamourers to the utmost. If they do this, the odium and clamour will soon be great-

ly abated. The great body of those who revile the Game Laws would not trouble themselves to open their lips against them, if they could not hope to obtain more than the late unsuccessful Bills were intended to concede.

To place the question in the clearest light possible, we will now briefly enumerate some of the leading principles by which changes in the Game Laws should be strictly governed.

1. Game is property. That which is bred, fed, and retained by people on their own land, is as exclusively their property as anything they possess. That which cannot be claimed by individuals on the ground of rearing and maintenance, is exclusively the property of the landowners as a body, to be divided individually among them as the law may think good.

2. As there is no land in the country which is common property, those who possess no land have no claim to be entitled to kill game; they contribute nothing towards the breeding and maintaining of it, therefore they have not the least property in it.

3. No man has a right to trespass on the land of another.

4. Game should be produced, subject to the laws of property, for the benefit of the community as a whole. Therefore the object of legislation should be, to provide, at the cheapest rate, the greatest quantity of it that can be reared without producing countervailing evils. Of course the law should prohibit everything calculated to destroy what may be called stock-game, and everything calculated to deter the owners of game from rearing it in sufficient abundance. From this it irresistibly follows that poaching should be rigorously prevented, and that the producers of game should enjoy the rights and protection enjoyed by the producers of sheep, corn, &c.

5. Poaching should be prevented and punished, as other kinds of robbery are prevented and punished. The great object should be to prevent poachers from killing game on the one hand, and from finding a market for it on the other.

We advise those who take the lead in attempts to amend the Game Laws, to avoid in future that system of wholesale neck-or-nothing legislation, from which the country has reaped so much ruin and misery. In these days men cannot be content to follow the

good old English fashion of proceeding step by step, and making changes separately and cautiously. They cannot stoop to the humble task of reforming and repairing. They must destroy, that they may create anew; they must sweep away at a single stroke whole systems and sets of laws, in order to make room for some gigantic, magnificent whole, of their own inventing, and to astonish the world by the vastness of their architectural capacity. Fatal to our poor country have been the consequences. Let those to whom we speak gather wisdom from the past, and change their conduct before they make another effort to change the Game Laws. Let them legislate on the different parts of the question separately. Let them prepare a bill to legalize the sale of game, to cause the preserves to be better watched, to make the punishment of poaching more effective, and to destroy the poacher's market; but to do no more. If this bill pass, let it be fully tried before they attempt anything further. They may then, if they think good, prepare another bill for altering the form and distribution of the qualification.

We will caution the nation against expecting too much from any change whatever that may be made in the Game Laws. The wisest change cannot prevent poaching; it can only diminish it. So long as men carry money in their pockets, and keep goods in their houses and shops, there will be, in spite of laws, pickpockets and housebreakers; and so long as there is game, there will be, in spite of laws, poachers. The difficulty of confining game will always afford great facilities to the poacher; and as preserves and game increase, poaching will increase under any law. The ex-

termination of game, would, of course, put an end to poaching; but this would inflict great injuries on the community, and it could only be accomplished by trampling on the most sacred principles of right and justice. If the liberty of killing game were granted to every man, it would be a far more prolific source of profligacy and crime, than the existing restrictions.

If the laws remain unaltered, those people who have no qualification may comfort themselves with the assurance, that at present they enjoy game in greater abundance, and at a cheaper rate, than they would be able to do under any change that could be made. If game be made matter of lawful sale, it will cease to fly about in the shape of presents; and the mass of them who now have it gratuitously must be content to buy it or eat none. They may find, in this, consolation sufficient to make them think the laws endurable. Those inhabitants of towns—and such there are—who receive presents of game through the season until it sometimes wastes on their hands, and yet cannot sit down to feast on a hare, or a brace of partridges, without anathematizing the Game Laws, may learn from it, that decent silence will comport the best with their own interest. To the town-population generally, we will say, that, in its present unrighteous and frantic war against the Landed Interest, success will yield it neither profit nor glory. It may persevere and triumph—it may strip the landowner and farmer of both rights and property—and it will find that in doing so, it has been ensuring to itself the utmost measure of wrong, robbery, ruin, and suffering.

## THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.

## No. II.

SOME months have elapsed since, with the garrulity of age and misfortune, I related to the companion of an autumnal ramble, the soothingly painful circumstances which led to my being an old Bachelor. The dispensation which has left me alone in the world, came so directly from the chastening, yet invigorating hand of Providence, that the drops of bitterness once mingled in my solitary cup, have long since yielded to the purifying influence of those dews from Heaven which never fail to descend, (perhaps at the entreaty of the early translated) on the humble and resigned survivor of those "Sleepers in the Lord."

Yes! I have long been an unrepining, though unworthy survivor of beauty and innocence, of virtue and affection; for they dwelt to the last, not only unimpaired, but exalted in her whom I have ceased to weep—they were the fragrant shroud that embalmed her mortal remains, and the imperishable "wedding garment," which I humbly trust will hallow our eternal union.

But it is another and far bitterer affliction to weep over the untimely blight of virtue, or the premature withering of affections. To move (though far apart) in the same evil world with those who to us "are not"—or to think of, (as removed to another,) those who lived long enough to wean us from idols, and pierce us as we leaned upon their broken reed. To be alone, because a beloved object has gone earlier to bliss, is a soothing and a privileged condition; but to survive the illusions which made life's morning and its very noon beautiful, to be alone because we have been unworthy, or another unstable, or even perhaps because both have only been rash and inexperienced, is a trial under which (while I thank Heaven that I was myself spared it) I sympathize not the less with those whom it has made joyless pilgrims on the downhill path of life.

Circumstances, such as will sometimes occur in the most recluse and uneventful existence, lately transported me back in memory among the

compeers of my short struggle in the busy race of ambition. I saw, after five-and-twenty years' estrangement, (but, "oh! how changed, how fallen!") a favourite companion of my youngest and most thoughtless period—one who won my good-will by his gaiety, and my admiration by his talents, and upon whom (but for a guardian genius, who in some female form or other ever mercifully haunted my side) I might have modelled my then pliant character, and shaped my reckless course through life. Jack Cavendish!—when I recollect the magic which once resided in that gifted name—the thrill of emulation it excited in many a youthful breast—the "open Sesame" it might have proved to honours, to distinction, nay, more still, to happiness—and when I think that it is synonymous with blasted fame, and mispent talents, and irretrievable ruin, I bow in acquiescence with the decree that has gone forth, that "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor even wisdom to men of understanding!"

Business (rare, almost forgotten sound!) carried me lately to our northern metropolis. I was shunning, as the shyness of long seclusion dictated, the more public thoroughfares leading to my object, and threading the obscure narrow streets behind them, at an hour, which, though early day with men of business and regularity, was scarce yet morning with the midnight reveller, or worse than midnight gamester.

Had it been the dusk of evening, instead of a bright May morning, I should certainly have thought (as I passed with quickened step the threshold of a well-known gaming-house) that I beheld, issuing from its earthly hell, the *spectre* of Jack Cavendish. Never was Milton's description of an "archangel ruined," more fully realized here below than in the creature now before me. The handsomest "mortal mixture of earth's mould," that ever bore the Creator's sacred image, was now a gaunt and emaciated shadow. It was as if the majestic body had shrunk to the dimensions of



the debased and humiliated soul. The once open forehead was contracted with wrinkles, the once commanding eye had learned to seek the ground—and all not of earth that animated the ruined fabric, seemed, alas! by the horrible expression it had assumed, to partake more of the fiend than the demigod.

This expression, however, (the consequence of a run of ill-luck in the place from which he was emerging,) vanished on seeing me. Jack Cavendish's smile, faint indeed as ever was shed from clouded wintry moon, passed a moment over his parched lip—and God be praised for it! a tear from a fountain probably long dry, moistened his red and hollow eye. Mine, those who know how easily its sluice is opened, will believe was also glistening, and, to conceal these mutual emotions, and gratify the yearnings of early companionship, we adjourned to the nearest hotel, and ordered breakfast in a private apartment.

The glance the waiter cast on my comrade spoke volumes!—it was followed by a look, first of scrutiny—then of compassion at me—but I was too old to be warned as a novice, and he left the room with a shrug.

The particulars of our long conference might shock, but would not edify the reader. When I left London and the world, Jack Cavendish was on the high road to wealth and honours. He had quitted the drudgery of the law for the shining path of office; he was the wit and the genius of a triumphant party; the favourite nephew of a powerful minister, and the destined husband of his lovely and accomplished daughter. The rapid and slippery descent from all these honours and all these expectations, is easily comprised in one ominous, pestilential word—*Play!* a word surely devised by the fiends whose sport is human misery in its most abject and irreparable form. Oh! that the young ear just yielding to its fascinations, could hear it as pronounced to me by its loathing, yet never to be emancipated, slave!

Jack's history of himself was too disjointed, too passionate, too much embellished by lingering self-love, to be very intelligible, had not circumstances, at which he but dimly glanced, since come to my knowledge

One thing only I gathered beyond the shadow of doubt, that amid all he had lost by his mad infatuation, (and that *all* comprised everything precious in the eyes, or to the honest ambition of man,) the loss of his cousin Lady Julia's affections and hand, had sat down most heavily on his seared and withered heart. His passion for her (notwithstanding the natural scepticism which his conduct might inspire) had maintained a long and dubious conflict with his ruling demon, and now, even now, on the mention of her name, a lurid flush passed over his wan brow, and a scalding tear rolled down his hollow cheek.

It was, however, no soft tear of regret for a beloved object in a better world—for Lady Julia lived—and had long been the happy wife of a deserving husband—nay, surrounded as she was by a blooming fence of rosy scions from a worthier and a holier stock, could bend on her lost cousin the unmoved, though gentle glance, of an alienated guardian angel. She had, indeed, enough of the angel in her, to entreat her virtuous husband to exert his indirect influence for the extrication of her cousin, and to re-open to him those paths of honourable ambition closed against him by the resentment of her indignant father. But these benevolent efforts failed—for the reformation which baffles the smiles of Hope, will rarely be effected by the frowns of Despair.

Jack fell lower and lower in the scale of demoralization. The victim became in turn the spoiler! Some short feverish years were passed in alternations of opulence and beggary; but even these excitements were long gone by, and Jack was now a puny driveller in his once daring warfare, playing for stakes below contempt, partly from inveterate habit, partly for daily subsistence! Why dwell longer on the revolting picture? Relief was beyond my power; remonstrance utterly hopeless with one whose heart and understanding had long anticipated every suggestion of friendship—who groped his degraded way amid a noontide blaze of better light, against which his eyes had only been closed by a desperate and successful effort.

I took a sorrowful leave of the wreck of my early comrade, with an instinctive shudder at the long per-

spective of unhonoured and unsoothed decline before him ; yet who could forbear to bless Heaven that he was still a bachelor, and that no bleeding female heart deplored a frenzy, which even female influence, I feel confident, could not have controlled ?

It was in the course of this painful interview that I casually heard mentioned, for the first time since our early separation, the name of another companion of my legal studies, who, with a character exactly opposite, and a conduct diametrically the reverse of poor Cavendish's, was alike abandoned in his "scar and yellow leaf," to a melancholy, not always in this world the companion of guilt ; nay, who perhaps owed to his more estimable, though less brilliant qualities, the disappointment which embittered his prime, as well as the voluntary desolation in which he had ever since remained.

These awakened an interest far more permanent than the meteor flash of poor Jack's appearance, and I made inquiries, the result of which was the reflections and the circumstances which follow.

"I have been young, and am now old ;" and it is not without reason that I shudder when I hear of childish engagements between those who, as yet, know neither the ebb and flow of human passions, nor the "lights and shadows of human life." Thousands of the brave, the gifted, and the beautiful, have waked from dreams of juvenile idolatry, amid the cold realities of every-day life, and loathed the long remnant of a scarce-budding existence, for the rash vows of its opening dawn. The world is peopled with such mourners, and if in time the cloak of indifference, or the mantle of resignation, or the pall of despair, shroud it from the world's unfeeling gaze, the broken heart is not the less surely there ! How many have wept—bitterly wept—that they awoke not before those fetters were riveted whose very indissolubility makes them often resolutely, if not cheerfully, borne ! But there may be an awakening, early enough for freedom, yet too late for peace. It is hard to die in early youth by the slow martyrdom of regret and remorse, and hard to live, when those who once loved, scorn ; and those who once worshipped, spurn their desecrated idol !

It is possible to be very miserable

without actual guilt, and the cause of misery to others, without greater error than a few rash words. Let them be pondered, then, these awful words, dear youthful reader ! and credit an old man's testimony, that if to swear eternal love be inexpressibly sweet, to feel that love decline ere the vow was well registered, is more than thou canst bear—and live !

Emily Fortescue was an orphan ; and the equal hand of Providence, while it gave her wealth to purchase friends, and sweetness to win them, denied her natural protectors and the blessing of kindred. Her father had died, as a British sailor dies, gladly ; her mother had carried his laurels in her broken heart till they and it withered together ; and Emily, at twelve, was alone in the world.

There are no friendships like those which are born amid peril, and cemented with blood ; and Admiral Sydenham, as the cold waves closed over the corse of his comrade, felt his heart warm towards his desolate child. One son and two lovely daughters had grown like wild neglected olive plants round his own rarely visited board ; and (himself a widower) these half orphans made him doubly tender towards one doubly bereaved. His girls, whom the indulgent fondness of a doating grandmother threatened to injure, he now placed at the same excellent school with his self-adopted ward ; and when brief intervals of sunshine gleamed across the stormy tenor of a seaman's life, he clasped his three Graces with indiscriminating fondness to his manly heart.

His son had long been an absentee, for the Admiral had fears for his boy which never crossed his own triumphant path, or rather, yielding to the dying request of a timid and heart-broken mother, he had consented, by estranging him from naval associations, to educate him among her relations as a man of peace, and the future guardian of his lovely sisters. That presentiment of early dissolution, which haunts, without disturbing, many a warrior's brief career, whispered to Sydenham, that he would fall in the prime of manhood ; and as he would leave his children but slenderly provided, that to their brother's successful studies and lucrative profession, they must chiefly look for support. William was therefore imbi-

bing, in the chambers of an eminent solicitor, the painful rudiments of law; while his amiable sisters and their dear new friend followed assiduously their more elegant pursuits, or roved together during happy holidays in the copse-woods of Hampshire, where the Admiral's cottage was situated.

Here, though blest in the added enjoyments of Emily's society, the affectionate girls could never for a moment forget their brother; and "Dear William!" and "Poor William!" formed the sighing burden of many a mournful strain. "How you will love William, when you know him as we do!" said the doating sisters so often, that Emily felt that she loved him already upon trust. She had seen him once as a school-boy, when she, as a little child, was taken by her father on board the Agamemnon, and remembered, with tenacious gratitude, that when many smart Mididys laughed at her childish terrors and ignorant wonder, William Sydenham stood by her kindly, and gently explained why the great house moved so up and down, and why her head turned so oddly round, and why the floor was called a deck, and the dining-room a cabin. The impression thus early made, became indelible under the fostering influence of his sisters' praises, and she longed little less than themselves to see "Dear William" again. His person she had quite forgotten, and only fancied that one so good *must* be handsome, even had a flattering portrait of a rosy cherub hanging over his late mother's toilette, not confirmed the belief.

Christmas at length came; the Admiral anchored off Southampton, and flew to spend the joyous season with his re-united treasures. His girls were already assembled to welcome him; he kissed them fondly round, but his first words of eager inquiry were for "Dear William," who, detained by a perverse fall of snow, had not yet arrived. It was with a starting tear of regret that the father's sigh of disappointment was met, and Emily wondered she too should cry, because William was not come home.

Two tedious days were passed in watching the sky and consulting barometers; and on the third, William Sydenham, after walking across some miles of untracked snow, found his

way to his father's fire-side. The great Newfoundland dog first barked at the muffled stranger coming up the lawn, then, with a whine of ecstasy, told the party within whom they might expect to see. The lame boatswain, who always accompanied the Admiral (whose life he had saved) ashore, bounded, crutch and all, into the room with the tidings, and the old blind nurse, who had reared the whole family, groped her way, guided by the voice of her darling, down the snowy path to meet him.

Out flew father and sisters, hats forgotten, and silk shoes disregarded, on the same joyous errand, and Emily followed; for was not William her brother too? Though last in the glad pilgrimage, she was not the least noticed by its object. She had half held up her mouth to be kissed like the rest, but started to see a tall grave youth, who, shaking hands kindly, yet quietly, said, "How do you do, Miss Emily Fortescue?" She would have answered, "Very well, Mr Sydenham;" but as nothing would come but "Dear William!" she remained silent.

While the whole household crowded round the warm-hearted, though cold-mannered youth, Emily had leisure to rectify her ideas of his appearance. She had expected to see a blooming, gay, youthful edition of the Admiral, (himself a perfect model of manly beauty;) but before her stood a pale thoughtful student, tall of his age—near eighteen—and with no other charms than those of a sweet smile, and a pair of very expressive black eyes. His person had the awkward rawness of rapid growth, and his manners the shyness of one who pursued a sedentary and sedative employment. His conversation was alike destitute of brilliancy, and before night came, Emily could say, "Mr Sydenham," without an effort.

It required a greater one to answer honestly, yet kindly, the eager inquiries of her friends, how she liked their brother. It was easy to say with truth, that *their brother* must be liked; but as any one else, she felt she should never have thought twice about him. She could listen, however, with placid attention, to a thousand anecdotes revived by his presence, of his constancy in attachment, and uprightness in conduct; of his substantial kindness to old retainers, and goodness

of heart towards the whole world. And then his presents! He was already earning by his useful, though inglorious labours, no contemptible stipend, and nearly the whole of it had now found its way home in the shape of a new spy-glass for the Admiral, and a new crutch for Jack, and a warm gown for nurse, and for his *three* sisters, Little French watches, (then a great rarity,) taken on board a prize, and procured for him on commission by his father's purser. The watches, with the delicacy of true taste, were all alike, but a seal of William's choosing, graced each. For his volatile and somewhat idle younger sister, Dora, he had chosen the steep ascent of a rock surmounted by a palm-tree, with the motto, "*Il faut monter pour m'attendre*;" for his modest unobtrusive favourite, Alice, the humble violet, with "*Il faut me chercher*"—and as for Emily, ignorant of course by what emblem to designate her yet unknown character, he had on her seal portrayed his own by the well-known device of the Olive leaf, and "*Je ne change qu'en mourant*." Nothing, indeed, could be a more apt symbol than the olive of William Sydenham's precise character. The exterior of both was somewhat sombre and monotonous; but utility, intrinsic worth, and undecaying vitality, characterised both.

Although nothing could be more opposite to the thinking, taciturn, homely young lawyer, than the radiant, lively, elegant Emily Fortescue, no novice is ignorant that such contrasts are at least as likely to foster as to extinguish partiality. William soon admired Emily with all the latent energy of a character such as we have described; and Emily gradually learned to think the black eyes that were never off her for a moment, wonderfully expressive, and the smile that lighted up a pensive countenance whenever she appeared, peculiarly becoming. In any other house, family, or situation, she would perhaps never have remarked either, but here, everything that William did was matter of delighted observation, and partial comment; and "Do you know that William admires you very much?" seemed to his sisters as high a compliment, as it was to the inexperienced ear of Emily a new one. The fond hearts of the innocent girls soon overflowed

with joy and congratulation; they talked with rapture of the closer tie which their brother's attachment would create between them, and of the joy it would give their dear father, of the delicious life they would lead all together at Lyndhurst, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

For a long time these images played round Emily's fancy, without in the least reaching her heart. Her vanity (for what girl is without it) was gratified by respectful and hitherto unknown homage, and to live always at Lyndhurst, whether with or without William Sydenham, was the chief wish of her life. But by degrees came bashful consciousness, the first infallible symptom of reciprocity; and though she spoke infinitely less to, or of, William Sydenham, she lay awake hours to listen to his sisters' harmless raillery, and fond prognostics for the future. The flutter and excitement which in a first *flirtation* so often supply the place of real attachment, concealed the absence of deeper sentiments, and as Emily could not hear William's name without blushing, nor his footstep without starting, was it wonderful she half imagined herself in love? That she liked him, was no longer dubious; for his want of animation was no longer complained of—his gravity was but the lover's immemorial pensiveness, and his somewhat technical precision had become premature wisdom and steadiness. In short (and these words contain the history of many a female heart) he had admired, distinguished, nay, adored her, and was he not consequently faultless?

But it would be doing injustice to poor Emily, were vanity, inherent as it is in human nature, made the sole or even chief agent in her increasing complacency. No! the testimony of a whole partial household combined to lend illusion to the fanciful part of the picture, while genuine worth gave reality to all its soberer features. William was so good! Must not his wife be the happiest of the happy? So beloved! And must not his love be invaluable? So constant! And must it not be unchangeable? In short, six weeks of hourly increasing devotion transformed plain William Sydenham into the *beau idéal* of a favoured and accepted lover, and nothing was wanting to satisfy the juvenile compact but

a superfluous question, and anticipated reply, and above all, the sanction of the worthy but little observant Admiral.

His sense of honour was far too high to have promoted, by any insinuations or efforts of his own, an union between his slenderly portioned son and comparatively wealthy ward ; though he could not help inwardly hoping (quite as much from disinterested desire to secure her a protector, as for his son's advantage) that such a consummation might ensue from their inevitable intercourse. But every consideration of delicacy as a guardian, and prudence as a parent, forbade his sanctioning a promise thus hastily founded, and rashly exchanged ; so calling the enamoured pair a couple of fools, he laughed off the engagement as too puerile to be treated otherwise at present, though he was too honest to conceal that it might some years hence (were the inclinations of both to remain unaltered) claim his warmest approbation.

The worthy Admiral again sailed, and the want of an eligible protectress in his own family, as well as their youth, (Emily, the eldest among them, being only sixteen,) induced him to consign his daughters and ward once more to the care of the excellent woman who had superintended their earlier education, with whom they remained in the almost conventual privacy of a school fifty miles from London for the next two years, during which, the visits of their brother were necessarily few and far between, and the remembrance of William, and his hasty attachment, might have glided imperceptibly from Emily's mind, but for the perpetual recurrence to it of his doating sisters, and an occasional postscript breathing unalterable devotion, subjoined to the excellent letters with which this good brother beguiled their separation.

William Sydenham, like many who are not born to shine in conversation, wrote with peculiar ease and elegance ; and the powers of his mind, often robbed by invincible shyness of their due weight in society, found unrestrained exercise on paper. It was now not only "good William," and "kind William," but "clever William," that Emily was called upon to love and admire ; and as less partial reports bore

ample testimony to his rapid progress in his profession, pride in his talents conspired with other considerations to foster a delusion which nothing had as yet occurred to dispel.

William, in the meantime, cherished his youthful predilection with all the concentrated energy of a character formed for domestic happiness ; secured, by his retired disposition and engrossing employment, from all those external dissipation which might have divided the attention, or even the heart, of an ordinary youth of his age. He was now one-and-twenty ; and in mind and manners, as well as person, at least five years older ; of a pale and studious complexion, grave, and somewhat formal address, and as firm in retaining as he was slow in betraying emotions rarely guessed at from an exterior of singular calmness, easily mistaken for indifference.

These qualities admirably fitted him for the profession he had embraced. The shrewd old solicitor under whom he had been educated, predicting the future eminence of his pupil, readily proposed now admitting him into partnership, and William, his honest heart beating high with thoughts of independence, sat down to offer that heart to his father's ward more explicitly and seriously than his tacit promise to that father, and his dependent situation, had hitherto permitted him to do. Emily was soon, he knew, to quit an abode which at eighteen was no longer an eligible one, to reside with a brother of her father's, recently arrived from abroad ; and before this important change took place, he naturally wished for a ratification of their implied engagement, not, however, to be made public, or carried into effect (as the Admiral had explicitly stipulated) until his ward should herself be of age, and his control over her person and fortune should consequently have entirely ceased.

William's letter was like all his correspondence, just what it should be. It was a transcript of an honourable, upright mind, recommended by the irresistible eloquence of sincerity, and couched in the advantageous garb of elegant language. It painted so forcibly the happiness he would have in calling her his, that she could not fancy it otherwise than mutual. It is delightful to ingenuous youth to be

able to confer felicity, and the very power to do so, is present bliss! Emily received the letter in the presence of her adopted sisters, and the blood could not mantle more eloquently in her own cheek on its perusal, than it did in theirs at the sight of the well-known hand. The blush was not more in unison than the brief smile which for a moment illumined each fair countenance, or than the tear of warm irrepressible emotion which soon glistened in every eye. "Happy William!" "Dear, dear sister Emily!" Who at eighteen, to whom the world was as yet a blank, could doubt that happiness and these words were indeed synonymous? Not a doubt of their brother's acceptance, or their friend's attachment, crossed the simple minds of the sisters; whence then was it to have found access to the twin one of Emily? The proposal was in fact to all parties, a mere idle but delightful forin, which would render William, on Emily's return, a more privileged guest at Lyndhurst, (where the sisters were shortly to take up house,) and in the meantime enable him to bear more patiently her visit to the North, the protracted absence of the Admiral, and the possible delay of their marriage for two long years and more, till she should be of age.

In this belief and in this spirit it was received and answered. With Dora smiling in ecstasy at one elbow, and Alice weeping soft tears of joy at the other, how could Emily write aught save words of modest but decided encouragement? It was with the softened feelings of one about to separate for the first time from all she loved, and to whom eternal reunion with them would of itself be happiness; it was with all the enthusiasm of gratitude towards an absent benefactor, and of esteem for an absent lover, that Emily penned and signed her promise to be William Sydenham's, as soon as the return of her guardian, or her own majority, should give her the right to confirm her now reiterated engagement.

When this letter was fairly gone and beyond recall, Emily's spirits unconsciously sank, and she would sometimes start to hear herself addressed as Mrs Sydenham by the playful Dora. William's answer, however, was well calculated to chase such vague presen-

timents. It breathed such fervent gratitude, such manly sincerity, that no heart, as totally unprepossessed in favour of another as Emily's, could resist its magic influence. Again she smiled as formerly—again she listened with pleased complacency to the projects of patriarchal union, which formed the perpetual burden of her companions' bridal felicitations.

These feelings gathered mournful strength from the tears abundantly shed at parting, when Emily, like a tender plant forcibly uprooted, was reluctantly torn from the arms of her friends to be conveyed to her uncle's.

General Fortescue, her father's only brother, had lately returned, after a long period of distinguished service on foreign stations, to the *otium cum dignitate* of an extensive command in the north of England. One of his first inquiries, on finding himself again in his native country, had been about his brother's daughter, and he rejoiced that the absence of her gallant protector, and her unfitness to remain longer at school, afforded him so undisputed a right to claim a portion of her society.

In the good General this was the simple dictate of fraternal kindness and family affection. It was, however, far otherwise with his wife, a haughty and ambitious woman, who, having no daughter of her own to employ her speculative propensities, had often regretted that her absence from England deprived her of the bustle and importance annexed to the education and disposal of her affluent niece. To have her placed thus unexpectedly in her hands, at so critical and desirable a period, with a heart, of course, wholly uninfluenced, was, however, ample atonement for past disappointment, and there were circumstances in the General's own family which inclined his *commanding officer* (as Mrs Fortescue was somewhat unceremoniously styled in the district) to hail the arrival of the heiress with peculiar satisfaction.

She had two sons, (both in the army, of course,) whose habits and expenses were far better suited to their father's rank than their own limited expectations. The eldest, a captain in the Guards, and a privileged member of the most distinguished circles, would probably require a larger prize in the

matrimonial lottery than his fair cousin, and, indeed, had a *pis aller* of twice her fortune in his power, as soon as circumstances should make so desperate a measure unavoidable. But to the second, (a dashing cornet of dragoons, domesticated as aide-de-camp in his father's family,) Emily's score of thousands would afford just the proper excuse for what is styled, in jockey phrase, "reining up"—cutting a few dis-creditable acquaintance, and abjuring a few obsolete follies, and "repenting," (if not, like Pope's Flavia, "in a coach and six,") at least in a chariot and pair.

No transition could well be imagined more sudden and complete than Emily's, from the dulness, the seclusion, the monotony of Beechy Grove, to the bustling head-quarters of a district staff, at a spacious mansion, within an hour's drive of the populous town of N——. Her acquaintance with the male creation had hitherto been limited to the Admiral, his son, the rector of the parish, and the masters who attended at the Grove; for though latterly allowed to mix occasionally in the village society around the latter, females preponderated there nearly as much as within the seminary itself. Now, with the exception of her aunt, (whom long military habits had rendered totally independent of, and indifferent to, her own sex,) Emily was thrown entirely among men, and these so exclusively wearing red coats, that, but for her own engagement to one of a peaceful profession, she might have concluded war to be the sole business of human life.

That it was so, as far as regarded the privileged orders of society in the opinion of her new associates, was evident from their supercilious conduct towards the few men in *plain clothes* who frequented Marley, and Emily became still more painfully aware of it from the remarks she one day heard her uncle make on Admiral Sydenham's strange fancy of breeding his only son to the law. "To think that a man, who had interest to have pushed him either in the navy or army, should, to please his wife's plebeian friends, make his boy a scrivener!" The General shrugged his shoulders, Mrs Fortescue raised her dark eyebrow in derision, and her darling Geoffrey stroked his well-curled mustachios in ineffable disdain.

Had this been all done, in legal phrase, with *malice prepense*, it might have missed its object on even the simple and unpractised mind of the young listener. But she knew that her engagement, in deference to the Admiral's understood, and indeed expressed, wishes on the subject, was hitherto unknown, and even unsuspected by a soul beyond the family circle; and she could not help, therefore, feeling slightly mortified to learn, that the profession of her lover was thus undervalued by the fashionable world, into which she was now transplanted.

This world, however, was not at first by any means to her taste, and her early letters to her friends expressed how much she languished for a return to congenial tranquillity. But Emily was naturally lively, peculiarly formed for society, and fitted to shine in it; and without any undue love of admiration, or the slightest individual partiality for any of her new associates, she insensibly found that to be the magnet of a polished and gay circle of high-bred young men, surrounded by officers of superior rank and manners, and a daily auditrice of conversations full of the deepest professional interest, was not only very different from, but very superior to, the gossip of Beechy Grove, or even the elegant trifling of Lyndhurst. Her aunt, satisfied with the undisputed regulation of her dress and exterior, and with the docility she manifested on these important points, troubled her with very little *surveillance*, contenting herself with throwing out politic innuendoes against the morals, character, or fortune of all such young men of the garrison as might otherwise have proved formidable rivals to her son Geoffrey, whom, however, she scorned to assist farther than by securing him a clear field.

Geoffrey, whose cue it was to *seem* to marry for love, whatever he might do in reality, either was, or affected to be, much smitten with his cousin from the moment of her arrival; but as this tender passion was not allowed to interfere with his usual avocations of dressing, smoking, riding races, dancing, nay, even upon occasion *flirting* (from habit probably) with every pretty girl he saw, Emily did not feel herself at all called upon to give it the *quietus* either of a "bare bedkin," or

a confession of her engagement. To love such a puppy she felt to be as impossible, as to hate him would be superfluous. His conversation was very entertaining, his manners were extremely good, and his attentions, she believed, would keep off others, whom it might require a more serious effort to discourage.

There were not wanting, among the silver-laden dragoons and fur-capped hussars, who now flitted like the *dramatis personæ* of some warlike pantomime before the eyes of the secluded novice, several who aspired to her heart or her fortune; but, satisfied that not one of them could for a moment, in his individual capacity, enter into competition with William Sydenham, Emily was not aware how much a general predilection for the military character was stealing over her mind, or how often she sighed to think that her lover had not followed the gallant footsteps of their respective parents. His letters, excellent as they were, seemed like those which Fancy has feigned, from the Dead to the Living, so completely estranged were they from the topics which here engrossed every heart and tongue. William wrote with exultation of increasing clients, and with triumph of successful causes; while Emily's whole soul was wrapped up in the chances of war, the hair-breadth escapes of individuals known to all around her, the fall of fortresses, or the shock of mighty armies. To have had her lover engaged in these spirit-stirring scenes, she even thought she could have cheerfully borne the anxieties on his account which she was now spared; and she half envied every soldier's wife the feverish excitement with which she snatched up the eventful Gazette.

Her early existence had been so sober, so unvaried, so destitute of vicissitudes, that these were now felt to be delightful; and sometimes her spirits sunk at the idea of a long life passed between Lincoln's-Inn-fields and a villa near London. Let no one blame poor Emily for not sooner discovering what it was impossible for her to have known; let her rather have credit for the uniform self-reproach with which she combated these lately-born feelings, and flew for their suppression to the letters and reminiscences of her friends at Lyndhurst.

The summer passed amid all the gay

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bustle of parades and reviews, "the pomp and circumstance of war," without its dangers or its horrors, and therefore precisely the most seductive form in which it can be exhibited to the young and thoughtless; the eye dazzled with bright helmets and waving plumes, the ear by turns soothed and exhilarated by martial music, and the mind kept in pleasurable excitement by all the gorgeous accompaniments of a proud and fascinating profession. Hitherto, the effect of all this on Emily's mind was of a vague and indefinite character; much present enjoyment, occasional regrets and misgivings, with the natural disposition of youth to embellish, or get rid of the future.

Towards the autumn, however, Mrs Fortescue, imagining (from two or three tacit refusals which she had seen her niece inflict on presumptuous youths who had ventured to address her unsupported by her paramount influence) that Geoffry had only to transform his blockade into a storm to be more successful, resolved to pave his way by a previous attack, and, for the first time, explicitly declared to Emily, how much the General and herself desired the alliance. Thus seriously addressed, Emily was surprised out of her reserve, (which she had long felt to be somewhat disingenuous towards such kind relatives,) and at once acknowledged her engagement, pleading the hitherto unobtained consent of the Admiral, and his parting injunctions, which had alone sealed her lips on the subject. Mrs Fortescue's astonishment knew no bounds; but she was too able a tactician to betray all she felt, still less to set herself in direct opposition to sentiments of so long standing. Some half-suppressed exclamations, such as "Childish folly!"—"A clear take in!"—"Designing sisters!"—"Skilful manœuvres!"—above all, the contemptuous epithet, "Pettifogger!" applied to her intended, would, she imagined, have the more weight, as seeming to be wrung from her by irrepressible surprise. Winding up the climax by affected pity for her poor ill-used son, she left her niece, hardly knowing whether to be glad that the discovery was over, or sorry to feel herself still further pledged to a course of life, which needed not to have its drawbacks thus cruelly set before her by another.



Of this Mrs Fortescue had some suspicion, and truly loath to relinquish a prize which she saw her puppy son had neither energy nor merit to carry off from his unshowy rival, she immediately wrote for Granville, her eldest and favourite son, who had long talked of being in the North to shoot, and who, she thought, might perhaps find his cousin Emily, with only twenty thousand pounds, but uncommon beauty, sweetness, and unexpensive habits, a better bargain than his Lombard Street Atalanta, who, with neither beauty nor accomplishments, only panted for a passport to the gay world, to be foremost in its race of folly and profusion.

Granville was by no means unwilling to enter into his mother's views. He was, at four-and-thirty, rather tired of being what is called a fine man about town, (of moving with his battalion from Windsor to the Tower,) of dining every day at the same tables, of going every evening to the same parties, or hearing the same opera, or losing his money at the same club-houses—and, what was worse, of seeing some dun's ugly face in the morning, or some younger puppy's handsome one in the evening, occupying his place at the elbow of the reigning arbitress of fashion. He had been an *exclusive* too long not to tire of even that glorious character—even the perpetual presidency of Almack's, (had that institution then existed and been conducted on less anti-Salique principles,) would have lost its charms for one, whose condition we must happily speak French to express in one word,—that expressive, exotic, un-English word, *blasé*. Man delighted him not, nor woman neither, at least as they were to be found in London, and he set out in the ever delightful society of his dogs, to kill time and partridges in Northumberland. The conquest of his *petite cousine* he had no objection to as a *passé-temps*—but only feared it would not present sufficient difficulty to enable him to go through with it. His wary mother feared to mention the previous engagement, lest her haughty son should disdain to enter the lists with so ignoble an adversary. She only hinted that there was an entanglement, that there had been refusals, that even Geoffrey had failed to make an impression, though she was sure *he* had but to “come, see, and conquer.”

Description (of human beings especially) is in this reading age a work equally tedious and superfluous, considering that there is no modification of the species which has not already been ten thousand times delineated on paper to the mind's eye, or rendered familiar to that of the body during the course of a reasonably long life. You have only, therefore, dear reader, to invest the handsomest young man of your actual acquaintance with all the united fascinations of the Colonels of romance, the Harvilles, the Delmours, and other *aimable roués* of modern fiction, to have before you the identical Granville Fortescue now placed in formidable, and it might be supposed, triumphant competition with the plain, sober, unprepossessing William Sydenham.

The comparison would have been sufficiently trying had it been left to memory alone; but William's ill fortune sent him on the Northern Circuit, and love conquered shyness, and brought him an unexpected guest to Marley, a week or two after the ineffable guardsman had made his debut there, like a comet from another system, eclipsing, or rather utterly extinguishing, all the minor luminaries of the provincial horizon.

Nothing could be more natural than that Mr Sydenham, professionally in the neighbourhood, should call on his father's ward; nothing more indispensable than that he should be asked to spend the day, which, his business being over, he could cheerfully agree to do. But nothing could be more unfortunate than its being one of the public days at Marley, when troops of gay officers crowded the table, and engrossed the whole conversation, showing by their looks and manners how much they considered the quiet civilian an interloper in their circle. Under these discouragements, little used as he was to general society, and utterly unaccustomed to mix with military men, William's shyness increased—he shrunk into his shell, and made Emily, without once forfeiting her allegiance to his nobler qualities, for the first time, fully sensible of his exterior deficiencies.

She had sat by him, in defiance of the frowns of her aunt, the sneers of her cousin Geoffrey, and the supercilious bow with which Granville made way when he found himself antieipa-

ted in handing her, as he had lately done, to table.

She tried to talk as usual of Lyndhurst, and Dora, and Alice—but it was hard work. Many eyes were upon them; some sharpened by jealousy, some flashing contempt, some twinkling with suppressed satire; it was altogether truly uncomfortable. When the servants had retired, and conversation became more audible, it was worse still; for the General, out of well-meant civility, overwhelmed him with military topics, to which, of course, he was a perfect stranger; while the malicious Granville, affecting to come to his relief, shifted the ground to anecdotes of the gay world in London, where he shrewdly suspected the modest young lawyer would be at least as much *hors de combat*. William at first looked somewhat foolish, but he was no fool, and there was that in his eye which made the Colonel seek safer game.

No sooner had Emily escaped from the dining-room, than she took herself severely to task, for allowing herself to be influenced by deficiencies in tact and manner, in her estimate of one to whose essential good qualities she was no stranger. Had this indeed been the case; had she loved William one jot less, for the laughter of fools or the comparison with coxcombs, she would have been equally below either pity or contempt. But, alas! she had *never loved him at all*; and it was now, on first meeting him, as her accepted lover, that she began to suspect the dreadful truth, that she was about to sacrifice to childish rashness, the affectionate importunity of her playmates, and total ignorance of her own tastes and dispositions, the happiness of her future life. Granville Fortescue she neither loved, nor ever could love. She despised his frivolity, and disliked his *hauteur*; but he had exhibited to her a style of manners, an inexplicable *je ne sçai quoi*, which, when united (as she was sure it might somewhere be found) with a warm heart and amiable disposition, must ever form her *beau idéal* of human perfection. With such an impression on her mind, was she to unite herself to the very reverse, in character as well as in manners? With an enthusiasm for everything gay, and gallant, and chivalrous, (inherited, perhaps, unconsciously from her father, and now de-

veloped by circumstances,) was she to plod through life, the cheerless partner of an ignoble existence, diversified by no vicissitudes save those of gain, and passed in unravelling the obscure mazes of chicanery?

There was, to all this, one brief, but to a mind of integrity, conclusive answer: "I have promised. The vow is registered in Heaven, if not on earth. Is the heart of one of the best of human beings to be trifled with or broken for a girlish whim? Can I fancy myself no longer the sister of Dora and Alice; no longer the second time adopted daughter of the dear Admiral? Oh, no! Then let me wipe away these idle, worse than idle tears, and meet William, as his father's son should be met."

Emily was a good, upright girl, and when once persuaded where her duty lay, seldom faltered in its path. She withdrew from the brilliant group into a window with her betrothed, and listened with deference, if not with delight, to his few hurried, but manly, words of confiding devotion. The Admiral's letter must have followed him to a distant station, and no answer could as yet have been received. By William it was evidently looked forward to with unmingled delight. Emily would have given worlds to feel as she had once done on the subject; but she was too sure of all it would contain not to dread its arrival. Poor thing! she was only one of many who have lived to find themselves

"Thus curst in every granted prayer!"

When William was gone, Emily was doomed to hear (in real or affected ignorance of her engagement) a chorus of animadversions on the professional prig, from those who were themselves too decidedly so, to tolerate technicality, in a different and less showy form. Granville said nothing, but he looked unutterable things—the softest compassion for a young creature thrown away so unworthily, mingled with more than insinuations that another might have been, nay, still was, a candidate for the prize. His practised eye had seen at a glance how matters stood; and that glance having supplied all the interest the pursuit previously wanted, he was henceforth piqued into a display of precisely those qualities most dangerous to his sober rival. His early laurels (for Granville

was an Englishman, and therefore brave) were dexterously, though delicately, made to waver before the admirer of heroic deeds ; his literary acquirements, superficial at best, were the more easily brought near the surface ; above all, his conscious superiority, so conspicuous in his deportment to all others, was veiled in addressing her under a well-feigned humility, which only "stooped to conquer."

Emily was no coquette, but wiser and steadier heads have been turned by arts like these ; and if they could not warp her judgment, or seduce her heart, they at least discovered to her the error into which that judgment had previously fallen, and the void which that heart still contained. The struggle became every day more cruel and painful. Every hour showed her more plainly that she was miserable. Did she love another ? Would she have listened for a moment to Granville's specious addresses ? No—and yet it was he who had taught her, beyond the possibility of doubt, that she did not love, never had loved, and never could love, one who did not in some degree resemble him. Still, though her cheek grew paler, and her spirits worse with each revolving day, she hesitated what course to pursue ; whether to lower herself for life in the opinion and affections of her early friends, by avowing the delusion from which she had awakened, or whether to consummate her sacrifice, and seek its reward in their continued friendship.

She might have remained undecided till her health sunk under the conflict, had not a letter from Dora, announcing her own probable marriage, afforded her a sort of opening, by removing one of the chief charms with which the romantic fancy of youth had invested their future prospects. Dora, should this marriage take place, (with a young man about to return for many years to India,) could now no longer realize the fond scheme of living all together, which had seemed to the innocent girls so easy and natural ; nay, should the Admiral (as was reported) assume a command on the East Indian station, it was more than probable that Alice would accompany her sister from mingled motives of duty and affection. This was a death-blow to the visions of perpetual union, which nursery ignorance could alone have devised ;

but it was not till Dora and Alice were removed from the canvass, that poor Emily became aware how prominent their dear figures had always been in the glowing picture, which seemed now to fade into monumental gloom.

Here, however, began a fresh conflict. When thus deprived, and perhaps for life, of his beloved sisters, was this the time to abandon the already forlorn brother ? Would it not seem selfish, base, and ungenerous ? She was pierced to the heart by Dora's innocent regrets (even amid her own bridal prospects) at the dissolution of their baseless fabric of childish felicity ; and still more by her confidence in the affection which was to console "Dear William" under such unforeseen bereavements. Yet the guileless effusions of ardent attachment, to which a few weeks had sufficed to give birth between Dora and a thoroughly congenial object might well startle one in whom years of engagement (for acquaintance it could not be called) had failed to awaken corresponding emotions.

It was at this crisis that, mistaking the feelings which wasted her bloom, and preyed on her spirits, Granville Fortescue screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and found it convenient, before returning to town for the winter, to secure his little cousin's thousands. It was with all the glow of an indignant sacrifice to the prior claims and far more estimable character of William, that Emily refused his insinuating rival. But she gathered from this very rejection, strength and courage to communicate to Sydenham a change of sentiment which no unworthy partiality for another had dictated, though the fascinations of that other, and the pang she experienced in resisting them, might perhaps have unconsciously opened her eyes to it.

Soon made painfully sensible that, after her rejection of both her cousins, her uncle's house was no desirable residence, poor Emily sought an asylum from her old governess at Beech Grove ; and found it doubly cruel to sit down in that well-known spot, to dispel many a bright and long-cherished illusion, and overturn, by an act of deliberate honesty, all the projects to which her youthful rashness had given birth.

Her letter had all the eloquence of truth, and the humility of guilt. She

assured Mr Sydenham of her unabated esteem and unalterable gratitude; deplored the fatal ignorance of the world and of her own heart, which had induced her to mistake regard and friendship for a warmer sentiment, expressed her conviction that the present painful step was the only one which could extricate both from future misery; and concluded by throwing herself on his generosity and candour, for pardon of an involuntary offence.

This letter, twenty times written, and blotted with a thousand tears, was hardly gone, when a packet from the Admiral followed her, forwarded from the North. It contained successive letters, written at different periods, though accidentally brought by the same ship. The first in order contained, as Emily dreaded, that solemn and paternal sanction to her union with his son, which made the step she had just taken towards dissolving it, appear almost sacrilegious. It, however, recommended continued secrecy, and forbade further measures till his own return, or her majority. This, as implying a possibility of change in the sentiments of either, was a sort of relief.

The next letter she took up was dated some months later, and the trembling characters were so unlike her guardian's usually firm and accurate hand, that nothing but severe illness could account for the change. It spoke, indeed, of long and almost mortal sickness, which had brought the gallant sailor well nigh to the grave; and amid the weakness of body and mind which it left, the pride and punctilio of a guardian had been absorbed in the anxiety and feelings of a parent. He spoke despondingly of ever again reaching England—regretted having yielded to the dutiful request of his daughters to be allowed to advance their small patrimony to furnish the required premium for their brother's admission to partnership; and, with his usual ingenuous frankness, owned the consolation he derived from the certainty that his son's approaching marriage would enable him to replace without inconvenience the portion his orphan sisters might so soon require. "I can make little addition to this bequest of their poor mother's," said the brave but improvident sailor in conclusion; "but I bless Heaven that they will not be altogether por-

tionless, if some honest fellow should take a fancy to them—and if not, that they will ever have a home with their richer sister Emily."—

What would Emily now have given to recall her fatal epistle! A life of the utmost privation and self-denial would have seemed too light a sacrifice to requite the goodness and cheer the decline of her paternal friend—and a marriage, which, in addition to all it had *once* seemed to promise, would contribute to the felicity of Dora, and remove the anxieties of her father, became again not only tolerable, but desirable. Here again was bitter subject of regret that the primitive simplicity in which Emily had been educated, had entirely prevented her from attaching importance to her fortune, or appreciating the influence it might have on the prospects of her lover and his family. Till she went to her uncle's, she had scarcely known her superiority in that respect over Dora and Alice; and even after she learned that she had thousands to bestow, she trusted too implicitly in William's well-remembered (though at the time hardly understood) protestations, that they had never influenced his choice, to reflect that while thus generously and sincerely disregarded, they might nevertheless be eminently useful. The thought that by her own *second* rashness (and yet, Heaven knew, months had been employed in painful deliberation) she had probably deprived herself of all power to befriend him whose interests were so lately identified with her own—that difficulties about Dora's portion might obstruct her union with one little richer than herself, and still under the control of a harsh mercenary father—above all, that just pride and resentment would perhaps deny her all share in removing, nay, even all right to deplore, these fatal and wholly unforeseen contingencies, drove her almost to distraction; and her first impulse was to go to Lyndhurst, throw herself into the arms, or at the feet of her friends, and implore to be permitted still to keep her engagement, or if that could not be, at least to share her useless hateful wealth with them.

Shame, timidity, and, above all, severe illness, the natural consequence of such tumultuous feelings, combined to put this personal appeal, (which, with ingenuous and long partial

friends would perhaps have been irresistible) out of her power ; and Emily could only write a few hurried incoherent lines to her beloved Dora, entreating her to suspend all censures, and consider her still as a friend and sister, till she could prove it otherwise than in words, when fever and delirium which her already harassed frame could ill bear, saved her for a while all consciousness of the effects of her late conduct.

When William Sydenham (whose own steady unimaginative character and tranquillizing pursuits made him as slow in suspecting as in comprehending the variations to which more flexible dispositions are fatally liable) received the letter, by which Emily appeared to him to have passed at once from reciprocal affection and plighted troth, to callous indifference and faithless levity, his first emotions were certainly those of indignant surprise. His resentment, like that of most persons of his disposition, was formidable in proportion to its rarity, and permanent in proportion to the difficulty with which it was excited. This was manifest (to one well acquainted with his *style* at least, if not with himself) through all the measured dignity of his cold reply, in which regret that the delusion should have lasted so long, and a prompt relinquishment of his own claims, were all his first irritation would permit him to express.

He had, in truth, sustained a shock of no ordinary nature. To be jilted, (and resentment whispered in behalf of a rival,) after a tacit engagement of three years, and a solemnly ratified one of above a twelvemonth's standing, was of itself no small trial to the philosophy of two-and-twenty ; but William was never selfish, and the blight of his own prospects was forgotten in the probable effect of his disappointment on those of Dora. The declining health of the Admiral made the establishment of one of his daughters doubly desirable ; and that which now offered for Dora, in the person of young Courtney, a distant cousin of her own, was every way unexceptionable. He had been home on leave from India, where a situation of certain emolument awaited his return, but his present means were wholly dependent on his father, who, by no means friendly to the match, chiefly consented to it, on the understanding

that he was not to be applied to for the outfit and equipment of the young couple, or their conveyance to the place of their destination.

Not only was the impossibility of raising Dora's small portion during the very limited time the young man could remain in England, of itself an evil, but the circumstance of its having been necessarily advanced to forward the views of her brother, threw such a new and unfavourable light on the finances of the Admiral, as wholly indisposed old Courtney to sanction the alliance, and made him absolutely insist on his son's deferring it till matters should be satisfactorily settled. In vain did William move heaven and earth, and offer to raise the money, on any terms ; in vain did the young man represent that his honour was pledged and his affections irrevocably engaged ; the old father (who hoped, by gaining time, to prevent the match entirely) was obdurate, and threatened to disinherit him if he persisted.

In vain then did his son, with all the importunity of youthful passion, urge his beloved still to accompany him as his bride, or at least to lessen by a private union his parting anxieties ; his father had a large disposable fortune, of which Dora dreaded, by rash compliance, to deprive him she loved, and, fortified by the prudent counsels and strong principles of Alice, she let him depart, though with a presentiment of evil lurking in her gay innocent heart, to which it had ever before been a stranger.

All this happened while Emily was lying unconscious on a sick-bed. Her repentant billet had followed so quickly on the shock her letter had inflicted, that the first flush of resentment had not subsided, and (unaware of the pathetic communications from the Admiral, by which it had been dictated) they saw in it only a fresh proof of levity, or an effusion of idle regret for what was voluntary and past recall. It cost Alice an unutterable pang, and Dora a flood of bitter tears, to banish from their hearts one who had so long held a sister's place there ; but it was "Dear William" who had been ill used and forsaken, and had it even been in Emily's power (under age as she was) to remove their difficulties, they would certainly, in their present mood, have died rather than owe her an obligation.

Indeed, amid the clouds which now gathered, with concentrated gloom around this lately happy family, (deepened, as they soon were, by accounts of the Admiral's death on a far distant shore,) its sad members soon learned to think of Emily only as of some delusive *ignis fatuus*, whose brightness had played across their path but to mislead and betray them. William, shocked at the sordid selfishness of his partner, (who not only, though rolling in wealth, declined coming forward to remove their late difficulties, but now that Emily's fortune was no longer in prospect, treated his active young coadjutor somewhat cavalierly,) resolved, in honest indignation, to withdraw from the concern; and was consequently involved, at this critical period, in the inevitable struggles and anxieties of a commencing business. The lease of Lyndhurst expired with the Admiral, and his daughters had now no home but their brother's necessarily humble abode, in a dull street in Westminster, where there was little to wean their thoughts from past or future misfortunes. The Admiral's funds had proved little more than sufficient to furnish and set agoing the frugal establishment; and when William, by dint of unremitting attention and hourly fagging, could just keep it above water, the idea of how different, but for female instability, all might now have been, made Dora and Alice sometimes blush for their sex.

These were not circumstances favourable to pardon and reconciliation; and yet, in minds originally amiable and indelibly attached, the soft voice of Christian charity finds ready access, whenever the clamour of subsiding passion permits it to be heard. Chance informed the sisters that Emily (whom the hasty suggestions of resentment had pictured revelling in luxury, and listening to the flatteries of her military seducers) had been on the brink of the grave! Had she descended to that bourne without forgiveness, at least from the trio, they could never have forgiven themselves.

A letter was written, more cutting in its kindness than the bitterest reproaches, devoting the past to merited oblivion, breathing benevolent wishes for the future, but wholly silent on the subject either of their pre-

sent situation, or any renewed intercourse on this side the grave. It was not that they still cherished ill-founded resentment. They had long seen that Emily was more to be pitied than blamed; that juvenile rashness in them all, and the irreparable want of maternal counsel, had been the origin of their mutual sufferings;—but still —“Dear William” had been rejected, and which was perhaps most mortifying, apparently not for the sake of any specific rival; and what could future intercourse (especially now that his roof sheltered them) lead to but pain?

Thus, to bring a sad tale to a brief conclusion, did these once doating young people remain strangers to each other for upwards of a year and half; during which period, misfortune, in a fresh and more direful form, fell on the devoted heads of the Sydenhams. The young man to whom Dora was betrothed, died (of rapid and casual illness) on the voyage out; but it would have been hard indeed to persuade her young and broken heart that his disappointment had no share in the event. *Hers* did its work silently but surely! She had never agreed with London, and consumption found her an unresisting and already enfeebled prey. She went, at the entreaty of William, to Clifton, not with the slightest hope or wish to live, but to spare him the added pain of her death-bed. Alice, of course, accompanied her; and the invalid was taking the air in a low wheeling chair, on a bright and balmy 10th of April, when a pang shot across her sick heart as she recollected (on the date being casually mentioned in her hearing) that it was Emily Fortescue's birthday, and that she must then be one and twenty!

She could not help thinking, not with envy, but with slight bitterness, of the heiress that day taking possession of the brilliant fortune which had cost them all so dear, when another of the humble vehicles, so common at the wells, advanced in the opposite direction. Its occupant was evidently nearer dissolution than herself, for she was supported in the arms of an attendant. The state of both alike forbade rapid movement; they slowly met—there was ample leisure to discover that the dying in-

valid was Emily Fortescue, and that she would not long survive the 10th of April.

What a sight for the warm heart and still ardent affection of poor Dora ! She sprung, unmindful of her weakness, from the carriage, and clasped in her arms the soon unconscious object of her early love. When she slowly recovered, what floods of tears were shed by both the youthful pilgrims thus meeting on the threshold of mortality ! How different from those they had often shed together over some well-wrought tale of fiction ! But, on the whole, how purifying, how soothing, how consolatory ! It was a trying scene for the by-standers, for poor Alice especially, who felt, that to live on in a world so soon to become a blank by their removal, was her allotted, and therefore, no doubt, merciful portion. When it became necessary for her to separate them, it could only be done by promising to reunite them for the remainder of their short lives, as soon as a night's rest should enable them to bear the meeting.

To Dora this rencontre seemed to have supplied a fresh principle of life and delusive strength, to watch over the being who had remotely caused her own dissolution. She was on the morrow another creature, with a cheek more blooming, and an eye yet more bright—while poor Emily, evidently weaker, yet greatly composed, received her with tearful joy, and seemed to prefer her attentions to all others.

"We are to be together, after all, my Emily !" whispered Dora, softly. "We erringly fancied it was to be on earth, but let us humbly hope it will now be in heaven !"—"There is one on earth whom I must see, my Dora, before I can pray with confidence for my release from mortal conflict. Till I have William's forgiveness, I cannot banish this world from my mind, as my few numbered days so solemnly warn me to do. Write for him, Alice

—and you may seal it," added she, in an almost inaudible whisper—"with his favourite motto, '*Je ne change qu'en mourant*,'—like many a foolish caged bird, my liberty has cost me my life !"

William Sydenham came—and as he hung over her couch with fraternal solicitude, Emily wondered she could ever have thought him cold or inanimate—and he wondered he could ever have believed her to be vain and selfish. Had they met now for the first time, how different might have been their estimate of each other !—but the past was irrevocable, and regrets fruitless.

"Next time you come down, William," whispered she, as he reluctantly tore himself away to return to his profession, "you will lay my head in the grave : you cannot refuse this to your father's orphan ward. Dora will not be long behind ; and you must lay us together, for we were like in our character and our fortunes, and have never known peace since we parted."

A month had scarce elapsed, ere William was called upon to put into one grave, those who had been "lovely in their lives, and in their deaths not long divided." On opening Emily's will, written soon after dispatching her memorable letter, and ratified by her trembling hand on the 10th of April, which made her twenty-one, the bulk of her fortune, after ample legacies to Dora and Alice, was left to William Sydenham, with this strange proviso, (dictated by her natural fear lest pride should make him frustrate her intentions,) that if he declined to accept the bequest, it should go to swell the hoards of the cruel avaricious Mr Courtney, the intended father-in-law and murderer of Dora. This left no alternative ; but twenty years have since elapsed, and Mr Sydenham, high in his profession, and surrounded by untasted affluence, is still a BACHELOR.

## ANE PASTORALE OF THE ROCKE.

*Maide be Maister Hougge.*

THERE wals anc Egil satte on a hille,  
 Quhen alle the voycis of hevin were stille ;  
 The whew of the clyffe, the yowle of the caive,  
 The soughe of the woode, and the whushe of the waive ;  
 That solemne disembodyit chyme,  
 That ayreal symphonye sublyme,  
 Whiche semis, to the eire of the shepherde lone,  
 A thousande voycis alle in one—  
 It semit to haif sunke in its deipe recess,  
 To slumber in awsome sylentnesse.

Now this Egil he satte on his airye byrthe,  
 Quhare he hardlyc semit anc being of yirthe ;  
 For als he lokit from his yermit riven,  
 His greyc heide movit in the vaile of hevin,  
 In that pale shroude of grizelyc hewe  
 That joynis the yirthe with the valis of blew,  
 And myndis mœr ofte of the curtaine grinme,  
 That borelesse shade, so deidlyc dinme,  
 Whiche nefer wals percit be mortal eyc,  
 And shadowis Tyme from Eternitye.

O but that Egil he wals als proude,  
 Als he loked from the frynge of his amber cloude,  
 Als cuir wals Czar or crownyt Khanne,  
 Or Turke in the myddis of his dyvanne ;  
 For hee geeyt his cheike with soche dislaine,  
 Als he turnit his one eye to the plaine,  
 And glancit with the oder, throughe portale dunn—  
 Unblynked, upon the nonedaye sone ;  
 And then he shoke his fedderis graye,  
 And bore his crowne in soche anc weye,  
 Als if he helde in high dislaine  
 The valleyis, the shore, and the soundyng maine .  
 He semyt all naiture to deryde,  
 And lycked his hornyc lippis in pryde,  
 Quhille his yellow eyc hald soche anc lychte,  
 That the golde of Ophir wals never so brychte ;  
 It euin crepit backe belowe the skynne,  
 Or sanke his haughtye brayne wythinne ;  
 Quhille his cruked beke wolde the hefinis moeke,  
 So very proude wals this kyng of the rocke.

And quharefore all this frowardnesse ?  
 Anc gentil daime alone maye guesse,  
 Soche as have felit, for pompous thyngis,  
 Envye, with all its thousande styngis ;  
 Or als anc kyng with pride claite,  
 Quhen his first mynistere of staite,  
 Ane drone the comberance of the byke,  
 Turnis rounde him's taille lyke saucye tyke,  
 And sayis, " Sir kyng, this is not fitte ;  
 You haif lost your jodgmente and your wytte  
 Als that graite kyng withoute dispute  
 Wolde holde his purpose resolute,  
 With eye majestick, calme, and proude,  
 So loked this yellper of the cloude.

And quharefore all ? No more than this—  
 Straighte downe belowe him on anc dylssc.



Quhare grew ane crabbed cromptit thorne,  
 There had there satte since brikke of morne  
 Ane glossy Raven, brychte of blee,  
 Als busye als ane burde colde bee,  
 Pookyng his fedderis sleike and blewie,  
 Semyng theire brychtnesse to renewe,  
 Als with his bigge unshaiplye bille  
 He combit them over with gode wille ;  
 And euery flapper on his tre,  
 And glymmer of his pawkye ee,  
 Showit that he mockit with mumpis and mumis,  
 Proude Maister Egillis motelye plumis.

The Egil had sore dispyte that daye,  
 But yet ane worde he scornit to saye,  
 But satte with indignatione fulle,  
 Movyng his heide lyke graite Mogulle ;  
 Quhille Corbye, who percevit his takyng,  
 Out of mere funne and myschefe makyng,  
 Turnit up his darke and wycked loke,  
 And sayit, with leire no burde colde broke  
 " How faris goode maister Egil nowe,  
 Perchit on Gilborachis barren browe ?  
 And how is the godewyffe oh the strawe ?  
 I hope soche daye sho neuir sawe,  
 Of inwarde joyis so swete and ryffe,  
 And collapis of yong trembilyng lyffe ! "

The Egil laughit ane laughe so loude,  
 It percit the gorget of the cloude,  
 Broke all its muffis and grande myueviris,  
 And shoke its storyit pylis to shyviris ;  
 But it did not onlye maik ane rente  
 Alangis the frynge of the fyrmamente,  
 But it enterit oft als it wente hye  
 The littil borelis of the skye ;  
 Whiche maide the ladye angelis skreime,  
 And sterted sanctis oute of theyre dreime ;  
 That splendyd dreime consaivit so welle,  
 On whiche our docter losis to dwelle—  
 It is ane awful dreime of blisse,  
 Ane bathe of endlessse happynesse,  
 Steiped in delychtis up to the eiris,  
 Withoute all future hopis or feris,  
 Enoughe to maik ane verye drone  
 Bever and blenche to thyne upon.

But then this Egillis yelloche broke  
 From caive to caive, from rocke to rocke  
 Tille all arounde Gilborachis steipe  
 From yowlyng woode and yaupyng deipe,  
 Ane thousande voycis issuit forth,  
 Not lyke the voycis of this earthe,  
 But nycheris of ane tongueless brode,  
 Ane gorbelyng brawlyng broderhode  
 Of spyritis of the rocke and lynne,  
 That sojournit euirmore therynne.

The Corbye wals fulle sore astounded,  
 And his capacious mynde confounded ;  
 For not ane worde, for all his braye,  
 Did this cursit Egil deign to saye.  
 The Corbye satte demore and gruffe,  
 And raisit his fedderis lyke ane ruffe,  
 His yukit stirlis to relieve,  
 He dychte his nebbe upon his sleive.

While the brychte twynkiling of his eme,  
The lychtening chainge from darke to greine,  
Stille glemyng, depenyng, and renewyng,  
Showit that some myschicfe wals a-brewyng.

“Goode maister Egil, quhat is the funne?”

Tell us the sport, that we may wounne  
Our shaire of this confounded cackle,  
This tinckell of our tabernacle.

Haif you no feris for youre godewyffe,  
That winsome wetener of your lyffe;  
That soche ane yelloch o’er hir belde  
Maye haif effectis of dole and dredde,  
Maye reife hir of hir tender wyttis,  
Or throwe hir into moderis fyttis?

Or, quhat is worse than swairf or swone,  
Produce hir sootye sonnys ower sone?

Haif some respeck, if not for myne,  
For that most charmyng lose of thync,  
In hir swete bedde so sweetlye bounded  
With bainstelis and with bonis surrounded,  
With morefulis feite and curlewe trammiss,  
And hedis and harrigillis of lammis,

And broket hofis of high degre,—  
Sothe, sho is ane comelye sychte to se!

Her bearded beke and haffetis drye,

Hir towzye tap and yellowe eye,

Hir hairye houghis and dingye breste,

The verye hewis of raffie and reiste.

And then her size! ane shaime to tell!

Ane wyffe far bygger nor yourselle,

Moste altogedder be confeste

Graite comforte to ane Egillis breste!”

“Yelle,” quoth the Egil, with ane neighe,

That quashit the growlyng of the se,

And maide the cluddis of hefen to frylle,

Als dancyng of ane Frenche quadrylle;

Then als ane wylde and wycked meide,

But grand expedyente in ane ncide,

To eize his heart with raige that burnit,

Outower the clyffe his taille he turnit,

And pourit adowne its breste sublyme

Ane cataracke of liquide lyme,

That dashit the Corbye from his throne,

Blynded his eyne, and sent him prone,

Head-foremoste, croakyng with despyte,

Dyit lyke ane pyatte blacke and whyte.

Then joynit the Egillis in ane hewe,

Whiche maide the echois swell anewe,

Far far abroad incontinente,

On billowis of the fyrmamente,

Als all the spyritis of the glennis

Had wakenit from theyre mouldye dennis,

And reyne the stamocke of the yirthe,

With one confoundit skreide of myrthe.

This mockryffe laugh was worse than badde,—

It almoste pat the Corbye maddle;

Downe from the clyffe he heidlong bore,

And ay he cursit and he swore,

But sone he washit his soylit wyng,

In greine Gilborachis silver spring;

Then did he shaikc his fedderis blacke,

And rousit them on his plookye backe,

Shoke his grate nebbe his ruffe to drye,  
 And turnit his cheike up to the skye,  
 And ay, with euerye braithe he drew,  
 He cursit the Egil blacke and blewe ;  
 And als he satte upon that stone,  
 Drying his fedderis in the sone,  
 Quhare no proude sovraigne heard nor sawe,  
 Thus moralizit the Corbye Crawe :  
 " Goode Lorde, how lowe the grait are hurlit !  
 This is ane baisse and wycked worlde,  
 Quhare trothe and wysdome are owerrunne,  
 And plaice be dirtye favour wounne ;  
 By lowe and skavenjar deccite,  
 Is overpowerit the goode and grait ;  
 Tossit from on highe, he fallis forlorne,  
 And with the skaithe gettis all the skorne.  
 How harde it is the wyse and grait  
 Shoulde thus be tombelit from the staite ;  
 Knockit from the presynkis of the throne,  
 To be debaisset and bloterit on,  
 Ane skorne and laughyng stocke indeide.  
 To baisse-born Kytis risen in his steide !

" Ill speide the lucke ! Quhate'er the coste,  
 The Raven yet shalle renlle the roste !  
 Shall it be toulde, shall it be saide,  
 In fair Gilborachis greinc-wode glaide,  
 That e'er ane Howlet and ane Haake,  
 Ane Keystrel and ane Kittywaake,  
 Ane gabbillyng Gose and fawnyng Mewe,  
 Ane Cooternebbe and damit Cxrlawe,  
 Sholde chatteryng rounde our monark stande,  
 And guide the counsillis of the lande ?  
 Forbydde it, faite, and foraigne fee !  
 Forbydde it, proude nobylitye,  
 Ye gallant Rokis, and Gleddis, and Gorbyis,  
 And all the blode of all the Corbyis !

" I'll skaille the ayre withoutten feiris,  
 And ryng ane solo in his eiris,  
 Of mysdemainners and myschance,  
 Shall gar him loke two gaites at once !  
 By the blacke cloude that holdis in storc  
 The flickering flaime and thonderis rore,  
 (The Corbyis terror and dismaye,)  
 I swear to share the sovraigne swaye,  
 Ellis shalle myne comelye maite and mee  
 Synke deide upon the sounding se !"

With that, quha sholde there come in haiste,  
 And face the Corbye breste to breste,  
 But his darke daime of proude degre—  
 The ladye of the lonelye tre.  
 And thus she spoke hir counsellis deipe,—  
 Whiche wyffis are ne'er disposit to keipe,  
 For theye moste spekyng bee and jeering,  
 An it were but for the pryde of heiring :  
 " Thou blousteryng, bloterit barleyfummil,  
 Quhy sittis thou there to groulle and grunmil,  
 Als if thyne othis and bostyngis grait  
 Colde maike the mynistere of staite,  
 Or fors the lordlye Egillis pryde  
 To plaice the by his sovraigne syde ?  
 Swith steike thyne grait and gorbellyng gabb,  
 Thou droukit, droyten, dryvellyng swabbe,

And use gode language to thyne kyng ;  
 Reatte up the ayre on dauntlesse wyng,  
 And place the on thyne regal tre,  
 And seye some straine of mynstrelsyne,  
 Some song of love, or song of leire,  
 That may affect thyne sovraigne's eire.  
 Go laude thine mystresse to the skye,  
 That will command ane meike reple."

The Corbye lokit asklente the whyle,  
 Then shoke his heide and smylit ane smyle.  
 " Myne mystresse ! That is ane thaimie indeide  
 Which neuir wolde haif rehit myne heide.  
 Daine, I shoulde taik your kindlye proffer,  
 But quhat the deuill colde I saye of hir,  
 Saif that she is ane wycked hagge,  
 Of carrione sluttis the very slagge ;  
 Ane brymstone brangler, ferce and felle,  
 Als doure as dethe, and black as helle ?  
 If that will fytt I'll sing ane song,  
 Shall bee als snappie as it is long."

" Soche language to thyne better hauffe  
 Bespeckis thee but ane mensclesse cauffe,  
 Ane cowarde and ane baughlesse bummil,  
 Ane cockilit and ane barleyfummil.  
 Thou bullit-heedit, buriye beiste,  
 Speike but soche oder worde in jسته,  
 And I shall teche the quhom to laugh at ;  
 Ill pycke the eyne out of thyne haffat,  
 And set ane fyer unto thyne taille,  
 In myddis of thonder and of haille !

" Swith, since thou'lt nouthar saye nor syng,  
 To reconcyle us with oure kyng,  
 Go sytte the eggis and breide the yongue,  
 Quhill I assaye, with flatteryng tongue,  
 Favor to winne by mynstrelsyne,  
 And bryng the Egil to his kne ;  
 'Twill conjure up some senis of myrthe,  
 And raise our soulis abone the yirthe,  
 Bryng backe theyre youthfule deidis to mynd,  
 And mounte them on the mornung wynde."

The Corbye, who had hearit with dreidde  
 Of pycking the eyne out of his heidde,  
 And forssing him, withouten baille,  
 By byrnyng fyer set to him's taille,  
 Into the myddis of murmuris loude  
 And bellowyngis of the thonder cloude,  
 With boltis of terror byzzing sheine,  
 And spatteryng brymstone in his eyne,  
 Evin though the yocke his spyrit gallit,  
 Yet found his very herte appallit ;  
 And demit it better to suckunm,  
 Lyke odir husbandis, and syng dunm ;  
 Or brykke ane joke als beste might bee,  
 On sadde and sore necessitye.

" Swith, for the jockis sake, I sobmytte  
 Ane while upon the eggis to sytte.  
 But quhat, in name of him that shroudis  
 The rairyng thunder in the cloudis,  
 And blends the forward with the paste,  
 Will this madde worlde come tille at laste ?  
 To heire ane wyffe set up her faice  
 To praise hir beautie, wytte, and graice

Whiche well sho knowis, and moste allowe,  
None oder in the worlde wolde doo,  
Is soche ane breche of common sense,  
Soche bare and brazen impudence,  
Als nevir braifit cremationis marke  
Synce my old gutchere left the arke.

“Och, but ane wyffis ane blousterous craiture.

The very yooldaye blare of nature;  
This houre in smylis and dymplis flairyng,  
The heiste in stormis and tempestis rairyng,  
The saime to maiden meike and gaye  
Als ferce Dezember is to Maye.  
Well will it sute soche daime austere  
To be hir owne grande trumpetere,  
Whyche wycked wyffis too oft haif beine,  
To heire the praise for whiche theye griene.

“I wolde gif all the fedderis blacke  
That growe upon myne boordlye backe,  
That maister Egil sholde descrye,  
With his unbleste and topaz eye,  
This maisterpece of femaile trikkis,  
Ane Corbyis wyffe weiryng the brykkis,  
Ryngyng hir praises lyke ane belle,  
And all her lofe unto herselle;  
Quhat solaisse to his herte ’twill be,  
For he is wyffepeckit wofullye!  
But, mystresse myne, for all your grannie,  
And all your haiste to be goodemayne,  
If maister Egil fyndis the chete,  
Lorde, quhat ane downcome wee shall gete!”

But with ane croke of proude disdaine,  
Ane floryshe and ane jybe profaine,  
Yearnynge for lawlesse ryvalrye,  
Mounted in ayre the darke ladye,  
And toke hir sate in puffynge pryde  
Neire by the Egillis lordlye syde;  
And thus byganne in tonefulle croke,  
This first grande “Pastorale of the Roke.”

#### THE RAVENIS SONGE.

“QUHAT burde, that sailis the waif or skye,  
Can boste of soche ane maite als I?—  
In all hir virtuis so compleite,  
So kynde, so comelye, and so aweite,  
So swyfte the mornyngeis raye to ryng,  
So proude of breste and bold of wyng,  
So cleire of eye—for eye so brychte  
Ne’er percit the darkness nor the lychte,  
Or threwe the glance, at morne or even,  
From heven to yirthe, from yirthe to heven;  
Of all the daimis of ayre, gif me  
Myne ladye of the lonelye tre.

“I maide myne choyce at Ravenis waikie,  
On mairgin of the Haykel lake,  
Quhare I had flowne with amorous spide,  
For daime of Caledonyais breide;  
For welle I knowit that then there were  
Ane thousande vyrgin Corbyis there,  
All bredde in stormye clyffis betweine  
Ben-hope, Ben-alder, and Loch-skeine,

And banyshit there ane aige to messe,  
 For feire of over corbyousnesse,  
 The reine-deiris flankis to howke supine,  
 To dabbe out yongue Syberianis eine,  
 Kydnappe the omal and the eile,  
 Feiste on the Baykelis gorgeous seile,  
 And ower the sorges of the se  
 Bewaile theyre darke vyrginitye.

“ There did I take myne aumourouse flychte,  
 Outower the cloudis by daye and nychte,  
 And to ane clyffe of granyte graye  
 Fullc cunnynglye I toke myne waye ;  
 And there I sat with pantyng breste,  
 Untille the daye rose in the eiste,  
 That, mirrorit in that glassyc waife,  
 The maidenis formis I mychte persaise,  
 And watche withynne the wateris blew  
 Theyre shaiplye bosomis als they flew ;  
 For hee wolde bee of wysedom slacke  
 Quha wailit his mystresse be the backe .

“ Foule fall the wychte, devoyde of graice,  
 Quha fallis in lofe als faice to faice,  
 Quhare all is mymmis and myrgeons maide,  
 The maydenis false and airtfulle traide,  
 Maide up of tryckis I shun to telle,  
 Enough to cheite the deuil himselle !  
 No, no—if you the trothe wolde knowe,  
 Go watch theyre shadowis them belowe,  
 And farre wythinne the wateris brychte,  
 You will se the comelye daimis arychte,  
 Joste als theye are from naturis hande,  
 With graicefulle eise at theyre commande,  
 Theyre shaiplye shankis and bosomis faire,  
 Theyre fedderis floatyng in the ayre,  
 And strengthe of jointis belowe the wyng,  
 The vyrgin Ravenis master stryng.

“ Och, how myne herte begoude to jompe,  
 And on myne fedderye breste playe dompe,  
 Quhen my sweite daine wente soryng over,  
 And ower myne heide begoude to hover  
 The mofementis of hir comelye breste,  
 And molde that colde not be expressit,  
 So roundit for the love-sycke sighe,  
 So sharpe to stryke, so bold to flye !  
 The eye-beime of virgynitye,  
 And mysticke sychtis wythinne the se,  
 More than enoughe I founde, in sadnesse,  
 To fyer ane Corbyis breste with madnesse.”

At this pairte of the Ravenis song,  
 The Egil shoke with passionis strong ;  
 He stretchit his yellow legge behynde,  
 Spredde his brode fedderis on the wynde,  
 And with ane wycked aumorous eye,  
 He lycked his lippis and sighed ane syghc.  
 The Corbye hoped to wynne the daye,  
 And thus wente on hir heinous laye :—

“ Och, lofe is ane moste potente thyng  
 Beyonde the mychte of burde to syng ;  
 The Egillis lofis ane stounde of pryde,  
 Ane tyrantis swaye ower cryngyng bride ;

The lofe of manne, if I heire trewe,  
 Hathe in it tinctis of vyleste hewe,  
 Ane selfysh, sordyd polycye,  
 Ane shaimc to heire, and wors to se ;  
 But all the glowyng passionis giuen  
 To burde or beiste belowe the heuin,  
 For ardente, pure, and fersc esteine,  
 The Ravenis lofis the paradeigm.

“ Myne very herte wals laide in steipe  
 With this faire vision of the deipc.  
 I lofit so moche, I lofit more  
 Nor euir Corbye did before.

I wooit hir on the rowntre greinc,  
 Als kyng behofit to woo ane quene,  
 With eye of lambe, and herte of deire,  
 And kidneye of ane Tartar steire ;  
 And after feiste that scairse wolde cloye,  
 Sesonit with lofe and fooryous joye,  
 With eiris that byrmit als in ane flaine,  
 I hearit this anser from myne daine :

“ ‘ Braif maister Corbye, coulde I roame,  
 Ower Scotlandis hillis, myne naitif home,  
 And there the flowre of Ravenis reigne,  
 Hosbande lyke the I wolde disdaine ;  
 But sothe to saye, I dredde to se  
 The marche of paille virgynitye ;  
 It is so baisse to sytte and brode  
 On old and moustenit maydenhoode—  
 The laste graite dredde of femailis brest.  
 From Egillis to the Howlettis neste ;  
 And often I can cithlye se,  
 From clyffe of cloude and top of tre,  
 That this harde swaye of vyrgin thralle,  
 The wemyng beare the worste of alle.  
 So, to clude this blastyng skaithe,  
 This issue dredde more than dethe,  
 I hold you at youre proffer graite,  
 And take you for myne wynsum maite.

“ ‘ Now shalle I kno that staite of wyth.  
 Whiche I haif grenit for all myne lyffe,  
 That staite of paine and blisse unnamit  
 For whiche the femaile herte is fraimit.  
 And O I eithlye can divyne  
 Quhat disappointmente shall be myne ;  
 Alaike, quhare spryngis the joye unsung  
 Of sytting eggis and fedyng yonguc,  
 Of gadderyng byrnis from daille and downe  
 And beryng tauntis from crabbed lowne ;  
 For all that I can heire or se,  
 This crnyng is ane mysterye,  
 Ane thyng implanted in ourc fraime,  
 At somethyng forwarde still to aime,  
 Ane pressure uryng burde and manne  
 To bee immortal if they canne.

“ ‘ Of mankyndis faithc ’tis harde to saye,  
 That theye haif soulis that fende for aye,  
 Is somethyng derke ; but this I kenne,  
 That there be gostis als wellc als menne.  
 Yet this disputed bee can never,  
 The Corbyis chaunce to live for ever  
 Moste onlic bee in flesche and blode,  
 By living in theyrc comelye brode ,

Thus maye wee fende, by rocke and fyrthe,  
 Quhille there is flesche upon the yerthe ;  
 And after soche unhallowit daye,  
 Live theye for mee quha will, quha maye.—  
 'Tis this that maikis me yielde myne lyffe  
 Unto the shekilis of ane wyffe.'

" Rejoicit to fynde myne comelye deire  
 Wals soche ane graite philosophere,  
 I joynit with hir myne harte and hande,  
 And brochte hir home to fayre Scotland,  
 Plaicyng hir in Gilborachis glaide,  
 To be hir sovraignis waityng inaide,  
 And mystresse, too, if hee sholde deime  
 Soche lofe ane Egil mochte becume.

" This I shalle saye, in language plaine,—  
 And flattery is myne grande dysdaine,—  
 That soche ane daine, for seinnlye graice,  
 For comelynesse of forme and faice,  
 For all that loferis bosome wairis,  
 Ne'er lay in loferis pantyng armis.  
 Her eye is of the daizzelyng hewe  
 Of starnie wythin the oceane blewe,  
 'Zulu its brychte streimeris gleime and curie  
 On every wairis redoundant furle ;  
 Her taper lymbe—an e queinly gemme !  
 So lyke the brakenis staitlyc stemme,  
 And every beautey that you se,  
 Beire the high markis of majesty."

" Skreime," quod the ladye Egil then,  
 And aye sho yellit and yellit againe ;  
 For all this while her queinlye herte  
 Had byrnit with ane deedly smarte  
 Of jealousye and rage extrime,  
 Which lente soche venom to hir skreime,  
 That the Egillis golden eye turnit blewe,  
 Then chaingit into an olive hewe ;  
 For hee begoude to dredde the stryffe  
 And vengeance of ane jealous wyffe—  
 That storme the mychtye hefenis under  
 Neiste to the lychtenyng and the thunder.

The ladye Egil gaif ane raire,  
 Then left the eggis and toke the aire,  
 And als she hoverit ower the rocke,  
 These wordis the queinlye femaile spoke :

" I'll not upbraide with haughtye worde  
 Myne husbände and myne honourit lorde :  
 For it dothe beste ane wyffe become  
 On husbandis follyis to be dumbe,  
 To shutte hir eyne ower every blotte,  
 Or se them als sho sawe them notte ;  
 But this I'll saye, and holde it gode,  
 That everlike burde of nobil blode,  
 Or manne or beiste, quhate'er it bee,  
 Sholde keipe himselfe to his degre ;  
 And neuer yeilde to mix or melle  
 With craturis farre below himselle :  
 For he that venturis to repose  
 In dunghill drabbis and carrion crowis,  
 Maye chaunce to catche the blychtyng staine,  
 That will not sone washe out againe.

" My lorde, I haif hearit this shaimlesse thyng  
 In your high ciris ane solo rying



Enoughe to make ane queinlye bryde  
 From the fair sone hir faice to hyde.  
 I will not chyde, but go with mee,  
 And this moste lofelye mystresse se ;  
 Cowryng hir sooty e eggis upone  
 We will fynde this matchlesse paragone."

Goode hefenis ! could theye believe theyre eyes !  
 Quhat wals theyre wonder and surprys,  
 Quhen theye behelde, in anguish graite,  
 Theyre laite graite mynistere of staite,  
 Sytting upon the eggis fullc lowe,  
 With mootit wyng and herte of woc.  
 The lordlye Egillis laughit amaine,  
 With youte of anger and disdaine,  
 Until theyre very yermite shoke,  
 And Corbye kennit not quhare to loke ;  
 Thus to be caughte he thoughte soche shaimie,  
 Sytting the eggis lyke eldron daime.

Then the Lgillis bothe upone him felle,  
 And with theyre bekis layit on pelle-melle ;  
 And they daddit him down from rocke to rocke,  
 Quhille hee colde nouthr stande nor croke ;  
 And pluckit off all his fedderis blacke,  
 Tille he wals as baire as ane paddockis backe.  
 Then they chasit his menselesse maite awaye,  
 Farre ower Gilborachis craigy brae—  
 Turnit back upon her neste forlorne,  
 And tore it from the aigit thorne,  
 And brakke the eggis, and spytefullye  
 Disgracit the Corbyis regal tree—  
 Ane speche to all benethe the sone,  
 Nefer to doo als hee had done,  
 Trying to gaine him's ranke and plaise  
 By spousis favoris and dysgraice.

From that time furth it so befelle,  
 Ane curious fack I haif to tellc,  
 The Corbye fumit and lokit bigge,  
 And from that houre he turnit a Whigge—  
 Ane crokyng, mockyng, pesterous tyke,  
 That kepit his soveraigne still in fyke,  
 And held his growlyng, grumbilyng mode,  
 Whudder at evil or at gode ;  
 The very bane of gloryis helthe,  
 The mildewe of the commonwelthe,  
 And only happy stille to bee  
 Plaigue of his sovraignis dynastie.  
 Old Maister Sauthan wals the firste  
 Sette up the trade of Whigge accursit,  
 And after him the Corbye drewe,  
 The same in naiture als in hewe.  
 With oder Whiggis we shalle haif funne,  
 Before myne pastoralis bee done.

## AN AUTUMNAL NIGHT'S DREAM IN IRELAND.

I LIVE near one of those Irish repositories of fuel called a Turf-bog; the contents of which, if not very pleasing to any of the senses in summer, are extremely gratifying to most of them in the winter. A blazing hearth of turf fire, one of the greatest enjoyments of the labouring peasant, is not one of the least to him for whom he labours; that is to say, when he condescends to perform the duty of a landlord, to reside among his tenantry, and to consider them as something more than a mere stock in trade, valued only for the income they produce. Often have I looked in with pleasure upon the cheerful family group, forming a semi-circle round their evening fire, over which hung the large simmering pot of potatoes, already begun to be feasted on in imagination. Half a dozen chubby children, unencumbered with much weight of vesture, were busied in baking some of the precious bulbs among the hot embers; and on a table, covered with a coarse linen cloth, stood a few bowls or mugs of earthenware, and a large jug, or pail, of cow's milk. Truly, (have I thought upon occasions of this kind,) there is more luxury to a feeling landlord's mind, in knowing that the poorest of his tenantry possess comforts like these, the result of his humane attention to their humble interests, than in the enjoyment of foreign delicacies and delights, purchased by toil and drudgery, too often unheeded and unrewarded. Yet, strange to say, some of these landlords call themselves patriots; they rant in public assemblies; they rave against oppression, and affect to deplore that popular misery and degradation which they themselves never take one step to remove. Other worthy landlords, forsooth, cannot bear (such is their delicacy of mental feeling) to be eye-witnesses of squalid barbarism; and instead of removing it, they remove themselves. The evils which are screened from them they think themselves under no necessity of admitting to the ear; and in the voice of pleasure abroad, drown the cries of wretchedness at home. Did they leave their rents behind, their absence would indeed afford little cause of regret, but their delicacy takes no offence at the

sight of gold, come from whence it may. Like Vespasian, they find that money smells sweet, how fetid soever the source from which it has been drawn. This is a subject which forces itself into the mind of all who know and who love their country. But this is not a time to dilate on it, and I shall therefore proceed to the subject before us.

On a fine evening in autumn I had been induced, for I am unfashionable enough to prefer early dinners, to take a walk for the purpose of visiting a young and distant plantation. It had been made on an extent of flat and humid soil, which had long supplied the neighbourhood with turf or peat fuel; and, after the exhaustion of that article, had been drained and dressed for the reception of young trees. The summer had been favourable to their growth, and I loitered among them for some time, amusing myself with speculations on their future fate. Some of these, thought I, should they be spared by the axe, may live to be among the wonders of the forest, and to attract the notice of the tourist, long after the hand which planted them shall be withered and forgotten. At all events, there is no reason to apprehend that their end will resemble that of the trees which preceded them on this very spot, and whose roots, with a few of their trunks, were found in so much abundance deeply immersed beneath a stratum of turf. What a curious history could they have given, if endowed with voice, of those ancient days in which they grew, flourished, and finally decayed, undisturbed by men, and left to struggle as they might with the changeful operations of Nature! What creatures now unknown, or known only by tradition, and the casual discovery of their fossil remains, may have lodged on their branches, or reclined beneath their shade! What troops of hunters may have pursued the elk or stag among their recesses, or found shelter there from the suns of summer and the snows of winter! Such will not be the case of my groves. Population and industry find too many uses both for land and timber, to allow the former to grow into barren heaths and

mosses, or the latter to waste itself by natural decay. Surely nature herself here furnishes an irrefragable argument against the truth of those tales, which would make us believe that this island was in ancient days the seat of science and civilization, renowned in arts and arms, and furnished with a happy and abundant population. To say nothing of the non-existence of any monumental vestiges of such a state, or the certain conclusions to be drawn from the testimony of Cæsar and Tacitus, the very circumstance of an overspreading immensity of bogs, marshes, forests, and wastes, is in itself a demonstrative proof of popular paucity, and defective civilization. These always disappear before the hand of culture; they have long been doing so in Ireland, and they are rapidly doing so in America. Many native woods and bogs have disappeared within my own recollection, and now there is much want of timber and scarcity of fuel, where, 60 or 80 years since, there was an abundance of both. Ancient population, whatever may be said of it, was in Europe at best vastly inferior to modern, and the proof is obvious. They who maintain the reverse, don't consider that when a barbarous nation went to war, they took almost the entire people with them—whereas a modern army forms so small a part of the population, as hardly to be missed. What was the waste of lives in the Bonapartean wars, where so many hundreds of thousands were destroyed? Much greater certainly than that which took place on the overthrow of the mighty fabric of Roman greatness. Yet, what gap or hiatus was made by this consumption of a few years? The barbarians who quitted their homes to occupy the rich and fertile, but feebly defended possessions of Roman greatness, left but few behind them—they exchanged their own wastes for the cultivated provinces of others. But the millions lately lost in the contentions of Europe, so far from being a drain upon their respective nations, are not even missed—Ireland could at this moment spare, and be the better for their absence, more, probably, than her whole population amounted to at any of those heroic periods to which the fanciful recorders of past glory so proudly refer. Thoughts of this kind en-

gaged me till reminded, by the approach of darkness, that it was time to return, which I accordingly did; and ordering a fire, for the night was cold, after my usual frugal supper, I repaired to my study, where, as I suppose, the previous employment of my mind produced the following dream.

Reclining in my arm-chair, with my eyes fixed on a splendour more attractive than that of diamonds, the enlivening blaze of a bogwood fire, I fell insensibly into a gentle state of demi-slumber, a soothing sort of mental quiescence, never resulting from the brilliancy of gems. These, indeed, excite a momentary admiration, they dazzle and surprise, but the pleasurable emotion goes no further. Theirs is a silent, cold, and lifeless glitter; whereas the glowing object of my admiration communicates not only warmth, but voice also. I began to fancy that in the gentle murmur of the agitated air in which the flame ascended, there existed an igneous and subtle spirit, breathing sweet accents of love and peace. Under this impression, sleep came on, and the mind ever busy, both “when we wake and when we sleep,” took up the new idea. An indescribable sort of aerial being, such as imagination conceives of a sylph, appeared fluttering in the mounting flame, and prepared by its gestures to hold a conversation with the sleeper.

“Art thou,” said I, “an illusion or a reality? and if the latter, what is your purpose? Speak, I am bound to hear!”

“So art thou to admire when thou shalt hear,” answered the Sylph; “I am under obligations to you, and shall now endeavour to repay them.”

“You make me admire indeed! How can a spirit like yours be under obligations to a body of flesh and blood?”

“To make myself intelligible to man, I must use his language and adopt his ideas. Know, then, that though unseen by you, millions of spiritual beings walk the Earth, as one of your famous poets has said. I am one of those to whose peculiar care the grove is committed, and the particular object of my charge was a stately pine, once the glory of its race, but buried many ages beneath that morass, from which your labourers raised the little that remained undestroyed by

decay. In this I was bound to abide, and here was to be my station as long as any part of my charge remained sound, and until the whole had returned to the earthy state from which it arose. But I was not therefore debarred from communicating with other kindred spirits, or from extending my perceptions to distances, which though limited, were far beyond the range of human sense. When the last atom of my ligneous care is dissolved, I shall be free to seek another subject, and another clime; and you will easily conceive that I have got quite enough of my late sojourn to render me extremely desirous of changing the scene, and urging my flight to abodes of greater bloom and beauty. For this welcome liberation, I consider myself indebted to you!"

"And how, gentle Sylph, do you mean to repay it?"

"I have observed that you mortals are particularly curious to know what happened in the old times; that you take great pride in the supposed glory of your ancestors; and that you lend a willing ear to the stories of those who had an interest in imposing on your credulity. Hence I conceive that, however mortifying it may be to others, a man of sense, like you, cannot but find satisfaction in the discovery of the truth. If you are aware, can have no inducement to mislead. I can neither gain nor lose by the result of my information, the offer I make is voluntary; and, moreover, ours being a race unlegged by matter, and exempt from earthly passions, falsehood finds no place among us."

"Truly, gentle Sylph, for an aerial being, you do seem to have attained no trivial knowledge of our corporeal nature, and I cannot but wonder you should give yourselves any concern about us, save only when some rude hand might lift the sacrilegious axe against a favourite tree."

"Human affairs do not certainly belong to our peculiar province, but as they come within our observation, we obtain a correct knowledge of them, though we don't seek it. Perhaps, however, you may be one of those who are too much occupied with the present, to take any concern in the past. If so, I shall bid you farewell, without farther interruption."

"By no means, gentle Sylph—I shall most gratefully avail myself of

your kindness. Curiosity is inherent in us all, and I have my share. A clear view into the uncertainty of the past will be particularly gratifying, let it show what it may. There are to whom the discovery of an inglorious ancestry may be mortifying, because the honour of their forefathers is the only honour of which they can boast. I am a maker of my own fortune, and might be puzzled to trace a genealogy beyond my grandfather. In a national point of view, however, it would be gratifying to know something more satisfactory concerning the pristine state of Ireland, than is to be learned from monkish legends, bardic tales, and puzzle-pated historians. I will, therefore, commence my inquiry by asking, at what time your acquaintance with Irish affairs commenced?"

"My first knowledge of Ireland commenced a few years after the great deluge. The slime with which the ground had been generally covered, was peculiarly favourable to vegetation—the island was soon overspread with plants. Trees flourished in great vigour and profusion, a pine, to which my tutelage was first attached, being one of the most distinguished."

"Then you had more than one arboreal castle, if I may so call it?"

"O, yes, several in succession. The Sylph, or Genius of the Oak, often remained stationary for eight or ten centuries; the duration of the pine rarely exceeded two. The last object of my care, and one of whose stateliness I was not a little proud, fell by the violence of a western gale, just one hundred years before the island submitted to Henry the Second, and her inhabitants became his voluntary vassals without striking a blow. The similar fall of many trees, conspiring with other circumstances, formed a stagnant marsh, continually increasing, until the modern industry of man, partly through want of fuel, and partly for purposes of improvement, discharged the confined moisture, and either consumed, or altered the nature of, our mossy covering."

"You speak of an interesting period indeed, and, no doubt, are able to throw much light on events, concerning which there exist many varieties of opinion, and no small contentious acrimony."

"Difference of opinion there must be, no doubt, when the subject is in-

volved in so much obscurity ; but I do not see any ground for acrimony or anger."

"That very obscurity is the main cause. Men quarrel most about questions which they understand least, and particularly when those questions lead to no real good or utility. That is what we call being rational."

"Well, and to what point are the *rational* contentions to which you would now refer, directed?"

"To the pristine state of Ireland, which, as some tell us, was marked by high renown in arts and arms, while others maintain that her inhabitants were little better than barbarians."

"Methinks, that very event to which I have before referred, and which is matter of historic record, might at once decide the question. Of the warriors' renown, little surely had they to boast, whose valour was wasted in petty broils, and who submitted without a single battle to a foreign invader! Supposing even that some allowance should be made for the intimidatory title of a royal assailant, what opinion must be formed of those who wanted strength or spirit to resist the predatory attacks of a private adventurer? Their force in arms was at least inferior to that of their subjugators, and as to their deficiency in arts, it may be easily collected from the poorness and paucity of their towns, from the rudeness of their dwellings, from their neglect of agricultural pursuits, from their incessant and sanguinary factions, and from their intemperate lives."

"It should seem, then, that the glory, and splendour, and renown, of which some of our Antiquaries so fondly boast, must have been previous to the days of the second Henry?"

"Yes, truly, and to the days of Noah also. 'To the occurrences of the Antediluvian World, I am, as before-mentioned, an utter stranger, and therefore can say nothing of what might then have been the state of Ireland, or whether any such Ireland existed. If, therefore, the *rational* controversy of your historians be referable to those times, you must look for another arbiter—I speak of human occurrences, the very earliest of which were long posterior to that stupendous inundation. Trees sprung at once, for their seeds were in the soil; the importation

of human inhabitants was slow and gradual."

"What! have you no recollection of ships from Tyre and Sidon carrying on a lucrative trade with this island, planting colonies here, and introducing and diffusing arts, sciences, and civilization?"

"My good friend, either *you* dream, or your sage informers—Colonies unquestionably were planted here, for otherwise there would have been no inhabitants; and vessels, very different from what you now call ships, did occasionally visit these shores. But in saying this I say all—your gaudy superstructure is built not on fact, but on fancy! Spain coloured the south-west part of the island, and of course imported what science and civilization she had to bestow, or rather what portion of the little she had, that could be communicated by emigrating adventurers. The better sort would hardly exchange the country and climate of Spain for the wilds of Glacialis Ierne."

"I thought as much—a great, united, and civilized people could not fail to have left many traces of pristine wealth and grandeur here as in other countries. Traces of early population indeed we have, but all indicative of national barbarism; stone circles, stone altars, and the like. But, (as our antiquaries would ask,) might not the Danes and Northern invaders have razed and destroyed those traces of national art and glory, when they overran and finally subjugated the whole or the greater part of this island?"

"They might, had they been disposed so to do, and had such monuments been there to be destroyed, though it is much more likely that they would have availed themselves of all useful works of art for their own comfort and convenience. But in truth, the Northerners, however unjustifiable their piratical invasions might be in a moral light, were rather instruments than impediments of civilization, for they brought with ships a knowledge of navigation, they founded cities, and they introduced some sort of trade. As far as civilization was concerned, if they did not leave the island better, they certainly did not leave it worse, than they found it."

"You remember the introduction of Christianity?"

"Perfectly—The primary mission-

aries, who, with pure and pious intention, came to substitute the blessings of true religion in the place of Pagan superstition's barbarous and often bloody rites, were holy, and for the times in which they lived, enlightened men."

"Did not their labours happily conduce to the reformation of the people, as well as to the fame of the island, in which religious houses were established, learning cultivated, and education promoted?"

"It is doing no more than justice to the early founders of Christianity in Ireland to admit, that the learning of the times was successfully cultivated in several parts of the country—that many of its professors were honourably distinguished, and that their fame extended to foreign lands. But it is no less true, that the laudable efforts of a few churches and seminaries had made but a small progress in subduing native ferocity, and diffusing among the people at large all those blessings which a mature and general knowledge of the gospel is so eminently calculated to bestow. There seems reason indeed to believe, that salutary effects like these might have ultimately followed their pious labours, but for the successful invasion of the second Henry——"

"But for the invasion of Henry! you quite astonish me!"

"Yet I am quite serious."

"Besides, was not Henry a Christian King? Did not the English invaders build churches, and found abbeys and monasteries?"

"All true—but mark what Henry did. He destroyed the independence of the Irish church—he subjected it to the Sec of Rome. One despotic ruler might well seem enough at a time. He gave to Ireland too, the King of England and the Bishop of Rome. Now, had her Church continued to be independent, its main purpose would have been, by teaching no doctrines but those of Christ, to make the people the servants of God; whereas the object of the new spiritual dominion was to teach such doctrines as would make them the slaves of the Pope."

"This was not very accordant with the policy of so great a prince."

"No, nor would Henry himself have done so at a later period of his reign; but he had not then felt the galling yoke of spiritual bondage. The Pope and he were at that time good

friends, that is to say, such friends as princes and potentates usually are—mighty affectionate as long as anything is to be gained by affection, but always ready to sacrifice friendship at the altar of policy. Henry wanted aid to subjugate bodies—the Pope to enslave souls—and, through mutual co-operation, they both succeeded. His Holiness, however, had the best of it. Henry's dominion was little more than nominal. Both he and his successors were obliged to maintain their Irish crown at a great expense of blood and treasure; it was at the best a barren sovereignty, though supposed to involve a power over the lives and properties of their subjects. The Pope, though ostensibly master of neither, contrived to exercise lordship over both; and while the purse of those who held the temporalities was empty, the Papal pockets were full. Relics, bulls, pardons, indulgences, and such like, were ruinously expensive to those that received, though they cost nothing to him who gave. No man ever sold inanity at so high a price. Like the poor savage, who exchanges his valuable furs for a worthless toy, the Irish sold their spiritual liberty for a string of beads. Whether their eyes are yet open to the true nature of this ecclesiastical traffic, is a subject of consideration in which I must not interfere, for two reasons—first, because you Rational Creatures are too jealous of the privileges which reason confers, to adopt any opinions but your own; and, secondly, because I mean to limit my information to the things of the Olden Time."

"Be it as you please—I am thankful for everything I get. To return, then, to the days of yore: You must have witnessed great varieties of human life and actions in the course of such early and protracted experience?"

"Far from it. A disgusting sameness prevails throughout. Names vary, but generations are alike—the history of one barbarous tribe is the history of all. One horde may have had more daring leaders than another, may have ravished more women, slain more men, gained more territory, and carried off more plunder—for the rest, it was but a repetition of the same daily sloth and nightly revel."

"Truly this seems to be a very general picture of the early habits of European society. I am inclined to

think, that our most polished nations might here behold a striking resemblance of their forefathers. But the sticklers for Hibernia's early fame tell a very different story. They represent Milesian kings and heroes sometimes, no doubt, opposed to each other in the field of honourable combat, but more frequently cultivating the refined arts of peace, supporting the dignity of Irish independence, enjoying the rational delights of the social banquet, paying homage at the shrine of beauty, and listening to the enraptured strains of the accomplished minstrel. Was not this a scene of happiness and glory?"

"Yes—if you are inclined to bestow these fine names on drunkenness and revelling—on wild exultation for successful plunder and sanguinary combat—on songs of bards, and strains of music, inciting to voluptuous indulgence, to predatory enterprise, to perpetuated animosity, and to bloody revenge. If these constitute true happiness and glory, the Halls of Tara are not without their boast. I must, however, observe, that felicity of this kind was liable to sad interruption. The defeated party were very apt to seize those opportunities of retaliation which the negligent security of their revelling adversaries frequently afforded. They often broke in upon the mirth of the rejoicers; some they made captives for future ransom, others they slaughtered without remorse, and the short triumph of one set of heroes was succeeded by the equal instability of another. One national evil was no doubt thus prevented—the evil of an overgrown population."

"Ay, that is a subject which puzzles and perplexes our wisest statesmen. They see the evil—it is growing under their eyes—and yet they know not how to stop it, or where to find a remedy. It was effectually met, as you observe, by the peculiar manners of the Olden Time: and unless those self-appointed legislators, who look with such longing to the restoration of that halcyon era, shall be kind enough to treat us to two or three good depopulating rebellions, I really am at a loss to conjecture what can be done."

"Nothing more easy than the remedy. It is an evil which no other country, as far as my knowledge goes, possesses equal facilities to remove.

It may be done without aid of fleet or army, the raising of a single tax, or the least expense to government."

"What famous politicians you aerial beings would make! Our dull brains, clogged as they are with corporeal incumbrance, would probably never hit upon it."

"Yet is it quite simple."

"I dare say—for wise men tell us that simple remedies are the best. But you will not be so cruel as to withhold it from one for whom you have professed so unexpected a friendship? A secret like that would far outweigh any favour in my power to confer, accidental or intended."

"I shall feel much pleasure in gratifying your curiosity."

"But give me leave to ask, is it practicable as well as simple? for you must be aware, that there are many remedies for a disorder, which, though unquestionably both simple and effectual, are nevertheless such as no physician, however eminent, would venture to prescribe. He would not, for instance, recommend the amputation of a leg to cure a gouty toe."

"That the remedy I propose will be adopted, is more than I pretend to know, but that, if adopted, it will be successful, your own judgment cannot, I think, fail to convince you. And I draw my conclusion from that very bellicose, or, if you prefer the term, chivalrous disposition of your countrymen already referred to."

"I am quite impatient for the detail."

"I will not detain you long. The warlike spirit which so much distinguished your ancestors is, as you must be well aware, by no means extinct. It has indeed, like all other human affairs, undergone a change. Among the higher ranks of your Milesian worthies, it sometimes evaporates in frothy declamation on the departure of past glories, and mincing announcements of their speedy return; sometimes it takes wing in the form of a pamphlet or history, and like a school-boy's kite, soaring for a while to the astonishment of many a wondering eye, falls to the ground neglected and forgotten. Sometimes, however, it assumes a more formidable character, and is seen in the field of honour measuring paces for the duel, and preserving the conditions on which one rational creature shall shoot another, be-

cause—they differed in opinion. This is the chivalry of Milesian gentlemen. That of Milesian clowns, if not polished, is certainly more romantic. It is the most truly warlike spirit of any upon record, and not to be paralleled in any age or nation, past or present. They fight for fighting's sake. How far religious restraint may operate to repress it, I am unable to say, as it has never been tried. But certain it is, that the restraints of human law, though backed by military force, and an armed police, have been able to do no more than oppose occasional checks to this patriotic and popular frenzy. Unable to explain Paddy's fighting propensities on any ground, of reason, I can only account for them on the instinctive principle which induces lions to destroy superfluous numbers, lest the hive should be overstocked; for Paddy, in fact, is still in a state of nature. Now, on this instinctive principle I found my Plan. Give them a jubilee year, or if one should prove insufficient, add more. Withdraw your military, your magistrates, and your police. Throw open all fairs, markets, holy wells, and places of public resort. Give them whisky and big-pipes galore, (in plenty.) Let them cut, bruise, batter, maim, stab, and shoot one another, without interference or interruption. From the maiming and manslaughter now produced, in spite of all possible efforts made (by the civil power, I mean.) to prevent them, calculate the immense consumption of human lives that must necessarily follow the license here proposed to be given, and you will arrive at a very probable con-

jecture of the time required for reducing Ireland to a very reasonable standard of population. A strong recommendation of the project is, that though it may violate British laws, it offers no violation to Irish feelings, being in fact the greatest favour and indulgence you can possibly give. The consumption of females will be less than that of males, though not in such proportion as may be generally supposed, for the ladies take a very active part in those family battles. For these it will be necessary to make provision, and they will probably be an acceptable accession to some of the South Sea colonies. The surviving men who happen to be too much maimed to perform any profitable labour, should, I think, be allowed pensions for their useful services. This, and the cost of exporting the ladies, will form the only expense on the part of government, and must, of course, under an economical ministry, be a great inducement to the adoption of the plan."

"The project is indeed admirable, and well deserving the consideration of his Majesty's Ministers; at least, I will on my part lose no time——"

"To go to bed, papa," said my youngest daughter, who had just come in with a candle to light me to my bed-chamber; "the clock has struck ten, and your fire is out."

"Nay, child," said I, "if my fire is out, there is an end of my dream indeed; but it is too good a one to be lost—So give me the candle, and good night."

SENFEX.

*October 1827.*



## THE COOPER OF THORSUND AND HIS FAMILY.

*By the Man-of-War's-Man.*

\* \* \* \* \*

At that time I liked nothing better than our entrance or departure from the roadstead of Leith, as our Captain made it an invariable rule, when wind and weather permitted, to swell his vessel to her utmost dimensions, and thus, swaggering under all the panoply and gaud of war, bid a cheerful adieu or good morning to his admiring Admiral, under every inch of canvass he could possibly attach to her.

When we last sailed, we had a Scotch Baronet, an Edinburgh Banker, and a cunning workman in stones, passengers, who were bound on a mineralogical survey of the Faroe Islands, where we were to leave them, and prosecuting the term of our cruise elsewhere, call for them previous to our return. As we were favoured with a steady snashing breeze, we made a fine run of it, and in an inconceivable short space of time, there were we in sight of the Diamond Islet. The appearance of this immense mass of granite is sufficiently unique to excite curiosity; rising perpendicularly on all sides to an amazing height, when it assumes a pyramidal form, terminating abruptly at the top. Yet, though cursed with the most perfect sterility, and from its situation inaccessible to the wants of either man or beast, it has not been formed in vain; for while it stands one of those wonderful and inscrutable marvels which the Almighty Creator of the universe seems to have sprinkled here and there in the deep waters as living demonstrations to us mortals of the immensity of his power, it is the settlement and impregnable citadel of millions of the fowls of Heaven, who have abode and flourished there, generation on generation, since the flood, and are likely to do so, unmolested by man, till time shall be no more. The day being foggy, we closed in with this enormous pile at windward, to within short cable's length, lying under its immensity like a cock-boat alongside a line-of-battle, and then hove to, in order to give our philosophers an op-

portunity of taking a more minute survey, greatly to the annoyance of the long-winged sentinels of the rock, who kept screaming and croaking their various notes of alarm, as they swam in close circles around the top of it. The gentlemen were highly delighted with the view, and by way of having some idea of the amount of the feathered population, the knight suggested that a small nine-pounder carronade, which was used for an enemy's tops, should be shotted and fired at the rock about midway altitude. This was speedily done, and was instantly followed by such a novel scene as absolutely beggars description. The boom of the gun, followed next moment by the crash of the shot on the rough centre of the solid mass, so terrified the simple and unaccustomed inhabitants of this lonely and silent rock, that immediately forth issued old and young of ducks, geese, gulls, gluttons, kittywauks, and mews, in endless battalions, with such an intermixed screaming of terror and despair as was really deafening. In very truth, the sight was sublime, as they circled and circled in endless numbers around their favourite rock and over head; and as the clamorous chorus proceeded, such was the amazing rapidity of their varying movements, from the crest of the passing wave to as high as the astonished eye could reach, that I could compare it to nothing in nature so nearly as a heavy fall of snow. Having amused themselves for some time with a view of this tumultuous muster, the Captain gave the signal, and, the sails being once more brought to the wind, we resumed our watery march; and had advanced but little way indeed before we could see a rapid diminution in the numbers of this noisy assemblage—the hoix having been apparently discovered, each detachment had hurried back into its own separate covey, to enjoy the crow over a false alarm with redoubled gusto. The vessel having thus once more renewed her speed, we rapidly neared the principal island, and in the course of less than

an hour we let go our anchor in the well-remembered harbour of Thorsund, the principal town and seat of government of these uncomely islands.

After a hasty dinner, the gentlemen accompanied by the Captain went ashore. They were received on the rocky beach by the Governor of the islands, surrounded by his body-guard of about twenty men, variously armed, who, as far as variety of habiliments and personal appearance went, seemed well entitled to lay claim to a regular succession from the heroes of Falstaff. Even the Governor himself, though undoubtedly equipped in his best array, made but a sorry figure alongside of his wealthy visitors; otherwise, however, he was a tall good-looking man, about forty years of age, with a good deal of the Bonaparte school of costume and manner about him. Some little preliminary compliments having been gone through, and papers produced, the gentlemen, followed by the Captain, and your humble servant as his hunchman, were all escorted up to the government house, which was nothing more than a pretty sizeable thatched wooden cottage, enclosed, by way of distinction, along with several other buildings, with a line of strong, high, wooden palisades. Having arrived at the barrier gate, surrounded by most of the natives of the place, who were kept at a respectable distance by the unceremonious visitations of the weapons of the guard, we halted until the bearers of the gentlemen's luggage had passed, and then entered the enclosure, where the gentlemen left us, following the Governor into his domicile. The Captain having seen all the packages safely disposed of, immediately ordered the two Mids who commanded the cutters, to return with their people on board; then turning to me he continued,—

“As for you, Truck, you must abide by the gig, in case I should want you. I don't wish you, however, to stick fast to the beach—for I'll be likely here for a few hours, until I see the gentlemen properly settled—walk about and keep yourself warm, for I have no fears of your getting tipsy in this miserable place; and I say, Truck, be sure you keep together, and go not too far out of the way.”

To all this my answer was laconic enough; so, making him my obeisance,

I slowly returned to the beach, where I found the cutters had already shoved off. I now told my pells the Captain's orders, and added, that being determined once more to have a view of the town, and of the fort we had destroyed, I had no objections to be their pilot to both, if they were curious to see our handiwork.

“Oh, dang it,” exclaimed honest Wat Shirley, “that wool be so nyce! Coom, mates, coom, let's go wi' Billy—for I'se often heard un speak of that 'cre fort.”

Little persuasion, indeed, was necessary to induce to a ramble ashore; so laying hold of Jem Suttie, my strokesman's arm, away we marched on our way to the fort, having left one of our number behind us to look after the boat. Though we had no road, and the ground was strewed with loose masses of rock, we speedily contrived to reach the well-remembered spot, which I was not a little astonished to find in all its original desolation. No single thought had ever been bestowed upon it seemingly since; for there lay the very individual guns, several of them long 24-pounders, spiked and broken—the ruins of the barracks and magazine, which had been blown up—and the shot and other implements strewed over the ground—just all the same as if what happened four years gone had been performed the preceding week. For my own part, I cared the less for all this, as it made the story which I found myself in a manner compelled to relate to my companions, none of whom were with me in that cruise, all the more intelligible. Suppose me, then, seated on a little mossy knoll, which overlooked the ruined fort, my pells all around me, fighting that day's battle o'er again—pointing out the position of the ship—the spot where we landed under a most galling and destructive fire—the place where we had the final desperate rally with the enemy before they lost heart and gave way—and the grand halloo and run we had after them when they did so, entering the fort along with them amidst a shower of round and grape from our own vessel, before their colours were cut down, and the dreadful work of devastation, and fire, and ruin, was begun. I say, just suppose me dilating and swelling away, like the frog in the fable, on this triumphant subject, unwitting

that I ~~was~~ listened to by one who had also borne the heat and burden of that merciless day. Yes, my silver-haired veteran, I am a living witness that at least thou didst thy duty manfully, although not for thy native land; but it was Helen Baga's native soil, the mother of thy fine healthy sons and only daughter, and that was cause sufficient to nerve the now failing arm of honest Jerome Yell! Upon this subject I confess myself somewhat loquacious; but the sudden and unthought-of recognizance of an old and valued friend, at such a moment, proved so delightful and cheering, that I must cease to exist before the smallest circumstance connected with it can be erased from my memory. In the course of my puff-paste account of this exploit, I had happened to pay a well-merited compliment to the skill and courage of an old messmate, one Isaac Pontey, a fine, young, sharp-eyed Yorkshireman, who, with many others, lies buried in Thorsund churchyard, which somehow or other occasioned his smiling countryman, Wat Shirley, to ask me how the Danish soldiers fought.

"Rascally bad," returned I: "why, mates, had it not been for the native inhabitants of the islands, we might have done our job in style, without hardly firing a shot, so very valiant were their poltroons of soldiers; but the peasantry proved real stubborn stuff, and, undisciplined as they were, fought like very devils. Our skipper was astonished at their courageous behaviour; for, considering the way in which the native Danes are generally treated, particularly in these islands, he had depended greatly upon their non-resistance; since what great matter could it be, as he said, who was their master, so long as they got the same allowance of grub. In this, however, he found himself mistaken; and if their leader had known how to direct properly such a mass of undisciplined strength, their native courage and obstinate perseverance would have gone far to have carried the day against us. He did not, however, and it was just as lucky, for the day was bad enough."

"Did many of our people catch it, Bill, besides my poor countryman?" asked Shirley.

"In truth, mate, that is more than

I can tell you," replied I, "seeing I was on shore in sick-bay myself at the time, and never had the conclusion of the story properly told me; for our hooker, leaving the worst of us ashore here with the Doctor and a strong guard, went off to Shetland with the rest, and I never heard what became of them. Might I believe the stories, however, I have been told by the kind, motherly woman who nursed me, the loss was pretty severe on both sides."

"Nurse, Bill!" cried the astonished Suttie; "why, have they an hospital in this poor place?"

"No, Jem, no hospital," returned I; "but I luckily fell into the hands of Christian keeping, when I was unable to help myself; and the good people, both young and old of them, nursed and set me on my feet again so cleverly, that I was able to perform the last duties to my poor messmate Isaac Pontey—a circumstance I have never ceased to think on without feeling the utmost satisfaction."

"And were these good people natives of the place, 'Truck?" asked Suttie.

"The husband was not, Jem," replied I, "for he was a sort of countryman of my own, being from Shetland; but his wife was a native of the place, and as fine a tender-hearted, motherly little woman, as ever stood watch alongside of a sick-bed. I've been wondering these some minutes, mates, whether it can be possible the good folks are still living, and still abide here. I doubt it much, though I shall certainly make the inquiry when we go down to the town—for honest Jerome used frequently to say he meant to return with his family to his native place."

"In gude faith, and that's a' true enouch," exclaimed a strong Norse voice behind me, "but saying, I wyte, was never doing yet."

I started, and was on my feet in an instant fronting the stranger, on whose weather-beaten features I gazed for a moment or two in silence—for they struck me as having been once familiar, though where I had seen them last I could not for the life of me say. The old man smiled kindly at my embarrassment, and taking my passive hand in his with an affectionate shake, he mildly exclaimed—

"Saul! Maister William, is it really possible? Ye maun surely hae a very faithless memory."

"So it would appear, father," returned I; "but really you must pardon me if I'm at a loss for your name, although, I confess, your face is quite familiar to me."

"Weel, saul o' my body, but that is a real curiosity now," said the old man, with a good-humoured smile. "Uh, ye needna stare sae hard, my man, for deil a bane o' me misdoubts your word in the smallest—for ye see sae mony strange faces day after day, that it's out o' the power o' human nature to mind the yae half o' them. But I'll try gif I can help ye. D'ye mind an auld chieft ye were speaking about evenow, ye ca'd Jerome?—he stands before ye, callant."

"Heavens! old Balta Sound!" I exclaimed, seizing the old man with both my hands most joyfully; "and is it you, my old cock of the north, that my poor witless head couldn't recollect—my good, kind, old landlord—my generous benefactor—the man, mates, to whom, under Heaven, I owe my existence! Oh, it was stupid, unaccountably stupid; but you must excuse me, my old friend; I'm getting old now, and you know—"

"Na, na, deyvil a morsel o' that ye're," interrupted the old man, laughing; "I wyte there's ne'er a wizen'd bane in your buik yet—but yere mind's clean tane up evenow wi' your tichtings and breaking o' brainless heads, and that, in faith, 's enough to ding aff the girds o' ony fallow's judgment. Oh, Maister William, are ye no tired o' that wild way o' living yet?"

"Supposing I were, my good friend," returned I, "I doubt it would avail me but little at the present moment, for they won't allow me to get tired, and I don't wonder at it. That sworn friend of your King's, or rather your King's master, will allow no one to sit quietly over whom he hasn't fairly got the whip-hand. He has already got that of a good many countries, but that over Britain, my friend, he'll never get, though he fight till his hair grows grey."

"In gude faith, Maister William," said old Jerome gravely, "ye're talking o' things I ken naething about, and aiblins it's just as weel for me; for I never saw my King, as ye ca' him,

nor Bonnypretty, atween the een in my life, nor is it likely I ever will now. But I thought we were at peace again, for we were a' gi'en to understand ye came here as friends."

"Right, Jerome," replied I, "but it is only as *your* friends. The only enemy you had amongst you is destroyed, and if you will look below you there you will see him prostrate in ruins. We always considered you too poor already to be tormented with the evils of war."

"Weel, Maister William, that was certainly very thoctfu' o' your great folks, and maks a body feel proud o' their native. Ye ken I'm very sib t'ye a', and before this mischance war brack out, I used to mak a canny livelihood amang ye in the Greenland trade.—Eh, man, how different they blackguards o' Frenchis behaved. Ye was nae time awa frae knocking the castle there in finders, than in cam an ill-farr'd lang black lugger full o' thae wretches, wha landed and harric'd a'-body; and no content wi' reaving and stealing a' around them, they were sic monsters o' heathens as to gut the very house of the Lord himsell! Oh, how I grudged that ye hadna left us a single gun standing! To hae sent the scoundrels to the bottom of the bight there, wad just hae been marrow to my bones. But it was far better order'd, Maister William—they were in the hands of God, and their ill gotten gear ne'er made them a penny the richer."

"What became of them, Jerome?" asked I.

"What became of them!" exclaimed the old man, with a mixture of indignation and sorrow; "naething but what might hae been fairly expected. They set aff to the ither islands to play the same trick, and while they were daidding there, and adding to their ill gotten gear, didna a whirlwind attack them and blaw them to the wuddie? Their evil-laden bark, when I saw it, was pounded into minced meat on the rocks, and themselves either murdered or drowned, the folks were sae exasperate at them."

"Ah well, my friend, that certainly was making short work of it," said I, "and beats our business with you hollow."

"Tuts, man, your business was a sort o' blessing compared to that sacrilegious robbery," returned Jerome; "we a' thoct it wasna siccan an ill-

done tairn o' ye, for it delivered us at yince frae the soldiers, wha were a parcel o' high-minded, saucy, ne'er-doweels, sent by the Evil One to assist our scoundrel o' a Governor to keep our lives in het water, and render us completely miserable. Gude faith, Maister William, in the days o' the castle's power and glory, it was mair than his lugs were worth for a fallow to play cheep, or ca' the very nose on his face his ain; and if he escaped being harled ower the coals for't, my certy, he was in good luck! Na, na; depend on't it rejoiced mony a heart to see ye lay it in the dirt as ye did, although, wae's me! it cost mony a clever fallow his life, and rendered mony a bonny bairn——"

"I don't doubt it, my old friend," interrupted I; "for that was a consequence we could neither help nor prevent, so let us have done with it. Tell me rather how my kind old nurse is—and then there is your son Carl, he'll be a stout fellow by this time—and laughing merry Klaas, and pretty Helen, and little Jerome. Pray how are they all, for you see I still remember them?"

"So I see, Maister William," replied the well-pleased old man; "and I sall assure ye ye're no forgotten down by either—for Wooller Trock is still fondly remembered on our thin-sawn high feast-days, forgie me, sometimes I think before the God that made them! Yere auld friend Carl is married a year ago, and stays wi' his wife's folk in the nearest island—Klaas and Helen are still at hame, and little Jerome, as ye ca' him, wild scoundrel! he'll do naething but sodger. He never gae me peace until I got him into the Governor's company, and now he walks about wi' his pike in his hand as proud as the hairy-mouthed sergeant himsell. He had the look-out here the day when ye first cam in sight, and naething wad serve the young hempy but I maun come up and stand in his place while he ran down to see your grand folks come ashore. Oh, he's a wild daft callant! keen, keen to see the warld—and much I doubt me will ne'er be content to stay at hame and close my auld een!—If ye'll stay a wee, he'll be here directly—houts! what am I havering about? yonder's the birkie louping and capering like anither merry-andrew—a lang-legged,

yellow-haired, lazy scoundrel, it is he!"

Notwithstanding the apparent harshness of the old man's words, it was easy to see, from the smile that played on his furrowed countenance at the light-hearted youth's approach, that young Jerome was his father's Benjamin. The tall, large-jointed boy had now shot up into the stout, large-boned handsome young man; and there was a modest blush on his fine fair face when I accosted him, that would have slain half the dandyzettes in the kingdom in a moment. From this shyness, however, he soon recovered, and began to talk of former days with his usual vivacity. We now parted, and under the escort of honest Jerome, went over all the little town, to see whatever was worthy of notice; but its lions were few in number, and the town itself as a whole was the principal one amongst them. The houses are all built on a declivity fronting the south, which gradually descends to the beach; and thus, while it screens them from the boisterous and piercing northern gales, to which they are dreadfully exposed during their long and tedious winter season, allows the absolute avalanches of rain which generally accompany them, to run off uninterrupted to the neighbouring ocean. For the same reason, doubtless, all the roofs of the houses, almost level with the ground to the northward, slope downward's towards their fronts to the west and south; and these roofs being universally coated with good solid thriving turf, give the town such a verdant appearance as completely conceals it from view at a very short distance from the shore. A regular street is a thing unknown in Thorsund—all the houses being closely huddled together, leaving only a zig-zag narrow passage, often interrupted by a rude stair-case, which, from its channeled and unequal appearance, may possibly also serve for a water-way in the rainy season. Up one of these intricate abominable ruts we floundered after the laughing old man, in our way to the parson's house, who not only readily acceded to our request to see the church, but with the utmost good-humour volunteered to accompany us in person. Accordingly, donning his little antique cocked hat, and shrouding his tall, spare person in a

rather faded sable cloak, he led the way with astonishing agility through the remaining traverses of this infernal covered way, which my staggering and astonished companions were beginning to think interminable, when the church at last burst upon our view, the door of which being speedily thrown open, gave us a full view of the interior. It was indeed a beautiful specimen of simple neatness, and perfect cleanliness. The walls were decorated with a few paintings of little attraction. The ornaments of the altar and baptismal font were pretty, though formed of wood; and the former was surmounted by a small silver figure of our Saviour on the cross, enclosed on each side with an enormous waxen candle standing in an old-fashioned brass candlestick. The parson here entertained us with a minute account of the rude behaviour of the French privateer's men, who, after sacking the church, would have committed it to the flames but for his tears and supplications; and concluded his story of their final unhappy fate with a feeling which did the ruddy-checked, lively old man infinite honour.

We next adjourned to the little neat burying-ground which surrounded the church, and I quite mechanically led the way to the spot where lay the ashes of my departed comrades. Their graves were still very prominent, covered with a thick coat of long rank grass; but what gave me most satisfaction, was the appearance of a small stripe of white bunting peering over the grass, which I had years before attached to a piece of broken iron hoop, and stuck into the head of the grave of my young messmate. There did the tiny swallow's tail still flutter in the breeze—a little soiled, to be sure, but the curious eye might still have made out, sewed in the coarsest black thread, the ill-formed letters—*I. P. h. m. s. C. 1808*, which were meant to say—"Isaac Pontey, his majesty's ship *Clio*, 1808."

As we were coming out of the church-yard gate, three iron collars attracted our notice, attached by a few links of iron chain to three strong wooden posts, standing abreast, and sunk deep in the ground, the use of which I immediately inquired of Jerome.

"Saul, callants," replied he, "these are for keeping the unruly in order, and for punishing a' thieves, drunk-

ards, and other blackguards, baith men and women o' them. We ca' them the *jougs*,—there are plenty o' them in Shetland, and we just use them in the same way,—excepting when the Governor sees it proper to add a score or twa o' clumsy thumps frae the sergeant's walking-staff."

These punishments are awarded at the simple fiat of the Governor, who is general custodian of the peace, civil and religious, and thus has got both the law and the gospel in his insatiable fist. As aids and executors of his various sentences, he at present keeps a body-guard of twenty men, called the Governor's Company, who, being generally the sons, brothers, or nearest relations of the principal free families of the islands, are thus at once a species of hostages—his household guard—the executioners of the law—the lock-outs on the heights—and, when he has occasion to visit the various islands, or passing vessels, in state or ceremony, the rowers of his barge—

"Rhoderick vich Alpin dhu! ho ieroe!!"

Excepting a few families in each of the principal islands, the great mass of the population, thought to exceed 5000 souls, are in a complete state of vassalage under him. For him they fish, and turn up the patches of miserable soil, and into his stores, as into a general granary, does the whole of their hard-earned produce annually come—from whence it is doled out in weekly portions according to the supply in hand, and according also to the number and merits of the applicants. Old Jerome, who is a regular-bred cooper, acts a conspicuous part in this management—all the liquors and hoop-packets being placed under his control—and all the measures, kids, and kilderkins being of his manufacture. He showed us one of these measures, which might be about the size of a Scotch *forpit*, the full of which, either of rye or barley, according to their abundance, was all the Governor allowed each grown-up person for the week. The Governor also enjoys an almost exclusive monopoly of all teas, coffee, sugars, tobacco, malt and spirituous liquors, &c. &c. for which he exchanges the natural produce of the islands, knitted frocks, stockings, and caps, salt muttons, tallow, goose quills, feathers, and eider down; and all of

which he disposes of to those free inhabitants who can afford to barter for them at a most extravagant interest.

"As for me," continued the honest cooper, who gave us this report, "he canna just come ower me sae easily; for besides needing me in my lawful calling, I'm as weel acquaint wi' the whalers as he is himsell; and as I sometimes gie them a hand wi' their casks, or pilot them clear o' the islands, I'm sure to fa' in now and then wi' a bit or a drap o' something or ither, for which, as I'm no behadden to him a single prin's head, ye ken he has naething to say."

"I'm glad to hear it, my good friend," returned I; "for certainly it would be a matter exceedingly irksome to a man of your years to be at the mercy of any individual. But in faith, Suttie, we must be on the move, lad. I hope you'll thank the worthy parson, Jerome, for his kindness, and if a little money——"

"Gude sake, Maister William, dinna mention siller again, if ye hae ony regard for me," cried the old man in a hurried voice—"forgie us, we'd be sae sair affronted I wad never hear the end o't;—besides, consider, my bonny lad—for I am sure ye kend as weel as I do—that your siller is of nae use here, unless it be to look at like any other wean's playfair.—But what's a' your hurry,—ye're no for aff, are ye?"

"In truth, Jerome, I'm afraid the Captain will be out of all patience waiting for us."

"The Captain!—snuff pens!" ejaculated Jerome pettishly.—"Didna I tell honest Sergeant Harberg, as keeps the Governor's yett, whar we were gaun, and didna he faithfully promise me to dispatch yin o' his young chields for us the moment your Captain began to move? Come, come, Maister William, I'll take nae sic half-legged apologies as thae frae ye; ye maun just gang down by wi' me, and see the auld wife and pretty Helen, as ye ca' her, else they'll never forgie me, and will be fit to slay me as soon as yon callant tells them ye were ashore. Saul, man, you'd certainly never think o' gaun awa again without breaking bread wi' me? I'm sure we dinna meet sae often. Come, come, nae mair o' sic nonsense—gang your wa's before me

there, and I'll speak to the minister, honest man."

As I saw there was nothing else for it, I made a cheerful acquiescence in the honest fellow's request; then, taking a respectful leave of the good-natured old Parson, we went slowly onwards, leaving Jerome and him in close conversation.

"Now, upon my soul, Truck," cried Jem Suttie, as soon as a sharp turn of the narrow way screened us from our two venerable guides, "may-I die if I don't think this here place one of the most hungry, miserable townas of all I ever showed face in before. I'd not stay here either for love or money!"

"Belike you wouldn't, Jem," replied I;—"but what wouldst do, lad, if you couldn't—nay, if you durst not—go to any other?"

"Hang myself, to be sure," returned he coolly;—"though a fellow would need to exercise some little ingenuity even there, since the devil a tree, or indeed anything with a leaf on it, is to be seen in this dreary land of rock.—Is there really no growing wood in these islands, Bill?"

"None, I believe, for any such useful purpose as that, Jem," answered I. "Any little wood they need is all brought ready prepared from Drontheim or Bergen. But there are other ways of taking yourself off than hanging, equally genteel, and a great deal more original. You might scale yonder black rocky cliffs, for instance, and turning you a stylish somerset in the air from one of their numerous peaks, the moment you came smack to the bottom you'd fly into as many splinters as a bursting bomb, to the great admiration of the astonished crows and kittywakes who might be strolling about, who would immediately set to work on your fragments, and gobble them up like a hen picking barley; or you might take the water for it, Jem, from some half-mast high pinnacle, and afford excellent nibbling to the dog and cat fish, who doubtless would count your carcass, while it lasted, a sort of special providence."

"Bah! have done if you please, Bill," cried Suttie, shuddering with abhorrence;—"why, mate, you're enough to make a fellow capsize his stomach."

A voice shouting most boisterously behind us here put an end to farther parley, and, halting, we shouted in return. The fact was, that while engaged in laughter and larking, we had gone astray in the endless multitude of traverse turnings and windings, and were now in full sail in a wrong direction. We were speedily joined by the still alert veteran cooper, completely winded with his run over such rascally ground, who, as soon as he had recovered himself a little, hastily exclaimed—

"Od preserve me, Maister William, if I hadna thoct you'd hae minded the way hame, deil a bane o' me wad hae letten ye stir frae my side. Saul, callant, this is no the way ava, ye're gaun a clean contrair art."

"Oh, in faith, likely enough, my friend," replied I, coolly, "for we were more busied laughing and talking than paying the smallest attention to our course."

"Weel, weel, there's no muckle ill done," replied Jerome, cheerfully, "and I'm unco thankfu' I've catched ye sae easily;—for I've been at hame, man, thinking ye wad be there before me, and the twa women creatures are neither to haud nor to bind wi' perfect craziness to see you—sae for God's sake, sirs, come awa, and follow me back again as fast as ye can bicker."

We accordingly followed the nimble old man at the top of his speed—no easy matter, in faith, in such execrable footpaths,—and were speedily housed and introduced to the domestic assemblage which encircled the cheerful blazing hearth of honest Jerome Yell. My reception, though somewhat moderated by the presence of my companions, was still warm and affectionate from young Helen and her brothers; but the warm-hearted old woman scorned all restraint, and folding her maternal arms around me, she gave way to the fulness of her kindly nature, and kissed and wept over me as though I had been the elder son of her bosom. Having gently disengaged myself from her kindly embrace, I had now leisure to look round me, and mark with wonder the alteration a few years make in the appearance of young people. My old friend Klaas, in days of yore a merry laughing strippling of Momus, was now standing before me, with leather-apron on, a strong, broad-shouldered, burly coop-

er, already able to fill his father's shoes; whilst his pretty sister, whom last I had seen a thin, fragile, beautiful girl, was now in all the bloom of buxom womanhood, and in spite of her humble woollen dress, and the absence of every adventitious aid of modern embellishment, still as lovely and charming as ever. Seating the blushing beauty betwixt me and my comrade, Suttie, who, wild rogue! seemed to be smitten to the keel-joint, I could not help whispering in his ear,—

"Well, Jem, ar't still of opinion you would hang yourself, wer't condemned to live here?"

"Pshaw!" answered he, with a reproachful look, renewing his silent blandishments and attentions to young Helen, who seemed to comprehend him tolerably well, and shrunk from his admiring glances with the most timid and modest confusion. Surely, surely, quoth I to myself, after I had watched their motious for a little, there is a language existing in which the confusion of tongues had no concern; since here is a fellow whose flattering tongue is at present useless, but whose former ideas of out-door misery and wretchedness have witheringly fled before the powerful sunbeams of indoor beauty, and the prompt persuasion of the silent language of the eyes.

While mutual inquiries were passing between myself and the brother and sister, regarding matters past and gone, honest Jerome and his happy housewife had not been idle. In a trice their homely board was planted with fried fish, boiled eggs, and cold salt mutton; and these, accompanied with store of excellent ewe-milk, rusk, and soft barley-bread, of old Helen's own manufacture, formed altogether a repast by no means to be scouted at, even in a more genial climate, and to which, I must confess, we did ample justice, clearing trencher after trencher, with a celerity that put all doubts as to the healthiness of our stomachs at complete defiance, and at length made us knock off from sheer shame. The cooper, finding that no persuasions could induce us to another rally, now rose and led us all into his little cooperage, while the two Helens busied themselves in clearing away the wrecks of our repast. Here, after showing us his various implements of trade, and feelingly lamenting the great loss he and his family sustained by the con-



tianance of the war, which prevented our Greenlandmen and northern traders from running into Thorsund as they had formerly done, he expressed his wonder that it still should continue so now that the castle was destroyed.

"Very true, Jerome," said I, "but you'll recollect you still have your privateers and numerous row-boats in full activity, and better skulking places than your islands for such rapacious gear you'll not find in the wide world. It is the fear of these vermin, my old boy, that frights away your customers."

"But couldna the like o' your ship bound them awa in a crack, Maister William, and keep a' place as snod and safe as ye please? I'm sure I'd think there was naething easier."

"You may think so, my good friend," answered I, "but I can assure you nothing would be more difficult. Your islands are too subject to sudden gusts and heavy squalls of the most destructive wind, ever to be much coveted for anchorage ground, and the sea-room between most of them is so narrow, and so thickly studded with rocks and ruin, that few will choose to come inside who have the option of a clear sea out. In truth, my friend, I see nothing that will ever put you to rights but a peace with your old and best friend, the King of Great Britain,—settle that point, and all will go well with you again. But in faith, my friend, I'm prating away to you here, forgetful of everything,—we must really leave you, Jerome, for this time, for I wouldn't for the world the Captain should come down to the boat and find us amissing."

"Lord's sake, man, what's a' your hurry!—surely you may depend upon what the honest man told me wi' his ain mouth,—Klaas, callant, come here and help me,—I'm sure, Maister William, I'd tak your word for a greater matter,—tak care, laddie, and dinna mittle yourself,—Just draw your breath there a wee gliff, and if ye maun awa', ye ken, Maister William, it's mair than I daur to keep you."

The honest fellow, while pronouncing these scraps of sentences, was at the same time bustling away, ably assisted by his son, in the rapid removal of a hugh pile of staves, firkins, and other small casks, which had visibly not been removed before for a great

length of time. Whilst we stood wondering what all this flurry meant, Jerome had worked his way downwards to what appeared to be a stone settle, when, producing a small key, he opened a very ingeniously concealed locker, and dragged forth to the light a portly-sized greybeard, from which he proceeded to serve us with a horn of excellently pure Jamaica.

"Tak it out, Maister William," cried the honest cooper, "tak it out—it winna hurt ye. Just sax years auld in my keeping—how mony mair before that I dinna ken; though weel I wot your Captain winna pree the like o't whar he is, for the Governor hasna sic a cordial in a' his aught."

"Indeed, my good friend, it is really excellent rum," said I, "and actually a shame to deprive you of it,—you'll not easily replace a cordial of that quality."

"Maybe easier than you imagine, lad," cried the smiling cooper, winking knowingly, "though we maunna tell a' body that. But it's little we use o't, I wyte, noo that the bairntime's gane, excepting as a medical, or something to wash down a kindly wish on our high feast-days."

Indeed, there was little occasion to recommend such an article, at such a moment, even had it been worse than it really was. The horn went gaily round, with many good healths and kind wishes for the welfare and prosperity of honest Jerome and all his family; and the greybeard having been carefully replaced in its well-secured dormitory, and the casks and staves restored to their former position, we once more returned to the company of the two Helens, whom we found sedulously employed at their knitting-pins, in a corner of the apartment.

"Oho!" cried I, seating myself beside young Helen, "so you are busied with a seaman's frock, Helen. Is it for me, my good girl?"

"Oh yes," replied the smiling damsel, blushing deeply, "if you will promise to wear it for my sake,—it is very coarse, Wooller, but it is the best I have. But, la! now I think on't, you must also give me something to wear for your sake, you know."

"Undoubtedly, Helen," cried I, laughing, "for that is but fair play. Get you on with the frock, and I shall see what I can think of as a present

for you, whether I get it or not. I expect we will be ashore to-morrow, if we don't go off before that time, and I shall bring it along with me."

"Ah, me!" said the engaging beauty, "do you really leave us so soon as that, Wooller?"

"Really, my dear girl, I can't tell you when we go," returned I, "whether to-night, to-morrow, or next day—but we come back again for the gentlemen, you know, and I will bring my keepsake then."

"And how long will that be, Wooller?"

"Why, about six weeks, Helen, or probably sooner."

"Oh, what a long, long time that is, Wooller," sighed the lovely girl. "I shall weary sadly before that distant day arrives."

"Oh fie, Helen!" cried I, "you mustn't weary. You must work very diligently, and have a great many of these frocks all ready for us,—and mother must have a great number of stockings ready for us also, and we will buy them all from you, and from no one else."

"Will you indeed, Wooller?—well, that will be so nice!" cried the happy girl.

At this instant a good-looking young fellow burst in upon us, and told us the sergeant had sent him to say, the company were breaking up; and I could not help at the same time remarking, he did not seem to look upon me in the most favourable manner, as I sat alongside of the young beauty. However, I had no time for conjecture, and sprung to my feet in an instant, when the old woman, taking me aside, whispered me, with true motherly pride, that the youngster was Helen's intended bridegroom, and that they were to be married as soon as the materials arrived for building them a cottage. This, to me, was enough; I immediately went up to the young fellow, and, shaking him warmly by the hand, much to the confusion of the blushing maiden, wished him much joy.

"Hout, tout, Maister William," cried the laughing old man; "hae ye got that length already? Weel, weel, it is a' yac woo—although I intended to tell ye naething about it till we had mair time. But thae women creatures can keep deil hate; and ye micht as weel expect a coal-riddle to haud in, as yin o' them to keep a secret."

"I shall hear more of this, I hope, to-morrow, Jérôme—meantime, good-bye." Then, taking a hasty farewell of the kind old woman, a more tender and warm one of the lovely Helen and her intended, we took the shortest way to the beach, under the guidance of honest Klaas, who, as soon as he saw us in sight of the boat, shook hands, and parted. The gentlemen, accompanied by the Governor, came down with the Captain to the beach. They were all in high spirits, and seemed to have heightened the joy of once more treading terra firma in an extra cup of wine. After a few merry remarks at parting, the Captain leaped into the gig, and with the words "Good night, gentlemen—I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you all well to-morrow, before I go," he waved his hand and sat down, a signal which Suttie immediately obeyed, by taking the sweep, which conveyed us swiftly from the shore.

In a very few minutes we were all on board; and here a new scene opened upon us—for the natives, attracted alike by the novelty of a war vessel lying at anchor before their town, and the hospitable manner in which a number of their neighbours had been treated, had pushed off in uncommon numbers, and not only succeeded in establishing a species of market of their native commodities of seal-skin frocks and trowsers, a curious species of sheep-skin sandals or slippers, with worsted frocks, stockings, and caps of every dimension and size; but a great majority of them, who had nothing to barter, earned the good-will of all hands, by exhibiting their children, cleanly washed and rigged out in all their galas, or the beauty of their own voices and the dexterity of their heels. Hence, the first object which attracted the Captain's notice when he reached the gunnel of the vessel, was a large party of both sexes of the natives, young and old, who were amusing themselves and a crowded audience seated on the booms, by performing various dances to the choral sound of their own voices, which, being tolerably fairly intermixed, had a very pleasing effect. They dance in circles, holding each other by the hands, and at every little interval, throw the outer leg in the air, with a dexterity and exactness to time not inferior to any of our manual movements in the

military exercise; and the agility displayed in these dances by some very old men and women, together with their merry faces, and simple yet enlivening choruses, gave the whole deck a joyous appearance, at once exhilarating and humorous. The Captain, at all times pleased with innocent mirth, now that he was a little heated with wine, was in famous trim for entering into the full spirit of the sport; and ordering his servant on deck with the necessaries, he was so liberal of his grog, his cheese, and his biscuit, that the amusements went on with redoubled vigour. The parents next presented their children to his notice; and the good fellow, who gets a high name for his correct notions of the beautiful, could no longer conceal his rapturous admiration,—but sinking his dignity all in a moment, he snatched the little totters, lovely as embodied cherubs, up in his arms, and nearly worried them with kisses. Indeed, the observation of the manners of these islanders is altogether a treat. They are happy and contented in the midst of what we would name misery and famine; and the present of an article which an English or Scotch pauper would throw from them with contempt, draws a lustre from their eyes, and a smile from their beautiful faces, which is truly satisfactory. In fact, the almost general superlative beauty of the human countenance amongst these people, is both wonderful and astonishing; and I can safely say, without the fear of contradiction, that never, in all my life, in various quarters of the world, have I seen more pretty faces in such a small compass, than during my short visit to the wretched hovels of Thorsund. Having thus lauded their beauty, however, I am afraid I have finished the catalogue of their personal attractions. The dress of both men and women is grotesque in the extreme; and being entirely formed of the native wool of their own manufacture, and more adapted for shielding their bodies from the keen air and almost constant fog and drizzle of their unsteady climate, than showing their natural graces of person, the shape in the lower extremities of both sexes thus acquires a sort of broad-bottomed standard in young and old, so apt to generate the most ludicrous ideas in the contemplation of their more fashionable, but less beautiful,

prototypes in the neighbourhood of Haarlem Meer. Moreover, this same woollen dress of theirs is far from being favourable to cleanliness; and we smiled at not a few of our gallant young admirers of the softer sex, when they described themselves as being strongly attracted to a *little-a-little* with some lovely young dancer, and as strongly repelled from the wished-for embrace, by the determined hostility of their olfactory nerves. Then, gracious Heaven! think of a beauteous angel-faced bride dressed in woollen!—her smock, thirty petticoats, bodice, jacket, and neck-frill, all composed of the same strong-smelling article, very little altered from the hour it was scissored from the shivering animal's back, excepting the trifling operation of giving it a slight diversity of colours, by means of dye-stuffs!—Faugh! this very circumstance is more than enough to pall any stomach beneath the strength of a native Hottentot's.

Be this as it may, however, the dance and the song were still kept alive with unabated vigour and spirit; for no sooner was one party knocked up, than a fresh one instantly took their place, equally zealous to excel and receive the noisy plaudits of their merry audience, who rewarded them so liberally. For my own part, I frankly confess, such was the novelty of the jovial exhibition, I stood a delighted spectator of these uncouth sports, until the bell struck four—a number which, as I had the middle watch, startled me not a little, for the sun was still above the horizon, far declined, no doubt, but still shining lustreously, and his unaccustomed appearance at that hour had completely outwitted me of two hours sleep. My cogitations on this curious circumstance were very brief, for my day's excursion had somewhat fatigued me. I went directly below; in a minute after I was snug in my hammock; and in defiance of their allemand prancing, and the unceasing peals of laughter and applause they elicited, I was speedily asleep.

Next morning, after breakfast, according to previous orders, having seen my fancy men into the gig, which was hauled up alongside, I went down to the cabin to inform my commander we were all ready.

"Very well, Truck," said the Cap-

tain, "just wait outside a moment, and I'll accompany you. Are the gentlemen on deck?"

"Yes, your honour," replied I.

"Ah, that's good," continued the spirited officer, surveying his appearance in a splendid mirror. "How is the wind, Truck?"

"North and by west, your honour—a fine smart breeze," answered I.

"Better and better, my lad, if it keeps steady," continued he.—"I say, Truck, lay hold of my greatcoat, there—never mind it at present—call my fellow, Joe, there—what does he make of these brushes?—but avast, my lad, I've got them, never mind. *The beautiful maid I adore!*" warbled he, while using the brushes with infinite dexterity. "Now I think I'll do. I say, Joe, see and get this cabin in order, for at present it's all at sixes and sevens.—Have you the greatcoat, Truck?—ay—Lay out my things, Joe, I'll be on board again in the course of a few hours.—Follow me, Truck;"—and away we went up the companion-ladder.

I shall not bother you with the ceremonial of a Captain leaving his ship, but at once land both you and him in safety on the bleak rocky beach of the town of Thorsund. Having jumped ashore, he immediately directed his course to the Governor's house, followed as usual by your humble servant carrying his greatcoat, and once more encountered, at the barrier-gate, the sandy-coloured bearded fellow, who, giving his harpoon-halbert looking weapon an awkward toss in the air, directly stood as erect and stiff as a handspike while we passed him. I immediately made up to the door of the house, on which I beat a flourish with my fists that would not have dishonoured the most accomplished gentleman's gentleman in any part of all the west end of the town. The door was suddenly and passionately thrown open, and, no doubt unused to such a fashionable announcement, out strutted the terrific sergeant, armed with his cane of authority, his filthy orange-coloured mustachios forked outwards as fiercely as a tom cat's, and his head erected much in the manner of a goose at defiance. It was impossible to keep from smiling at the pomposity of this bulky, ill-made, worsted-clad man of authority, and, in truth, in any other quarter I would have laughed out-

right;—but as it was, I contented myself with silently pointing to the Captain, who had halted to examine something or other that took his fancy, and then gave him the greatcoat to carry into the house. This hint was sufficient; with all the fawning servility of a native Dane, the fellow's behaviour was altered in an instant. Banishing the frown from his saffron-coloured visage, and endeavouring with all his might to fix a smile in its place, he smoothed down his erected mustachios, and stood with his bearskin cap in hand before you'd have said Jack Robinson; and then as the portly commander slowly approached him, he made as much cringing and grimace as ever frightened spaniel exhibited before the uplifted whip of his surly gamekeeper. The Captain, whatever he might think, took no notice of this exemplary humility, but ordering me to stop a few minutes, walked gravely into the house, followed by this major-domo of the Governor's, who, either classing me on the same level of his usual customers, who are never allowed to cross the threshold of this door of authority, or out of a piece of paltry ill-nature for my high-sounding announcement, slammed the door very uncourteously in my face, leaving me to count my fingers outside, or amuse myself as I might. I was not a little nettled at this specimen of Danish courtesy, yet as there was no sentry, nor anything to be seen in the shape of those prohibitory morsels of consolation, which gravely intimate that man-traps and spring-guns patiently await your arrival, to convince your limbs or over curious carcase that you tread forbidden ground, I resolved to seize the present opportunity to make myself better acquainted with the interior of this seat of power. Pshaw! it was all in my eye!—With my usual good luck, I had not gone ten paces on my intended survey, when the Captain called to me from a little latticed window, and telling me his stay would likely exceed a couple of hours, ordered me down to the boat to await his return. This was no more than what I had expected, and indeed was prepared to make use of; so taking my leave, off I set, on my return to the beach, at a good round pace, where leaving a hand to take charge of the boat, and getting hold of my compa-

nions, we immediately made the best of our way for the habitation of honest Jerome Yell.

The old cooper and his wife received us with their accustomed kindness, and young Helen, evidently bent on attracting notice, had bestowed more than ordinary pains that morning in decorating her person with all the various colours and nic-nacks her native wool had ever appeared in. The lovely girl received us with her pretty face completely suffused with a charming blush, and as I saluted her, the fine frank smile with which she welcomed me to her father's house gave a lustre to her pretty blue eyes that was absolutely bewitching. After a little talk with the old people, young Helen, timidly approaching me, reminded me with great naivete of my promised keepsake.

"Aha, my dear girl, d'ye board in that quarter?" cried I, laughing, and pulling her down alongside of me; "well, I did remember my promise, Helen, and here it is, the flashiest affair ever you clapped eyes on."

I then pulled from my breast pocket a large silk Belcher kerchief I had seldom worn, which directly unfolding, I carelessly threw over her shoulders. The happy creature absolutely screamed with delight; and snatching it from her neck, ran first to her father and then to her mother with it, pointing out to them with much exultation, the fineness of its fabric, and praising its glaring colours to the skies. I insisted she should wear it after our fashion; and after a little innocent coquetry and resistance, I succeeded in replacing it on her shoulders, crossing it on her bosom, and tying it behind. In truth, the immediate improvement in her appearance was so very perceptible, that not only myself and companions, but the girl's own father and mother, lauded the change, and did it so extravagantly seemingly, that the blushing beauty, after a vain attempt to overcome her confusion, fairly ran out of the house. This description at the moment excited little else than a laugh. We sat and chatted with the old couple about olden times and the expected marriage very merrily—once more partook of the contents of the greybeard—and thus whiled away the time until the last minute of our stay, in the momentary expectation of seeing the laughing

beauty burst in upon us. In this, however, we were disappointed. The old people now set off in search of her, and returned as they came—she was nowhere to be found. Seeing nothing else for it, therefore, and our time being fully expired, it was not without exhibiting considerable chagrin, that I at last reluctantly rose, and after reminding the honest folks of the expected frocks and stockings on my return, I bade them farewell for a time. We did so, however, and walked slowly down to the beach.

"Now, upon my soul, Bill," cried Jem Suttie, laughing, "that young, merry, fancy-article of yours is a clever wench, and by far too deep for you; for there's never a girl within range of Sallyport could have done the business cleaner.—Ha, ha, ha!—How cursedly dismal you look, mate, now she has proved you a complete flat—a very holiday cake, in faith, that's more for ornament than use. Had it been any gay story of mine, my lads, as you all knows it were not, I'd made sail after her the moment she cut, like a hero, let her scud to whatever corner she loved best;—for may I die, Bill, if I don't think the little, laughing, blue-eyed hussy meant you as much. Always remember you, my brave fellow, the merry stave old canny Shields of the afterguard sings—

'It is an old proverb—I've often heard it told,  
He that will not when he may, shall not  
when he wold.'

I have already said, that I left honest Jerome's home considerably chagrined—it was still stirring in my bosom, when Suttie's witty allusion roused it at once into the utmost indignation—

"And is it possible," cried I, halting and looking him sternly in the face, "that companion of mine can harbour such rascally thoughts of me as you have uttered?—Oh, for shame, Suttie, for shame!—Ever recollect, shipmate of mine, of whom you are talking, before you allow your tongue such unseemly liberties. Recollect you allude to a young, a beautiful, and an innocent girl, who is the daughter of very dear friends of mine—of friends whom I not only highly respect, but to whose hospitality and kindness I am under very heavy obligations. If you must be witty, mate, you will

oblige me by keeping such filthy rubbish for the filthier drabs of your favourite Sallyport, for may I perish if I'll allow you to throw mud on the spotless purity of sweet little Helen Yell with impunity!—If you do, by Saint George, I can tell you, mate, you may look-out for the consequences."

"Hey day!" cried the unabashed Suttie, "what the devil of a nitty we are in about nothing!—Sallyport drabs—filthy rubbish—and a threatened quilting, all in a single breath!—by the powers of war, that is rather too much of a good thing. Were we inclined to fish for a quarrel as anxiously as some folks, mayhap they might find us every whit as good stuff as themselves; but I can't say I'm in the vein at present, and thoff I were, I hope I have more respect for my back and my good name than to lift my fists to my superior on duty—I knows a trick worth two of that, my lad."

Our companions now interposed, and after some trifling concessions on each side we shook hands.

"I confess, shipmates," said I, "that I was very warm, but I couldn't help it, regarding the decent folks so sincerely as I do. And then such a gross indignity thrown on the innocent lovely girl!"

"By the Lord Harry, mates," resumed the invincible Suttie, with much mock gravity, "if I don't think Bill has grown a Methody on our hands all on a sudden; and, depend on't, we'll all have to scrape our tongues, and wash our mouths well with salt water, before we'll ever be able again to have any talk with him. But let us overhaul the matter coolly, Bill—for I meant you no offence—and these our pells shall judge between us. Pray what the deuce have I said, after all the fracaw you've made on't, but a few simple words to keep up the lark, and make you laugh? I knows as well as you can tell me, for I've seen it with my own good daylight, that you have a very great regard for yon two merry old codgers; and how, I'd like to ask your grave worship, can you show your regard better, than by loving, and loving dearly, yon little laughing, bell-bottomed article of a daughter of theirs? For my own part I can't see it; and indeed I think still, it is the only proper way you could show it. But I strongly suspect, mates, that it

ain't any nonsense of mine altogether that is rousing our spleen so at present. There is such a thing, mind me, as a half-guinea Belcher in the wind—and there is also such a thing as cutting one's stick, and receiving the never a single thank ye for it.—Ha, ha, ha!—Bill, you may storm and look as cruel, my jewel, as best likes you; but again I say it was a devilish clean-done trick—upon my soul, mates, never in all my life saw a better."

"Belay, belay, Jem," growled I, with ill-concealed chagrin, "for your noisy talk gets very disagreeable. If you find it impossible, mate, to keep your tongue within the bounds of decent civility, I can very well dispense with your company."

"Well, well, I'm done, mate," cried the merry wag; "for since you feel so cursedly sore on that bit, far from wishing to run you down, my brave fellow, I'll rather give it a double hitch for a time; although, you may safely swear, I shall have many a good lark about this here same fancy Belcher of yours before I die.—But, my eye! what do I see?—look here, mates, look here!" cried the madcap, halting before us, at a smart turn of the road which looked directly down on the beach.—"May I die, boys, if yonder isn't Bill's fancy girl, Belcher and all, along with some round dozen of others, all larking with Alick Murray!—Ah, Alick's a lucky dog, and will tip them the blarney in style.—Come, you rogues, let's have a run for it—we'll have such rare fun you can't think!"

We were now on the open beach, and taking a squint towards the Governor's house, I saw the Captain and his company standing in conversation at the gate, apparently about taking leave. I immediately called to Suttie and the rest to put them on their guard.

"Bah!" cried the giddy fellow, "where's the mighty harm, I wonder, in toying a bit with a pretty girl?—none in the varsal world. The skipper is too good a fellow not to like such a lark devilish well himself—and as for the others, Bill, why you knows they are only passengers, as a fellow needn't care a straw for. But like it or dislike it, my boys, if none on you volunteers, here I goes myself—I shan't have such another opportunity of tasting their sweet lips in a hurry,

I know,—Come on, you jolly dogs!—  
come on, all on ye!”

So saying, away bounded the lively rogue at his utmost speed, and was soon in the middle of the astonished females, whom he instantly began to hug and salute in such a rude and boisterous manner, as put them all instantly to flight, screaming as they ran in the most terrified manner.

As soon as Suttie had left us, I quickened my pace, both with the view of putting an end to the clamour ere the Captain came down, and of protecting young Helen from his rudeness. I could easily distinguish her by the Belcher which she still wore, and beheld, with infinite satisfaction, that after having eluded Suttie, she was now running right to meet me, having far outstripped all her companions. I hastened to meet the dear smiling girl, and as we neared each other, with terror strongly marked on her crimsoned countenance, she slackened her pace, apparently considering on which side she would dart to avoid me, when I called out to her in my gayest manner—

“Helen—Helen Yell!—you are surely not going to run away from me, child?”

“Ah, dear Wooller! is it indeed you—then I am safe from that very wild man!” and as she said this, she ran breathlessly towards me, and threw herself into my open arms.

Ye gods! this was a moment worth a whole age of common see-saw life!—Fondly I embraced the dear blushing girl—old Jerome’s brightest ornament, and the pride of Helen Baga—and seating her beside me on a neighbouring mass of rock, I soothed away her fears, and tenderly inquired why she had left us so suddenly, and never returned to bid me farewell.

“Ah, Wooller,” replied the lovely girl, hanging her head and blushing deeply as she spoke, “it was exceeding naughty of me to do so, and I am very sorry for it;—but I felt hurt and terribly ashamed at the time, for I thought you were all a-fooling of me, and that made me glad to run away. Yet I only ran round to father’s back door, where I both heard and saw all that passed. Oh, how sorry I was, Wooller, when you rose to go away, without saying a word of farewell;—my heart smote me for being so ungrateful to you,—so, without telling

father or mother anything of the matter, I directly took another road, and came down with a few of my companions to ask your forgiveness, and to bid you farewell. Indeed, I did, dear Wooller; and I was waiting very patiently for your coming, when that wild, wicked man came running down upon us, and spoilt all. You are not angry with me now, Wooller, are you?”

The concluding question was asked with such a timid, tremulous simplicity, that I could hardly forbear snatching the lovely creature to my bosom. As it was I gaily replied—

“Angry with you, Helen!—Oh, no, my dear girl, I never can be angry with you, now that you behaved so very handsomely as to come down thus far to bid me farewell.”

“And when do you return again, Wooller?”

“In six or seven weeks, Helen, if God spares us all, we intend to come back for our gentlefolks. I hope, my good girl,” added I, smiling, “I shan’t be too late.”

“Too late for what, Wooller?” said the artless girl, looking me composedly in the face.

“For your wedding, Helen,” replied I gaily. “Nay, my dear girl, don’t blush, for I shall say no more at this time; only if I should get ashore anywhere I shall try and get you something or other to wear for my sake,—so remember to have my frock ready. But I must leave you, my dear girl, for I see the Captain and his gentlemen coming. Farewell, Helen, farewell—and be a good girl until I see you again.”

“Farewell, dear Wooller, fare thee well!” sighed the beautiful young creature, the tears flashing in her lovely blue eyes; “and may God shield you from all harm, and from all the wicked spirits of the deep! I shall mention you in my prayers, Wooller, morning and evening—indeed I shall—and so will father and mother also. Farewell, farewell.”—

“Farewell, then, pretty, Helen!—and may God Almighty bless thee and all thy house!”

“Amen, dear Wooller!—farewell.”

With a tender salute I tore myself from her, and hurried forward towards the boat, where I found all right, and my companions already seated ready for a start. The Captain soon joined us, and having previously

taken leave of his friends, he merely waved his hand, and we shoved off.

"Now, ain't you a set of very pretty behaved fellows," said the Captain, as soon as we were fairly clear of the beach, "to be frolicking and larking with your idle wenches in open daylight, and affronting me and my friends in the eyes of the Governor, and all his inhabitants? What d'ye suppose they're to think of me, who allows of such infamous proceedings? Don't you know that I will be held to be no better than yourselves, and thus get a liberal share of your blackguardism attached to my name, without at all deserving it? By my honour, if I knew who the fellow was I saw hunting the poor frightened girls off the beach in such a rascally unmanly manner, he should never set foot in boat of mine again so long as he lived. It was a cowardly, scandalous, beastly behaviour, every way unworthy the high character of a British seaman, and still more unworthy any person attached to my own personal boat. I hope I shall never have to quarrel such an unseemly behaviour a second time, else, depend upon it, my lads, you shall not get rid of me so easily—so let this be once telling for all.—And what am I to say to you, Master Truck—for you I saw with my own eyes—who, instead of being an example, as I might naturally expect, were to the full as bad every whit as the rest? You must be making your adieus in public, too, like a silly booby as you are. Oh, fie, fie, Truck! I'd thought a fellow like you, who has seen something, would have had more sense. Had you not plenty of time allowed you to go through all that whining nonsense under cover, but you must exhibit publicly on an open beach? Faugh! you must have a very sorry taste, indeed. But who, pray, was that unfortunate young creature you left—for she was weeping bitterly when I passed her—is she your wife, Truck?"

"No, sir, I have not the honour of being married," I respectfully answered; "but she is the only daughter of a very dear friend of mine, one Jerome Yell, a cooper by profession—a man, sir, to whom I do not hesitate to say, as well as to his wife and all his family, I am under very heavy obligations. As for his daughter He-

len, whom you saw, I frankly confess I love her as dearly as I do my own sister."

"Umph! Helen—that's her name, I presume?"

"It is, sir," replied I.

"Ay—and you love her as well as you do your own sister—umph!—good—or probably a little better—eh, Truck?" continued the Captain, with the most cutting derision. "Now, supposing I were inclined to gulp all this down—for I know you can tell a fine story, a devilish good story indeed—pray, how did you contrive to get under such weighty obligations to the cooper and his wife? You must have been here before."

"Only once, sir, about four years ago," said I.

"Oh, now I understand you, Master Coxswain," cried he, "you'd then belong, it's likely, to some Greenland man,—come ashore on a wenching expedition,—get drunk, and, very properly, be left behind by your ship—when the simple cooper would, no doubt, pick you up, and charitably keep your soul and body together until her return. Oh, I have your whole story now all before me, Truck, so you need say no more about it."

"I beg pardon, sir, for talking to you when you have no wish to hear me, but I am too sorry you should think so meanly of me, not to endeavour to convince you how widely you are mistaken at present. Four years ago, sir, I did come to this place for the first time in my life, not, however, in a Greenlandman, but on board his Majesty's sloop of war *Clio*, at that time commanded by the spirited Captain Baugh."

"Oho, Truck," cried the Captain, in quite another tone, "you were in that affair, were you?—Ecod, I certainly was widely mistaken indeed, when I supposed you a lazy, filthy, lubberly dabbler amongst grease and saw-dust—But I beg your pardon cheerfully, my lad, and am well pleased to find I was wrong. However, by my honour, I wish I had known that part of your story sooner, I'd have troubled you for a description of the measures Baugh took—for he certainly destroyed that fort in masterly style. We'll have another opportunity for all this, however; and you have my orders, Truck, in case I should



forget, to be sure and remind me of this my intention, for there are few studies I love better."

"I shall do so with pleasure, sir," said I.

"Now, I am curious to know, Truck," continued the inquisitive Captain, "how you contrive to shove the cooper and his wife at all into this affair?"

"That's easily told, sir, if you have patience to hear me."

"Go on—go on, my lad."

"I was a small-armed man on that day, sir; and while the vessel battered the fort in front, we were landed along with the marines to carry it by storm. The cooper, sir, was an active leader of a large party of the natives who opposed our landing, and who, after we had forced the regular soldiers to give way, still continued to fight the ground with us inch by inch, with a most irregular but determined opposition. For a few minutes, as we closed on this tumultuous array, the fight was both severe and destructive, when the natives at length gave way. In the tumult that consequently ensued the cooper was knocked down, when accident brought me to the spot at the moment, and made me the means of not only saving his life but restoring him to liberty. In ascending the height to the fort, we had also some very ill-natured work, for the natives fought obstinately, which, after some severe tugging, we at last overcame, and entered the fort along with them. In a few minutes their flag was under foot, and the British union flying in its place. It was at this time that I received the mishap that introduced me to the cooper and his family. Numerous bodies of the natives, after the fort was carried, had retired to the heights around us with their arms, and were still formidable; but as our principal object was the demolition of the fort, we were the less caring about them so long as they kept at a proper distance. One compact body of them were, however, posted to leeward, and I was dispatched with a midshipman and a strong party to drive them clear of the range of the intended explosion of the barracks and magazine, which they were then busy preparing; in executing which humane duty, and not willing to employ force, I foolishly, leaving the ranks, ran singly towards them, beckoning

of them, by every sign and sound I could think of, to retire to a farther distance from where they stood. No one understood me but the honest cooper, and he got them persuaded to retire to a more convenient and secure position, but not before an unarmed mob of stragglers had discharged a volley of stones at me, one of which felled me senseless to the ground. I know not what happened afterwards, until I found myself lying in a clean comfortable bed, with an elderly woman sitting knitting at its side. This was the cooper's wife, sir, the kind-hearted Helen Baga, who all along attended me with the tender care and unwearied assiduity of a mother. Under her hands I rapidly recovered, and was able to attend the remains of several of my shipmates to their last home in the church-yard, and to return on board the vessel in a convalescent state. This is the whole story, sir, origin, and progress, of the high regard I have for the honest cooper, his wife, and indeed every one of his fine family; and I cheerfully leave you to judge whether or not I am far wrong in saying I am under heavy obligations to every one of them for their very disinterested kindness to an unknown stranger, who had nothing to reward them with but his best wishes. This is the first time I have ever seen them since, and should it please Heaven to give me an opportunity, during our present cruise, of purchasing some trifle worthy their acceptance, you may depend on't, sir, I shall eagerly embrace it. God knows, I may never in my life meet with such a favourable opportunity."

"Bravo, Truck! a goodly resolution, and worthy the execution of any brave man!" cried the Captain. "I thank you for your amusing story, which, however, would have been more interesting to me an hour ago; but that can't be helped now, you know, and we'll have another opportunity by and by, it is to be hoped. As for this debt of gratitude, which bears so hard upon you, my lad, I think it very honourable in you, and it shall make me esteem you now more than ever; and if this lucky chance you allude to actually occurs, I shall cheerfully lend you some little aid, to make your present really worth their acceptance."

To this handsome offer I made as

handsome an acknowledgment as I was able, and the gig closing fast with the vessel's side, the conversation ceased. The moment the Captain got on board, the gig was hoisted in, capsized in the large cutter, and made fast; and everything being in a state of readiness, the anchor was speedily run up, the topsails loosed and hoisted, and in a few minutes, the vessel once more, under every inch of canvass she could carry, stretched rapidly to the ocean, and bade the Faroe Islands adieu for a time.

I shall now take a leap over the six following weeks, in which we continued to dodge about the wild, rocky shores, and romantic islets, that sprinkle the bold and broken coast of Norway, during all which time we had excellent weather; and as the Captain carried his vessel close in shore, which every succeeding morning gave us a change of scene and place, he thus contrived to keep the whole coast in a state of alarm, and harass the coast-guard dreadfully. Farther than this, our cruize was completely inefficient; for, excepting the almost daily chasing of our own vessels, no circumstance occurred worthy of notice. Having, therefore, walked guard off Hitteroe, the entrance of Drontheim, and carefully scanned the coast as far to the southward as Bergen, about the entrance of which he lurked until his patience was exhausted, the Captain all at once directed her head thwart channel, and ran under all sail until Duncansby Head was full in view; then about she went once more, when, after taking a squint at the Orkneys and the northern broken coast of Shetland, he finally came to a round turn and belay in the snug harbour of Bressay Sound. Here, you may swear, we paid our devoirs to the fresh beef and vegetables,—the eggs, milk, and fresh butter,—with all the ravenous delight of New Zealanders; and here, too, the Captain determined to water, refit, and otherwise render his vessel as agreeable as possible for his returning guests. Accordingly, while these tumultuary operations were going on, he took up his residence in the house of Mr Finlay, the ship's agent, and one of the principal merchants of Lerwick, and as I and my companions did little else than attend his motions with the gig, we passed our time away very pleasantly for the most part ashore.

On one of these occasions, I determined to put my long-formed resolu-

tion into execution, and, after much thought, and mustering all the money my credit could command, I one day took a run from the boat, and purchased as much glaring printed calico as would make two women's gowns, with which, some ribbons and female nic-nacks, fishing-hooks, and a large coarse Dutch cheese, all snugly bundled up together, I was returning to my station at full speed, when I was suddenly brought up by the Captain, who after hailing me from a shop door, demanded, in his surliest voice, where I had been, what I was carrying, and how I had the presumption to leave the boat without his permission—

"Not that I would hesitate the granting you a little indulgence now and then, Truck," continued he, with much gravity, "but I think it is your duty at least to honour me by asking for it. By my honour, I'll be sworn now, that were I going down to the quay, on the most urgent business, I wouldn't find a single soul of you all to take me on board, but every fellow off, like yourself, on his own private business, forsooth."

"I am truly sorry, sir," returned I, completely caught and crest-fallen, "that my conduct should make you a moment uneasy; but in truth, I have not been many minutes absent from the boat, and when I did leave her, I confess I took the liberty of saying I had your permission. This was no lie, sir; for if you will be pleased to recollect a conversation you honoured me with some seven weeks ago, or so—"

"My permission some seven weeks ago, or so!" interrupted the Captain, with evident surprise,—"where—when?—My permission to do what, Truck?"

"Oh, no great matter, sir," answered I, with hesitation; "only I thought you gave me leave to seize the first good opportunity I had in my power, of purchasing a trifling present for young Helen Yell."

"Oh, the old cooper's daughter of Thorsund you mean!" cried the Captain, in a gayer tone. "I recollect now, Truck—I faith, I believe I not only gave you permission, my lad, but made a sort of half promise to lend you my aid towards making that affair something handsome,—didn't I, Truck?"

"You were so good, sir."

"Ah well, a promise should ever be followed by performance; don't you think so, Truck?—Ah, you sly boots; you're smiling, are you?—Well, well,

come this way, and let me see what your wisdom hath purchased."

I followed him joyfully into a little back parlour, where, unrolling my bundle on the table before him, I displayed the whole, briefly informing him, that the cloth, ribbons, &c. were designed for the women, and the hooks and cheese for the old man.

"Just as I thought, Truck," said the good gentleman, smiling; "you're a bit of a sly knave, I see—get the women well pleased, and the poor old cooper may go scud under bare poles as best he may. This is a dashing affair, though—a pirate's bloody flag, in faith—that will catch a husband to you little watery-eyed gossamer before many moons are gone down."

"That is not to do, sir," said I, "for she's already provided."

"Not by you, I hope, Truck?"

"Oh no, sir," cried I, laughing, "that business was all settled before I made my appearance." I then told him as much of the story as I myself knew.

"Ah, well, that is all quite as it should be," cried the Captain, "for I'd been sorry to hear of your entangling yourself with any pretty-faced hussy, in such a semi-savage quarter of the world as Thorsund. —Indeed, Truck, no seaman should engage with any of the pretty petticoats for a longer period than he lies in harbour, unless it be peaceable times, and he has nothing else to employ himself with.—But let's see—ay, these are hooks, rather small, I doubt me; but they may answer well enough for all that.—Upon my word, Truck, you have done nobly for the women, but have cozened the poor old man completely. Why, you simple fool, doesn't recollect that these same women of his, aided by the other long-jawed fellows of the family, will speedily demolish his cheese, and then where is the worth of your present? —Depend on't, my lad; the cooper will have little occasion to thank you after this marriage affair is over, if he won't have occasion to regret your ever bringing it to him—since it will give the old fellow a relish for an article which he cannot very easily replace in a hurry. —Never, while you live, Truck, make a present to any person's stomach; it's a most ungrateful part of the human body, and no sooner destroys the doated gift, than it impu-

dently calls for more. I'm really sorry for your heroic cooper, poor fellow! and must try, I believe, what I can do for him. Let me see, now," continued he, throwing himself back in his chair, and stroking his chin, "I dare say a good stout coarse pee-jacket and trowsers, with a leathern hat probably, wouldn't be an unacceptable gift to the old boy—don't you think so, Truck?"

"Unacceptable, sir!" cried I, in high glee, "why, they would go a great way to make the poor old man nearly crazy for joy!"

"Then again," continued the Captain, taking no notice of my remark, "there are some little things you have entirely forgotten, without which, however, that flaming cloth of yours will be of very little use even to the women. We must provide them with scissors, threads, and a huswife of good strong needles, to make their gowns. How did you suppose, Truck, they could manage without them?"

"Really, sir, I entirely forgot these small gear," said I.

"Which shows you, Truck, that two heads are better than one."

"I did indeed think of the hat, sir," resumed I, "but as I wanted tobacco also, and hadn't money enough for both, I reluctantly gave up the idea."

"Tobacco!—why Mr Green can give you plenty, you fool."

"I don't like to ask him, sir," said I; "I never had any dealings with the purser, and he's such a shy gentleman, I can use no freedom with him."

"Ah well, Truck, by my honour, if he can use none with you, it will be all the better for you 'gainst pay-day; —however, I will see to that myself, —only do you keep me in mind. Now, how much money had you set apart for tobacco, Truck?"

"The whole I had in the world, sir,—a single dollar."

"Hand it this way."

I instantly laid it on the table before him.

"And you are sure this is your whole stock, Truck—the last money you are possessed of in the world—eh?"

"Yes, sir," answered I smiling, "and a little trifle more; for I borrowed that same dollar this morning from my messmate, old Harry Top-

ping, the quarter-master, to be returned against pay-day, with a trifle for the loan."

"Ay, does old Bluff dole his money out to usury that way? I thought he was a close-fisted fellow, and his appearance, indeed, does not belie him. In a business of this kind, however, Truck, I mustn't allow you to get in debt, for that mara all the pleasure a kind-hearted grateful fellow, like you, ought to feel without the smallest alloy. Return old Topping his dollar, therefore, with your best thanks of course—and, here, there is one for yourself, that in case you should die before pay-day comes round, you may die as I'd wish to do myself, with money in your pocket."

As I've a soul to be saved, the gentleman's kindness came over me so suddenly—so completely unexpectedly—that though I endeavoured to thank him all I could, I couldn't, for the life of me, give utterance to a single syllable—something stuck so in my throat, as went very near to choking me. After many desperate attempts at a forced utterance, I grew quite womanish, and sitting down on a chair without ceremony, I hid my agitated face betwixt my hands and knees. The Captain, good soul! gazed on me for some time in astonished silence, then continued—

"By my honour, Truck, you're a very strange fellow!—Who, that saw you just now, could suppose that the spirit within you was one whit better than that of the merest jack-ass alive—for my part, did I not know you well, it is more than I could promise myself to do. Come, rouse up, my brave fellow, and have done with such fooling. Take your bundle down to the gig, and return to me here as fast as you can. By that time I will have asked Mr Finlay if he can procure me what I've promised you. And I say, Truck, see that all your fellows are present, and tell them I return with you to go on board. Now off you go, and let me see how smartly you can handle your heels."

"I will, sir," mumbled I, in a voice scarcely intelligible; and, call it ingratitude or what you please, I pounced upon my parcel with the fangs of a falcon, and vanished through the shop, happy to get out of the honest gentleman's presence. The fresh air, and bustle of the street, brought me

round again in a minute, and long before I reached the boat, I was once more as grave and composed as a modern Roman. Contrary to the Captain's notions, my companions were all at their posts, Jem Suttie only walking the quay with his arms akimbo alone.

"Well, Billy, is he coming down, boy?" asked Jem.

"No, Jem, not just yet. I've to return for some more things he is getting, when he said he was to come down along with me. So keep a sharp look-out for us."

"Aha, Bill, brush then!" cried the impatient fellow;—"for it's nigh eight bells I'm certain, and there is nothing I more hates in the world than a lousy cold dinner. Give me the parcel, and I'll put it in the stern sheets."

I had just resigned it, when a young, tall, bareheaded lad came running towards us in breathless haste—

"Lads," cried he, "are ye belonging to the war-veshel that's down yonner foregenst the castle?"

"We do, my hearty—what then?" said I.

"Hout! it's your very sail I've a word wi', I wyte," cried the happy apprentice, recognising me. "Ye're Capdain, fa you kane's in the maister's chop, saint me down to tale ye, that ye maun e'en come back far ye cam frae, and bring the parshell o' geeds alang wi' ye—Ilaith maun ye, nae—say ye needna be stanning glowering at me that wy, like a wull-cat; sae come awa' wi' me, and be nae sae slaw in your motions, lad."

"What—what the devil does the youngster say, Bill?" cried the astonished Suttie; "for, hang me if he don't put my pipe out completely."

Paying no attention to Suttie's remark, I asked the young shopman if he came from Mr Finlay's.

"Troth dee I, lad. Sae haist ye, get the parshell, and cum awa; for, saul o' me, the maister will brain me, I wyte, for staying sae lang claverin till ye."

With somewhat of more surprise than I was willing to confess, I took the parcel again from Suttie, and followed the young Shetlander back to his master's shop, at the door of which stood the smiling Captain—

"Ah, I see, Truck, there's nothing lik a walk for you—you're a very dif-

sevent fellow now from the convulsed, bedazzled fool you were a few minutes ago. However, don't think I sent you away for that purpose; for you were no sooner gone, than finding Mr Finlay could supply me with all I wanted, I regretted your taking the bundle with you. I'll have all stowed together in a cask, I think, which can lie in my storeroom until we arrive at Thorsund. Does that scheme please you, Truck?"

"Excellent, sir," cried I. "In fact 'tis my most anxious wishes anticipated; for I meant to have petitioned your honour to have allowed them a place there."

"Did you indeed, Truck!" exclaimed the Captain gaily; "ah well, that is lucky, and the trouble saved. But lay down your parcel and come this way—I wish to have your opinion of my choice—for I know you must be a far better judge of these coarse stuffs than I am."

I followed him once more into the little parlour, when he showed me a jacket and trousers of famous, woolly, stout dreadsought stuff, an excellent leather hat, brilliantly japanned, with scissors, black and white threads, and a handsome huswife stuck full of stout needles. I confess I surveyed the whole of these things with more than common satisfaction, exultingly anticipating the delight they would give to the worthy beings for whom they were designed; and when he urged me to give my opinion of their fitness, I gave a loose to my feelings, and was profuse in my expressions of thankfulness and gratitude.

"Pshaw, Truck! with your gratitude and nonsense!" cried the fine fellow crustily, "I detest all compliments, they look so d—d like flattery. If you think they'll answer, Truck, away with them to the shop without another word about them. Mr Finlay will go with you, and give you a small dry cask and straw, so take the stowage into your own hands, and if any thing is wanting or gets damaged, you'll know who is to blame for it. Tell me as soon as you are done, for I am all ready to go on board."

"I shall do so, your honour," said I, following the merchant with my gear into the shop.

"Lawrie, boy," cried Mr Finlay to his gaping young shopman, "hae ye fun' the caskie I was taleing ye o'—

the wee gutty caskie, man, that Luckie Sangster saint us last Tuesday wi' the aigs? God forgie me, bairn, dinna ye myne?"

"Myne!" answered the undaunted Lawrie; "foul fa' me bit I myne fu' weel, maister. I myne o' ye saluding awa that caskie fu' o' grosheries and baccaw, wi' the laathie on the shawltly belonging to Simie Jamieson, parish of Walls."

"Saul, Lawrie, I believe ye're richt, boy," said the forgetful merchant, scratching his head; "but hae ye nae gotten some ither?—I'm sheer, there's plainty o' them i' the store."

"The devvil a sma' caskie can I lay han's on, maister," answered the boy, "but this smally pease-mail yin, we war wont to saind to Jacob Duncanson.—Will it dee, maister, thinkst uh?"

"Oh fine, Lawrie—fine, boy!" exclaimed the merchant, examining it, and beating out the remaining dust of the meal—"it will haud a' the geeds fu' brawly."

"But I wyte nae fat to dee to get him straw, maister," resumed the indefatigable Lawrie, "for feent a single pile hae we i' the store. Will geed dry gerse nae dee as weel?—Saul, maister, we've plainty o' it to spare."

"Yes, yes, my lad, grass will do fine," cried I, thoroughly sick of their slow drawling-twanged oratory, and shoving in my oar unasked, "hand me a bundle on't this way, there's a good boy."

He did so, and I immediately began my package, while Mr Finlay returned to wait upon the Captain. It was just at this moment the thought struck me how excellently I could stow away a bottle of the good stuff, to enable Jerome and his wife to drink with me success to the new clothes! I was on the very spot where it was to be had, if in Shetland at all, and I had the command of two solid silver dollars in my pocket, gasping for liberty. True, one of them I had been ordered to return to its owner; but, besides that I had never promised to do this, I also knew, that though I did, old Topping would still hold me his debtor for his loan-fee; so it was as well, now I had it, just to keep it, and consider it as my own. I make it a rule never to consider on such matters too long. I was satisfied I had argued the matter very fairly—besides the pro-

posed purchase came pat to my own approbation *nem. con.*—so what was the use of farther plodding on the subject.

"I say, my lad," quoth I, quite boldly, "hand me a bottle of your French brandy."

"Aha, lad, that's mair, I wyte, than's in my power," said Lawrie. "Saul! French brandy is French brandy now-a-days, since the gadgers grew sae cat-e'd and cunning;—the dewill a speenful o' French brandy's been in our chop this mony a lang month an' day. But I'se gie ye corn brandy gif ye like't as weel—Sall I hand ye a bottle o' it, lad?"

"No, no, I'll have none on't, my hearty.—Hast any good rum? I'll take it, provided it's good."

"The very best o' rum, lad. There's a bottle as geed, and as strong, as ever left Jamaica."

"Ah—it looks pretty fairish—as for its strength, I must take your word for't. What's the price on't?"

"I daurna take a farden less for't than three and saxpence, lad."

"Say three shillings to me, you know," said I, *en cavalier*, "then give me another bottle, and here's your money, my boy—Smart now!" cried I, setting the two happy coins at liberty.

"That's rather wauchty discount, as the maister says, lad," quoth the sagacious Shetlander;—"but ye King's folk are geed customers, and we maun be leeberal wi' ye. Three an' three's sax—haud ye no better tak' anither, lad,—I am unco short o' chynge."

"Yes,—yes, you may give me another, my lad," cried I, hesitating,— "oh, ay, boy, the three were just made for the crown of this hat, or the crown for them, it's a matter which— and while I've a British thirteener, I can't be said, as the skipper says, to die moneyless."

Having pocketed my shilling, and thus secured an article which I flattered myself would go far to unite the dulce with the utile in honest Jerome's domicile, I handled my fists to such good purpose, that the whole were stowed and the end hooped down in a very short time. The moment I was done, I informed my commander, who immediately took his leave, and marched down to the landing-place, followed by my happy self, with my cask on my shoulder. We soon reached the boat, and immediately shoved off.

My first carc when I got on-board,

was, with the Captain's permission, to stow my precious cask in a snug corner of his store-room, and then, heartily pleased with the success of my forenoon's shopping, I went direct to my birth and sat down to my dinner, which I eat that day with peculiar satisfaction. I had now time to look round me, but such was the confusion and the filth of every corner around the birth, that I had to stick fast to my seat like a fellow in the darbies, until the Boatswain's cheering pipe sung us once more away. I afterwards discovered that the Captain was something of the same mind; for after landing, he took me aside and said—

"Now, Truck, I'm not going on board again until six o'clock in the evening, when I go to dress, as I intend to sup on shore. As I mean to bring a gentleman along with me, I would wish you all to be as smart and clean then as you are now; you had better, as you've all got dinner, stay ashore also, and amuse yourselves walking about—for it's impossible to keep yourselves clean in that dress if you go on board. This will afford you five hours pleasure—a very great indulgence, Truck, when you consider how hard your shipmates are at work on board—and to make it still more so, I will venture to leave you these two dollars amongst you to make merry with. But remember, Truck, I shall look to you for keeping the fellows together, and particularly for keeping them sober—if you disappoint me, and I find any of you unfit for duty, by my honour, look out squalls—for I can be severe as well as generous. Follow me, with my greatcoat."

I accordingly followed him to his lodgings at Mr Finlay's, where he gave me another lecture to be careful of myself and companions; and ordering me to be exact to the hour of six, at length dismissed me. Here was a new matter of consideration—not quite so easy to be disposed of, however, as the former—for in it the question only was, whether I'd return to old Hal his dollar, and be his debtor for a loan-gratuity for no favour, or purchase rum with the same dollar for the gratification of those to whom I was an old debtor for favours received, and was accordingly with great equity decided according to priority of right, vulgarly phrased, "pay the auld and tak on the new." But this new

business was more complex—involving the natural “rights and privileges” of six reasoning creatures, besides myself, their subaltern officer for the time being—and of course demanded some serious consideration to do the thing any way genteel, and make it go off with the imposing eclat which seamen so dearly love. After taking a cool view of the matter, therefore, in all its bearings, I came to the stalwart resolution, frankly to declare the extent of the bonus, with its prohibitory clauses and threatened maledictions, but at the same time to keep firm possession of the wheel, and guide the vessel through the shoals and breakers of jollification in my own way. Having thus settled this knotty business, I returned to the quay and told my rejoicing pells the whole story; then adjourned with them in a body to a neighbouring hostel, which had its venerable antique front bedizzened with a frightful open-mouthed creature, that the painter, doubtless, meant for a red lion, and here I determined to break the head of our skipper’s welcome gift. The wassail was accordingly commenced and continued with high good-humour, until I judged it time to knock off; when, after proposing a stroll to the garrison or over the town, I gravely rose to my feet with the good-natured remark, that I would accompany them in either they pleased. Men-of-war’s men, however, are miserable pedestrians; and once fairly clear of the austere thrall of naval discipline, with money at their command, are, in nineteen cases out of twenty, more inclined to give a loose to the gratification of their unfettered sensual indulgencies, than to walk about and gratify a laudable curiosity. Excepting, therefore the solitary instance of my young friend Alick Murray, who cheerfully volunteered to accompany me, I had the mortification to find myself, like most prudent executives, completely left in the minority. Nothing daunted, however, at this opposition, I called in mine host of the Red Lion, and cleared our score before them, which consumed the better half of the gentleman’s largesse, and telling them, sulkily enough, I would be back to the same house betwixt four and five, I clutched my countryman under the arm, and left my crest-fallen companions as cool as a cucumber. Young Murray and I

immediately directed our course to the garrison, which having examined, we next strolled over all the town and its vicinity, and returned to the quay, after a famous stretch of better than two hours, as lively as larks at dawn. We found our companions assembled at the boat, their sulkiness rather strengthened than subdued; for when I once more proposed to adjourn to the Red Lion to finish the story, it was heard with the silence of contempt, and the laugh of scorn.

“Oh, well, my lads,” cried I, with much assumed carelessness; “it is all one to me. I can easily return the Captain his money again, who will, no doubt, praise you all for your great moderation. As, however, you don’t mean to go any farther, I think you had better, all on you, get into the boat, and be ready to receive him, whom I expect every minute.”

I knew this was a lie; but as it gave me the command of an unmolested walk on the quay, I cared not. In this disagreeable manner a long hour was spent ere the Captain arrived, who directly walked in, and we shoved off for the ship, which we now found in considerable order. Having taken our supper, we were once more called away; and after getting ashore, the Captain mentioned his intention of sleeping that night in Mr Finlay’s, and ordering me to come with the gig at the usual hour, next day, we returned on board in the same sulky manner.

Next day, having once more mustered my headstrong crew, we went ashore about an hour before the Captain had appointed, and it being known that we were going to sea, I determined, for the last time, to give them another offer, in order, if possible, to restore good-humour. With this intention I had entered the boat in high spirits, which I allowed not to flag in our way to the shore, but exerted my genius to the utmost to keep up the lark, and create as much mirth as possible. Accordingly, we had no sooner come to the landing-place, than I repeated my invitation in my gayest manner; which, after some trifling opposition, was at length accepted, when all ill-nature was put to flight in a capacious noggin of genuine Hollands, and we remained as firm friends as ever. Having chatted a considerable time, we at length got on our feet, and bade adieu to the merry host of

the Red Lion,—and had luckily just got all to our several posts, when the Captain arrived, with whom we immediately went on board.

The ship being now quite ready, and the time appointed for our return to Thorsund more than expired, the Captain was exceedingly anxious to get to sea; but the severity of the weather would not allow him to stir. After being thus storm-stayed for two days, and the wind had moderated a little, he determined to get under weigh; and, having previously unmoored ship, the small bower was speedily run up, and she stood from the Sound once more under her storm-sails. It still blew a gale outside—a tremendous heavy sea running, which drove the vessel so completely out of her course, that the Captain, after a long dark night of the most persevering rain, had the mortification of finding himself farther from the commencement of his journey than he had been previous to setting sail. In this disagreeable plight, with the wind almost constantly in our teeth, did we knock about, hither and thither, for three days more; but on the fourth, the weather having cleared, and the wind veered round more southwardly, with a gentle breeze, immediate advantage was taken of the change, and away she stretched to the northward at her utmost speed. In short, for there is little amusement in a dry detail of the vexatious occasioned by contrary winds, our return to the Faroe Islands was an admirable verification of the old saw, “the mair haste, the mair speed;” for, instead of being the sixth or seventh, the last morning of the ninth week had just dawned before we anchored before the grass-green little town of Thorsund.

As soon as the sails were furled, and the decks cleared up, the Captain’s servant was at my elbow, whom I followed in silence to the cabin, where I found my commander sitting in his dressing-gown.

“I’ve sent for you, Truck,” said he, “to let you know I mean to go ashore as soon as I get breakfast, so you’ll get the gig out without delay, and make yourselves ready. As I needn’t ask if you’d like your cask with you, will you have it now?”

“If it is the same to you, sir,” answered I, “I’d prefer coming for it when you are ready to go yourself.

Besides, your honour will recollect, I’ve to petition you for something more than the cask.”

“Oh, confound your petitions, you sly, smooth-tongued rogue!” exclaimed the Captain; “what do you wish to come over me now for?—Come, let’s hear.”

“The tobacco you promised to give me, sir.”

“Oh Lord, ay, very true, Truck, very true! I recollect now, perfectly.—How much will you want, think you?”

“I’d wish five pounds weight of it, sir, if he’ll let me have it.”

“Why, as to that, my lad, I think there can be little doubt, when it is I that ask him for it.—I say, you Bainbridge, come this way. Go and find Mr Green; give him my respects, and tell him I’ll thank him for five pounds of his tobacco immediately.”

“I will sir,” said the obedient lackey, retiring.

“And I say, Bainbridge,” continued the Captain, in a louder tone; “recollect you bring it with you, as I mean to take it ashore. And, I say, tell him to pack it up snugly for me, somehow or other—or, you may as well do it yourself. Come, now, see about it directly, Bainbridge, for I’m waiting breakfast.”

“Yes, sir, yes,” answered the active lackey, bustling out of the cabin.

“Now, Truck, is there anything else wanted? I should think not.—Ah well, go you and execute the orders I have given you, and I’ll send Bainbridge for you when I’m ready.”

I immediately withdrew, and put his orders in execution. My breakfast was soon dispatched, and, rigged out in all my gayest finery, I had long walked the gangway before the expected message came that summoned me to the cabin. I was below in a twinkling, and finding the Captain quite ready, I shouldered my luggage and set off, and handed it into the boat. The Captain soon followed, dressed in full uniform; and the attending boatswain giving a thrilling call with his pipe, we shoved off.

Having once more landed, I followed the Captain up to the Governor’s, carrying his greatcoat as usual, and was received much in the same manner as formerly, being left outside the door to count my fingers, or ask myself



a silent question or two, as I best chose. The Captain's return, luckily, was speedy.

"I dine here, Truck, so I shan't want the gig again until it be late in the evening. Now, my lad, if you think your cooper can afford you a dinner, I have no objections to allow you to stay on shore until I return on board myself."

"I'll run the risk, sir, cheerfully," said I joyfully.

"Well, you've nothing farther to do but return to the boat and get your little things. Then inform your companions, that I will hoist a white flag for them in the evening when I want them, and send them all instantly on board. A white flag, recollect, on the top of the look-out staff yonder above the old fort. Now be sure and send them instantly on board—you'll then have no care, but to make merry with your friends."

"I'm much obliged to your goodness, sir," said I, "and shall immediately execute your commands."

"And I say, Truck, I have a mighty curiosity to see this famous cooper of yours; and should wish much to hear both your accounts of Baugh's proceedings. Bring the old boy here with you about six or seven o'clock in the evening, and be sure he is equipped in his new gear, and as decent, you know, as possible—it will afford my friends some sport."

"You may depend on our attending you, sir," said I, quite impatient to be off.

"And I say, Truck," cried he, laughing, and enjoying my uneasiness—"eh, what was't again? Zounds, I had something or other, but it's gone quite out of my head—never mind, you may leave me. I'll expect you about seven o'clock."

"Depend upon me, sir," cried I, taking my leave.

I was down at the boat in no time, gave Suttie my orders, and seizing the cask and tobacco, I once more took the road, whilst the gig pushed off and returned on board.

On entering the habitation of Jerome Yell, I was received with a shout of joy, and had scarcely laid down my luggage, before young and old were round me, with mirth in their faces, and congratulations on their tongues. This affectionate reception gave me new life and pleasure. I shook honest

Jerome and his laughing sons heartily by the hands, and saluted the two Helens with the most cordial affection; then telling them I was come to abide with them the whole of that day, I seated myself alongside my affectionate nurse, Helen Baga, pulling down her blushing, pretty daughter Helen, with much glee, alongside of me. It was now for the first time that I observed the lovely girl wearing a cap, and with much simplicity asked her if she had been badly. To my utter astonishment the question excited a loud peal of laughter, in which my old merry friend Klaas was particularly boisterous, whilst his pretty sister's colour, who sat beside me, went and came, and her eyes were cast down to the floor, as though ready to faint with confusion. Certain there was something under all this, although utterly unable to guess, I gazed around me into each individual's face for information with such an earnestness of curiosity, that the peals of hearty laughter at me were, if it were possible, redoubled. It was none of your ordinary, half-forced, guffawing guffaws—but laughter, "loud and long," and of the most intense and genuine merriment, as might have been seen from the hotch-hotching short laugh of old Helen Baga—the hands supporting the sides of the honest merry cooper—and the tears which ran down the chuffy rosy cheeks of the stout burly Klaas, as he bent and rose, throwing out hands and heels between every renewal of the vociferous peals with which he was attacked in long succession. Young Helen alone was silent; and my apparent wonder at this, as I kept gazing on her downcast agitated countenance, only served to renew the merriment. Determined to have an explanation of all this, I calmly remarked I was happy to see them all so merry; then turning to young Helen, I asked, whether she thought it was her or myself they were all laughing so hearty at?

"Oh, it is me, Wooller," cried the lovely girl, raising her head with a faint smile, and blushing up to the eyes, "but never mind them."

At that moment my eyes caught a glimpse of the little hand that was next me—the truth flashed on my mind—and instantly laying hold on't, to the unutterable confusion of the modest girl, I immediately exposed to view

a broad silver ring, to the infinite mirth of the surrounding relatives.

"In truth, my dear girl, I sincerely wish you great happiness," cried I, joyfully saluting her; "and may you never have cause to regret the step you have taken. But why were you in such a hurry, Helen—why not wait until I returned? I would really have thought it kind of you."

"That's always what I said, Wooller," answered the abashed creature in a low voice; "but father, ay, and mother too, and the whole of them, kept so teasing me day after day, and assisted him so strongly, that seeing there was no appearance of your return, I was forced to consent."

"Poor girl!" said I, condolingly. "But who d'ye mean by *him*, Helen—where is he?—I'm anxious to see him."

Young Helen was silent, but the merry old cooper instantly stepped forward—

"In troth, my young friend, he's no far to seek—but no being acquaint, ye see, he's a wee thing blate as yet.—Magnus, come this way, laddie, and let Maister William see you.—Come awa, ye daft goug, fat a deyvil are ye fleyd for—he wiuna eat ye!—Na, deil o' the like o' that I ever saw before—Klaas, gae wa' and bring him here by the lug in a minute—A bonny story!—faith, there was naething o' a' that munness no mony days ago, whan I thought he wad hae driven a' thing and a' body out o' the house wi' his impudence and madness."

"Oh, leave Helen alone for that," cried I, laughing, "she'll soon tak all that wildness out of him—Won't you, girl?"

But the blushing Helen replied not; and my attention was immediately attracted by the boisterous mirth of the happy Klaas, who, assisted by young Jerome, was lugging the shame-faced Magnus towards me, who I soon discovered was the same young fellow I had formerly seen. I instantly rose, and, taking his passive hand in mine, which I heartily shook, I led him towards his young bride, and placed him in the seat I had occupied. I then joined their two hands together, and bawled to the cooper, in an authoritative tone, to produce his greybeard in a moment.

"Faith, Maister William, ye shanna want that lang," cried the honest

cooper, "and I wuss it was mair for your sake; but this last daft story has gien my poor greybeard the dry back."

While he was absent, there was a short pause in the discourse, during which I couldn't help admiring the young couple before me, who were really admirably paired. Neither of them had seen twenty summers, and the features of both were models of beauty. Magnus Wegnel was the second son, I understood, of a wealthy freeman of one of the neighbouring islands, who, by getting himself enrolled in the Governor's company, had first become the sworn brother of young Jerome, and then the lover and husband of his only sister. The match was agreeable to both families; for besides the anxious wish the parents of these islands show to secure the residence of their sons by marrying them early in life, the cooper was universally held to be a man of such substance and note, as to make an alliance with his family a matter of infinite satisfaction.

"Weel, Maister William," cried Jerome, returning with his greybeard, "what d'ye think o' our young sodger? Isn't he a gay weel-faured chield to be sae lang and smally? I dinna think my lassie has sic a bad taste after a'—Here's t'ye, my man, and welcome ashore!"

I thanked him, and, with many eulogiums, drank to the young couple with the utmost pleasure, after which I was treated with a rather lengthened account of the wedding by the delighted old woman, who, during the narration, seemed to revive under former recollections, and ogled the honest frontal of her laughing veteran in a manner at once pleasing and ludicrous. Having at length got over this important business, greatly to the satisfaction of the young couple, I gave them a short sketch of our proceedings since we had left them, and how hard a matter we had found it to get back to them. On my inquiring how they liked our scientific gentlemen, I was answered by young Jerome, who, along with his friend Magnus, had been chosen and constant attendants on them as bargemen and baggage-bearers, in all their various excursions. The young fellow praised their conciliating gentlemanly manners, and their frank, open, kindly behaviour to all ranks, particularly the poor and

aged, in very high terms ; but when he came to mention the liberality with which they had rewarded every one who had rendered them the most trivial service, and the handsome manner in which he and his companions had been treated and victualled whilst in their attendance, the young man's voice rose to enthusiasm, and he swore that, would they allow him, he'd cheerfully leave father and mother, and follow them to the end of the world !—I had ample occasion afterwards to discover, that young Jerome was by no means singular in his opinion, and that it was one so generally diffused through the various islands, that many years will roll away before the welcome visit of the Scottish Knight and his accomplished friend the Esquire will be forgotten by the grateful and simple natives of the Færoe Islands.

As the day was now wearing apace, I thought it high time to produce my presents. Accordingly, reminding young Helen of my promise, I instantly placed the cask before me, and requested Klaas to bring me a hammer, with which I directly knocked off the upper end. The first thing that presented itself to the curious eyes around me was the flaming stuff I had bought for the women's gowns, which being in two parts, I directly unfolded, and flung over each of their shoulders, amidst the joyful shrieks of the happy females, who now committed so many ridiculous extravagances, that it was some time before order was restored. I next handed to them the small gear of needles and thread, along with the scissors, and gravely recommended to them to commence the manufacture of their gowns without delay. I then called old Jerome to come forward in front, and handing him the trowsers, I commanded him to withdraw, and encase his limbs in them directly, which he did, and returned in a trice. I now gave him the pee-jacket to put on, and slyly removing my bottles under the grass, I produced the hat, and placed it on the old man's head. Immediately a shout of joy, which terminated in repeated bursts of the most boisterous laughter, made the cooper's apartment ring again, and none was merrier than the old fellow himself, who frisked and gambolled all round the happy circle,

with an agility and continuance perfectly astonishing.

"Well behaved, my old canty cock of the North !" cried I, as soon as I saw the effervescing of his first emotions beginning to subside, "in faith, you become your new clothes exceedingly well. They fit as well as though they had been made for you, and make you look twenty years younger than you did an hour ago—Don't they, Helen ?" cried I to his daughter.

"Father does indeed look very well, and were he taller, he would be something like you, Wooller," said the flattering well-pleased beauty, with one of her happiest smiles.

"Ah, my good dear Jerome !" cried the excellent Helen Baga, throwing her withered arms around the cooper's neck—"the very dress he wore, Wooller, thirty years ago, when first my eye beheld him !"

"Houts, touts !" cried the old man, absolutely blushing, "ye're gaun aff at the nail the hale of ye now just a'-thegither, and make me think black burning shame o' myself.—God guide us, luckie, d'ye no ken lang syne that bonny feathers mak bonny birds, woman—gae wa', gae wa' !—It's no but what I'm fell proud o' my present, Maister William, for a' that,—God knows, maybe ower uplifted ; for I think ye hae laid me in couthily for the winter, bless ye, let the storm come whan it likes—but there needs nae be sic a splore o' noise and skirling about it 'Twad be wiser like, my auld wife, ye were seeing after the dinner, than gaun on like a fool that gate ; for deil a bane o' me thinks, for as lang's he's been here, if ye've ever asked Maister William if he'd a mouth yet."

"Eh, Lord's sake, no !" cried honest old Helen, bestirring herself in a moment ;—"Put awa thae dally-wal-lays, lassie, out o' sight, and come and help me—Forgee me, they perfectly turn the heads o' poor creatures."

Both the women set now to work seriously ; and the fire being in glorious trim, the hospitable board was speedily crowded with the unvarying round of salt mutton, fish, eggs, and barley bread, which, with store of excellent ewe-milk, completed the repast.

"Now, my good old friends," said I, addressing the cooper and his wife, "it being the fashion in my country, particularly at a marriage dinner, as

this may be called, to indulge a little longer than usual in the chit-chat of the table, I think you should gratify an old fellow like me in practising it for this one day at least. I cannot promise myself another with you, not knowing how long we may stay. We have rum, and tobacco, and tongues in our heads, not to mention an excellent fire and still better company—and if we can't contrive to make one day pass merrily away, we ought to want all these articles for the rest of our lives."

"Saul! Maister William, an excellent plan," cried the cooper blithely, "were our rum and tobacco a little mair plenty than they are wi' us even now. But I can soon rin down to the Governor's store for mair—he'll gie it to me in a crack."

"My good friend," returned I, "we shall be obliged to your Governor for nothing of the kind—he may be a very good friend, but I don't think he'll make a kind master.—We have plenty of our own to serve all the turn; for your good woman's bread's in store, and the rest is just at our hand here," and with this swaggering flourish, the rum, the cheese, and the tobacco, were on the table in a moment.

The sensations of all around me I shall not attempt to describe, for I find it impossible; astonishment, joy, and gratitude, each had their turns, and altogether formed so motley an assemblage of mirth, praise, and noisy laughter as no language can convey the least idea of. Suffice it to say, that both the Dutchman and West Indian were an agreeable accession to the social coterie;—it was directly up screw to the one, and out knife to the other, and thus, amid mutual good wishes for each other's welfare, and much innocent badinage and laughter, did the rosy hours fly rapidly away, until the hour approached I had promised to attend my commander. Having previously informed the gratified cooper with the Captain's wishes, of which he was not a little proud, I had only now to give him the hint to be directly obeyed. He instantly rose, and having secured his reinforced grey-beard, cheese, and tobacco, under firm durance, he retired to his cooperage to arrange his dress a little more carefully.

"Where'st for noo wi' my Yerome, Wooller?" asked honest Helen Baga.

"Where are we for, old lady," cried

I; "why, for the Governor's, to be sure. If you'll come to the door in a few minutes, you'll see Jerome and I walking with the Governor and all the fine gentlemen on the heights above the old fort yonder."

"La, now, Wooller," cried young Helen, smiling, "you must sure be deceiving mother—for the Governor hardly ever speaks to father unless when he wants some work done."

"I can't help that, Helen," cried I, laughing, "but it is truth I'm telling you. The Governor may not speak to father to-day either—but who cares for that? I'll be bound you'll see our Captain and all the gentlemen speak to him, and they are all greater men than your Governor."

"Ay, by the blessed Lady, I swear that they are!" cried young Jerome, whose usual diffidence had been brushed away by the grog he had swallowed,—“far, far superior indeed!—They shoot better—go through more fatigue—are more brave in a boat amongst breakers—give their servants excellent victuals—and then their clothes, hats, and boots—holy Mother!—how fine, how strong, and light they are to carry, compared with the Governor's.—Oh, Wooller," sighed the ardent young man, "that they'd but take me along with them to Britain!"

"Gae wa', gae wa', ye young fool fellow!" cried old Jerome, returning in time to hear this aspiring wish of his favourite son;—"fat a deyvill, thinkst uh, could ye do for the gentlemen, that they should tak you wi' them? Saul! they wad hac a fine bargain o' ye, I wyte!—I'm unco feared they'd soon find out that ye were a young, silly, handless chield, good for naething in the world but soldiering—and even at that unhappy calling, God guide us! but a very indifferent hand indeed!—Na, na, laddie, ye maun hae mair wit in that young pow o' yours before ye think o' leaving your father's fireside. I'm sure, daft gowk! ye never hear your breether there making sic daftlike wishes—na, faith ye, they've mair sense than to think o' strawvaigin about like a wandering Jew.—Come now, stirrah! bid Maister William there fareweel; we'll a' maybe see him the morn, but I kenna if you will, wi' your sodgering nonsense!"

Shaking young Jerome warmly by

the hand, for I secretly admired the young fellow's spirit, I bade the rest a good night, and with a promise to call the following day if I was ashore, Jerome and I set out for the Governor's.

As the distance was short, we were soon at the door of the Governor's sanctum, and sent in our names and business with the mustachoeed sergeant already noticed;—and had not waited long before my commander, followed by his friends and the Governor, issued from the portal of supreme power in uncommonly high spirits. I immediately introduced the honest cooper to his notice, who stood uncovered before him, his thin scanty grey hairs fluttering in the breeze. Having surveyed the good-looking old man with evident satisfaction for a few moments, he said,—

"Well, old boy, how are you?—and how is the good old woman at home, and your pretty daughter?—Has she got married yet?—But put on your hat, my good fellow, the air is cold and chill.—Is she married yet?"

The old man nodded assent.

The Captain looked at me with a rejoicing smile I perfectly understood—then resumed—"Allow me to introduce to your notice, gentlemen, one of the brave defenders of the fort we are going to view—a man whom my coxswain, here, is never tired of praising for the ability he displayed in leading on his neighbours against our landing party, and whose exertions only ceased when the capture of the fort rendered them completely unavailing. He was the means of saving my fellow's life that day, and you see he has done his best to rig his benefactor out something in the British fashion. By my honour, my honest fellow, had you either a pair of boots or shoes on your feet, you might pass muster for a burly Shieldsman, or a Caithness fisher, very well."

The gentlemen all agreed in the remark; and so many compliments came to my share, for my generous and manly conduct, as they were pleased to phrase it, as absolutely to make me blush.

"Gentlemen," said I, with one of my best bows, "while I'm exceedingly proud of your good opinion, truth compels me to declare, that the whole merit of this generous action

belongs entirely to my noble commander. Had it depended on my poor means, I am sadly afraid my worthy friend Jerome —"

"Well, well, 'Truck," cried the Captain, gaily interrupting me, "that will do now—you have just said enough, my lad, and said it not at all unhandsomely. Now do you and your friend go on before us, and see that you lead us to the most favourable point for seeing all the ground you occupied in executing this famous exploit of Tom Baugh's.—It will be very singular indeed, gentlemen, if we don't get an accurate as well as an amusing account of this affair, when it is related by a combatant of each of the parties."

Jerome and I accordingly led the way to the very spot I have already described, where the whole story was once more gone over by us both, incessantly interrupted by innumerable questions, and teased and cross-examined about trifles with a lawyer-like minuteness, that made the task exceedingly disagreeable. Having at length exhausted their curiosity, or their patience, we were highly complimented, and dismissed to the rear; while they slowly descended to the ruins, to examine their site and appearance more minutely.

"By my honour, gentlemen," cried the Captain, standing on the body of a prostrate twenty-four-pounder, "our friend Baugh has done this business in his best style; and when you consider his being opposed with metal of this tremendous description I now stand on, besides the native population, I think you will allow, that the execution of such a task is as creditable to his judgment as to his courage."

"Now there I beg leave to differ from you, my gallant sir," cried the knight;—"for though I have no great skill in the art of defending fortifications generally, nor the smallest wish to detract from the gallantry of Captain Baugh's well-earned fame, the simple coup d'œil makes me think so much of the natural strength of this position, that with a body of brave men sufficient to work these guns, and all other necessary stores, backed with the little assistance the inhabitants could give me, I do not hesitate to say, that I would not wince at the

advance of any ship in the navy of Great Britain. I strongly suspect that cowardice, or sheer want of ability, has done more for Baugh than any exertions of his own."

"Lord's sake!—d'ye hear the like o' that, Maister William?" whispered the astonished Jerome.

"Why, that must be said to please your Governor, my friend," returned I, in the same manner; "for you well know it is not true."

"Forgie us, lad, you'll be right," continued Jérôme; "for deevil a cowardice or want o' ability I saw that day—it was a' gude dour fecht-ing.—Nonsense! He shouldna hae comed here ava, stupid fool!—But, whisht, let's hear what he says."

"Your idea is perfectly correct, Sir Knight," said the Governor; "for both of these vile qualities were imputed to my predecessor, as the cause of enabling the English commander to triumph over him so easily. But the poor gentleman was a mere civilian, entirely ignorant of military matters, and so far was excusable. He was immediately afterwards recalled, however, cashiered, and disgraced; the Crown Prince remarking at the time, that he should take care that every future governor should be a man of military experience, and of tried fidelity and courage."

At the conclusion of this flourish to his own praise—and sorry I was the gentleman's trumpeter was defunct—we followed the party slowly down to the Governor's house, where, after being handsomely treated, the Captain procured a white flag for me, ordering me to return it as soon as I saw the gig put off, and then dismissed us. This was soon done, and the flag returned to its owner. We then walked

slowly down to the beach, when I seized the opportunity to tell my friend Jerome to put any worsted gear he might have for me into the empty cask I had brought, and fasten them up, when I would take it on board with me the following day. This the good man faithfully promised; and the gig having arrived, and the Captain on his way towards it, we parted for the night.

Here ended, I may say, my trip to the Faroe Islands. I was only once again on shore, but so hurried for time, that I could barely steal as much as drink farewell to the honest cooper and his family in a horn of the Shetland rum. Our parting was both warm and affectionate; for I felt, while I squeezed the horny hands of the glistering-eyed cooper and his wife, and tenderly saluted the little lovely weeping Helen, that it was for the last time in this world. Honest Klaas came down to the boat with me, insisting he should carry my cask, which I afterwards found to contain such a liberal supply of frocks, stockings, comforters, drawers, and night-caps, as enabled me not only to supply a needy companion or two, but rendered me independent of the worsted market for some years thereafter. The same day our gentlemen, having previously sent all their luggage and mineralogical packages on board, came alongside in state in the Governor's barge; an opportunity I gladly took of bidding the cooper's spirited youngest son a last adieu; and, finally, on the same afternoon, bidding gladly farewell to these bleak and bare fragments of the Northern Ocean, we stood once more to sea, and in a few days came safely to an anchor in the roadstead of Leith.

S.

## HYMN TO DECEMBER.

O'er the bare hill-top moan the gusty breezes,  
From the dark branches sweeping the sere leaves;  
Blue skies have waned, and earth obeys thy sceptre,  
Tyrannous December.

All inefficiently glimmers out the pale sun,  
'Tween brooding rainclouds, o'er the faded landscape;  
Comfortless is noontide—desolate is evening,  
Stormy and starless.

Drear is the aspect of old rugged Ocean,  
To his caves of basalt riding on his foam steed;  
South comes the Polar duck, and the gliding grey gull  
Shrieks to its shelter.

Of hail the tremendous magazines thou openest,  
Spreadest thy snow-white mantle o'er the bare hills;  
Chainest up the floods, and hangeest to the red moon  
Icicles of crystal.

Hast thou no mercy for the wanderer houseless?  
See, the lean pauper shivers by his dim hearth;  
Howl the starved fox-cubs; and the little field-birds  
Die of cold and hunger!

Yet joy to earth;—grim, pitiless December,  
'Twas mid thy storm-clouds that our Lord descended:—  
Christmas is thine, and man shall rejoice him,  
Dark though thy scowl be.



LETTERA SECONDA, SULLITANIE A CERTI PUNTI MUSICALI, INDIRIZZATA  
AL SIGNORE CRISTOFORO NORTH.

*Edinburgo, li 15 Ottobre 1827.*

STIMATISSIMO SIGNORE,

Li 6 di Gennajo 1823 vi scrissi una lettera in Italiano, che fù stampata nel Fascicolo 73 del vostro "*Magazine*" per il mese di febbrajo 1823, pagine 158—162. Avendo io sottocchio quella lettera, ed anche una lettera Inglese stampata nel Fascicolo 57 del Harmonicon, il mese di Settembre scorso, pagine 177, 178, con certi esempj musicali; prendo la libertà di scrivervi un'altra volta, riguardo a questa lettera *Inglese*. Non badando troppo allo stile di detta lettera Inglese,—uno stile molto inesatto, oscuro e confuso,—io vi rimanderò alla mia lettera del 6 Gennajo 1823; e di più, aggiungerò, in questa mia, alcune osservazioni che serviranno in un tempo futuro a mostrare che non bisogna prender come *nuova* ogni teoria musicale detta nuova da qualsivoglia scrittore. Il nostro Inglese parla di una *teoria sua propria*, secondo a cui "le corde, medesime in apparenza, sono, in alcuni casi da riferirsi ad *uno*, ed in altri a *due* ed anche a *tre* suoni fondamentali," &c. &c. Che si legga la mia lettera del 6 Gennajo 1823, dove si troverà indicati gli autori forestieri che sono veramente *autori* di una *tale e medesima teoria*! Quanto sarebbe da desiderare che certi Teoristi fossero un gran poco più *letterati* ed *istruiti*! Quanto ai "suoni fondamentali *primari*, *secondari* ed *incidentali*," mentovati dal nostro Inglese, bisogna leggere i libri stampati di \* \* \* \* e, di \* \* \* \* u, e di molti altri, per vedere quanto sieno *originali* le *scoperte pretese* del nostro Teorista millantatore.

Forse dirà egli "io non ho mai letto alcun libro forestiere che tratta della musica—non ne voglio nè leggere nè conoscere, perchè io sono *Inglese*, e tengo in odio tutti quei scrittori che si chiamano Francesi, Allemanni, Svizzeri, Italiani, etca." Se sia così, dirò solamente con Quintilino, Ignorantia prætendi non potest; e con Fedro: Prejudicata opinio obruit judicium.

Quanto ai "*principj*" non conosciuti che riguardano la musica, e che si fondano sopra la base medesima in su la quale si fondano i principj della chimica,

della meccanica, ed altre scienze ;" vorrei vedere un ragguaglio *ragionevole* e ben *ragionata* di quei *principj*, fatto dal nostro Inglese che ne parla sì saviamente. Ma, primieramente, vorrei che egli mi facesse sapere *perchè* una rosa fresca mi dà una sensazione differente da quella che mi dà una cipolla ammaccata? Perchè lo zucchero e il sale, ovvero un "plum-pudding," e un "haggis," non hanno lo stesso sapore? E finalmente, che differenza vi corre tra la coda del Diavolo e un bicchier di "blue-ruin?"

Verso la metà del secolo passato parecchi matematici forestieri travederono la possibilità di misurare e di paragonar tra loro gli intervalli musicali per mezzo di certe formole algebriche, &c., donde si scoprì che due intervalli musicali qualunque, sono tra loro come i logaritmi dei loro rapporti costitutivi.\* Non mi maraviglierei molto se il sudetto Inglese pretendesse aver fatto anche questa scoperta! Per esempio: si cerca i rapporti degli intervalli  $\frac{8}{9}$ ,  $\frac{9}{10}$ ,  $\frac{16}{15}$ .

Il calcolo si prende in questa maniera.

Logaritmo	9=0,954242
Log.	8=0,903089
Log.	10=1,000000
Log.	16=1,204119
Log.	15=1,176091

$$\text{Perciò: Logaritmo } \frac{9}{8} = \text{Log. } 9 - \text{log. } 8 = 0,051153$$

$$\text{Log. } \frac{10}{9} = \text{Log. } 10 - \text{log. } 9 = 0,045758$$

$$\text{Log. } \frac{16}{15} = \text{Log. } 16 - \text{log. } 15 = 0,028028$$

Donde si conchiude 1<sup>mo</sup>.  $\log. \frac{9}{8} : \log. \frac{10}{9} :: 51153 : 45758$ ; un rapporto che, impiegando il metodo di approssimazione delle frazioni continue, ritorna a quello di 9 a 8.

2<sup>do</sup>.  $\log. \frac{9}{8} : \log. \frac{16}{15} :: 51153 : 28028$ , rapporto che, impiegando lo stesso metodo d'approssimazione, ri viene a quello di 9 a 5.

3<sup>o</sup>.  $\log. \frac{10}{9} : \log. \frac{16}{15} :: 45758 : 28028$ , rapporto che, impiegando lo stesso metodo d'approssimazione, ri viene a quello di 8 a 5.

Ovvero, per mezzo delle approssimazioni più rozze, si può supporre  $\log. \frac{9}{8} = \log. \frac{10}{9} = 2 \log. \frac{16}{15}$ . La differenza 0,112 è tanta piccola che si può in certi casi metterla da parte.

Potrei scrivervi un volume su di questa materia, ma non voglio seccarvi troppo. Aggiungerò solamente che i musici e teoristi tutti della Gran Bretagna credono sempre che una corda sonora e vibrante nella sua totalità, può dividersi per vibrare, *nello stesso tempo*, nelle sue metà, le sue tre terze, le sue quattro quarte, etc. etc.; benchè una tale vibrazione composta e contraddittoria in un medesimo corpo, e in un medesimo tempo, non sia mai possibile; come si potrebbe facilmente dimostrare a chiunque abbia la menoma conoscenza delle leggi meccaniche del moto. È veramente singolare che questa dottrina falsissima, e che forma la base di tante teorie e speculazioni musicali, sia stata sempre ricevuta come vera verissima in questo benedettissimo paese.

Che l'autore B. G. B. di una lettera nel fascicolo del Harmonicon sopra-mentovato la quale tratta di "una nuova sistema di notazione musicale," mi dica se non ha mai veduto un certo libretto stampato in Francia, nell'anno 1805, sopra quella medesima materia? Pare che ne abbia avuto qualche conoscenza! Come dice Cicerone: aliud est celare, aliud tacere.

Con tutta stima dovuta  
suo servitore umilissimo,

G.

\* Spiegherò altrove cosa s'intende dal rapporto costitutivo di un intervallo musicale.  
Vol., XXII.



## DAY-DREAMS.

Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
Without our special wonder?

EVERY human being has, in some hours of his life, been conscious of that dreamy half-perplexed mood, in which shadowy and broken traits of recollection are suddenly cast up in his mind as from a void, and hover around him, connecting a visionary past with a future still more dim and fluctuating—of a sudden influx of wavering images that spring up spontaneously, seem familiar to memory, yet have no discoverable relation to real existences, but which, coming “like shadows, so depart,” before he can mark their form or relations. There are circumstances which predispose to this visionary mood in the lull of the senses, and that seeming suspension of the mental faculties which we call a day-dream, or, vulgarly, a brown study; or in that state of quietism and surrender of mind which has been cultivated by certain philosophers and by religious sects, who patiently wait till good can be shown them, by what they consider the direct operation of divine influence breathing upon their acquiescent spirits. This state of mind is understood and intelligible; but the mystical impression I would attempt to describe, is as sudden as it is spontaneous and inscrutable. Besides these singular reminiscent influences, almost every man, especially if under the excitation of strong and agitating passions, but not borne down by their immediate sway, has been conscious of those sudden resistless flashes of preternatural perception which are called *presentiment*.

Moralists and metaphysicians, who have systematically investigated what is called the philosophy of mind, have thrown little light on these mysteries of our nature, which in their unfathomable depths depending on no fixed or recognisable principle, baffle research, and seem too subtle to be analyzed. The reminiscent impressions to which I refer, are something quite distinct in their operation from the faculty by which we recover the broken and nearly obliterated images impressed on the memory in childhood, or at some very distant time. The images of material memory—if the phrase is allowable—where they can

be renewed at all, arise at first faint, and imperfect, become gradually more clear and fixed, till one by one we ascertain all their bearings, and, after a great distance of time, find them renewed in their first glow and original freshness. But in those momentary escapes of the soul, as if beyond the boundaries of its earthly tabernacle, to which I allude, the vivid point of impression is in the very first instant. Those images which seem to start suddenly from the “abyss of time,” will no more come on our bidding than stay to have their pictures taken: they fade and dissolve into the dream of a dream; and before we can mark them, they have, unperceived, melted into the haze which for ever hovers around those mysterious boundaries that separate the visible from the invisible. Now the process by which the actual experiences of material existence are revived in the memory, is easily understood—one link of the electric chain of association is touched, a single image is recalled, and

“Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!”

This process is illustrated with great felicity in that fine scene in *Guy Raverling*, where young Bertram unconsciously standing once more in the centre of the objects that first impressed his infant senses, listens to the old ballad sung by the servant girl at her washing on the green of Ellangowan Tower; and the same operation is even more delicately touched in that scene in the *Antiquary*, where the old woman—“the dead alive,” whose faculties are benumbed and nearly obliterated, is momentarily roused from mental torpor by various powerful but intelligible excitements. In Mr Wordsworth's poem, “The two April Mornings,” sentimental reminiscence is very beautifully described—

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun,  
Then from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought?”

A second time did Matthew stop,  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain top,  
To me he made reply:—

' Yon cloud with that long purple cleft,  
Brings fresh into my mind,  
A day like this, which I have left  
Full thirty years behind.

' And just above yon slope of corn,  
Such colours and no other  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.'

What may be called natural *pre-sentiment*—the feeling of timid apprehension which is ever closely allied to ardent hope, the sad thoughts which are directly brought from thoughts of joy—is frequently exemplified by the same poet; as in those verses where a lover journeying in joyful hope, delighted with all around him, suddenly checks himself, and utters the natural exclamation—

" Ah, mercy!" to myself I cried,

" If Lucy should be dead!"

But those mysterious reminiscences and recognitions, which start suddenly upon a mind that on earth can have laid up no store of kindred thoughts or images, look as if they sprung from another birth-place.

In the dreaming and fabling East, these strange evanescent influences are at once accounted for by the supposed pre-existence of the human soul, endowed with the remnants of faculties reaching beyond mortality—"holding large discourse—looking *before* and *after*."

This visionary belief is the source of many of the finest poetical systems and legends of the East.

" Ah sure! as Hindoo legends tell,  
When Music's tones the bosom swell,  
The former scenes of life return;  
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,  
We left our parent climes afar,  
Immured in mortal forms to mourn."

Though music has considerable power in bringing on this mental hallucination, it steals over the mind in every variety of circumstances in which the soul is left in "a wise passiveness." In gazing for the first time on a lovely prospect, a fine original picture, or an expressive countenance, as well as in listening to an affecting piece of music, how often does the dreamy, confused, yet pleasing recollection of the self-same strain, the same assemblage of soul-breathing features, the identical landscape, the same balmy quiet air, the very rocks, skies, and trees, bring home to our bosoms the lively feelings of a scene

past and familiar, yet having in our memory no local habitation or name that the earth owes! Nor are these the only tricks of this kind which the mind plays itself, or of which it is the passive instrument. In a first ramble by a strange sea-shore—in the church of St Peter's—at the summit of Mont Blanc—in a coronation procession—in a theatre—at a funeral, or a crowded rout—these impressions may still recur:—"Again I am in a scene of which I have formerly been a witness, or in which I have been an actor." These ideas may be raised by objects the most sublime or the most homely; but they are never, I think, awakened by the images of vulgar sensation. No man has a bewildering waking dream of a beef-steak formerly eaten, or a bottle of visionary Madeira, eclipsing in flavour *London particular*. For these engaging memories he can duly render day and date, the name of the tavern, and probably the amount of the bill:—they are of the earth, earthly.

The power of exciting these mystical impressions is seldom felt more strongly than on the first glance of some peculiar human face. We meet an entire stranger, whose name we may never have heard. His features are quite familiar to us, yet he resembles no one we have ever known. We recognise at once, in their varying and eloquent expression, the gestures of a mind with which ours is already well acquainted. The language of his looks is directly intelligible—the tones of his voice are like some forgotten melody which we instantly recall. We feel for the moment an entire accord of tastes and feelings with this stranger, and have not yet thought of his character and condition of life. By the time these are ascertained, the spell is probably broken—the shadowy investiture of imagination is blown aside, and the object of our perplexed and delighted reminiscence sinks at once and for ever into his real worldly character. Those with whom we are daily conversant are rarely the exciting causes of our day-dreams, if material cause they have; yet if placed in a novel situation with those habitually and tenderly dear to our affections, how often does the thought occur, "Have I not, in some former and half-forgotten time, lived over the

same moments—experienced the same sensations—enjoyed the same delicious repose of mind? The same trees and verdure were around me; there was the same insect hum; the brook sung the self-same melody:—but when—or where? Who can trace those shadowy reminiscences, which one could at times half believe to be indeed conjured up from some earlier stage of the soul's eternal progress?

As strange and inexplicable are those impressions—whether we call them *sympathy* or *presentiment*—which at first equally sudden and unaccountable, often assume a substantial and permanent form, and have ever after a strong influence on the existence of the individual by whom they are experienced. Rousseau, describing in his own glowing language his first interview with Madame de Warens, expatiates on the instantaneous and complete accordance of nature, the entire confidence and sympathy, with which he was impressed on the first moment by one so far removed, by rank, sex, years, and education, from the vagrant boy who stood in her presence. He challenges philosophy to explain this phenomenon—this mysterious and ineradicable sympathy with the only human being with whom, according to his own assertion, his perverted mind ever moved in unison, or reposed in confidence. Another instance of this singular soul-attraction is afforded by a character the most opposite that moral history could furnish. Cowper, the most painfully shy and sensitive of men or poets in his intercourse with his fellow-creatures, tells us, that he had no sooner sat down with the Unwins, of whom the mother and son became his especial favourites, than he felt himself at home—his mind and heart in their proper place—almost for the first time in his troubled life. It is well known how he ever afterwards clung to this refuge. The life of Cowper's friend—the pious and almost romantic John Newton of Olney—affords some singular instances of the power of sympathy or presentiment.

To say that those bright, rapid flashes of what appears prophetic intelligence, named *presentiment*, are produced by a latent taint of superstition, is to elude the question. They

have been confessed by men of the sternest intellect—by the sceptic and the Christian, the hero and the poet—by Bacon and Johnson—by persons of the most dissimilar character—by the most energetic of modern men, and by the highest genius of modern times. Napoleon's faith in his high destiny, his peculiar *star*, though a vague, appears to have been a permanent and even an influential belief. And in him the presentiment of high fortune co-existed with much of that fine sagacity which in all ages of the world has raised statesmen and philosophers into prophets and seers. If, as has been alleged, this man, in all things extraordinary, was early impressed with the superstition that his brilliant fortunes were mysteriously interlinked with those of his first Empress, must he not latterly have felt that “the devil spoke true,” as he marked his *star* decline from the moment that his own cold, ambitious vanity and heartless perfidy broke the spell? To pass from Napoleon, in whose capacious mind superstition so strangely found place with the coldest and most stern reality, there is a recent instance of *tangible*, or what we may call *embodied* presentiment, which, trivial as it seems, is yet, from the character and genius of its hero, not a little curious. It is indeed an instance of second-sight, as genuine, and quite as senseless, as ever was revealed to visionary Hebridean shepherd,

“Placed far amid the melancholy main.”

It is related by Goethe, the first poet of Germany, of himself in his days of youth. Goethe was, be it understood, the lover of a certain blue-eyed Frederica, whose “nose had a curve that seemed to defy all worldly,” and consequently all visionary care. From her he had just parted, and it is to be devoutly wished by all the admirers of love and poetry, that the interest of his vision had turned upon anything rather than a grey coat with gold lace! Had he beheld Frederica's cock-nose arise from the earth before him, “seen her where she had not been, and doted upon nothing,” or next to it, the whole would have been intelligible in a lover and a mystical German poet. The poet may create and regulate his own fancies; but the seer must look on what is presented to him. So, says Goethe, “I proceeded along a path that leads to Drusenheim, when a

strange vision, which must have been a *presentiment* suddenly disturbed my mind. I thought I saw my own image advancing towards me on horseback. The figure wore a grey coat with gold lace, such as I had never worn. I awoke from this dream, and the vision disappeared. It is singular enough that eight years after, as I was going to see Frederica once more, I found myself in the same road, dressed as I had dreamed, and wearing such a coat accidentally, and without having chosen it."

Many of these *visible* presentiments rest upon authority so good as to be not a little troublesome to those who would explain them all implicitly on natural principles. The well-known story related of Dr Donne by his affectionate biographer, Isaac Walton, very easily admits of a natural explanation. In France, Donne, at midnight, saw the vision of his wife, then in England, pass across his apartment, carrying in her arms a dead infant. But Donne had recently left his wife, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and in spite of her earnest entreaties and gloomy forebodings of evil from his absence; and her superstitious and womanly fears increased his natural apprehensions for her safety: he foresaw a very probable event. But, embarking on a fine morning with a gay bridal party—all around him joy and hope—whence arose the feeling, the *presentiment* soon fatally accomplished, which made a pious clergyman, the father of the patriotic Andrew Marvel, throw back his walking-stick to the land, exclaiming, as the boat left the shore, "Ho! for heaven!"

Stories of supernatural intelligence of the death of friends at a distance, are familiar to the recollection of every person, both from reading and conversation; and that the solemn presentiment of the most awful event of life is not only frequently entertained, but very accurately verified, must have been observed by every attendant of the dying, who, as they approach the confines of the invisible world, will often, with inexplicable exactness, fix the day and hour of final dissolution. This presentiment of the hour of death is most generally experienced by those who, best prepared for their great change, are calmly resigned to the event of death or life, and seldom by

those whose agitated and feverish minds might be presumed to realize their own diseased and imaginary fears. Where shall we seek for an explanation of this supernatural impression, or of this preternatural acuteness of expiring sense, if we refuse that of the poet:—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away."

The story of the requiem of Mozart is singular, as shewing the power of a gloomy presentiment in realizing itself in an enervated mind and a debilitated frame. But there are numerous instances of heroes and soldiers, men of the greatest moral and physical courage, who have fought bravely in many fields, entering on their last battle with the fixed presentiment of the death which they certainly encountered. Brave men have entertained this foreboding feeling for their friends and comrades, and have seen it strangely realized. Our own Nelson, who, to an active and energetic mind, united a warm and enthusiastic temperament, whose soul was ever feelingly alive to every impulse, had not only the avowed presentiment of death as strong as that of victory, on the twenty-first of October, the battle-day of Trafalgar, but after having kept the same station watching the French fleet for many months, and very closely for weeks and days, he entertained the firm persuasion that this very day, the anniversary of a festival in his family for a victory obtained over the French, was to be the day of action. The combined fleet of France and Spain, which had played off and on for nearly two years, moved at last from Cadiz, and formed in order of battle; and, on the day he foresaw, Nelson fought, conquered, and fell, as his prophetic feelings had predicted. It is worthy of notice, though out of place, as a proof of the universality of this foreboding feeling, that on this brave man's taking leave of his wife for the last time previous to his forming that infatuated attachment, which embittered his remaining life, and sullied his public fame, Lady Nelson experienced that strong impulsive feeling of impending misfortune, which led her to anticipate his death, but which was interpreted to her mind by an event yet more

painful—the alienation of his affections, and the destruction of their domestic peace. The circumstance is noticed by Nelson's biographer, Mr Southey.

A remarkable instance of presentiment is given in the *Life of Wolsey*, by his favourite and faithful attendant, Cavendish. The unfortunate prelate, when seized with his last fatal illness on his journey to London, predicted, or prophesied, his own death at eight o'clock of a particular day. The chime struck as he breathed his last—and his attendants, remembering his prediction, gazed on each other. The *Memoirs of Bayard*, written by the Loyal Servant, record a very striking prediction of the death of this illustrious knight at the battle of Ravenna remarkably fulfilled; and Sully relates an instance of a presentiment of death experienced by the "fair Gabrielle," the beloved mistress of Henry IV., which appears to have even affected the cool, sensible, and faithful minister whom her power over the King had so often vexed.

"The King, who was not willing to incur the censure of keeping his lady with him during the Easter holidays, entreated her to leave him to spend them at Fontainebleau, and to return herself to Paris. Madame de Beaufort received this order with tears; it was still worse when they came to part: Henry, on his side, more passionately fond than ever of this lady, who had already brought him two sons, and a daughter, named Henrietta, did himself equal violence. He conducted her half-way to Paris; and although they proposed only an absence of a few days, yet they dreaded the moment of parting, as if it had been for a much longer time. Those who are inclined to give faith to presages, will lay some stress upon this relation. The two lovers renewed their parting endearments, and in everything they said to each other at that moment, some people have pretended to find proof of those presages of an inevitable fate.

"Madame de Beaufort spoke to the King as if for the last time; she recommended to him her children, her house of Monceaux, and her domestics; the King listened to her, but instead of comforting her, gave way to a sympathizing grief. Again they took leave of each other, and a secret emotion again drew them to each other's arms. Henry would not so easily have torn himself from her, if the Marshal d'Ornano, Moleville, and

Frontenac, had not taken him away by force. At length they prevailed upon him to return to Fontainebleau; and the last words he said were to recommend his mistress to La Varenne, with orders to provide everything she wanted, and to conduct her safely to the house of Zamet, to whom he had chosen to confide the care of a person so dear to him."

Her presentiment was realized; for she died a few days after she had parted from the King.

The omens and forebodings that preceded the murder of Henry IV. himself, are quite too marvellous to be of much weight. The well-known story of the warnings given by those beautiful little dogs whom this popular monarch—who seemed endowed by nature with the rare quality of attaching every living thing that came near him—used to fondle and play with, is one of those relations which imagination loves to entertain in despite of reason and probability. But the grave narrative of Marshal Bassompierre, is entitled to more attention. It proves that Henry, who was far superior to the vulgar superstitions that influenced many of his courtiers, possessed, with other high mental qualities, much of the quick intuitive perception inseparable from acute and energetic minds. The state of this monarch's mind places the doctrine of presentiment in its true and rational light. On the May-pole planted in the court of the Louvre falling down from no apparent cause, a few days before his assassination, a gloomy conversation arose among the courtiers about this disastrous omen.

"You are fools," said Henry, who overheard them, "to amuse yourselves with prognostics. Learn from me never for the future to care about omens and predictions, which are vain and frivolous. For the last thirty years all the astrologers and quacks have predicted every year that I should be killed. In the year when I do actually die, all the presages that occurred in the course of it, will be remarked and put into histories; and those who predicted my death will be thought great and wonderful persons, while nothing will be said of the omens of preceding years."

It was in this manner Henry regarded prediction, even while he had a strong presentiment of his own murder, and of the manner of its ac-

accomplishment. About the time of his death, he was on the eve of a journey into Germany.

"I don't know how it is, Bassompierre," he said, "but I cannot persuade myself I am going into Germany."

"Several times," continues Bassompierre, "he said to me, and to others also, 'I think I shall die soon;' and the day before his death, after the coronation of the Queen, when he seemed in very high spirits, this was repeated to Bassompierre, and the Duc de Guise.

"My God! sire," said one of the courtiers, "will you never cease to afflict us by saying you will soon die? These are not good words to utter."

"Yet, though this great and wise King had no superstition, and laughed at omens and divinations," continues the Marshal, "he not only, by a particular sort of inspiration, foresaw his death, but even the manner of it, and the place where he should be killed. He had always the apprehension of being killed in his carriage by some melancholy madman. Those who rode with him will testify, as I can, to have heard him say, that there was no place more dangerous than that, to be attacked and wounded, and that the only men he had to beware of were gloomy madmen; for no wise man would undertake such an action."

Bassompierre gives a curious relation of the prescience which the wretched d'Ancre had of his approaching fate. "I wish by this discourse," says the Marshal, "to show how men, and especially those elevated by fortune, have inspirations and forebodings of their fall, but not resolution to avoid it." But such prescience is not more

wonderful than that he who climbs a high and dangerous precipice, should, as he topples on the verge, feel his head become giddy.

It would scarcely be a fair instance of presentiment to mention that Swift, a man of the most unbending and masculine understanding, through his whole life, foreboded the gloomy and furious madness in which he ended his days. To a mind so acute, bodily complaints, and the obvious tendencies of a violent temper, might have made this appear no improbable event; but it is more remarkable that the Dean of St Patrick's, of a character so decided and thorough-going, should have kept the letter announcing the sudden death of his friend Gay in England, in his pocket, unopened, for some days, from the presentiment that it contained intelligence of some heavy misfortune.

Many Christians, and indeed whole sects in former and in contemporary times, have considered an influence kindred to this, a seeming spontaneous impulse of the mind, the sudden obtrusion of a text of Scripture, or memory of a sacred promise, as a mark or test of true conversion, and as the *presentiment* of salvation. Without regarding this belief more minutely, it may be received as yet another proof of the universality of the feeling of preternatural influences glancing back into the dark abyss of time, or forward into the undiscovered depths of futurity, of which every man that looks inward must often have been conscious. I would conclude my Day-dreams with the adopted oracular counsel of Johnson—"Do not wholly slight them, for they may be true; but do not wholly trust them, because they may be false."

## THE DEATH-DAY OF KÖRNER.\*

A song for the death-day of the brave—  
 A song of pride!  
 The youth went down to a hero's grave,  
 With the sword, his bride.†

He went, with his noble heart unworn,  
 And pure, and high;  
 An eagle stooping from clouds of morn,  
 Only to die!

He went with the lyre, whose lofty tone  
 Beneath his hand  
 Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone,  
 And his Father-land.

And with all his glorious feelings yet  
 In their first glow,  
 Like a southern stream that no frost hath met  
 To chain its flow.

A song for the death-day of the brave—  
 A song of pride!  
 For him that went to a hero's grave,  
 With the sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet-lays  
 To turn the flight,  
 And a guiding spirit for after days,  
 Like a watch-fire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,  
 Midst all high thought,  
 And a memory unto his mother's breast,  
 With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight  
 Of earthly breath,  
 Beautiful—beautiful and bright,  
 In life and death!

A song for the death-day of the brave—  
 A song of pride!  
 For him that went to a hero's grave,  
 With the sword, his bride!

F. H.

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\* On reading part of a letter from Körner's father, addressed to Mr Richardson, the translator of his works, in which he speaks of "the death-day of his son."

† See the Sword-song, composed on the morning of his death.

## MY OLD DOG AND I.

"NAY, not to-day, my good old fellow—  
 We can't go out to-day;  
 Look! this long sheet must be cramm'd over—  
 All this—with words as thick as clover,  
 To go by post away!"

"And *must* it go to-day?"—"Yes, sir!  
 Methinks you heard me say it—  
 It's of great consequence—the Press  
 Would wait in infinite distress  
 Should anything delay it."

"But, Mistress! what a morning—see—  
 For winter!"—"Well, what then?"  
 "Only methought the warm sunshine  
 Would comfort these old limbs of mine."  
 "Pshaw! there I've dropt my pen,

"And made a blot—It's all your fault,  
 You teasing thing! I wish ——"  
 "What, Mistress? If 'twere mine to grant,  
 Your heart should not know wish or want  
 Deferr'd a minute."—"Pish!

"Old cunning fox! but that won't do—  
 And pray, sir! after all  
 Why can't you by yourself stroll down,  
 As you used often, to the town,  
 And make a morning call?"

"Because those friends of mine are gone—  
 Their like won't come again—  
 Who used to save the greasy platters,  
 And other little sav'ry matters,  
 For my refreshment then.

"Besides—I hate to walk alone—  
 My eyes grow very dim;  
 I'm hard of hearing, too—a fly  
 Might knock me down, so weak am I  
 In ev'ry trembling limb.

"And now, vile curs make sport of me—  
 Vile creatures—but last week  
 Pounced on my back an old fat hen,  
 And peck'd me, till I howl'd again  
 At every spiteful tweak."

"But, Mister Ranger! who attack'd  
 Her harmless chickens, pray?"—"—  
 "Well—if I did—'twas all in fun—  
 Mere frolic—that I throttled one,  
 No living soul can say."

"No fault of yours—D'ye mind, old friend!  
 That *Goose*—that *Turkey*, too?"  
 "Why, ay—but then they were your cousin's,  
 And he had plenty more—whole dozens!  
 I smote the fowls for you."



" Was it for my sake, yesterday,  
 You flew at the calf's throat?"—  
 " Yes—because Lizzy fed the beast,  
 Forsooth—(I thought she did, at least,)—  
 From your choice butterboat."

" Oh, rare!—and, when you stole the ham,  
 No doubt, 'twas all pure zeal  
 For my wrong'd ~~rest~~ rest made you do it."—  
 " Ah, Mistress! sorely did I rue it,  
 That sinful sav'ry meal!

" How sick I was!—what stuff I took  
 What solemn vows did utter,  
 Never to touch fish, flesh, or fowl,  
 Forbidden thing—" " And so you stole  
 Next time, a pound of butter.—

" Then you're so rude!—when people call,  
 And your good leave outstay,  
 You go and stick yourself before 'em  
 Bolt upright—(outraging decorum)—  
 To beg they'll go away.

" 'Tis true—*they* don't quite comprehend  
 Your meaning—but *I* do;  
 And when they call you 'civil creature!'  
 And praise your sweet obliging nature—  
 Ranger!—I blush for you——"

" Why, Mistress! sure I've heard you say  
 'Good heavens!—I'm almost dead—  
 Those people staid so!'—" " Come, no sneering—  
 When they were fairly out of hearing,  
 No matter what I said.

" You're such a jealous, envious thing!  
 You've ousted the poor cat;  
 And now, forsooth! if I but throw  
 The guinea-fowls a crumb or so,  
 You take offence at that;

" And growl, and snarl, and snap at 'em—  
 Would kill 'em, if you durst.  
 It really shocks me, I must own,  
 To think of late your temper's grown  
 So crabbed and so curst."

" Bear with me, Mistress!—I was not  
 Always so curst a creature—  
 Perhaps old age, that on me gains  
 So fast, with all its aches and pains,  
 Has something changed my nature,

" But not my heart. I've served you now  
 These eighteen years, wellnigh—  
 Borne all your humours—(for *you*, too,  
 Mine honour'd Mistress! have a few,)—  
 You'll own right lovingly;

" Shared all your good and evil days—  
    (Much evil have we known !)  
Loved those you loved, and mourn'd them too,  
And miss'd them long, as well as you ;  
    And now we're left alone,

" I do my best, my very best,  
    To please and cheer you still ;  
Though weak and weaker ev'ry hour  
Becomes your poor old servant's power  
    To prove his loving will.

" But yet a little longer, pray,  
    Bear with me, Mistress mine !  
It won't be long—and when I'm dead,—"  
" Thou'lt leave behind no craftier head  
    Than that old pate of thine.

" Serpent of guile ! and thus it is  
    You always wind about,  
And whatsoever thing I'm doing,  
Tho' leaving it were certain ruin,  
    You're sure to get me out.

" There ! there !—I've shut the blotting book,  
    Bid Honour bring my cloak,  
She understands your bark as well  
As if I called, or rang the bell—  
    Peace, peace, old fool !—you'll choak.

" Well !—I'm just ready—get you gone—  
    But now—d'ye mind me, Ranger !  
Don't bark at everything we meet,  
And make a riot in the street,  
    And get yourself in danger.

" And don't attack the Baker's dog—  
    Nor snap and snarl at Beau—  
Nor hunt the cats, nor rouse again  
The wrath of your old friend the Hen"—  
    " Trust me for that—No, no,

" Hang her, old toad !—I'm no match now  
    For that audacious creature,  
I'd snap her head off, if I could,—  
Old Hens are pretty picking, stew'd—  
    Do, Mistress !—buy and eat her."

C.

## THE COUNTRY BANKS AND THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

WHEN the scheme for permitting the Bank of England to establish branches through the country, was promulgated, ~~we stated ourselves to be strongly opposed to it; our readers, therefore, need not be informed that we look at the contest which now rages between the Country Banks and the Bank of England, with feelings the very reverse of indifferent.~~ In truth, a more momentous contest to the community, individually and collectively, to both the poor and the rich—to every class and every calling, could not well be imagined.

In the words of Burke, "it is the misfortune of this age that everything is to be discussed, as if the constitution of our country were to be always a subject rather of altercation than enjoyment." Things are even much worse at present, than they were in his days. Not only the constitution, but all systems, and laws, trade, currency, property—all national and individual possessions, are now matters of fierce and endless discussion and altercation. No sooner is controversy suspended for a moment by the demolition of some old fabric, and the erection of a superb new one in its stead, than up starts a political economist or philosopher, who demonstrates that all is still wrong; and in consequence the work of demolition and rebuilding is performed over again. In this way we continually go on, undoing to do, and doing to undo; pulling down to erect, and erecting to pull down: nothing is permanently settled, and no man can tell what will be law on any matter for three years to come. By this we bring upon ourselves, to quote again the same eloquent statesman—"all the evils of inconsistency and versatility, ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice."

In the last twelve years this system, in its application to one thing or another, has brought upon the empire almost every variety of evil and suffering; it has kept it during this period in almost incessant torture; it has hewed up its every interest and class, and crammed them into the crucible of experiment; and it has subjected it to loss, which may truly be pronounced incalculable. Saying

nothing of the distress—putting out of sight the pauperism and hunger, the blasted hopes and broken hearts, the crime and outrage—throwing all these out of the account, if this empire in the first year of peace had given to the leading political, trade, and currency projectors, one million of pounds each, on condition that they should leave it for ever, that their schemes should never be named or acted upon, and that its laws and systems should remain in principle unaltered, it would at this moment have been richer than it is by some hundreds of millions of individual property—it would have owed less than it does of public debt by many millions—and its taxes would have been some millions lower than they are.

And now, after having endured all this, what are the present condition and prospects of the Empire? Things in it are more unsettled and more the objects of discussion than ever. It is little better than a heap of ruins—of ruins produced, not by the lapse of time or unavoidable accidents, but by the labours of the "architects of ruin," in their vocation of intentional and scientific demolition. It has the certainty before it, that its new systems have no foundation and cannot stand; after being dragged through this loss and misery, it now finds as the fruit, that first principles are involved in still deeper darkness and confusion; and that it must, of necessity have a complete repetition of the destructive work of pulling down and rebuilding. It finds that its sufferings have filled the horizon only with gloom, and clouds, and tempests, which must have at least some years duration. Where is the man who can confidently predict that the new system of trade will stand three years longer—that the existing system of currency will stand three years longer—that the constitution will remain unaltered three years longer—that the constitution and laws generally will be kept in being three years longer? There is no such man in existence.

And still, from all this, neither rulers nor subjects will gather wisdom. Neither will look at the past, or examine results. To appeal to facts and

experience, is to display prejudice and illiberality; to be content with well, is to be blind and bigoted; to enjoy, is to embrace ruin; pulling down and rebuilding must not be interrupted, lest the Newspapers and Reviews lack matter of discussion, and the Ministry and Legislature be put on short allowance of employment; the cry therefore, is yet—Eternal change and experiment!

The Currency ranks among the things to which the system has been applied in the greatest extent, and with the most calamitous consequences. Ever since the war ended, it has been the devoted victim of the projectors and experimentalists. It was then decided that a great change should be made in it; while this change was in course of completion, it was decided that another change should be made in it; while this second change was in course of completion, it was decided that a farther change should be made in it. In preparation, act, or effect, a change of currency has been incessantly pouring its baleful evils upon the community, from the first day of peace to the present moment. During this period, the currency has not been for a single hour in a fixed permanent state; and its condition is now quite as unsettled as ever. The question has been, in and out of Parliament, discussed, and discussed, and again discussed, until discussion seems to have utterly destroyed all certain knowledge respecting it. The assumptions and speculations of the Bullion Report chased plain every-day opinion from the field, and were hailed as matters possessing the truth of Divine Revelation; decisive experiment has since covered them in their essentials with refutation; but then it is worthless when put into the scale against the closet dicta of political economists. The Ministry, Parliament, and all connoisseurs and amateurs of currency, have pledged themselves to these assumptions and speculations; and they cannot deign to see or hear anything by which the truth of the latter is impugned. Such a deceased statesman said so and so—the Bullion Report, the writers on currency, and the political economists, have laid down this, that, and the other;—the clearest proof in contradiction is below notice; therefore an examination of the real working of the currency is utterly useless. This is in

effect their golden rule; and woe to the fair fame of him who may dissent from their doctrines! The result of the discussions on the currency question is,—this question is buried under an overwhelming mass of ignorance, prejudice, and error; all that is admitted to be knowledge respecting it, is flatly at variance with every-day experience. Compared with this knowledge, trebly precious was that ignorance which sat upon the land, until the Report we have named poured upon the world its effulgence.

From the fashionable currency doctrines, has sprung the contest between the Bank of England and the Country Banks. Before we review them, we must give our readers some information touching the character of the combatants, and the great object for which they are contending. We will speak in the first place of the Country Banks.

An English Country Bank—it is only of the English Banks that we have to speak—exists for the following objects. 1. To transact, as far as its services may be necessary, the pecuniary business of the community in general. 2. To lend money to the community in general. 3. To receive money in the shape of loan from the community in general. And, 4. To contribute its portion to the general currency of the country. These, so far as regards the nation, comprehend the essentials of its business.

With respect to the first object. If an individual wish to vest his money in the funds, he has only to carry it to the Bank, and the latter, through its town connexions, will buy him stock, and afterwards receive for, and pay him the interest. It will, in like manner, sell his stock for him. If he wish to send a sum of money to any part of the kingdom, he cannot send sovereigns or bank-notes without great risk and inconvenience; but if he take them to the Bank, it will draw him a bill for the exact amount he wishes to pay, which he can transmit by letter. If he receive a good bill from a distant part, or take one in the course of his business, and need small notes in exchange for it, the Bank will supply him with them. If he have a sum of money which he thinks is not safe in his own keeping, the Bank will take charge of it, and return it at a moment's notice. If he accept a bill, and make it payable in London, at the

house drawn upon by the Bank, he has only to take his money in proper time to the latter, and it will take up his bill in London when due. This applies to individuals who keep no banking-account. If a gentleman, merchant, manufacturer, tradesman, or farmer, think good to open such an account, he carries his money to the Bank daily, weekly, or as he pleases, in bills, notes, or whatever shape it may bear, and the Bank returns it to him, or his order, in whatever way he wishes. The Bank honours his cheques, if he draw them—it supplies him with notes if he need them—it furnishes him with bills if he want them to pay at home, or to send to any part of the country—it makes payments for him in cash in London, if necessary—if he accept bills payable either at it, or in London, it takes them up for him—after taking to it his good bills, whether payable in London or in various other places, he has no farther trouble with them; it pays him their amount, and obtains the payment of them where made payable—and it manages for him his property in government securities.

With respect to the second object. If an individual wish to borrow a small or large sum of money for a short period, the Bank will, almost at a moment's notice, lend it to him on the joint personal security of himself and one or two friends: it will do this if he keep no account with it. If he open an account, it will at almost any time make him the necessary advance, on such security as we have named, and generally on merely his own personal security. It will lend him a sum, on the personal security of himself and his friends, to remain constantly in his hands; which sum, if he be in a small business, constitutes, perhaps, the greater part of his floating capital, or perhaps nearly the whole of his capital of all kinds.

With respect to the third object. Any man, poor or rich, can at any time vest any sum of money, not perhaps below twenty pounds, in the Bank at interest, with a reasonable certainty that the security is good, that his interest will be punctually paid, and that he can regain his money at any time agreed on, without the least delay or trouble.

With respect to the fourth object. The Bank keeps the community abundantly

supplied with circulating medium of all kinds, whether needed for use in its neighbourhood, or for transmission to distant parts of the country.

This plain description forms, perhaps, the most conclusive proof we could offer, that the English Country Banks yield benefits to the Empire of the most gigantic and invaluable character. We will, however, add something in the way of illustration, to show more fully their worth to the public.

To these Banks, putting London and its immediate neighbourhood out of the question, the population has owed its ability to vest money in government securities. By giving this ability generally, they make the nature of these securities generally known; and they thus enabled the country, during the war, to borrow money on far more advantageous terms than it otherwise could have done. In addition to this, they formed points throughout the nation, in which the money of all ranks and callings concentrated, the moment it was rendered idle, and from which a very large portion of it was immediately sent to be practically lent to government, and thereby to keep at the lowest point the interest of the public debt, and the taxes. The savings of the farmer, small tradesman, and labourer, not sufficient in separate amount for the purchase of stock—the larger sums of richer men, not wanted for immediate employment, or not intended by their owners to be invested in the funds—poured into the Country Banks, and then they were to a great extent poured into the Stock Exchange, to supply at the cheapest rate the wants of government. The sum lent the Banks for a short period, was, when called in, replaced by some other sum lent in the same manner, and, in consequence, they were enabled, by a succession of temporary loans, to keep an immense aggregate permanently employed in stock and exchequer bills. Had it not been for these Banks, money would not have been found for carrying on the war; at any rate, government would have had to borrow at an almost double rate of interest, and, in consequence, the taxes would have been at this moment many millions more than they are.

The services of this kind, which the

Empire drew from the Country Banks during the war, may be again necessary.

Bills of Exchange form a very important portion of the circulating medium of the large trading and manufacturing places in the country. It is scarcely necessary for us to point to the great benefits which they yield to trade and manufactures. A man buys goods, for which he gives his acceptance at two or three months, in payment: in reality he buys them at two or three months' credit, for he has not to pay any money for them until the expiration of this term. The seller, in the acceptance, receives what constitutes the joint promissory note of himself and the buyer to pay the amount at the end of the term; he takes this to the Bank, which gives him cash for it after deducting the discount. The seller, therefore, in effect sells for ready money, while the buyer in effect buys on credit. A man buys goods in this manner, and in the same week he sells them in this manner; he therefore practically buys them on credit, and sells them for ready money; consequently, he has the money to play with as additional capital for two or three months. These bills thus give to the trading world the advantages of buying on credit, and selling for ready money: to them a very large portion of the smaller merchants and manufacturers are indebted for the means of carrying on business, and acquiring fortunes.

To the community at large bills yield vast benefits. In the large trading and manufacturing places, they circulate as money in the same way as bank-notes and silver circulate. A bill passes from hand to hand in discharge of debts; each individual to whom it is paid endorses it, and thus makes himself liable for its amount, when he pays it away; and, perhaps, before it has been a week in circulation, it receives endorsements which render it as safe money as gold. If bills did not circulate, bank-notes would have to circulate instead, for gold is out of the question, and the aggregate issue of bank-notes would be ten times greater than it is. To make such an issue convertible into gold would be an utter impossibility, and, in case of panic, it would overwhelm the country with ruin, as the Country Banks would have no avail-

able securities to offer for the notes of the Bank of England. In truth, it would be impossible to get such an issue into, or even to keep the present issue in, circulation; and barter would have to be employed to the annihilation of an immense portion of manufactures and trade. The bill currency is, upon the whole, to the public, whatever it may be to individuals, a more safe and solid one than the bank-note currency; and it is almost as solid and safe as gold. It requires infinitely less gold to stand on than bank-notes; it is convertible into gold on demand; the bills, to make them generally negotiable, are commonly made payable at the Banks of London; these Banks balance their claims on each other, and, to a very great extent, one due bill takes up another, without the use of a single sovereign or bank-note. The bill currency forms, in a very large degree, the foundation of trade and manufactures, and indirectly it forms in a large degree that of agriculture. Were it destroyed, no substitute could be found for it.

Upon the Country Banks, the bill-currency depends almost wholly for existence. They preserve its solidity and credit by keeping bad bills out of circulation, and a very considerable part of it is of their own drawing. They make the bills currency, by accepting them in account, discounting them, forming a *dépôt* for them, and taking them up when due in London. Speaking generally, the acceptors of bills could not make them payable in London, and the drawers could make no use of them without these Banks. The destruction of the latter would be the destruction of the bill currency.

These Banks yield the greatest benefits to the mercantile, manufacturing, and trading classes particularly, and to the nation generally, by the advances they make to those who keep accounts with them. If a man in business cannot get in his accounts, or buy beyond his capital, or be unable to sell according to his expectations, or have bills he has taken dishonoured, or be unable to provide for his own acceptances,—if, from causes like these, he have not money to meet his engagements, he has only to ask, and the Bank lends him sufficient, and thereby saves him not only from loss and inconvenience, but very frequently from utter ruin. If he see that by

making a large purchase of goods he could realize a large profit, the Bank will lend him money to make it, if his own capital will not enable him to do so. The banking account enables the smaller traders to do double the business they would be able to do without it, in addition to the protection it affords them. In respect merely of enabling men in business to make their payments regularly, and protecting them from loss of credit, arrest, and bankruptcy, the Country Banks yield immense benefits to the community at large. Very many of the small traders owe their ability to carry on business solely to the banking account; many of them could not even commence without it.

It is of very great advantage to the farmer, when he can obtain a loan from the Bank to enable him to hold his produce, if he cannot sell it save at losing prices; or to pay his rent, wages, &c. when from bad markets, or any unforeseen cause, he has not money of his own for the purpose. It is of very great advantage to both landlords and farmers, when the former can obtain temporary loans from the Banks, to enable them to extend the time for the payment of rents in seasons of agricultural suffering.

In spite of all the charges that have been made against the Country Banks for producing fluctuations of prices, our conviction is, that these Banks operate more powerfully than anything in the country to prevent forced sales of all kinds, and thereby to preserve equality of prices. Of this, more before we conclude.

What we have said will show how far commerce, manufactures, trade, and agriculture, are based upon the Country Banks, and what irretrievable ruin would be produced among them, should these Banks be destroyed.

Before those invaluable institutions, the Banks for Savings, were known, it was of vast benefit to the poor man, that he could at once vest the fruit of his industry and frugality in the Country Bank, with a reasonable certainty that it would be safe, that he should receive his interest punctually, and that he should always have the principal at command, instead of being compelled either to keep it by him, in insecurity and idleness, or to place it in the hands of some needy individual, unable to pay the interest regu-

larly, to repay the principal when wanted, and frequently to pay the principal at all. Although Savings' Banks now do what the Country Banks then did, in the poor man's favour, they go no farther. To farmers, tradesmen, &c. &c. the latter offer the only safe means of immediately investing sums of money for a short period, until a suitable permanent investment can be found; and they often form the only safe means by which money can be employed. These Country Banks, by forming a market for capital, render the general capital of the country far more productive of profit than it otherwise could be; and they enable it to do perhaps three times the business that it otherwise could do. They call to them all loose capital the moment it is rendered idle, and provide it with employment. They act as agents between the lender and borrower; when without them, the former could make nothing of his money, and the latter would suffer grievously from the want of it. It is wholly owing to them that the rate of interest is so low amidst the trading classes generally; they enable the less rich borrowers to borrow at a low rate, instead of having to pay a ruinous bonus or annuity, and they enable the lenders to make as much annual profit from a low rate of interest, by having their money constantly and safely employed, as they otherwise would do from a very high rate, when they would often have their money idle, and not seldom lose it, partly or wholly.

It is, of course, impossible for the Country Banks to benefit commerce, manufactures, trade, and agriculture, as they do, without yielding the greatest benefits to the working classes generally. No part of the community reaps greater benefit from them than these classes. When the master is straitened, they enable him to keep his workmen employed; when things go well with him, they continually supply him with the means of employing additional workmen; they widen the demand for labour, and support wages. The innumerable artisans, mechanics, and labourers, who leave their servitude and enter into business as masters, are, in one way or another, mainly indebted to the Country Banks for the means both of doing so, and of afterwards rising to respectability and opulence. Very

many of the leading men in the mercantile, manufacturing, and trading world, began life with nothing, and owe what they possess, in a very large degree, to the aid they received from the Banks when they commenced, when they were embarrassed by losses, and when they were enriching themselves by fortunate speculations—in their poverty, and in their riches, in their adversity, and in their prosperity.

It would be an easy matter to point out various other advantages which these Banks yield to the community, but we have said sufficient for our purpose. That it is necessary for us to say a single word in favour of establishments which have been so abundantly tried, which, in their working, are before the eyes of all, and from which such a large part of the community daily profit so directly and greatly, is a matter alike astonishing and afflicting. Such a necessity, however, exists, and it proves to what a deplorable and portentous extreme public delusion and infatuation may be carried.

What we have said will convince sober reflecting men—and to such alone we address ourselves—that the destruction of these Banks would be almost the greatest calamity that could befall the empire; it will convince them, further, that to weaken and cripple them, would bring on the empire grievous evils.

In consequence of what took place in the memorable days of the panic, the Bank of England was clothed with

the power of establishing Branch Banks throughout the country. The Country Banks aver that its actual and contemplated exercise of this power will immediately weaken and cripple them in the most serious manner, and ultimately ruin them. Hence the contest, which is simply—the Bank of England intends to establish Branch Banks throughout the country, and the Country Banks wish to prevent it.

To the community, which has an infinitely heavier stake in the contest than either of the belligerents, a grave examination of the averments of the Country Banks is a matter of paramount necessity. Putting public prosperity entirely out of sight, if these averments be true, it is demonstrable, that to suppress the Branch Banks is the sacred duty of both government and people, as the means of protecting the empire from the most fatal injuries.

It is asserted, in the first place, that a Branch Bank has various great advantages over a Country Bank, which it derives from the privileges granted to its parent by government. The truth of this is above question, and we must now examine these advantages. One is, the Bank of England pays its stamp-duty on bills by annual composition, and, in consequence, the Branch obtains stamps at a far cheaper rate than the Country Bank. Some of the Country Banks have put forth a memorial, from which it appears that

A circulation of L.10,000 in Bills of Exchange issued by Branch Banks, of	Will subject the Bank of England per annum to a composition of	While other Bankers would pay per annum in Stamp Duty.
L. 20 each	L. 35	L.650 0 0
30	35	577 15 6
50	35	433 6 8
100	35	303 6 8
200	35	195 0 0
300	35	144 8 10

In consequence of this, the Branch draws its bills on unstamped paper, while the Country Bank is compelled to use stamps. Here, therefore, are the means for enabling the former to gain from the latter a very valuable part of its business. The Branch can draw bills on terms which would yield it a large profit, but which would subject the Country Bank to a heavy

loss. The manner in which the revenue is here implicated, must not be overlooked, although it is not necessary for us to enlarge on it.

A Country Bank derives great benefit from its agency, in receiving the dividends of the stock, &c. Those for whom it acts, accept its own notes in payment; and they frequently consist of people, not in business, who



live in a greater or smaller degree on the dividends, and who therefore draw from it the latter in its notes in the way of running account, or keep the chief part of the notes they receive for a considerable time in their hands. The receiving of the dividends enables the Bank to make a cash payment to its London house, without the cost and loss of time of remitting—it throws into its hands for a time a considerable sum of money for which it pays little or no interest—and it forms a valuable means for getting its notes into circulation.

The Branch, by means of its parent, can pay the dividends, without putting the owners of stock to the expense of power of attorney, &c.; it is practically guaranteed from failure by government, therefore its notes are more safe than those of the Country Banks; it consequently is able to take all business of this kind from the latter.

The dislike to Bank of England notes which exists in places where Branches have been established, arises from the novelty, and must, in the nature of things, speedily give way to preference. The Branch is practically ensured from failure; the Country Bank is not: the notes of the Branch will be readily accepted in every part of the country; those of the Country Bank can only be paid in its immediate neighbourhood: the Branch is protected from run; the Country Bank is not: the Branch, by its regulations, in effect refuses to take the notes of the Country Banks: the latter cannot retaliate. From all this, the notes of the Bank of England must inevitably drive those of the Country Banks almost wholly out of circulation. When this shall take place, the Branch will practically have the privilege of issuing its notes to an almost unlimited extent, while the Country Bank will be practically prohibited from issuing its own notes.

Those who may have sums which they wish to place in safety, for a short period, without any regard to interest, will always prefer the Branch; and from this, the latter will do the Country Bank very great injury.

In discounting, the Branch has a very great advantage over the Country Bank. Putting a little coin out of sight, it directly, or indirectly, pays everything with its own notes: if it draw bills on London, it takes them

up with its own notes; if it take up bills on London for its customers, it does so with its own notes. The Country Bank can only use its notes to a very small extent in making its payments: it must take up in London its own bills, and those of its customers, with what is the same to it as gold. The Branch charges no commission on discounts, the Country Bank must therefore lose this part of its business, or sacrifice, in reduced rate or commission, a necessary portion of its profits. If the Branch will not make direct advances, it will make indirect ones to the rich to any amount, in the shape of discounting; and it offers sufficient inducements in one way or another, to gain the accounts of the richest houses from the Country Bank.

Here there is a corporation establishing Banks throughout the nation in opposition to the Country ones. These Banks enter the field, not on equal terms, but armed by Government with exclusive powers and privileges, which the others are prohibited by Government from acquiring. They can offer every inducement for drawing to them business which the Country Banks can offer, and, in addition, they can hold out various attractive ones, which cannot possibly be held out by the others. They can offer temptations sufficient to draw the best business from, and they can do business on terms that would be ruinous to, the Country Banks. If they have not yet adopted a system calculated to make the most of their exclusive advantages, they have the power to do so at any time, and they have interest continually urging them to it. The system they at present follow must inevitably weaken and injure the Country Banks to an immense extent, by driving their notes out of circulation, and taking from them their best business.

If the Ministry and Legislature had wished to adopt the most effectual plan for crippling and ultimately ruining the Country Banks, short of direct legal enactment, they would have argued, that, as in trade, so in banking, to create a set of Opposition Banks able to offer goods of quality which the Country Banks could not equal, and to sell at prices which the Country Banks could not accept, would infallibly realize their wish; and they would have done as they have done. They

have, in truth, created a set of Opposition Banks able to do so, and which are doing so. When we look at the unconstitutional and flagrant injustice of this towards the Country Banks, and at the destructive effects it must have on the interests of the community, we are astonished, that folly could be found to conceive it, that audacity could be found to attempt it, and that blindness and credulity could be found to render it successful.

The manner in which the Country Banks submitted to it, renders them deserving of little commiseration, and we shall say nothing in their favour, merely to serve them alone. Had they spoken for themselves with the same boldness with which we, who had nothing to do with them whatever, spoke for them, they would not, perhaps, at this moment have had any Branch Banks to contend with. At any rate, they would have discharged—what they did not discharge—their duty to themselves and their country. We shall now speak solely for the sake of the community. From what we have already stated, our readers will be able to trace many of the evils which this weakening and crippling of these Banks will bring upon the nation; but we must nevertheless point out in detail the following.

The benefits which these Banks yield to large opulent houses, and to wealthy individuals, are of comparatively small value. They draw their immense public worth from the benefits they yield to the middling and small merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen—to the middle classes generally. They contribute, far more than anything in our system, to the protection, assistance, and increase of these classes. Without them, commerce, manufactures, and trade, would, of necessity, be to a great extent engrossed by capitalists. The population, putting out of sight a few of our largest cities and towns, would consist of poor and rich, and would present almost a blank in the place of those classes, which comprehend so large a portion of the power, wealth, and virtue of the empire. This is the case in all countries where there are no Banks, and our conviction is, that without them it would be so in this. Laying London, and two or three other large places out of the question, the middle classes of this country to a very great extent exist, as middle classes,

through the Banks; without the direct and indirect aid they receive from the latter, they would at once sink into the lower classes, and they could not be replaced.

Of course, nothing but interest induces the Banks to render this aid to the middling and small traders and manufacturers; and this interest is created mainly by their notes. The man of good capital and large business can offer the Bank undeniable security, and an account which will yield it a handsome annual sum in charges of management, and frequently place a large balance in its hands; he can offer it sufficient temptations to open an account with, and make advances to him, exclusively of the circulation of notes. The case is wholly different with the man of little capital and business: his security is precarious, and his returns are too trifling to yield commission, &c. to cover the risk. The main temptation he can offer is, he can put more notes into circulation than the rich merchant or tradesman, who has twenty times his capital and returns. Men of large capital and trade, excepting manufacturers, put comparatively few notes into circulation. They do their business principally with bills; and if they pay notes, they commonly pay them to those who immediately return them to the Bank. But the middling and small manufacturers—the bricklayers, carpenters, butchers, butter and bacon dealers, shoemakers, cattle-jobbers, &c. &c.—want the money they obtain from the Banks chiefly for wages, or to pay for produce they buy of country people; they therefore want it in notes, which they keep incessantly throwing into circulation. They are the instruments by which the Bank is enabled to get out, and keep out, its paper: therefore, it discounts for them, opens accounts with them, and makes them advances.

From the circulation of notes created by the middling and small traders, the Bank draws a large part of its ability for making advances to merchants and its rich customers, to whom a loan in notes would be worthless, and who can only use what is the same to it as gold. If a Bank have notes to the amount of £50,000 constantly in circulation, it has not merely lent them at interest; it has, by discounting and in account, received

bills, the notes of other Banks, &c. for nearly the whole. By the issue of these notes, which only cost it a trifle for paper, stamps, and engraving, it obtains, perhaps, L.40,000 in bills and cash, which it retains as long as the notes are out, and employs in making loans to its more opulent customers, in taking up its own bills and those of its connexions, &c. The Bank, by the issue of these notes, in the first place, obtains annually the interest of L.50,000, which it otherwise would not obtain; in the second place, it possesses the means of assisting the merchants and large tradesmen, who can only use bills, or what is the same to it as gold, to the extent of L.40,000, which it otherwise would not possess; in the third place, it acquires the power of advancing to its customers generally to the extent of perhaps L.70,000, which it otherwise would not acquire; and in the fourth place, it receives a large sum annually in commissions, &c., which it otherwise would not receive.

Let the Branch drive the notes of the Country Bank out of circulation, by forcing them back with its own as soon as they are issued; and it will cut off almost wholly the aid which the middling and small manufacturers and traders receive from the Country Bank;\* in addition to this, it will cut off much of the aid which the latter renders to merchants, and the more wealthy manufacturers and tradesmen. In such a case as we have stated, the Country Bank will have probably more than L.70,000 taken from its means for assisting its customers generally. Excluding the bills it may draw, it will have nothing to lend save capital of its own, which is the same to it as sovereigns, and sums borrowed, which are the same to it as sovereigns, and for which it pays interest.

A country market-town, which has little trade beyond what is created by

the neighbouring farmers, will not supply business to support a Bank, if the notes be extinguished. In such towns the Bank has to depend chiefly on the agricultural population, and it can gain very little in the shape of commission and discount. The capital as well as profits of men in trade and manufactures, continually passes and repasses through the Bank; and in consequence large yearly returns are formed. But the profits only of landowners and farmers pass through it; and in consequence, no yearly returns of moment are formed, except by the accounts of a very few of the rich landowners. If a pretty large farmer keep a Banking account, his yearly returns in it probably fall considerably short of L.1000. Scarcely any bills circulate amidst farmers, therefore there is little discounting or bill-drawing for the Bank. But the circulation of notes is far better in proportion to its amount amidst the agricultural population, than in trading places. Farmers and village tradesmen, from living at a distance from Banks and towns, keep notes a considerable time in their hands. The notes, on being received from the Bank, are taken some miles from home; they are then put slowly into circulation; they circulate very slowly; and they have some distance to travel before they reach home. In consequence, notes thus issued keep out much longer than those issued in large trading places.

The Bank, therefore, in such a town, draws its profits chiefly from the circulation of notes; without this circulation, it could not find profits to keep it in existence. If the Branch Banks extinguish the notes of the Country ones, a vast part of the agricultural population must be deprived of Banks altogether.

We are not saying that the suppression of their notes would render it impossible for the Banks to find a

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\* We may here observe, that putting out of sight the Branch Banks, the suppression of small notes will materially diminish the aid received by middling and small manufacturers and traders, from Country Banks. This aid is wanted in a considerable degree for the payment of wages: if the master obtain small notes, he pays them to his men, and they gain a circulation sufficient for the purpose of the Bank; but if he obtain large notes, he has to get them exchanged for sovereigns, and in consequence, they are immediately returned to the Bank. The latter might almost as well lend gold, as five-pound notes. The suppression of small notes is, in a great degree, the destruction of the inducement, which leads Country Banks to discount for, and make loans to, the persons we have described.

sufficiency of capital. They could, if necessary, provide a superabundance of gold, or capital equal in solidity to gold. The difficulty would be, they could not make profits. If a Country Bank be restricted from issuing anything save sovereigns or Bank of England notes, it must have its own capital *constantly* employed on safe security, to be able to make common interest of it; and it must have the money confided to it at interest constantly employed on safe security, to be able to make one or two per cent profit from it. If it have the money it thus pays interest for, frequently idle on its hands, it will lose from it. Thus circumstanced, it must provide no more capital than it can *constantly* employ on good security. The London Bank, which issues no notes, stipulates with each person who opens an account with it, that he shall let a portion of his capital generally remain with it free of interest; and this enables it to have a sufficiency of idle money constantly on hand for discounting, &c. The Country Bank can establish no such system, and its notes serve it instead of this money lent without interest. The former obtains in its deposits a large sum of money free of interest to trade with, which it could only obtain as a Bank; if it cannot employ it, it loses nothing; if it employ it a part of the year, it makes reasonable profit of it. The latter obtains in its notes a large sum of money, free of interest, with the exception of the cost of paper, &c., which it could only obtain as a Bank, and if it have this sum occasionally idle, it still extracts from it adequate profits.

The Country Bank, by means of its notes, can suffer its own property, to a very great extent, to remain vested in land, the funds, &c.; its banking capital is in a large degree created by what are practically its acceptances. It lends these acceptances at interest; when it cannot lend them, it loses nothing from having them idle, therefore it can always have them in abundance for occasional, as well as regular, customers. Its banking profits are in a great measure a clear addition to the profits it would otherwise make of its property. But if it cannot issue notes, it must convert its property into sovereigns or Bank of England notes, and then, allowing for expenses, losses, and risk, it can scarcely hope to make more of it in a term of years, than it

could do by vesting it in land, the funds, &c. It must keep no money idle, and it must not discount for, or lend to, people of doubtful credit. It must confine its business to men of large trade, for the sake of commission, &c.; and it must refuse small accounts. In country towns, such as we have described, it will not be able to find business to pay its expenses. In truth, there will be no adequate inducements to cause men of capital to continue Banks anywhere, save in a few places of very large trade.

Our readers are aware that we dissent from the panegyrics which it is the fashion to lavish on unlimited competition. In trade, competition is up to a certain point beneficial; but, in its extreme, it is more pernicious than monopoly. But whatever may be the case in trade, competition amidst Banks cannot well fail, if carried beyond a certain point, to be very ruinous to the community. The great object which all profess to have in view is, to render Banks as solid as possible, and to guard them to the utmost from failure. Now, nothing could be more admirably calculated for defeating this object than the competition which is raised amidst them by the Branch Banks. Every one knows, that, before the establishment of the latter, the charges of Country Banks were quite as low as the public good required—were at the lowest point that the necessary profits of the Banks would sanction. These necessary charges must be lowered, to place them on an equality with the charges of the Branch Banks; they must be lowered beyond this, for the Country Bank must undersell, to retain its business; it cannot equal its rival in quality, therefore it must be below it in price. Then it must make hazardous sacrifices to keep even a part of its notes in circulation, and retain its connexions. By thus reducing the necessary charges of the Country Banks, by taking from them their employment in respect of government securities, by attracting from them temporary deposits, by depriving them of their best customers, of such customers as frequently have large balances with them, and by driving their notes out of circulation, the Branch Banks will cause them to be not only far less solid, but scarcely worthy of being trusted. They will place them in such circumstances

that few of them will be able to stand against a general run. Our belief is, that the Branch Banks will speedily compel many of the Country ones to retire from business; they must inevitably do this, if they drive the notes of the latter out of circulation, for many of the Country Banks, which exist in small towns, and depend on the agriculturists, could not, without their notes, make profit to pay their expenses.

If the Branch Banks would yield to the community all the benefits which it reaps from the Country ones, there would be the less cause for regret, should they drive the latter out of being. They might produce a season of inconvenience, loss, and bankruptcy, but there would be ground for hoping that it would not be of permanent duration, and that things might again go on as usual. But they will not do this. Allowing them every merit which their warmest admirers can claim for them, they are worthless, compared with the Country Banks, in so far as concerns the community at large.

The Branch Banks take no sums at interest, therefore the vast benefits which the Country ones yield on this point would be lost to the community. They will open no accounts with, and make no advances, to the middling and small manufacturers and traders, and the farmers; therefore the vast benefits which the Country ones yield on this point would be lost to the community. They establish themselves only in large places; therefore, if they, by their notes, annihilate the Country ones established in small country towns, they will deprive these towns, and, in consequence, large agricultural districts, of Banks altogether.

The slandered Country Banks of England—the Banks which have been stained with every epithet that could indicate them to be a public pest—act on a system which is infinitely more rational in principle, and more beneficial to the public at large, than that acted on either by the London Banks or the Bank of England. The London Banks are, in a very great degree, Banks for the rich only. The deposit they require, in effect prohibits men of small capital from opening accounts with them. It is contrary to all sound principle, that a man when he begins business, and needs all the capital he

can raise, should be required to keep a part of his capital generally locked up in the Bank, as repayment to the latter for managing his banking business. In such a case, the individual supports the Bank, and not the Bank the individual; the community exists for the good of the Bank, and not the Bank for the good of the community. The Bank employs the sums which it thus extracts from its customers, in a way calculated to yield the least benefit to both the latter and the community at large. Its system restricts it from making general advances to its customers, beyond the amount of their capital; and from making short loans to industrious frugal men of small property and trade. It takes large sums from those who could employ them in fair trade for individual and general benefit; and, as its rules prohibit it from using them in such a manner as would yield general advantage, it very frequently makes such a use of them as produces general injury.

The London Banks, as we have said, are, in a great degree, Banks for the rich only. The middling and small traders have need in their business for all the capital they can command; they can spare none to lock up in a Bank, therefore they can have no banking account. They are deprived of the manifold and important benefits which the Country Banks yield to people like themselves. This, however, is not felt in London as it would be in country places. In consequence of it, a man requires much more capital to begin a small business in this overgrown place, than he would require in the generality of country towns; but the population is so large and rich, that he is pretty sure of a good sale, quick returns, and high profits. He has everything he deals in at hand, so that he can have it in his shop as soon as he buys it. The bill-brokers, and individuals who make a trade of discounting, form to him a kind of substitute for a Bank to a certain extent. But notwithstanding all this, the want of Banks in London for the middling and small traders, is a grievous evil. In the first place, that amount of capital which would enable one of them to make a comfortable commencement in the country, would be insufficient in London. In the second place, if one of them get into temporary straits from buying too largely, or any other cause than insolvency,

cy, he cannot, as in the country, get aid from his banker at common interest, but he must resort to bill-drawing, and buy assistance with ruinous discount. In this way many of them are ruined. In the third place, this forms a prolific source of fraud and robbery. In the country, the trader is aware that his Bank has its eyes constantly upon him, and that extravagance in living, or misconduct in business, would destroy his credit with it; while this operates as a most wholesome check upon his general conduct, the Bank, by its assistance, preserves him from temptations to be dishonest. In London he is free from this check, and when he gets into difficulties, they lead him to strong incentives to playing the rogue. It therefore happens that there are infinitely more extravagance and irregularity of conduct, more fraudulent failures, and more robbing of creditors in proportion, amidst the middling and small traders of London, than amidst those of country places.

While this system of the London Banks practically deprives all but the more wealthy members of the community of the benefits of Banks, it is a very pernicious one to the latter, compared with the system of the Country ones. In its direct effects, it takes from them a part of their capital, and contracts their power of doing business; instead of virtually increasing their capital and power of doing business, by making them frequent advances. In its indirect effects, it greatly narrows their business with, and enlarges their losses from, the smaller traders. In point of security, it gives the London Bank no advantage of importance over the Country one. The trading capital of the former consists in a great measure of deposits; it is to a very great extent borrowed money liable to be called in at a moment's notice; therefore, if there can be no run with notes, there can be the more ruinous one for deposits. The system of the Country Banks yields much greater profits with less risk, than that of the London ones. It was very clearly proved during the panic that the London Banks were not a whit more secure than the Country ones.

To the London Banks themselves, their system is about the worst that could be devised. Few in number as they are in proportion, they could not obtain business to pay their expenses

save in such a place as London. They are enabled by their situation to avail themselves of the earliest and best information in trafficking in government securities, and on this point they have a very great advantage over the Country ones—they draw a vast amount of profit from the enormous mass of business thrown into their hands by the Country ones, and the latter are wholly destitute of this advantage—they exist in the focus in which the bills of the whole country concentrate, and on this point in regard to discounting, they have a very great advantage over the Country ones—and they are situated where rich men,—not only rich men of business, but rich noblemen, private gentlemen, professional men, &c. who commonly have large balances with them—abound, and on this point they have a very great advantage over the Country ones. Were the London Banks reduced on these points to an equality with the Country ones, their system would not keep them in existence. Were the Country Banks to act on this system, half of them, perhaps we may say two-thirds, would have to retire from business.

What the London Banks are, the Bank of England and its Branches are in essentials, so far as regards the community. They are Banks for the more wealthy only. In regard however to their own profit, they differ materially from the London Banks. They discount with their own notes, and they make payments with their own notes; they can, therefore, make their system very profitable either in London or in a country town.

It is not for us to sketch the *beau idéal* of a Bank, but it seems evident that it should comprehend these particulars:—The Bank should exist for the benefit of all classes of the community, but more especially for that of the middle and lower ones—it should render, to the utmost point, assistance to all, but more especially to the middle and lower classes; it should enable the man having money to lend, to find safe and reasonably profitable employment for it, and it should enable the honest, industrious, frugal man, wanting to borrow, to obtain money at moderate interest—it should not diminish capital and confine it in particular channels, but enlarge it, and diffuse it generally—it should collect the idle money of the rich, and then provide them interest for it by lending it,

as far as safety will permit, at moderate interest, and in proper portions, to those who need, down to the man of little capital, and even to him of none—and its profits should arise, not from the loss of this or that class or individual, but from the benefits it renders to all.

Such should manifestly be some of the characteristics of a Bank, so far as concerns the community at large. Judged of with reference to them, the system of the English Country Banks makes a near approach to perfection; while that of the London Banks, and of the Bank of England and its Branches, is about as defective and vicious, as the nature of things will admit of. Nevertheless, the Country Banks are vilified, as the bane of public prosperity, and they are in course of sacrifice to the Bank of England and its Branches, *for the good of the community!* It would be well for the empire, if the guides of public opinion would learn to examine, before they calumniate; and if they would employ some of that time, which they now devote to boasting and self-adulation, in collecting facts and making themselves acquainted with the maxims of honesty.

To sum up then—and the importance of the subject well justifies repetition—the Branch Banks will inflict the following injuries on the community.

They must immediately drive a very large part of the notes of the Country Banks out of circulation. This is matter of certainty. By doing this, they will deprive, not only the more wealthy, but the middling and small manufacturers and traders, of great part of the aid which they have been accustomed to receive from the Country Banks.

In proportion as they do this, they will diminish the demand for labour, weaken the props of wages, and injure generally the working classes. They will likewise diminish in the same proportion the numbers, property, and influence of the middle classes.

In proportion as they do this, they will destroy that salutary control which the Country Banks now virtually exercise over the general conduct of the smaller and more needy traders, and increase, amidst the latter, misconduct and knavery.

They will very greatly reduce the business and profits, and, in conse-

quence, the solidity and credit, of the Country Banks. They will cause the latter to be much more liable to runs, and much more liable to be ruined by runs; they will render runs more frequent and ruinous. They will greatly diminish the means of these Banks for employing the sums they receive at interest from the middle and lower classes, and, of course, they will greatly diminish to these classes the means of investing such sums at interest.

These, amidst other injuries, the Branch Banks will inevitably bring upon the community; and they will yield no countervailing benefits worthy of mention. The security they may impart to a part of the note currency, will, as we shall hereafter show, be worthless when weighed against the insecurity in which they must place general property.

Passing from the certain to the probable evils, of which they are calculated to be the parents, it is very probable that they will drive the notes of Country Banks almost wholly out of circulation. It is confidently asserted, that the Bank of England intends them to do this, and will not be sparing in efforts to enable them to do it. Putting the wish of the Bank out of sight, their natural operation is of a kind to accomplish it. The notes of Country Banks, in late years, have kept gold from circulating, much less from the efforts of the Banks, than from the preference shewn them by the community. They have been much more convenient, and they have caused much less trouble and loss in respect of weight and counterfeits, than gold, therefore they have been generally preferred as a circulating medium. The notes of the Branch Banks can scarcely fail of obtaining such a decided preference over the notes of the Country Banks, as the latter have had over gold. They will be as safe as gold; like it, they will be payable everywhere; and they possess very great advantages over the rival notes. In and about London, Manchester, and Liverpool, the notes of the Bank of England, have brought the notes of Country Banks into such discredit that they will only be accepted from necessity; and they will have the same effect in course of time wherever the Branch Banks may be established.

If they do this, they will compel a great number of the Country Banks to abandon business, and they will de-

prive large agricultural districts wholly of Banks.

The Country Banks that may remain in existence, must of necessity become Banks chiefly for the more wealthy. If a Bank do not issue notes, or stipulate for deposits free of interest—if it do not practically possess a large amount of capital free of interest, and which it can only possess and employ through its banking operations—if it possess no other capital than its own solid property and the balances of its customers—it must have nothing to do with poor borrowers and small accounts. In truth we doubt much whether such a Bank could make profits to remunerate itself in any other than such places as London, Liverpool, and Manchester, where rich men, discounting, and large accounts, abound. Our belief is, that if Branch Banks be established in all the more considerable towns, and the notes of Country Banks be wholly put out of circulation, the Country Banks will be compelled to relinquish business everywhere, save in a few of the largest places.

The bulk of the community will thus be deprived of the benefits of Banks altogether; the consequences of this may be gathered from what we have already stated.

Thus far we have merely spoken of the advantages which the Country Banks yield to the community at large, and of the immense loss in these advantages which the Branch Banks are calculated to occasion. We have looked at the Branch Banks solely with reference to the public evils they will create by the injury they may do to the Country ones. Time and space will not suffer us to pursue the inquiry farther at present, but in our next Number we shall resume it, and point out some of the other grievous evils which are likely to flow from these Branches. We shall likewise examine the fashionable currency doctrines, the accusations, and the calumnies, which have brought the Country Banks into their present condition of loss and danger. In so doing, we shall not conceal the defects of the latter, or withhold suggestions of a remedial nature.

We cannot, however, conclude this Article, without saying a word on the defence which the Representatives of the Country Banks, assembled in London,

have put forth to justify their silence and inaction when the scheme for establishing Branch Banks was promulgated. The subject affords a most instructive lesson to the country.

Our readers remember that at that period the London Press, with little exception, covered the Country Banks with every charge that was calculated to ruin them, and to prove that their utter extinction would be a great public blessing. That was a fatal moment for the British Empire, when the labours of this Press were directed to matters of Political Economy. Its previous enormities in incessantly attacking the Constitution, produced a sufficiency of public injury in the shape of disaffection, convulsion, and crime; but they were almost harmless, compared with its subsequent enormities in attacking the property and bread of every member of the community. What this Press asserted against the Country Banks, the Ministry in effect, and almost in terms, repeated, and the Legislature sanctioned. These Banks stood blackened and condemned—charged with the most heinous offences, undefended, and apparently indefensible. There were Country Bankers in the House of Commons, but they were in essentials speechless; the little they ventured to say, did not amount to much more than confession and excuse: it was only afterwards, when the mischief was done, that they were bold enough to speak the truth. Sentence was pronounced against the Banks, without defence, and with a silence on their part tantamount to a confession of its perfect justice.

The Country Bankers now cite this conduct in the London Press and the Ministry, as the great cause of their silence and submission.

Here then are men—and Englishmen—who own, that they were silent under the most false and calumnious charges, and that they submitted without resistance to measures calculated to have the most destructive effect on their interests, because the London Press and Government were against them, and because there was little hope that they could profit by contrary conduct. We record it with shame; we are grieved that any body of Englishmen could be found to adopt such conduct; and we devoutly hope that its consequences will prevent it from being ever taken as an example.



Had the English Banks done what was done by the Scottish ones, they might not have been so successful as the latter, but their resistance would have richly repaid them. They would have been seconded by such a powerful portion of the community as would have ensured, if not discussion, inquiry in Parliament; and inquiry, at the least, would have dispelled ignorance, refuted calumny, restored their character and credit, and proved that the Branch Banks were wholly unnecessary. By chance—we speak doubtfully—inquiry might have placed before the Legislature the mighty evils which the Branch Banks were calculated to produce. The English Bankers compromised by their conduct the rights and privileges of the subject, and they have reaped from it what they deserved.

But we suspect they were influenced by other reasons: in their statement, they say that certain of them are friendly to the “liberal and enlightened principles of trade” now in fashion. Hence, we apprehend, the great cause of their silence and inaction. These liberal and enlightened men could only act on abstract doctrine; and they could not for their lives be so illiberal and bigoted, as to gainsay political economists and philosophers by profession; and place themselves in array against a Ministry and House of Commons, liberal and enlightened beyond precedent and imitation. To have done this would have been the loss of character; it would have branded them as men utterly ignorant of their own business, and the enemies of their own interest. The infatuation produced by the prevailing doctrines of trade and currency has been as astonishing, as its fruits have been deplorable. Different interests have known that the application of these doctrines to their respective trades would be ruinous to them; they have known this from daily experience, and conclusive demonstration; yet they have submitted to it, in spite of their knowledge, with a kind of half belief that it would benefit them. When they have at length been roused

to resistance by its calamitous operation, they have in effect admitted its wisdom, and denounced their own efforts, by proclaiming that it would benefit all but themselves. Apply the liberal and enlightened principles to all trades but mine! has been the general cry. Here are the Banks crying up Free Trade, in their endeavours to obtain a monopoly against their Branch rivals; that particular kind of competition which they wish to put down in their own trade, they say ought to exist in other trades. There is no real difference between the competition which the Branches have established amidst Banks, and that which Free Trade has established amidst the ship-owners and silk-manufacturers. It is from conduct like this, that the country has been scourged as it has been.

Men of all trades and interests may now learn, that principles which they find to be false in regard to their own interests, may be equally false in regard to the interests of others; they may learn, that the system which is to ruin themselves, may be equally calculated to ruin their neighbours. They may learn, further, that the wisest policy they can pursue is to content themselves with the management of their own affairs, without pretending to know what ought to be done with the affairs of other people.

The nation may now learn, that the fine frenzy of abstract doctrine is far less trustworthy than the rough and vulgar reason of daily experience. It may learn, that the enthusiasm and fanaticism of trade and currency creeds lead us directly to error and evil, as those of other creeds; and that the only safe guides it can follow in the management of its concerns, are plain fact, physical and arithmetical proof, sober reason, and humble expediency. It may learn, moreover, that the system of rash and wholesale legislation on matters vitally affecting its interests, without inquiry, in the teeth of all that experience can plead, and solely upon the dreams of theory-manufacturers, cannot well yield it anything save loss and calamity.

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White, new	46 to 50	Trick ditto, new	40 to 41	Foreign	0 0 to 0 0	English	22 0 to 27 0
Fine ditto	52 to 56	Ditto, old	58 to 62	Do. in bond	3 6 to 4 0	Scotch	— to 0
Superfine ditto	60 to 62	Feed oats	16 to 18	Barley, per 60 lbs.	— to —	Irish	20 0 to 26 0
Rye	30 to 32	Fine ditto	19 to 21	Eng.	3 10 to 4 2	Bran, p. 21 lb. 0	11 to 1 0
Barley	26 to 30	Poland ditto	18 to 22	Scotch	0 0 to 0 0	Butter, p.cwt. s. d.	s. d.
New	28 to 30	Fine ditto	23 to 28	Irish	3 8 to 4 2	Belfast,	89 0 to 90 0
Superfine ditto	32 to 35	Potato ditto	24 to 26	Foreign	3 9 to 4 2	Newry	82 0 to 83 0
Malt	54 to 60	Fine ditto	27 to 30	Oats, per 45 lb.	— to —	Waterford	— to 0
Fine	62 to 66	Scotch	32 to 34	Eng.	2 9 to 3 3	Cork, p.c. 2d.	82 0 to 0
Hog Pease	42 to 44	Flour, per sack	46 to 50	Irish	2 6 to 3 3	3d dry	76 0 to 0
Maple	45 to 46	Ditto, seconds	40 to 44	Scotch	2 9 to 3 3	Beef, p. tierce.	— to 0
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran	3 to 5	For. in bond	10 to 12	Mess	65 0 to 110 0
				Do. dut. fr.	— to —	p. barrel	0 to 0
				Rye, per qr.	28 0 to 32 0	Pork, p. bl.	— to 0
				Malt per qr.	61 0 to 70 0	Mess	45 0 to 48 0
				— Middling	0 to 0	half do.	26 0 to 30 0
				Beans, per q.	54 0 to 58 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	— to 0
				English	40 0 to 54 0	Short mids.	50 0 to 54 0
				Irish	40 0 to 54 0	Sides	50 0 to 54 0
				Rapeseed	— to —	Hams, dry,	— to 0
				Pease, grey	— to —	Green	— to 0
				— White	44 0 to 48 0	Lard, rd. p.c.	— to 0
				Flour, English,	— to —		
				p. 240 lb. fine	39 0 to 42 0		
				Irish	37 0 to 42 0		

Seeds, &amp;c.

Tares, per bsh.	7 to 8	Rye Grass,	26 to 35	Must. White,	9 to 10	Ribgrass,	20 to 35	— Brown, new	15 to 17	Clover, red cwt.	35 to 65	Turnips, bel.	35 to 45	— White	46 to 84	— Red & green	— to 0	Foreign red	— to 0	— White	— to 0	Caraway, cwt.	— to 0	Coriander	26 to 32	Canary, per qr.	80 to 110	Linseed, Trefoil	32 to 45	Cinque Foin	— to 0	Lintseed feed	32 to 45	Rape Seed, per last	£20, to £22.
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Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Oct. 1827.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	—	214	215½
3 per cent. reduced,	—	—	86½	86½
3 per cent. consols,	86½	86½	87½	87½
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	—	93½
New 4 per cent. cons.	100½	100½	101½	102½
Indiabonds,	86 88p.	94 96p.	97p.	97 98p.
— stock,	—	255	—	256½
Long Annuities,	—	—	19 7-16	19½ 9-16
Exchequer bills,	53 55p.	61 63p.	63 65p.	63 64p.
Exchequer bills, am.	—	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	86½	86½	88½	87½
French 5 per cents.	101½ 50c.	101½ 25c.	102½ 50c.	101½ 65c.

*Course of Exchange.*—Nov. 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3, Ditto, at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 4. Hamburg, 36 : 9. Altona, 0 : 0. Paris 3 days' sight, 25 : 55. Ditto, 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 60. Frankfort on the Maine, 151½ : 0. Petersburg, per rble. 10 : 0. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 6. Trieste, 0 : 0. Madrid, 35½. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 35½. Barcelona, 34½. Seville, 34½. Gibraltar, 46. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 25 : 55. Venice, 46. Malta, 0. Naples, 38½. Palermo, p. oz. 116. Lisbon, 47½. Oporto, 47½. Rio Janeiro, 34. Bahia, 40 : 0. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, 1½. Cork, 1½.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. per oz. New Doubleons, £0 : 0 : 0. New Dollars, 4s. 10d. Silver in bars, stand. 5s. 0d.

## LONDON PRICES CURRENT, Nov. 9.

ASHES, Canada Pot, 1st, cwt.	29s 0	to	0 0	SPIRITS.				
Pearls	30 0		0 0	Brandy, Cognac, imp. gal.	3s 9	to	4 3	
United States Pot	31 0		0 0	Geneva	2 10		2 11	
Pearls	32 0		0 0	Rum, Jamaica, 14 a 20 O.P.	3 6		3 9	
Russia Pearls	28 0		0 0	Leeward Islands, P. & U.P.	2 5		0 0	
BRISTLES, St Peterb. cwt.	L.13 15		14 0	SUGAR, per cwt.				
COFFEE, in Bond				Jamaica, Brown	£3 3	to	3 4	
Jamaica ordinary	35s 0		40 0	Middling	3 5		3 8	
good ordinary	41 0		46 0	Good	3 9		3 12	
fine ordinary	47 0		55 0	Fine	3 13		3 14	
low middling	56 0		64 0	Demerara and St Kitt's	3 2		3 13	
middling	65 0		72 0	Grenada	5 2		5 11	
good do. and fine	73 0		90 0	Barbadoes	5 4		4 1	
Mocha	68 0		110 0	Havannah, brown	1 12		1 14	
CORK, Spanish, ton	L.50 0		60 0	White	1 19		2 4	
Oporto	25 0		30 0	Fine ditto	2 5		2 10	
Faro	48 0		60 0	East India, brown	1 13		1 16	
French	80 0		100 0	White	1 14		2 0	
COTTON, per lb.				REFINED SUGARS.				
Grenada	— 7½		— 9	Lumps	4 4		4 8	
Berbec and Demerara	— 7		— 9½	Fine	4 8		5 2	
New Orleans	— 6		— 8	Loaves	4 7		4 10	
Bowed Georgia	— 5½		— 6½	Fine	4 12		0 0	
Bahia	— 7½		— 8½	Powder	4 8		4 12	
Pernambuco	— 8½		— 9	Double, ordinary	5 7		0 0	
Madras	— 4½		— 5½	Fine	5 10		6 0	
Bengal	— 4		— 5	Molasses	26s 0		26 6	
Smyrna	— 8		— 9	TALLOW, Peterbg. Y.C. cwt.	37s 0		37 3	
FLAX, Riga PTR, ton, new	L.37 0		38 0	White	39 0		40 0	
DC.	34 0		0 0	Soap	36 0		0 0	
Petersburg, 12 head	34 0		35 0	Archangel	36 9		37 0	
Liebau, 4 brand	— 0		— 0	Siberia	37 3		0 0	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton	L.41 0		42 0	Home melted	36 0		0 0	
Petersburg clean	37 15		38 0	TAR, Virginia	brl. 18 0		0 0	
Outshot	36 0		— 0	Archangel	14 0		0 0	
Half clean and pass	31 0		— 0	Stockholm	16 0		0 0	
HOPS, New East Kent Pockets L.	5 0		5 12	TOBACCO, Kentucky, per lb.	0 2½		0 5	
New Kent Pockets	4 4		5 5	Virginia ordinary	0 2½		0 2½	
Sussex	3 16		4 4	Part blacks	0 3½		0 3½	
East Kent Bags	4 4		4 12	Middling black	0 3½		0 4	
Mid Kent do.	3 5		5 15	Maryland scrubs	0 4		0 4	
IRON, CCND, bd. ton	L.19 10		20 6	Brown and leafy	0 4		0 5	
PSI	17 0		17 10	Coloury and yellow	0 6		1 0	
Swedish	14 0		14 10	WINE, per pipe.				
INDIGO, E.I. fine blue, bd. lb.	11s 0		13s 0	Port, per 154 gallons	£23 0	to	46 0	
Fine Violet and Purple	10 0		10 11	Lisbon, per pipe	26 0		32 0	
ordinary	6 9		8 0	Madeira, per 110 gallons	50 0		60 0	
good and mid. do.	8 3		9 9	West India, ditto	42 0		65 0	
LEATHER, per lb.				East India, ditto	45 0		80 0	
Butts, 50 to 56	1s 8		0s 0	Sherry, per butt	25 0		70 0	
Ditto, 60 to 66	1 10		1 11	Mountain, per 126 gallons	28 0		40 0	
Hides, crop, 45 to 50	1 5		1 7	Teneriffe, per 120 gallons	21 0		26 0	
Do. 35 to 40	1 2½		1 4½	Spanish, red, per 126 gallons	12 0		18 0	
British for dress	1 1		1 5	Claret, per hhd. for Dy.	36 0		50 0	
Calf skins	1 4		2 4	French, White, ditto	34 0		36 0	
Horse hides	0 0		0 0	WOODS, per ton.				
LIME JUICE,	1 6		2 0	Fustic, Jamaica	£ 7 15		8 10	
OIL, per tun, 252 gallons.				Cuba	10 10		11 0	
Whale, Greenl. without casks L.	21 0		— 0	South American	6 0		7 0	
Cod, in casks	24 10		— 0	Boxwood	18 0		21 0	
Seal, Pale	22 0		— 0	Lignumvita	4 10		10 0	
— Brown	20 0		— 0	Nicaragua	7 0		16 0	
Palm, African, per cwt.	28 0		29 0	Logwood, Jamaica	6 5		6 10	
Spermacei	77 0		— 0	Honduras	6 0		6 6	
Whale, South Sea	73 0		— 0	Campeachy	8 0		7 10	
Linseed, per cwt.	1 2		— 0	St Domingo	6 5		6 10	
Galpoli, per tun of 232 galls.	50 0		52 0	MAHOGANY, per foot.				
PITCH, British, per cwt.	6 0		0 0	Jamaica	16d	to	20d	
Stockholm	8 6		0 0	Honduras	9d		12d	
American	5 0		0 0	Cuba	14d		18d	
Archangel	7 0		0 0	St Domingo	21d		30d	
PIMENTO Jamaica, per lb.	0s 9		0 10½	CORKWOOD, Spanish	£55 0		0 0	

METEOROLOGICAL TABLES, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.

September.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach T her.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.		
Sept. 1	M.57	30.173	M.61 .129 A. 61	W.	Fair, and very warm.	Sept. 16	M.61	30.182 .220 A. 66	M.65	W.	Form. sunsh. rain night.
2	52	.125 M.63	.166 A. 66	NW.	Fair, with sunshine.	17	62	29.998 M.65	.946 A. 64	SW.	Morn. rain. dull day.
3	57	.180 M.64	.166 A. 64	E.	Dull, but fair.	18	54	.942 M.62	.830 A. 60	SW.	Morn. dull, Jay sunsh.
4	56	.168 M.61	.136 A. 61	E.	Sunshine and warm.	19	49	.925 M.56	.831 A. 56	W.	Dull morn. rain night.
5	55	.125 M.60	.275 A. 60	E.	Ditto.	20	49	.540 M.54	.559 A. 53	W.	Ditto.
6	54	.142 M.59	.142 A. 58	Cble.	Ditto.	21	50	28.999 M.54	.940 A. 55	SW.	Rain. foren. aftern. shwry
7	55	.101 M.59	29.999 A. 60	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	22	50	.920 M.52	.920 A. 53	SW.	Heavy shrs. rain and hail.
8	57	.961 M.61	.319 A. 56	S.	Dull, fair, warm.	23	49	.920 M.52	29.312 A. 54	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. cold.
9	54	.384 A. 56	.319 M.56	SW.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.	24	52	.288 M.56	.244 A. 57	S.	Dull, rain forenoon.
10	9	.386 M.50	.184 A. 62	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	25	54	.201 A. 56	.124 M.58	S.	Dull, with shrs. rain.
11	60	.146 M.60	.226 A. 62	SW.	Morn. dull. Day showery	26	54	.344 M.56	.470 A. 56	E.	Ditto, and fog. even.
12	56	.312 M.60	.500 A. 60	SW.	Form. sunsh. dull aftern.	27	54	.639 M.56	.526 A. 55	E.	Heavy fog, with rain.
13	54	.716 M.59	.710 M.62	SW.	Frost. morn. day sunsh.	28	53	.460 M.56	.460 A. 55	E.	Dull, with shrs. rain.
14	59	.920 A. 60	.984 M.65	SW.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.	29	55	.462 M.58	.550 A. 58	NE.	Dull foren. rain. even.
15	63	.999 A. 60		W.	Fair, with sunshine.	30	52	.583 M.56	.618 A. 54	NE.	Dull, heavy. showers rain.

Average of rain, 1.346.

October.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Oct. 1	M. 51	29.617	M. 54	E.	Morn. rain, day dull.	Oct. 17	M. 50	29.406	M. 58	SW.	Morn. fair, day rain.
2	54	.640 A. 54	.767 M. 55	E.	H. rain morn day foggy.	18	M. 46	.560 M. 53	.520 A. 53	Cble.	Day foggy, rain evening.
3	55	.664 A. 54	.986 M. 56	E.	Morn. shw. r. day fair.	19	A. 49	.512 M. 54	.525 A. 53	E.	Foren. fair, rain evening.
4	51	.998 A. 56	.30.118 M. 56	Cble.	Fair, with sunsh. mild.	20	M. 49	.509 M. 54	.460 A. 53	E.	Heavy rain.
5	51	.137 A. 56	.115 M. 56	SW.	Ditto.	21	A. 52	.325 M. 52	.399 A. 53	E.	Foren. sunsh. rain night.
6	54	.158 A. 56	.29.845 M. 57	SW.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	22	M. 46	.210 M. 50	.102 A. 49	E.	Rain.
7	53	.780 M. 56	.562 M. 57	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	23	M. 45	.989 M. 49	.999 A. 50	NE.	Ditto.
8	53	.380 M. 55	.120 M. 56	SW.	Ditto.	24	A. 47	.29.415 M. 52	.528 A. 52	SE.	Day fair, rain night.
9	50	.999 M. 54	.29.102 A. 56	Cble.	Foren. dull, rain aftern.	25	M. 48	.659 M. 52	.612 A. 52	E.	Day fair, dull, rain night.
10	45	.680 A. 52	.814 M. 50	NE.	Dull, but fair.	26	M. 49	.704 M. 54	.597 A. 52	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
11	48	.950 A. 50	.29.130 M. 49	NW.	Rain for the day.	27	M. 50	.480 M. 52	.532 A. 50	W.	Foren. fair, h. rain aftern.
12	A. 46	.106 A. 46	.343 M. 50	NW.	Morn. fair, day rain.	28	A. 51	.398 M. 45	.584 A. 45	Cble.	Fair, sunsh. cold.
13	A. 50	.342 M. 50	.398 A. 48	W.	Foren. fair, aftern. rain.	29	M. 35	.625 M. 42	.629 A. 43	Cble.	Morn. frost, day fair.
14	M. 42	.295 M. 48	.206 A. 50	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	30	M. 38	.583 M. 44	.572 A. 48	Cble.	Morn. frost, rain even.
15	M. 46	.210 M. 51	.444 A. 56	W.	Fair, with sunshine.	31	A. 44	.569 M. 44		N.	Fair, but cold.
16	M. 47	.560 M. 52		SW.	Foren. dull, rain aftern.		A. 42				
	A. 60	.520 A. 58									
Average of rain, 5.636.											

Average of rain, 5.636.



## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &amp;c.

September.

- Life Gds. Cor. Cosby, from 3 Dr. Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Blacket, prom. 22 July 1827 47
- 2 Cor. and Sub-Lt. Kinlock, Lt. by purch. vice Howard, prom. 11 Aug. 53
- R. Franklin, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. do. 53
- 7 Dr. Gds. Assist. Surg. Ross, from 82 F. Assist. Surg. vice Morrison, ret. h. p. 1 Ceyl. Regt. 23 do. 56
- Cor. Thevles, Lt. by purch. vice Trotter, prom. 6 Sept. 56
- J. L. Demtze, Cor. by purch. 13 do. 58
- 8 Dr. Cor. Sir W. L. Young, Bt. Lt. by purch. vice Ponsonby, prom. 28 Aug. 58
- F. Shewell, Cor. do. 63
- J. H. Cholmeley, Cor. by purch. vice Thornhill, ret. 23 do. 63
- 10 Lt. Macdonell, Capt. by purch. vice Lord T. Cecil, prom. 9 do. 64
- Cor. Musters, Lt. do. 66
- Gent. Cadet, Hon. W. H. Beresford, from R. Mil. Coll. Cor. do. 70
- 12 E. Sivewright, Cor. by purch. vice Hyde, ret. do. 71
- 16 Cor. B. N. Everard, Lt. by purch. vice Lowe, prom. do. 72
- J. Agar, Cor. 23 do. 74
- 17 Cor. Douglas, Lt. by purch. vice Welsh, prom. 6 Sept. do. 76
- W. Wentworth, Cor. do. 81
- Gren. Gds. Capt. Long, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Barrett, ret. 13 do. 82
- Lt. Astell, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do. 85
- J. A. Hope, Ens. and Lt. do. 87
- 1 F. Lt. Warde, from 25 F. Capt. by purch. vice Taylor, ret. 9 Aug. 89
- 3 J. Johnston, Ens. by purch. vice Kennedy, 11 F. 15 do. 91
- 11 Lt. Bell, Capt. by purch. vice Jones, ret. 16 do. 92
- Ens. Tobin, Lt. do. 93
- Kennedy, from 3 F. Ens. vice Richmond, 47 F. 15 do. 96
- Lt. Wadson, from h. p. 1 F. Paym. vice O'Keefe, 48 F. 9 do. 99
- 14 Lt. Grierson, from 87 F. Lt. vice Mour, 40 F. 2 do. 100
- C. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice Rose, 72 F. 9 do. 101
- Capt. Gore, from h. p. Capt. vice Hall, prom. 13 Sept. 102
- 20 Capt. Connor, from h. p. Capt. vice Stuart, dead. 9 Aug. 103
- Lt. Cochrane, from 87 F. Lt. vice South, ret. h. p. 87 F. 23 do. 104
- South, from h. p. 87 F. Paym. vice Campbell, dead do. 105
- 23 Ens. Laye, Lt. by purch. vice Warde, 1 F. do. 106
- K. Heyland, Ens. by purch. do. 107
- 26 R. H. Strong, Ens. by purch. vice Vernon, prom. 7 do. 108
- 29 J. G. Weir, Ens. by purch. vice Hathorn, prom. 16 do. 109
- 30 Capt. Carden, from h. p. Capt. vice Sullivan, dead 2 do. 110
- 31 Paym. Matthews, from 14 F. Paym. vice Monk, dead do. 111
- 33 Ens. Carnie, Adj. vice Dickens, dead 26 May 112
- 37 Lt. Col. Smelt, from 41 F. Lt. Col. vice Le Blanc, 53 F. 9 Aug. 113
- 41 Lt. Col. Sir E. K. Williams, K.C.B. from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Smelt, 87 F. 9 do. 114
- 43 Capt. Amos, from h. p. 40 F. Paym. vice Tierney, h. p. 6 Sept. 115
- 44 Lt. Robt. F. M'Dermott, from 20 F. Lt. 30 Aug. 116
- 46 Capt. Morrison, from h. p. Capt. vice Mallet, dead do. 117
- Lt. Wainwright, Capt. vice Hill, dead 3 Jan. 1826 118
- Ens. Richmond, from 11 F. Lt. by purch. vice Smith, 12 F. 15 Aug. 1827 119
- Lt. Col. Le Blanc, from 37 F. Lt. Col. vice Peel, h. p. 9 do. 120
- Capt. Hon. N. H. C. Massey, from Cape Cav. Capt. by purch. vice Conroy, prom. 4 Sept. 121
- 56 Capt. Gun, Maj. by purch. vice Puddle, prom. 28 Aug. 122
- Brevet Maj. Brackenbury, from h. p. Port. and Spanish Armies, Capt. do. 123
- 58 Ens. Phillips, from 74 F. Ens. vice Blackburn, 59 F. 9 do. 124
- 63 Capt. Douglas, Maj. by purch. vice Snape, ret. 23 do. 125
- Myers, from 1 W. I. Regt. Capt. do. 126
- 64 F. Garnier, Ens. by purch. vice Goring, prom. 16 do. 127
- 66 Assist. Surg. Marshall, from 87 F. Assist. Surg. 9 do. 128
- 70 Ens. Wilton, from 25 F. Ens. vice Cockburn, 74 F. do. 129
- 71 Lt. Jones, Adj. vice Lightbody, dead 23 June 130
- 72 Ens. Rose from 14 F. Ens. vice Knox, 89 F. 9 Aug. 131
- 74 Ens. Cockburn, from 70 F. Ens. vice Phillips, 58 F. do. 132
- 76 Lt. Col. Maberley, from 96 F. Lt. Col. vice Watlad, ret. h. p. 13 Sept. 133
- 81 N. C. W. Thomas, Ens. by purch. vice Gravatt, cane. 16 Aug. 134
- 82 Maj. Hogarth, from h. p. Maj. vice Robertson, prom. 2 do. 135
- Assist. Surg. Scott, M.D. from h. p. 1 Ceyl. Regt. Assist. Surg. vice Ross, 7 Dr. Gds. 23 do. 136
- 85 W. Todd, Ens. by purch. vice Blake, prom. 30 do. 137
- 87 J. Ralph, Ens. vice Herbert, prom. 1 Jan. 1826 138
- 89 Ens. Knox, from 72 F. Lt. by purch. vice Grover, prom. 9 Aug. 1827 139
- 91 Lt. Col. Sutherland, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Dalyell, cane. 16 do. 140
- 92 Ens. Hughes, from 91 F. Adj. with rank of Lt. vice Deans, dead 13 Sept. 141
- 93 Quar. Mast. M'Donald, Adj. with rank of Ens. vice Ireland, dead 23 Aug. 142
- Capt. Christian, from h. p. Quar. Mast. vice M'Donald, Adj. do. 143
- 96 Lt. Col. Fullarton, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Maberley, 76 F. 13 Sept. 144
- 1 W. I. R. Lt. Cameron, Capt. by purch. vice Myers, 63 F. 23 Aug. 145
- Mompesson, from h. p. 53 F. Lt. do. 146
- Ceylon R. Lt. Brahan, Capt. vice Bayley dead 11 Feb. 147
- Capt. Penny, from h. p. Capt. vice Malcolm, dead 2 Aug. 148
- 2d Lt. Pickard, 1st Lt. vice Brahan do. 149
- Capt. F. N. Earle of Mountcharles, from h. p. Capt. vice Antill, prom. 30 do. 150
- P. J. Bolton, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Grant, prom. 12 Sept. 151
- Ens. F. Bland, from h. p. 2d Lt. 2 Aug. 152
- Cape Corps (Cav.) T. S. Pix, Cor. by purch. vice Burges, prom. 23 do. 153
- Lt. Walsh, from 17 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Massey, 53 F. 6 Sept. 154
- (Inf.) Ens. Gardiner, from h. p. Ens. vice Rishton, Quar. Mast. 2 Aug. 155
- Rishton, Quar. Mast. vice Humphreys, h. p. do. 156
- R. Al. Col. C. W. G. Sharp, Paym. vice Nott, dead 1 April 157

**Ordnance Department.**

Royal Art. 2d Lt. Warren, 1st Lt. vice Duncan,  
h. p. 15 Sept. 1827  
A Fortune, Quar. Mast. vice Calder,  
dead 26 July  
T. Gilbertson, do. vice Clarke, ret.  
21 Aug.  
Royal Eng. Gent. Cadet W. H. Ford, 2d Lt. 30 do.  
— St. G. L. Lister, do. do.  
— E. T. Ford, do. do.

**Staff.**

Bt. Lt. Col. Bainbridge, Perm. As. Quar.  
Mast. Gen. and Lt. Col. vice Sir J.  
Dickson, Quar. Mast. Gen. in India  
2 Aug. 1827  
— Ward, from h. p. 36 F. Perm.  
As. Quar. Mast. Gen. and Maj. vice  
Bainbridge do.  
Quar. Mast. Kinkle, h. p. 19 Dr. to be  
acting Adj. to Riding Establishment  
at St John's Wood Barracks, with  
temporary rank of Cor. while so em-  
ployed 6 Sept.

**Hospital Staff.**

As. Surg. Pilkington, from 7 F. to be  
Surg. to the Forces, vice Bell, h. p.  
30 Aug. 1827  
P. Baird, M.D. to be Hosp. As. to the  
Forces, vice Wallace, 87 F. 15 June  
J. Y. Skelton, do. vice Rumley, Ceylon  
Regt. do.  
D. MacLachlan, do. vice Fletcher, res.  
14 Aug.

**Brevet.**

*The undermentioned Cadets of the Honourable the  
East India Company's Service to have Tempo-  
rary Rank as Ensigns during the period of their  
being placed under the Command of Lieutenant  
Colonel Pasley of the Royal Engineers at Chat-  
ham, for Field Instructions in the Art of Sap-  
ping and Mining.*

Gent. Cadet H. Gilberne	19 June 1827
— T. Smythe	1 Aug.
— R. Henderson	do.
— J. Glasford	do.
— J. W. Robertson	do.
— J. J. F. Cruickshank	do.
— J. W. Fraser	do.
— G. Casement	do.
— J. R. Oldfield	do.
— J. Anderson	do.
— R. S. Master	do.
— J. Gilmore	do.

**Unattached.**

*To be Lieut. Colonel of Infantry by purchase.*  
Maj. Peddie, from 56 F. 28 Aug. 1827  
*To be Major of Infantry by purchase.*  
Capt. Conroy, from 53 F. 1 Sept. 1827  
*To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.*  
Lt. Trotter, from 7 Dr. Gds. 9 Aug. 1827  
— Ponsonby, from 8 Dr. 28 do.  
— Payne, from 33 F. 15 Sept.  
— Forbes from 61 F. 25 do.  
*To be Lieutenant of Infantry by purchase.*  
Cor. Burges, from Cape Cav. 23 Aug. 1827

*The undermentioned Officers, having Brevet Rank  
superior to their Regimental Commissions, have*

*accepted Promotion upon Half-Pay, according  
to the General Order of 25th April, 1826.*  
*To be Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry.*

B. Lt. Col. Robertson, from 82 F. 28 Aug. 1827  
*To be Major of Infantry.*  
Bt. Maj. Meade, from 88 F. do.  
*To be Captains of Infantry.*  
Lt. Elliott, from 87 F. do.  
— Macdonald, from 23 F. do.

**Exchanges.**

Major Maclean, 80 F. with Major Fancourt,  
R. Afr. Col. Corps.  
Bt. Lt. Col. Fraser, Ceylon Regt. with Major  
Bircham, h. p. 1 R. Vet. Bn.  
Capt. Hon. J. Kennedy, 5 Dr. Gds. rec. diff.  
with Capt. Francis Westcote, h. p.  
Capt. Hutchinson, 47 F. with Capt. D. Camp-  
bell, h. p.  
Lieut. Lovelace, 16 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut.  
Lewis, h. p.  
Lieut. Cockcroft, 52 F. with Lieut. Norton,  
76 F.

**Resignations and Retirements.****Lieutenant General.**

William Thomas.

**Lieutenant Colonel.**

Barrett, Gren. Gds.

**Majors.**

Snape, 63 F.  
Brine, h. p. Unatt.

**Captains.**

Taylor, 1 F.  
Jones, 11 F.  
De Raymond, h. p. 60 F.

**Ensigns and Cornets.**

Hyde, 12 Dr.  
Thornhill, 8 Dr.  
Brett, h. p. 94 F.

**Deaths.****Lieutenant Colonel.**

J. B. Wemyss, h. p. Unatt. Wemyss Hall, Fifeshire 13 May 1827.

**Captains.**

King, 20 F. Canterbury 9 Sept.  
Hamilton, 45 F. Moulemaine, Madras  
Hill, 65 F. Portugal 31 July

**Lieutenants.**

Bonnes, 55 F. Cape of Good Hope 2 May  
Norton, 84 F. Port Royal, Jamaica 16 July  
Ireland (Adj.) 93 F. Antigua 25 June  
Dennis, h. p. 25 F.  
Hudson, h. p. 22 F. Carofin, Co. Clare 15 Aug.  
Elwood, h. p. 37 F. 15 do. 15 do.

**Ensigns.**

M'Lean, late 10 Vet. Bn. Cork 19 June  
Lattimore, late 6 Vet. Bn. Frankfort Queen's  
Co. 6 Apr.

Hall, h. p. 25 F. Bombay  
Goebel, h. p. 5 Line Ger. Leg. Minden, Hanover 16 June

**Quarter-Masters.**

Gould, 58 F. Cawnpore 21 Mar.  
Cockburne, 84 F. Fort Augustus, Jamaica 18 July

Forbes, 99 F. Mauritius 1 May  
Anderson, h. p. 1 Dr. Canterbury 16 Sept.

**Medical Dep.**

J. B. Weber, h. p. Dep. Insp. Palermo 14 Aug.  
Dunlop, Assist. Surg. 29 F. Buttevant 20 do.  
Hett, h. p. Rifle Brigade, Chatham 27 do.

**October.**

6 F. Ensign Bebee, Lt. by purch. vice  
Bowes, prom. 20 Sept. 1827.  
40 As. Sur. Bell, M.D. from 56 F. As.  
Surg. vice M'Kenzie, res. do.  
48 Maj. Bell, Lt. Col. by purch. vice  
Camilliere, retir. do.  
Capt. Robinson, Maj. do.  
Lieut. Fothergill, Capt. do.  
50 Hosp. As. Allman, As. Surg. vice  
Bell, 40 F. do.  
Ceylon Reg. Lt. Van Kempen, Capt. by purch.  
vice Lord Mountcharles, prom. 2 Oct.

**Unattached.**

*To be Major of Infantry by purchase.*  
Capt. F. N. East of Mountcharles,  
from Ceylon Reg. 2 Oct. 1827.

**Exchange.**

Lt. Pitman, 2 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Lewis, 16 Dr.

**Resignations and Retirements.**

Lt.-Col. Cimitiere, 48 F.  
Brevet Lt.-Col. Maule, h. p. Unatt.  
Assistant-Surgeon M'Kenzie, 40 F.

<b>Deaths.</b>	
<b>Generals.</b>	
Barl of Pembroke, K.G. Col. of 6 Dr. London	26 Oct. 1827.
Str John Murray, Bart. G.C.H. Col. of 56 F.	15 do.
Frankfort on the Maine	15 do.
<b>Lieutenant-Generals.</b>	
Lightburne, 55 F.	
Skinner.	
<b>Colonel.</b>	
Hawker, R. Art. Lt. Gov. of Tilbury Fort, Woolwich	12 Oct.
<b>Lieutenant-Colonels.</b>	
De Montmorency, h. p. York Hussars, Naples	4 Oct. 1827
Alex. Grant, late of R. African Col. Corps, Elgin, N.B.	Oct.
Daws, late of R. Mar.	
<b>Captains.</b>	
Grove, 13 Dr. Bengal	
Vanspall, 41 F. Severndroog, Bellary, Madras	25 Feb. 1827.
Brown, 41 F. Bellary, Madras	17 do.
Butterfield, 41 F. at sea	7 June
Payne, h. p. unatt. late of 33 F. Northampton	18 Sept.
Telford, h. p. 20 F. Cheltenham	6 July.
Darby, h. p. Independents	
Mittelhozn, h. p. Watteville's Regt. Naples	4 Oct.
Steele, R. Mar. Art. Barrack Master at Portsmouth	26 Aug.
Young, late of R. Mar.	May 20.
Walsh, h. p. R. Mar.	7 May.
Wright, do.	Dec. 21.
<b>Lieutenants.</b>	
Atherton, 13 Dr. on passage to England from Madras	
Logan, 41 F. Bangalore, Madras	8 March, 1827.
Brown, 54 F. Port Royal, Jamaica	30 July.
<b>Hon. M. St Clair, 84 F. Port Royal, Jamaica</b>	
J. Campbell, h. p. 91 F.	11 Aug.
O'Halloran, Royal African Col. Corps, Sierra Leone	3 July
Jobling, h. p. 60 F.	3 Oct.
Lyster, h. p. R. Irish Art. London	7 do.
Oddie, h. p. 33 F. York	4 Sept.
Sir W. C. Edgworth, late of Invalids, Hull	30 July
Collins, h. p. Unatt. late of 2 Dr. Gds.	
Lawrence, h. p. R. Mar.	12 Sept.
Phillips, do.	11 do.
<b>Second Lieutenants and Ensigns.</b>	
Driscoll, 84 F. Up. Park Camp, Jamaica	17 Aug. 1827
Nelson, (Adj.) 84 F. Port Augustus, Jamaica	12 do.
Selway, 86 F. Fort King George, Tobago	28 July
Moffatt, 92 F. Edinburgh Castle	31 Aug.
Morgan, late of R. Mar.	28 do.
Elhneth, h. p. R. Mar.	26 Apr.
Walter, do.	12 do.
<b>Paymaster.</b>	
Orr, 97 F. on passage to England from Ceylon	
<b>Qua. Masters.</b>	
Patten, late 1 R. Vet. Bat.	29 Sept. 1827.
Anderton, h. p. 4 Dr. Canterbury	16 do.
<b>Chaplain.</b>	
Duncan, h. p. 75 F. Alton, Hants	29 Aug. 1827.
<b>Medical Department.</b>	
Tully, Dep. Insp. of Hosp. Jamaica	
Quincey, Staff Surg. London	5 Oct. 1827.
Lyster, Surg. 91 F. Nav. Hosp. Gibraltar	14 Aug.
Stoddart, As. Surg. 1 F. on passage to England	
Wilkinson, As. Surg. 84 F. Mullingar	29 Sept.
Armstrong, As. Surg. Rifle Breg. Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia	5 do.
De Porre, As. Surg. R. Mar.	1 do.

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTS, from 22d Aug. to 22d Oct. 1827.

Ackroyd, J. Sheffield, draper	Egan, P. Strand, bookseller
Abbott, Leamington-priors, Warwickshire, cabi net-maker	Edwards, J. Water-lane, Blackfriars, victualler
Alexander, J. Coninaborough, Yorkshire, draper	Elsworth, H. J. and W. Badham, Nun's-court, Coleman-street, wool-brokers
Mraithwaite, I. Leeds, ironmonger	Emmott, R. Stroud, Kent, horse-dealer
Bray, W. Redruth, Cornwall, saddler	Fearn, G. Nottingham, dealer in shoes
Hughy, J. Pall Mall East, St James's, bull broker	Fletcher, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, victualler
Buckley, J. New Bain, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothier	Ferns, T. Manchester, merchant
Bayley, P. Cheddar, Somersetshire	Fewster, J. Knarborough, tallow-chandler
Beechero, R. Stamford, jeweller	Field, W. Nutkin's-corner, Bermondsey, plumber
Brick, W. and J. Hampson, Manchester, grocer	Frinder, J. Oxford, pastry-cook
Birch, S. Manchester, grocer	Fenwick, G. Grosvenor-mews, Hanover-square, veterinary-surgeon
Blakie, J. Oxford-street, haberdasher	Goodwin, W. Blandford-forum, Dorsetshire, victualler
Burdy, G. West Derby, Lancashire, glass manufacturer	Goodman, H. Kidderminster, Worcestershire, carpet manufacturer
Breeze, R. junior, Great Yarmouth, ironmonger	Gleave, P. Heaton-Morris, Lancashire, victualler
Bird, N. North Shields, earthenware manufacturer	Grinnon, R. and G. Wilkinson, Preston lane, corn-dealers
Boutle, E. Back-road, St George's-in-the-East, builder	Greenfield, W. Kirkstead, Lincolnshire, miller
Burgis, G. Eton, currier	Glover, J. Newcastle-under-Lyne, grocer
Barber, S. and T. P. Hilary, Dowgate-hill, wine-merchants	Gaillard, P. Billiter street, merchant
Booth, W. Worksop, Notts, maltster	Gee, J. Nottingham, pawnbroker
Collins, W. Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket manufacturer	Gilbert, G. late of Burgh, Lincolnshire, maltster
Clargo, J. Bucklebury, Berkshire, yeoman	Hart, G. West Ham, Essex, corn-merchant
Croad, J. M. Cheltenham, scrivener	Hobson, C. Leeds, victualler
Collins, S. W. Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket manufacturer	Humbleby, J. T. Abchurch-lane, dry-salting broker
Cox, C. Newcastle-under-Lyne, common brewer	Haas, A. Manchester, merchant
Clarke, G. B. Gerrard-street, Soho, wine-merchant	Harrison, W. B. Manchester, cotton-dealer
Clegg, I. T. Mather, jun. and R. Pringle, Etna Iron Works, West Derby, founders	Hill, W. Cheltenham, victualler
Cartledge, S. and J. Lincoln, merchants	Hilton, G. and R. Manchester, merchants
Cartmel, R. Penrith, Cumberland, gunsmith	Halford, T. Coventry, cabinet-maker
Dangerfield, G. late of Brumyard, Herefordshire, apothecary	Hughes, R. Carmarthen, ironmonger
Dorrell, G. Marlborough-terrace, Walworth, auctioneer	Hayes, W. and T. Torquay, Devonshire, linen-draper
Duval, P. junior, Minories, carpenter	Heaton, L. — Heaton, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturers
Elliot, R. T. Ipswich, King's Lynn, and Norwich, linen-draper	Haxby, J. and T. Winterbottom, Barnsley, Yorkshire, bleachers
	Homwood, T. Canterbury, baker
	Holland, I. and E. Leicester, grocers
	Hayes, M. and M. A. Twickenham, schoolmistress

Haselden, W. Liverpool, shipbuilder  
 Hagarty, J. Liverpool, merchant  
 Ham, W. West Croker, Somersetshire, common-brewer  
 Hallett, H. Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, tailor  
 Hopkins, W. Oxford, coach-maker  
 Ivens, M. Cornfields, Warwickshire, sheep-salesman  
 Knight, T. Cole-harbour-lane, Surrey, smith  
 Keogh, G. D. Cornhill, commission-agent  
 Knott, R. and R. Turner, Salford, Lancashire, Moscow and Spanish leather-factors  
 Kerby, E. Stafford-street, Bond-street, bookseller  
 Lake, G. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer  
 Low, A. C. late of Mark-lane, merchant  
 Lockwood, J. Wakefield, Yorkshire, maltster  
 Lubbock, W. L. Leamington-priors, Warwickshire, bookseller  
 Lawford, J. F. Mewington, Surrey, ironmonger  
 Lyne, W. and T. Sudell, Liverpool, merchants  
 Morgan, T. Clifton, Gloucestershire, painter and glazier  
 Morris, W. Lower Thames-street, potter  
 Mayne, H. G. Cophall buildings, merchant  
 Miller, J. Cummersdale, Toll Bar Gate, Cumberland, innkeeper  
 Milligan, J. Nottingham-place, Stepney, linen-draper  
 May, E. Maryland-point, Westham, Essex, gardener  
 Morgan, D. Cliven Cosdy Cymmer, Breconshire, sheepkeeper  
 Ord, J. Regent-street, silk-mercer  
 Parsons, W. Vauxhall-bridge-road, coal-merchant  
 Pann, J. Paulton, Somersetshire, brewer  
 Pritchard, T. Footscray, Kent, surgeon  
 Phillips, J. York-place, Old Gravel-lane, potatoe salesman  
 Pluckett, J. Thornhaugh-street, grocer  
 Price, L. Park-street, Regent's-Park, scrivener  
 Powles, T. and J. Beech-street, Barbican, hosiers  
 Potts, T. Rotherhithe-wall, baker  
 Robinson, M. Woodhouse-carr, Yorkshire, dyer  
 Rickett, H. Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square, victualler  
 Rasmore, M. King's-terrace, Commercial-road  
 Rodway, M. H. late of Swell's-hill, Gloucestershire, butcher

Rogers, S. Bristol, vinegar-merchant  
 Rothwell, W. Liverpool, merchant  
 Robinson, E. Stokesley, York, grocer  
 Robinson; H. Adam's-row, Hampstead-road, glass paper-manufacturer  
 Rogers, R. Cateaton-street, bookseller  
 Robinson, T. Crawford-street, linen-draper  
 Robson H. Hanley, Staffordshire, grocer  
 Ridding, B. Liverpool, flour-dealer  
 Smith, H. W. Lawrence, Poultney-place, merchant  
 Selway, H. Leigh-upon-Mendip, Somersetshire, baker  
 Stratford, J. Clarges-street, Piccadilly, surgeon  
 Scott, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, hatter  
 Smith, J. Stafford, innkeeper  
 Silburn, T. L. and H. R. Richardson, Manchester, booksellers  
 Sinalridge, M. and G. N. Smailridge, Exeter, dealers in china  
 Sommerville, R. H. Liverpool  
 Sparks, W. Chalk Farm, St Pancras, tavern-keeper  
 Spencer, W. Manchester, grocer  
 Stone, S. Derby, ironmonger  
 Stevens, G. Islington-green, victualler  
 Stephenson, T. New Malton, Yorkshire  
 Turner J. Manchester, corn-broker  
 Thomas, W. Upper King-street, Holborn, carpenter  
 Toome, J. Loughborough, draper  
 Taylor, J. Manchester, timber-merchant  
 Tibbatts, R. Gloucester, oil-merchant  
 Timothy, A. and M. Stuart, Regent-street, milliners  
 Verbeke, H. C. Adam's-court, Old Broad-street, lime-merchant  
 Wheeldon, B. Manchester, cabinet-maker  
 Wilson, R. Friar-street, Blackfriars-road, hardware-manufacturer  
 Wright, J. Prince's-street, Leicester-square, smith  
 Whitelegg, J. Manchester, dyer  
 Wilelton, R. New Bolingbrooke, Lincolnshire, carpenter  
 Wakefield, W. H. Villiers-street, Strand, coal-merchant  
 Wapshott, R. late of Drury-lane, victualler  
 Whitehead, W. Mutchinhampton, Gloucestershire, trader

### ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTTISH BANKRUPTS, from 1st September to 31st October, 1827.

Austen, John, jeweller and silversmith in Dundee  
 Barclay, William and Co. cabinet-makers in Crown street, Hutchesontown  
 Dalgliesh, James, linen-draper, West Port, Edinburgh  
 Denn, Walter Stewart, builder in Edinburgh  
 Dickson, James, iron-monger, wright, and builder, Lanark  
 Dirom, William, house-carpenter, Edinburgh  
 Ferguson, Alexander, draper, Grassmarket, Edinburgh  
 Gardner, William, Writer to the Signet, and builder in Edinburgh  
 Gay, John, builder in Edinburgh  
 Gilmour, James, and Co. merchants in Glasgow  
 Glover, John, builder, Union-street, Edinburgh  
 Hutton, David, haberdasher, Edinburgh

Johnston, James, builder, Glasgow  
 Mc'Kiligin and Robertson, merchants and slup-owners, Banff  
 Mc'Kissoc, Hew, and Co. wood-merchant, Ayr  
 Meek, John, perfumer in Glasgow  
 Moncrieff, Alexander, fisher, Perth  
 Reid, Peter, dyer and wool-spinner at Milton  
 Smith, William, advocate, stone-merchant, and quarry in Aberdeen  
 Stephens, Henry, of Balmadies, in the county of Forfar, dealer in cattle and sheep, and in mari  
 Stevenson, James, and Son, manufacturers, Stirling  
 Tait, Robert, merchant and draper, High street, Edinburgh  
 Todd, William, merchant in Glasgow  
 Ure, Robert, merchant, Glasgow

### BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

#### BIRTHS.

August 19. At Tulloch Castle, the Lady of Duncan Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch, M. P. of a daughter.  
 23. At Geneva, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, of a son.  
 28. At Cowhill, the Lady of Captain Charles James Johnston, R. N. of a son.  
 31. At Claremont Street, Mrs James Balfour, of a daughter.  
 Sept 4. At 96, Great Russell Street, London, the Lady of William Haye, Esq. Counsellor at Law, of a son.  
 6. At London, Mrs Robert Slater, of Fore Street, of a son.  
 8. The Lady of John M'Candy, Esq. of Craigs, of a daughter.  
 9. At Spring Bank, Lasswade, Mrs Lyon, of a daughter.  
 — At Traquair Manse, Mrs Campbell, of a son.

11. At Saxe Cobourg Place, Mrs Callender, of a daughter.  
 — At Oldfield Hall, Cheshire, the Lady of John A. Murray, Esq. of a son.  
 13. At Gibraltar, the Lady of Colonel Marshall of Calderhead, of a daughter.  
 14. At Makerston Manse, Mrs Hogarth, of a son.  
 15. At St Mary's, the Lady of Captain Maedonald, royal engineers, of a son.  
 — At Aberdeen, the Lady of William Daune, Esq. advocate, of a son.  
 18. At Castlemans, Lanarkshire, Mrs Finlay, of a son.  
 — At Newton, the Lady of Colonel Cunningham, of a son.  
 19. At Burnbank, near Carlisle, the Lady of Lieutenant J. K. Glegg, of the Hon. East India Company's 2d Regiment of Native Infantry, of a daughter.

20. At No. 1, Northumberland Street, Mrs Johnston, of a daughter.

21. At Hampstead, Middlesex, the Lady of William Tate, Esq., of a daughter.

22. At Dove Cot, Musselburgh, Mrs John Orr, of a son.

— On board his Majesty's ship *Blanche*, on her passage from South America, the wife of C. R. Nugent, Esq., his Majesty's Consul-General in Chili, of a son.

24. At 39, Great King Street, Mrs C. C. Stewart, of a son.

— At Drummond Place, Mrs Paul, of a son.

26. At Pitt Street, Mrs William Neil Grant, of a son.

— The Lady of John Scott of Gals, Esq., of a son.

— In Great George Street, Westminster, the Lady of Major H. G. Broke, of a son.

— At No. 1, Charlotte Square, Mrs Watson, of a daughter.

— At No. 5, Forth Street, Mrs Mackenzie, of a son.

27. Mrs Hinshaw, Buchanan Street, of a son.

28. At the British Hotel, Edinburgh, Lady Catherine Boileau, of a son.

— At Abbey Manse, Paisley, Mrs Macnair, of a son.

29. At Glasgow, Mrs Honeyman, Regent Street, of a son.

30. At No. 2, York Place, Mrs J. A. Cheyne, of a daughter.

— At Maitland Street, the Lady of Dr Pagan, of a son.

— At Comrie Manse, Mrs M'Isaac, of a daughter.

— At Marsden Ash, Cottage, Essex, the lady of Captain Cumming, late of Lessendrum, Aberdeenshire, of a son.

Oct. 1. At Bandrum, Fife, the Lady of Captain Durie, of a son.

— At Kelvinside, Mrs Alexander Dennistoun, of a son.

2. At the palace of the British envoy at Florence, Lady Burghersh, lady of the Right Hon. Lord Burghersh, his Majesty's envoy at Florence, of a daughter.

— At Carlisle, Mrs Anderson of Harehope, of a son.

— At 21, Windsor Street, Mrs Jolly, of a son.

— At Balkoil, the Lady of John Adair, Esq., of Genoch, of a son.

— At Cheltenham, the Lady of Hurt Sitwell, Esq., of a son and heir.

4. At Newmanswalls, Montrose, the Right Hon. Lady Ann Cruikshanks, of a daughter.

— At Gilmore Place, Mrs W. M. Bisset, of a son.

5. At 6, Mansfield Place, Mrs John Anderson, junior, of a still-born child.

6. At Sunnyside Lodge, Lanark, Mrs Alexander Gillespie, of a daughter.

7. At Cahir, the lady of Captain Oram, of the Royal Scots Greys, of a son.

— At London, Mrs Dr Bartlett, of a daughter.

9. Mrs George Kinnear, of a son.

— At Castle Craig, Lady Gibson Carmichael, of a son.

10. At Drumpellier, Mrs Andrew Buchanan, of a daughter.

11. Mrs Turnbull, 20, Annandale Street, of a daughter.

— Mrs Blackie, Windsor Street, of a son.

— At London, Mrs Dr Barlet, of a daughter.

12. In Queen Street, the lady of W. M. Boud, Esq., of a daughter.

— At Shotton Hall, Shropshire, the lady of Watkins Wm. Watkins, Esq., younger of Shotton Hall, of a daughter.

13. At Claremont Place, Mrs Brown, widow of Archibald Brown, Esq., of a daughter.

— At Montrose, Mrs Smart of Cononsyth, of a daughter.

14. At 25, James' Square, Mrs Hewat, of a son.

— At Polkinnnet, the lady of Sir Wm. Hallie, Bart., of a son.

15. At 23, Pitt Street, Mrs Marshall, of a son.

— At 1, Nelson Street, Mrs Carphin, of a daughter.

16. At the Earl of Roslyn's, St James's Square, London, Lady Loughborough, of a son.

21. At Vellore, Mrs Pearson, of Myrcarminic, of a daughter.

22. At 28, Dublin Street, Mrs Macandrew, of a daughter, still-born.

23. At Ratajan House, the lady of A. K. M'Kinnon, Esq., of Scallinag, of a son.

— At Upper Gray Street, Newington, Mrs G. Cairns, of a daughter.

24. At London, Viscountess Goderich, of a son.

25. At 4, Dundas Street, Mrs Charles Gray, of a son.

27. At 10, Abercromby Place, Mrs Adolphus M. Rose, of a son.

28. At 4, Warriston Crescent, Mrs Cumming, of a daughter.

— Mrs C. Innes, 5, Stafford Street, of a daughter.

— At Wallhouse, Mrs Gillon, of a daughter.

30. The lady of George Forbes, Esq., of Springhill, of a daughter.

Nov. 2. At Portobello, the lady of Captain Stewart, rifle brigade, of a daughter.

3. At Woodcockdale Cottage, Linnithgowshire, Mrs Fraser, of a son.

Lately. At the Earl of Harewood's, Hanover Square, London, the Countess of Sheffield, of a son.

— At Brompton, near London, Mrs Thomson, Dean Terrace, Stockbridge, of a dead-born child.

## MARRIAGES.

Feb. 27. At Poonah, James Brydon, M. D. Bombay Medical Establishment, to Eliza, daughter of James Home, Esq.

March 1. At Moidapore, Bengal, Charles Marriott Caldecott, Esq., of the civil service, to Margaret, daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., superintending surgeon, Bengal Establishment.

12. At Poonah, Edward, son of J. March, Esq., of the county of Sussex, to Jane Inghis, daughter of the late William Forlong, Esq., of Welshot.

15. At Bombay, Captain Philip Maughan, of the Hon. East India Company's Marine, and a Member of the Marine Board, Bombay, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James Arnott, Esq., Arbbike, Furfurshire.

May 16. At the Mauritius, William Blair, Esq., of Avoncoin, advocate, one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Inquiry, to Jane Christian, eldest daughter of Henry Nourse, Esq., Cape of Good Hope.

July 24. At the Government-House, Cape Town, Dudley Montague Perceval, fourth son of the late Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Major-Gen. Richard Bourke, C.B. Lieut.-Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

— At Cathagena, South America, Robert Haldane, Esq., Mexican Consul, to Jane, only daughter of Robert Kerr, Esq., surgeon, Portobello.

Aug. 28. At London, Charles Henegau, Esq., to Louisa, third daughter of Lord Graves, and niece to the Marquis of Anglesea.

— At London, Mr Alexander Russell, jun. to Harriet, only daughter of A. Wray, Esq., Sidmouth Street.

31. John Campbell, Esq., of Onilag, to Catherine, only daughter of the late Hugh Dow, Esq., Port-William.

Sept. 3. At Pear Mount, Kirkcudbrightshire, Andrew Cassels Howden, Esq., W. S. to Catherine Smclair, only child of Adam Robinson, Esq., of Pear Mount.

— At Edinburgh, Edward Livingston, solicitor, Edinburgh, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Robert Spence, dentist.

4. At Edinburgh, Mr John Shand, W. S. to Isabel, only daughter of David Luter, of Kinnimonth, Esq., W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Dr J. H. Davidson, to Mrs Crawford Macleod.

— At London, Mr Colin Mackenzie Fraser, of the Register House, Edinburgh, to Eliza, third daughter of the late Mr Robert Willis, of Martha Drac, Jamaica.

6. At Edinburgh, Captain Waugh, late of the 48th regiment, to Mary Makin, eldest daughter of John Gillit, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Boog, Esq., Solicitor Supreme Courts, to Margaret, second daughter of the deceased Robert Waugh, Esq., Foxhall.

7. At Chesterfield, John Wilson Anderson, Esq., M. D. Bournemouth, to Mary, eldest daughter of Joseph Astley, Esq., Edinburgh.

8. At London, Donald Maclean, Esq. second son of Lieut.-General Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bart. to Harriet, second daughter of General Maitland.

10. At Abercuthil, Perthshire, Thomas Palmer Hutton, Esq. B.A. of Magdalen College, Oxford, youngest son of the Rev. Henry Hutton, Colchester, to Mary, daughter of the late James Drummond, Esq. of Strathgairn.

11. At Gilmore Place, Thomas Henderson, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Miss Christian Lamont, Perth.

— At Alloa, James Greig, junior, Esq. to Agnes Helen, youngest daughter of Peter Macfarlane, Esq. of West Cambus.

13. At No. 11, Bank Street, Mr Patrick Dall, Superintendent of Leith Docks, to Matilda, eldest daughter of the late Mr Daniel Forrest, merchant, Edinburgh.

17. At Glasgow, William Christie, Esq. fifth son of the late James Christie, Esq. of Durie, Fifeshire, to Clara, second daughter of the late James Burshall, M.D., of Richmond, in Yorkshire.

18. At Buccleuch Place, Mr Andrew Muir, to Miss Margaret Stewart Shanks.

— At Lanark, John Hunter, junior, Esq. W.S. to Helen, daughter of the late Richard Vary, Esq. of Crossford.

— At Old Aberdeen, Mr Alexander Smith, merchant, Aberdeen, to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Irvine, jun. Esq.

19. At Walcot Church, Bath, the Rev. William St John Smyth, of Belfast, A.M. domestic chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, to Mary, second daughter of Henry Mant, Esq. of Bath.

— At Whitechurch, near Dublin, Mr D. McCrummen, merchant, Leith, to Caroline, daughter of John O'Neill, Esq. of Larch Hill, county of Dublin.

25. At Waterford, John Loudon, Esq. M.D. to Jessie, third daughter of the late Mr James Kelton, Roucan.

24. At Langholm, Thomas Hogerson, Esq. general agent, Dundee, to Miss Renwick, Langholm.

25. Mr Robert Berwick of Detchant, Northumberland, to Mary Anne Selby, daughter of Pridaux Selby, Esq. of Belford.

26. At No. 54, Charlotte Square, Lieut.-Col. Pitman, of the East India Company's Service, to Mary, second daughter of the late John Anderson, Esq. of Inchyra, in the county of Perth.

27. At Glasgow, Mr Gilbert Robertson, merchant, Lerwick, to Miss Mary Semple Stewart, daughter of the late Rev. J. Stewart of Anderson.

28. At Spott House, Humphry Babbington, Esq. of Greenfort, county of Donogal, to Isabella, third daughter of Robert Hay, Esq. of Spott.

Oct. 2. At Airdrie, Mr Robert Russell, merchant, Edinburgh, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Shanks, Starlaw.

— At Leith, Mr James Reid, writer, Maryfield, Portobello, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Mr Daniel Fraser, accountant there.

4. At Haddington, the Rev. Dr McCrie, of Edinburgh, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Robert Chalmers, Haddington.

5. At Abbeyhill, Mr George Macdonald, Stockbridge, to Jessie, third daughter of Thomas Miller, Esq. extractor of records, Register House.

8. At Drummond Castle, Gilbert John Heathcote, Esq. M.P. eldest son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. M.P. to the Hon. Clementina Drummond Burrell, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord and Lady Gwydyr.

— At the Manse of Kingsbarns, Andrew Corstorphine, Esq. to Margaret B. Ramsay, daughter of the late Rev. James Ramsay, minister of Maderty, Perthshire.

— At Perth, John Ballendene, Esq. writer, Perth, to Mary, second daughter of the late Capt. James Menzies, of the Royal Perthshire militia.

9. At 12, Cassells' Place, Leith Walk, Alexander Watson, Esq. wine-merchant, Leith, to Eliza Wood, niece of John Veitch, Esq.

10. At St George's Chapel, York Place, Duncan McColl, Esq. Surgeon, R.N. Huntly, to Louisa Bennetfield, youngest daughter of the late John Arnau, Esq. of London.

11. At Pitmedden, near Aberdeen, William Shand, Esq. of Arnhall, in Kincardineshire, to Christina, eldest daughter of Alexander Innes, Esq. of Pitmedden.

11. At Hoscoat, Thomas Stavert, Esq. of Liverpool, to Margaret, second daughter of Adam Stavert, Esq. of Hoscoat.

15. At Mill of Garvoek, James Mill, Esq. Johnshaven, to Ann, daughter of the late Mr James Croal, Polburn.

— At Anstruther, John Galloway, Esq. ship-owner, Hillhousefield, Leith, to Mrs Margaret Miller, widow of the late William Miller, Esq. ship-owner, Anstruther.

16. At Kincraig, Colonel Hugh Fraser, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Mrs Cameron, widow of Capt. Allan Cameron of the Bengal Artillery.

— At Old Montrose, Andrew Dalglairns, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Charles Greenhill, Esq.

17. At Haddington, Mr John Macdonald, ironmonger, Edinburgh, to Jane, third daughter of the late Hay Walker, merchant, Haddington.

18. At Berbeth, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cathcart, late his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Germanic Confederation, and second son of William, Earl of Cathcart, K.T. to Miss Jean Macadam of Craigengillan.

— At Aberdeen, the Rev. Alex. Irving, of Duntottar, to Jessy, daughter of Peter Nicol, Esq. Aberdeen.

22. At Liverpool, Alex. John Græme, Esq. R.N. son of Colonel Græme of Inchbrakie, to Eleonora, second daughter of John Johnson, Esq. Liverpool.

23. At Gogar-Bank, John Mill, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh, to Mrs S. C. Somerville.

— At Athelstaneford Mains, Mr James Walker, Whitelaw, to Jane, eldest daughter of Andrew Sommerville, Esq.

— At Lochmaben, William Cruickshank, Esq. of Traillfart, to Elizabeth, third daughter of David Carruthers, Esq. London.

— At No. 58, Northumberland Street, George Dalziel, Esq. W.S. to Charlotte, daughter of David Pearson, Esq.

— At Kinlochmoidart, Henry Wight, Esq. advocate, to Margaret, fourth daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Robertson M'Donald of Kinlochmoidart.

30. At Newington, Mr Andrew Wilkie, goldsmith, to Jane, fourth daughter of the late Mr John Musgrave.

— At Leith, Mr Thomas Millons, wood-merchant, Port-Hopetoun, Edinburgh, to Miss Agnes Scott, daughter of the late Peter Scott, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At Quarryford, Mr F. Somner, West Morriston, to Jessy, daughter of Mr John Usher, Quarryford.

31. At Dumfries, Andrew Scott, Esq. W.S. to Mary Anne, daughter of William Affleck, Esq. of Liverpool.

Lately, John Campbell Colquhoun of Killermont, Esq. to the Hon. Henrietta Maria Powys, eldest daughter of the late Lord Lilford.

#### DEATHS.

March 18. At Mhow, Bombay Presidency, Jane Reberca, wife of Capt. Worthy, of the 18th Regiment of Native Infantry, and the eldest daughter of Joseph Hume, Esq. of Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London.

April 6. At Hyderabad, George Gleig, M.D. of the medical department, Madras, son of the Rev. George Gleig, Arbroath.

9. At Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, Jane Lilius, wife of Capt. D. Wilson, Political Resident at Bushire, and daughter of the late Professor Young, of Glasgow.

14. Near Calcutta of cholera morbus, James Douglas, Esq. of Burnbrae, county of Dumbar-ton.

30. On his passage from Bombay to Britain, Lieut. Alex. Ore, Hon. East India Company's Service, second son of John Ore, Esq. one of the Magistrates of Nairne.

May 6. At sea, Mr William Black, surgeon of his Majesty's ship Chanticleer.

25. At Bombay, Andrew Elphinstone, only son of Captain W. C. Clarke, of his Majesty's 6th regiment of foot.

30. On board the ship Cumberland, on his passage to Britain, Colonel David Newall, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, son of the late John Newall, Esq. of Barkeoch and Earlstown.

- June 3. At Trincomalee, Ceylon, Mrs Clara English, wife of the Rev. J. Lyon, chaplain to the forces there.
16. At Paraiso, near Buenos Ayres, in South America, Stewart Duncan Campbell, Esq. merchant there, son of John Campbell, Esq. clerk to the Signet.
17. At Jamaica, James, youngest son of the late Mr Alex. Forrester, writer in Stirling.
20. On his passage to the Cape, in the ship Sophia, for the recovery of his health, Lieut.-Col. Alexander Grant, of the East India Company's service, on the Madras establishment.
- July. At Malta, Anne V. Filder, youngest daughter of William Filder, Esq. Deputy Commissioner-General there.
12. At Trinidad de Cuba, aged 24, James Robertson, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. James Maitland Robertson, minister of Livingston.
- Aug. 8. At Smyrna, J. K. Fisher, Esq. resident partner of Messrs Kerr, Black, and Fisher, of that city.
9. At Jamaica, Dr William Meikle, late of Glasgow.
11. At Port Royal, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, in the 20th year of his age, the Hon Matthew St Clair, lieutenant in the 84th regiment, second son of Lord St Clair.
16. At the Manse of Evie, Orkney, the Rev. John Duguid, minister of the parish of Evie and Rendal.
20. At No. 14, East Cumberland Street, Mrs Thomas Gregory.
24. At Tuscombria, United States, America, Mrs Elizabeth Fowler, wife of A. W. Mitchell, M.D.
25. At Hutchesontown, Glasgow, in the 82d year of his age, Robert Douglas, Esq. a native of Aberdeen. He resided in the West Indies and on the Mosquito Shore, for nearly fifty years, and for a long period held the office of Treasurer of the English settlement in the Bay of Honduras.
26. At Leith, Mr William Thomas Craigie, merchant there.
- At Colinsburgh, Mr John Wallace, late of Htries Mill.
27. At Aberdeen, John Stuart of Inehbreck, Professor of Greek in the Marischal College.
- At Kinross, Robert Marshall, writer in Kinross.
- At the Manse of Kelso, Mrs Grey, aged 68, relict of George Grey, Esq.
29. At Kelly House, Christian Dalhousie, youngest daughter of the Hon. Colonel John Ramsay.
- At Eldin, near Edinburgh, Susan, daughter of Sir James W. Moncrieff, Bart. aged 12 years.
- At her house, North Castle Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Arnott, relict of James Arnott, Esq. Arlinkie, Forfarshire.
- At Montagu Street, Edinburgh, Mary Lawrie, eldest daughter of the late Mr Alex. Lawrie, Dunbar.
- At Balruddery, Patrick, aged 12 years, fifth son of the late James Webster, Esq. of Balruddery.
- At Le Mans, Department de la Sarthe, France, Colonel Keith Young, formerly of the 71st Regiment.
31. At Ruthven House, Miss Oliphant, daughter of the late Rev. Alex. Oliphant, minister of Bower.
- At Gogar Burn, Mrs Ogilvy of Gogar Burn.
- Sept. 1. At St Andrews, Mrs Margaret Tod, relict of Mr Thomas Carstairs, merchant there.
2. At Glasgow, Mrs Macalister of Balinakill, relict of John Macalister, Esq. of Balinakill, Argyllshire.
- At Stornoway, Miss Mary Mackenzie, sister of the late Colonel Colin Mackenzie, in her 80th year.
- At Jedburgh, aged three years, John, only child of the deceased A. Turnbull, Esq. late Procurator Fiscal for the county of Roxburgh.
3. At Wykeham, Hamb, George Mackenzie, Esq. Lieut.-Colonel of the Hon. East India Company's 5th Regiment of Native Infantry.
- At George Street, Edinburgh, Miss Harriet Catharine Jones, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Mrs A. Hely Hutchinson, by her first husband, John Alexander Jones, Esq.
- At Wooden, Roxburghshire, Lieut.-Colonel John Munro, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service.
3. At Dumfries, George Walter Maxwell, Esq. of Carruchan, aged 72 years.
- At Arrezzo, in Tuscany, Mrs Catherine Mercer, daughter of the late Major James Mercer, of Aberdeen, and wife of Major William West, late of 3d royal veteran battalion.
4. At Bull Park Pen, Jamaica, Robert Alex. Muir, Esq. of Fair Prospect, in that island.
5. At Greenock, Major James Campbell, late of the 79th Regiment.
6. At Montrose, Robert Crabb, Esq. M.D.
- At Edinburgh, Mr John Stirling, overseer of the city works.
7. Of a fever and apoplexy, brought on by the effects of a *coup de soleil*, John Mackie Leslie, Esq. of Huntingdon, only eleven weeks after his marriage, to his cousin the daughter of Dr Mackie of Bath. This lamented individual was educated in the University of Edinburgh, and highly esteemed by its most eminent professors and literary men.
- At Edinburgh, Katherine, youngest daughter of Sir G. S. Mackenzie of Coull, Bart.
- At Falkirk, Mr Robert Keir, only son of Mr Peter Keir, watchmaker.
- At Horshburgh Castle, near Peebles, Sarah Anderson, wife of Mr William Laidlaw.
- At Kirkness, Mrs Douglas Clephan of Kirkness.
- At his house, Hill Square, the Rev. George More, aged 83.
- At Musselburgh, Mrs Margaret Donaldson, relict of the late Mr Donaldson, land-surveyor.
8. At Edinburgh, George Imlach, Esq. son of Lieut.-Colonel Henry Imlach, Military Auditor-General, Bengal.
- At Denerara, Mr Hugh Gordon, eldest son of the late Captain Robert Gordon, of Inver Carron.
9. At Belnaboddach, Mrs Farquharson of Belnaboddach, in her 64th year.
10. At Sorrowsfield, Mr Hugh Jeffrey.
- At London, in her 44th year, Mrs Christian Drummond, eldest daughter of the late William Drummond, Esq. of Callendar, Strathairn.
- At London, Ugo Foscolo, an Italian gentleman and scholar, who had resided for several years there, and was well known to the whole circle of English Literati. Foscolo was not only a distinguished classic, but a man of very considerable genius and general attainments. His memory was so remarkably tenacious that he seemed hardly to have forgotten any author whose works he had ever read. In his own language he was an elegant and fertile poet; and his style in prose was of the highest order, refined and nervous. His principal production, the translation of Dante, is finished, and in the hands of a publisher; and we also learn that he has left seven books of Homer translated. During his residence amongst us, Signor Foscolo wrote a great deal on miscellaneous subjects, and contributed essays, criticisms, &c. &c. to several of the most eminent periodical publications of the time. His manners were striking; and he always, in conversation and action, displayed a degree of vivacity and energy which, in our colder climate, and with our more phlegmatic temperament, seemed to border on restlessness and want of due command over his feelings or passions. In short, he might have been considered as nearly resembling the character of his countryman, Jacopo Ortus. He lived freely and thoughtlessly, and died, we fear, in but indifferent circumstances, though the kindness of friends soothed his latter hours of sickness, sorrow, and death. The disease to which he fell a victim was dropsy. He underwent an operation some weeks before; but on the second occasion, his constitution was so enfeebled, that nature refused to close the incision, and he died in spite of every effort which medical skill could devise to prolong his existence.
11. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Irving, wife of A. R. Carson, LL.D. Rector of the High School.
- At Castle Ward, the Right Hon. Nicholas Lord Viscount Bangor, in his 78th year.
12. At Dumfries, Miss Margaret Dickson, daughter of the deceased John Dickson, Esq. some time of Connaught.
- Suddenly, at Brechin, Mr Joseph Taylor, late minister of the congregation at Lockerby, in connexion with the United Associate Synod.
13. At No. 23, Windsor Street, William Henry,

the infant son of William Henry Murray, Esq. of the Theatre Royal.

13. At his house, Ludgate Street, London, Joseph Mawman, Esq. in his 64th year.

— At the Manse of Boharm, Mrs Penelope Cowie, wife of the Rev. Lewis W. Forbes.

— At Millheugh, Miss Helen Millar, daughter of the late John Millar, Esq. Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow.

14. At North Berwick, Alexander Craig, millwright.

— At Inchbrayock Cottage, Mrs Margaret Scott, relict of Archibald Scott, Esq. of Dunin-ald.

15. At the Bridge of Allan, near Stirling, Mr Nathaniel Anderson, late of the Assembly Rooms, George Street, Edinburgh.

16. At Gardiner's Crescent, Mr Roht. Aitken.

17. At Wellington Place, Leith, Mrs Margaret Drysdale, wife of Mr Thomas Allan.

18. At Devonshire Place, Shirley Common, near Southampton, of consumption, the Rev. Robert Pollok, A.M. aged 28 years, author of the sublime and beautiful poem, recently published, entitled, "The Course of Time."

— At Cumming Street, Pentonville, London, James Gordon, Esq.

— At Amsterdum, Robert Ogg, Esq. merchant there.

— At Kirkeudbright, Mrs Katharine Gordon, daughter of the deceased Alexander Gordon, Esq. of Carleton, and relict of John Nairne, Esq. writer there.

— At Kelso, Mr William Robertson, surgeon.

19. At Carbrook House, Stirlingshire, Mrs Isabella Erskine, wife of Lieut.-Col. Patrick Tyler, and daughter of the late Lord Alva.

— At Murthly Castle, Clementina, youngest daughter of Sir George Stewart of Grandtully, Bart.

— At Naples, Sir John Nesbitt, Bart. of Dean.

20. At Bagriers de Luchon, in the Pyrenees, William Augustus Cunningham, Esq. son of Sir William Augustus Cunningham of Milneraig, Bart.

— At Norwich, during the Musical Festival, M. Kieselwetter, the celebrated violin player.

21. At Greenock, Quinlen Leitch, Esq. aged fifty-three.

— At Douglas, Isle of Man, Anne, the wife of James Shaw, Esq. of Birmingham.

— At Glenlyon House, Donald Stewart, Esq. of Glenorchydale.

22. At the house of her son-in-law, Captain Anderson, Queen Street, Mrs Elizabeth Thomson, widow of Captain Thomson, of the East India Company's service.

— At Dunbar, Mrs Isabella Forrest, wife of Mr James Miller, senior, merchant there.

— At Kelso, Mr Joseph Henderson, draper, aged 76.

23. At Tynron Manse, the Rev. James Wilson, lately minister of Tynron.

— At Gilston Castle, James, only son of William Maitland, Esq. of Auchlane.

— At his residence, Convamore, Ireland, Lord Viscount Kennismore, M.P. for the county of Cork. His Lordship died suddenly of apoplexy.

— At Kelvinhead, Hugh Baird, Esq. civil engineer.

24. At Clifton, Mrs Helen Allan, relict of John Robertson, Esq. late of Chesterhall.

— At James's Place, Leith, Mr James Hardie, senior.

— At Langhouse, Robert Macfie, Esq. merchant in Greenock.

— At London, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, James Lyon, Esq. S.S.C. Broughton Place, Edinburgh.

25. At London, Stafford Lightburne, Esq. Lieutenant-General in the army.

— At London, Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr Johnston, Yardheads, Leith.

26. At Harlaw, Essex, aged 85, A. Parkins, Esq. who held for fifty years the office of Solicitor to his Majesty's Post-office.

27. At Woodside, near Elgin, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Grant, late of the Royal African Colonial Corps.

30. At Barnhill, Peter Sandilands, Esq. of Barnhill.

— At his house, Nottingham Terrace, Major-General Litchius Burrell, of the East India Com-

pany's service, aged 75, of which 65 years were spent in active military duty in India.

30. At Haddington, Margaret, second daughter of the late Alexander Maitland, Esq. of Gimmerrills.

Oct. 1. At Hillside Crescent, Jane, third daughter of the late Alexander Allan, Esq. of Hillside.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. William Willis, lately minister in Stirling.

— At her house in Hertford Street, May Fair, London, Catherine, Countess Dowager of Liverpool, in the 83 year of her age.

— At the advanced age of 107 years, John Salter, a veteran pensioner of Chelsea College. This veteran was present at the battle of Culloden, in 1746.

— At Falkirk, in the prime of life, Maria Browne, spouse of Mr J. Crawford of Howkerse, merchant in Falkirk, much regretted.

2. At Comrie, Elizabeth, wife of Mr Peter M'Farlane, much regretted.

— At the Manse of Inverary, aged 95, the Rev. Paul Fraser, D.D. minister of Inverary, the father of the Church of Scotland.

3. At Alloa, in the 50th year of his age, Mr G. Strathie, surgeon.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Catharine Balfour, relict of Thomas Junor, Esq. late of the Property Tax-office.

4. At the Dowager Duchess of Manchester's, Berkeley Square, London, the Right Hon. Lord Frederick Montagu, brother to the Duke of Manchester.

— At Claremont Street, Mr David Macgibbon, builder.

— At St Andrews, Elizabeth Tod, wife of John Buddo, Esq. writer there.

5. At Muirton, Miss Alexa Watson, daughter of James Watson, Esq. deceased, late of Rhynid, Perthshire.

— The Right Hon. William Townshend Mullins, Baron Ventry of Burnham, in the county of Kerry.

— At Greenpark, Linlithgowshire, Chas. Grant, only son of Charles Grant, Esq. of Greenpark, aged 16 years.

— At Cockenzie, Charles, infant son of Mr H. F. Cadell.

6. At Cumnock, Mrs Regina Cameron, relict of the late Daniel Cameron, Esq.

— At Sheerness, in the 23d year of his age, Charles, youngest son of the late Mr John Mac-tavish, writer, Canongate, Edinburgh.

7. At Papecastle, near Cockermouth, J. H. Mansfield, fifth son of the late James Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

— At Thuridstott, in the county of Caithness, Margaret Traill, daughter of the late Rev. Geo. Traill, of Hobister, D.D.

— At 18, Walker Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Sinclair of Forsa.

— At Dundee, David Cook, Esq. merchant, in the 87th year of his age.

— At Dunblane, Mr James Lorimer, jun. of the firm of Lorimer and Howden, merchants in Edinburgh.

— At Wilderness Park, Lady Caroline Stewart, wife of A. R. Stewart, Esq. M.P. for the county of Londonderry, and youngest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Camden.

8. At 15, Melville Street, Miss Barbara Playfair.

— Mr William Henderson, the celebrated performer on the German flute.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Howison, aged 28, seventh son of the late Rev. Alex. Howison, of Auchtergaven, Perthshire.

9. At Cheltenham, the lady of Hurt Sitwell, Esq.

10. At Holmbush, the seat of Thomas Broadwood, Esq. Walter Garcia, third son of Alexander Mundell, Esq. of Great George Street, Westminster.

— At Eller House, near Cartmel, Lancashire, Mr Francis Webster, of Kendal, architect, and one of the aldermen of that burgh. He was the sole inventor of the machinery by which almost every description of mouldings can be wrought in marble or stone with greater accuracy than by manual labour, in which he carried on a very extensive business.

— Suddenly, at Manchester, George Douglas Mitchell, Esq. merchant, Kirkcaldy.



10. At her residence, Weston Lodge, Bath, Harriet, relict of the late James Richard Miller, Esq.  
— At Richmond Hill, London, Lieut.-General John Pitt-Rivers.

— At Little Swinton, Berwickshire, Mr William Somervail, formerly farmer at Gorgie, near Edinburgh, in the 89th year of his age.

11. At Wellington Square, Ayr, Charles Shaw, Esq.

— At Leith, aged 95, Mrs Ann Crichton, relict of the late Mr Alexander Ogilvy, Leith.

— At Comely Bank, near Perth, Mrs Christian Seton, wife of Thomas Barland, Esq.

12. At 41, Clerk Street, Mr Robert Davidson, of the Commercial Bank.

— At Inverness, Capt. Edward Fraser, late of the East India Company's Madras European regiment, fifth son of the late James Fraser, Esq. of Gorthleck, W.S.

— At Borrowstounness, Janet, in the 16th year of her age, only daughter of the Rev. Dr Rennie, minister of that parish.

13. Christian, youngest daughter of the Rev. James Greig, minister of Dalmeny.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Martin, wife of Mr George Ewing, solicitor-at-law.

— At the house of his father, Rear-Admiral Bowen, Ilfracombe, Devonshire, Captain John Bowen, R.N.

14. At Edinburgh, Andrew Bogle, Esq. cashier to the Royal Bank of Scotland.

— At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, wife of Dr Kirby.

— At Traquair-House, Peeblesshire, aged 83, Charles Stewart, seventh Earl of Traquair, Lord Linton. His Lordship married Mary, daughter of George Ravenscroft, Esq. by whom he had Charles, now Earl of Traquair, born in 1781, unmarried.

15. At 21, Salisbury Street, Mrs Jean Nimmo, aged 71.

— At Frankfort-on-the-Mayne, General Sir John Murray, Bart. Colonel of the 56th regiment.

16. At 18, West Nicolson Street, Samuel Allen, surgeon, R.N.

— At London, aged 14, Mary Barrett Curteis, only child of Stuart Boone Inglis, Esq. Inveresk.

17. At Melville Mill, aged 14 years and one month, Anne, third daughter of Hugh MacCordale, Esq. Liverpool.

18. At Haddington, Miss Janet Blair, daughter of the late Rev. Archibald Blair, minister of the parish of Garvald, East-Lothian.

— At Ham, Surrey, Harriet, third daughter of General Gordon Forbes.

— At Banff, George Robinson, Esq. Provost of Banff, in the 84th year of his age.

19. At Inglegreen, suddenly, Mr Hugh M'Whirter, bleacher, aged 73.

— At Knockbay, Campbelton, Elizabeth Porter, spouse to Lieut.-Colonel John Porter.

20. At Langholm Manse, Mrs Agnes Sibbald, relict of Mr Henry Scott, late farmer at Deloraine, Selkirkshire.

21. At Glasgow, Lieutenant Thomas Allan, half-pay 23d regiment R.W.F.

— At her house, in the Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Duff, widow of the late Capt. George Duff, R.N.

— At Dundee, Mary, wife of J. A. Baumbach, Esq. Gayfield Square, Edinburgh.

24. At Hillhouse, Mr John Wilson, farmer, youngest son of the late Archibald Wilson, Esq. House of Hill.

— At Paris, the Right Hon. Francis Eyre Ratchiffe Livingstone, Earl of Newburgh, Viscount Kinnaird. His Lordship was born in 1762, and is succeeded in his titles by his eldest son, Thomas, now Earl of Newburgh, who married, 1817, Margaret, third daughter of the Earl of Cassilis.

— At St Andrews, Mrs Ann Irons, relict of Mr Charles Sibbald, merchant there.

— At Croselee, William Stevenson, Esq. aged 65.

24. Captain James Coxwell, late Commander of the Lady Raffles East-Indianman.

25. At No. 3, Great King Street, Grace, youngest daughter of Mr Alex. Walker.

26. At his house, Privy Garden, London, the Right Hon. George, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, aged 68. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Henry, now Earl of Pembroke, &c. who is married, and has children.

27. At Warriston Crescent, Mrs Catharine Fulton, daughter of the Rev. David M'Clellan, late minister of Beith, Ayrshire.

— At Muirhouse, the Rev. Dr Davidson, for more than 20 years the senior minister of Edinburgh. He was in his 81st year, and had been about 50 years a minister of Edinburgh, during 41 of which he was one of the faithful and beloved pastors of the Tolbooth Church. With talents less fitted for the arena of debate, and with a meek and peaceful spirit, which recoiled alike from political and polemical disputes, he was, during his whole course, an eminent example of ministerial fidelity, consistency of character, and Christian benevolence. His discourses were plain but neat expositions, richly studded with various illustrations of the scriptures. He delighted in leading his hearers to the gospel as the manifestation of the love of God, and as necessarily requiring in all who received it, holiness in heart, and purity in life. His own life was a true portraiture of the holy truths which he taught to others; and many will mourn the departure of an affectionate and tried friend, and a generous benefactor.

28. At No. 7, Cassels' Place, Miss Jane Maitland Smiton, youngest daughter of the late Mr Walter Smiton.

— At 38, Bernard Street, Leith, Mr Charles Thomson, wine-merchant, Edinburgh.

29. At Ann Street, St Bernard's, Agnes Menzies, youngest daughter of Archibald Lunder, Esq. W.S.

— Miss Johnston, senior, of Henny-hill.

30. At Edinburgh, Charlotte Maria, infant daughter of Major Mackenzie Fraser.

Nov. 1. At Mitcham, Surrey, Lieut.-General Sir Henry Oakes, Bart. in the 72d year of his age.

2. At Newington, Mrs Isabella Tanner, relict of the late Mr Joseph Moscrop, merchant, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

3. At his seat of Alrthrey, near Stirling, Sir Robert Abercromby. Sir Robert was at the head of the list of Generals. By his death the Governorship of Edinburgh Castle, and the Colony of the 75th regiment, become vacant.

*Lately.* At Devonport, William Bedford, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the White. This distinguished officer was First Lieutenant of the Queen, 74, on the glorious 1st of June; and on Captain Keith of that ship dying of his wounds, was appointed by Sir Allan Gardner to be Captain in his room.

— In Killarney, aged 70, the Right Hon. the Countess de Severac, sister to the late and aunt to the present Earl of Kenmare.

— At Twickenham, in the 14th year of her age, Lady Frances Caroline Douglas, fifth daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Queensberry.

— At Bellerive, near Lausanne, in Switzerland, Mrs Madeline Susan Baird, wife of Captain Wynt Baird, R.N.

— At the Manse of Edinkillie, near Forres, in the beginning of August, the Rev. Thomas Macfarlane, minister of that parish.

— At Long Island, near New York, William Arrot, Esq. merchant, son of Collin Arrot, Esq. of Clydebank.

— At Manchester, in the 76th year of his age, Mr Charles Wheeler, original proprietor of the Manchester Chronicle.

— At St Petersburg, Paul Brookes, Esq. aged 63, much respected by most zoologists as an indefatigable traveller in the pursuit of natural history.

— Suddenly, at Plymouth, Lieut. David Wilson, R.N. a brave officer, generally lamented.

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